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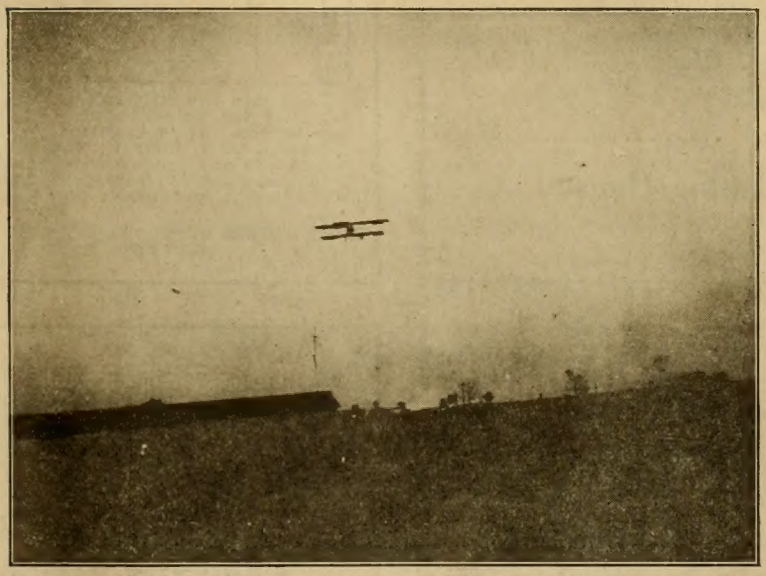
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THE INGLENOOK



Mr. Post in a Curtiss Machine. Evening at Hawthorne Park.
Photo by H. M. S.

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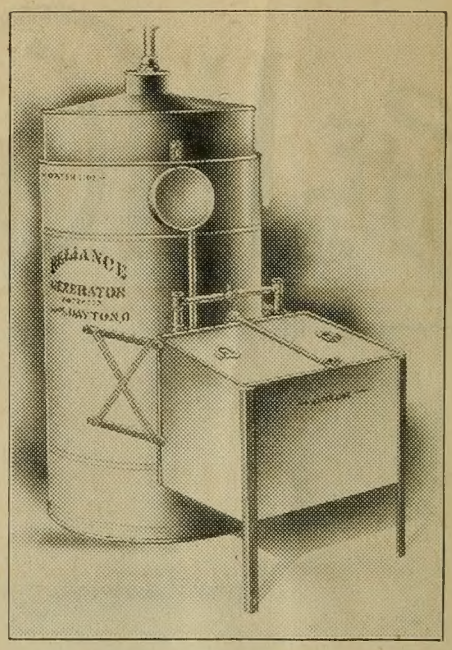
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. January 3, 1911. No. 1.

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THE BREAD LINE OF THE BOWERY

William L. Judy

POETS and philosophers have delighted to picture in imagination the golden age of mankind which is yet to come. Freedom from the base things of life will be the happy lot of every human being. There shall be no crime, no poverty, no distress. Man will no longer strive against man and all shall be peace and plenty.

In contrast with that there appears an actual scene of today's world. On cold winter nights thousands of hungry and wretched men gather even as early as midnight to await the coming of early morn. Down the long line there is not a man but that shivers with the freezing cold, haggard, dejected, and penniless. In the morning they will receive a small "hand out" at the Bowery Mission, their only food perhaps for days. That is the "bread line of the Bowery."

What is poverty? There is a normal standard of living below which if a person fall, poverty ensues. Food, lodging, and clothing sufficient to enable one to live in health and without physical discomfort constitute this standard. Lack of these things means poverty.

A very decided difference exists between poverty and pauperism. *Poverty may not be a disgrace but pauperism is a crime.* Robert Hunter in his standard work "Poverty" makes this distinction: "The mass of workingmen on the brink of poverty hate charity. The distinction between the poor and paupers may be seen everywhere. There are in all large cities in America and abroad, streets and courts and alleys where a class of people live who have lost all self-respect and ambition, who rarely, if ever, work, who are aimless and drifting, who like drink, who have no thought for their children, and who live more or less contentedly on rubbish and alms. These are the paupers; there is no mental agony here; they live miserably, but they do not care."

It has not been so many years since the belief was held that poverty was a moral punishment, and the unfortunate individual alone was to blame. The modern view regards it rather as an outgrowth of our "economic fabric." The two views blended together most likely will offer the true cause.

A universally recognized authority on this subject makes the startling statement that the number of those in poverty in the United States would not fall short of ten million people. If this be true, or near true, it is high time for the American nation to awake. England has become a land of poverty and pauperism. Are we to follow in her course? There are over a half million Jews in New York City; one-fourth of them are beggars. Ten per cent of those who die in Manhattan receive a pauper burial. Chicago has on its hands a problem of the poor that threatens great danger. Every large city has similar conditions within its borders. It is an ever-increasing army, becoming all the more bold and shameless.

What are its causes? They are legion—unemployment, sickness, accident, death, business depression, bad habits—some due to the individual, some to his environment. The first leads the list; the next two add their horrible quota. The loss of the bread-winner of the family, even but temporarily, means despair and dire distress for the helpless wife and children. Railroads, coal mines, and factories kill and injure many—in most cases avoidable, due either to carelessness or the greed for lucre.

There are countless thousands of families whose total income barely serves to keep them above the sinking line. When it is the least diminished, the normal necessities of life become impossible and the unfortunates sink into poverty, ofttimes never to rise again from the fearful slough.

Still another common cause of poverty is low wages. There is a certain, almost fixed limit below which wages can not go without lowering the standard of living. It is computed that $460 a year is necessary for a family of five in the city. In the rural districts it is, of course, lower. The wages of the unskilled laborer rarely rise above the poverty line. It is beyond argument that the vast hordes

of ignorant immigrants, overflooding the American labor market and underbidding the American laborer, have much to do with the lowering of wages.

The rich compose 1 per cent of our country's population; the middle class 10.9 per cent, the poor, 38.1 per cent and the very poor, 50 per cent. It will be an ill day for our nation when the middle class shall disappear, and its place be taken by the last two classes. Now is the time to avoid it, not when the disease has so fastened its foul fangs upon the body politic that, vampire-like it shall suck out its very lifeblood and gnaw away its vitals.

Even now we are reaping poverty's rich harvest —suicides, criminals, prostitutes, dependents, defectives, the slums, disease, and all the horrible train of vices and immoralities.

What is being done to alleviate conditions? Charity organizations are doing good work, but they can not strike at the roots; they can merely doctor the patient and leave the disease unaffected. They aim to give just enough to keep deserving families from passing the poverty line.

When one considers the extent of the disease and the few doctors, the old question suggests itself, "What are five loaves and two fishes among so many?" But no fight was ever won by leaving the field to the enemy. Edward Devine, secretary of the New York Associated Charities, than whom none is better able to speak, suggests the following as practical measures that should be immediately adopted:

Sound physical heredity,
Protected childhood,
Freedom from preventable disease,
Freedom from professional crime,
System of industrial insurance,
Ideal education for rational living,
Liberal relief system,
Normal standard of living, and
Social religion.

All of these are practical things and the times demand their adoption at once.

OUR TRIP TO PORTUGUESE BEND.

W. F. GILLETT.

JULY 27, wife and I and our two oldest daughters, started from Long Beach, California, on the gasoline launch, *Carmuguin,* for a trip to Portuguese Bend. This turned out to be the finest pleasure trip we ever had made. Portuguese Bend is fifteen miles from Long Beach, and this was the longest boat ride we ever had on the Pacific.

We always had an idea that traveling by water was dangerous, but after making this trip in a small launch we would not be afraid to go anywhere on the ocean on board one of the large steamers. For you know all of the large steamers have wireless telegraph instruments, and if anything should go wrong, a call for assistance could be made, and probably as many as a half-dozen boats would come to your assistance, from all directions, for by means of the wireless you could let it be known exactly where you were, and the steamers coming to your rescue could let you know where they were. There have already been several disasters averted by means of wireless telegraphy.

But to return to the trip. It took just one hour and a half to make the trip. Our launch could not take us to shore, on account of the water being too shallow, so we were met by smaller boats, one of which was a glass-bottom boat, made for the purpose of viewing the Submarine Gardens. Some of us got into the glass-bottom boat, and went to see the Gardens and the rest of us got into the other boat and went to shore, for the glass-bottom boat would not hold all of us at one time. Our guide told us that "after dinner we would go over to Moonstone Beach and to the Cave of the Winds."

Dinner consisted of fried Rock Bass Fish, and bread and butter, sliced tomatoes and coffee. Our captain was also the waiter and he was a jolly fellow. He said the rule is to sit six inches from the table, and eat until you touch the table. After this best of fish dinners, for which we only paid twenty-five cents each, we all proceeded over the hill,—for the party that had gone in the glass-bottom boat had also landed,—to Moonstone Beach, and the Cave of the Winds.

Moonstone Beach is steep and rocky and we got our feet wet several times by the breakers coming in suddenly. We found several nice specimens of moonstones. The next place, Cave of the Winds, consists of a natural tunnel through the point of bluff which extends into the ocean. The bluff is perpendicular and about one hundred feet high, and the ocean breakers come rushing through the tunnel and fill it full, and it makes a noise like distant thunder (and not very distant either). When a breaker would get through we could see clear through the tunnel.

It was now time to go back to camp, for only about half of us had been on the glass-bottom boat, and we had been promised that the rest of us should see the beautiful Submarine Gardens before we went home. So we went back and took the glass-bottom boat to see the Gardens. Such beautiful sights we never saw before. There were just mountains of flowers of every color, in the bottom of the sea, and gold fish galore. They say these gardens surpass in beauty the famous Submarine Gardens of Catalina Island.

On this glass-bottom boat trip there was some

excitement, for the boat was turned to and fro, and up and down with the waves. Some of the women told the captain to quit rocking the boat. Others said, "Take us back." The captain said, "Oh, my! why don't you hallo! I wish it was rougher." The captain then took us to the launch direct, without taking us to land any more, and those that were on land that had seen the Gardens before, were brought in another boat to the launch, and we set sail for Long Beach. We think we had a very enjoyable trip, and if any of our readers should come to Long Beach, don't fail to take the trip to Portuguese Bend.

Holtville, Cal.

SCHOOL MADE SONG BOOKS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

HAVE pupils provide themselves with neat blank books, or, better still, have them get suitable paper and make them all of a uniform size, they may then get heavier and more durable paper or material for covers. These may be fastened together with ribbon and an original pen and ink design drawn for the cover.

In these are neatly written all the songs learned. The writing or drawing period may occasionally be devoted to this work if time is limited.

Advise pupils to keep these leaves or booklets neat and clean, for "we have a good many songs for you to learn, which will be written on the board from time to time, and as soon as one is copied in your book with ink, another will be written. In the meantime we will learn the words and to sing them.

"And boys and girls, I expect you to take particular pains with these books for they are something that you will delight to keep, for they are your own singing books and all your make. Now *this* book is called 'Excell's Song Book,' but Mr. Excell did not compose all the songs in his book any more than you will in yours. Notice at the head of many songs in his book it says, 'By permission of author,' but you do not have to get the permission of the author in order to put the songs in *your* book.

"I should like to have you make these books as nice and attractive as you can. You may make a drawing occasionally at the beginning or end of a song. If it is a patriotic piece put flags, shields or banners; for 'Downy Little Duckling' make ducks, at the grasshopper song make grasshoppers. You may exchange books with your favorite schoolmates and have them write a song or make a drawing in your book, you doing the same for them.

"You will find that these books will be highly valued by you in the years to come, a keepsake or souvenir which you will greatly prize as the years roll by. Twenty years from now you will love to bring them out from the place where you keep your most sacred treasures and show them to your children, look it through and sing the songs to them and call to memory the good times we had this year. I call to mind a brother who now has sons and daughters going to school, but I can often hear him singing at the top of his voice while working on the farm, some of his old school songs.

"In the years to come you will be separated and scattered to all parts of the world and some will have gone to a better world, and you will love to recall these old memories. You should practice these songs while you are alone and at your work. I hope to hear Henry singing when he goes through the woods after the cows, shouting at the top of his voice and to hear Garland and Hester while they are milking. Our Lovina sings the most of the time anyway, but not always the right song, she sometimes flies off on anything else that happens to come to mind."

By following this plan one will be surprised how many songs will be written and learned during the year. It is also a drill in neat writing, drawing and arrangement and it gives them an opportunity to cultivate originality, taste and neatness, besides being an incentive for learning to sing.

SPOILING THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

AN agent once called upon Mark Twain and sought to interest him in life insurance. At first he talked well; then, having exhausted all of his arguments, he merely talked. Mark Twain yawned slightly and became reminded as follows:

"Some years ago in Hartford we all went to church one hot sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. When a man with millions gives, he said, we make a great deal of noise. It's a noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had four hundred dollars in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter and hotter, and we grew sleepier and sleepier and sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down, down—one hundred dollars at a clip—until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it. It all goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime."

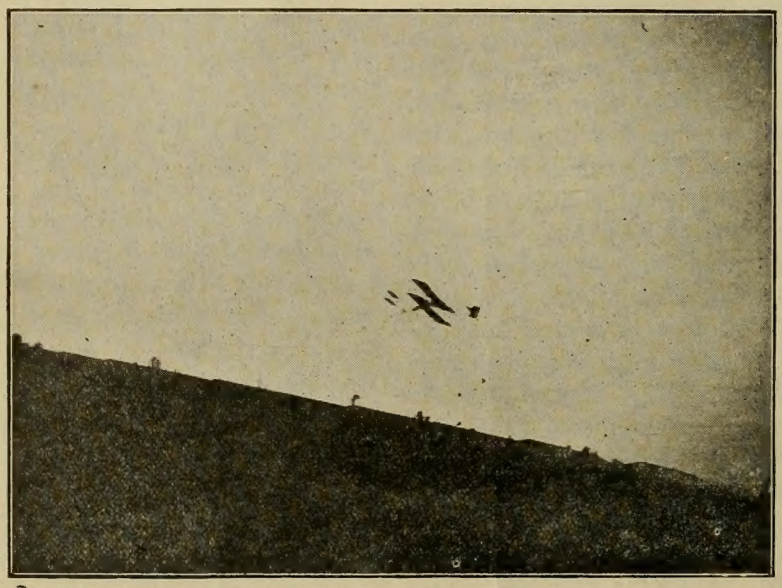
THE WINGLESS WONDER

Henry M. Spickler

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

THE people all along the way between Chicago and Springfield were all day on the lookout for Brookins in his Wright biplane. What a treat it must have been for the farmer boy who from his plow in the field first heard and then saw his first flying machine coming right straight for him or passing over some part of his farm. Under the aviator was the racing train. Sometimes it would forge ahead and then again it would be left far behind as a sudden turn of the wind favored the heavier than air machine. At last, along in the afternoon, — for it is nearly two hundred miles to Springfield from Chicago, the bird man caught a glimpse of the Capitol, and forthwith made a beeline for this spot. On nearing the city he turned aside directly for the landing place somewhere on the State Fair grounds. Every ounce of his engines was set to work. At last he caught a view of the big crowds on the grounds. Should his engines now quit working he felt sure that he could still manage to reach the grounds by gliding and "planing." Ten thousand dollars in another moment of success. At last he was above the crowds, hovering over them as a wild duck hovers before alighting in some dangerous stream. The people went wild. They rushed to and fro, completely filling the space allotted to him for alighting. Around and around he is said to have circled, at last daring to come down in a smaller space of bare ground than necessary for safety, the little bicycle wheels under his sled runners meeting the ground with firm resistance and running along over it bore the strange "bird" slower and slower, until the brake applied, it stopped short, and Brookins stepped out of the first machine to make so long a trip in so short a time, and the first one to make the trip at all. The ten thousand dollars were his. He declared that it was a hard, nervous strain on him, and I suppose that night when he was about to fall into his first slumbers his nerves made him "jump" as he found himself in a dream falling with his machine, only to be awakened once more into the wildest pleasure of his great success as an actual fact.

If the aeroplane can fly from Chicago to Springfield, on its first trip, in its experimental stage, beating the schedule time of a fast railway train that after many years of perfecting seldom comes in on actual schedule time, what will it not do in ten years more of development?

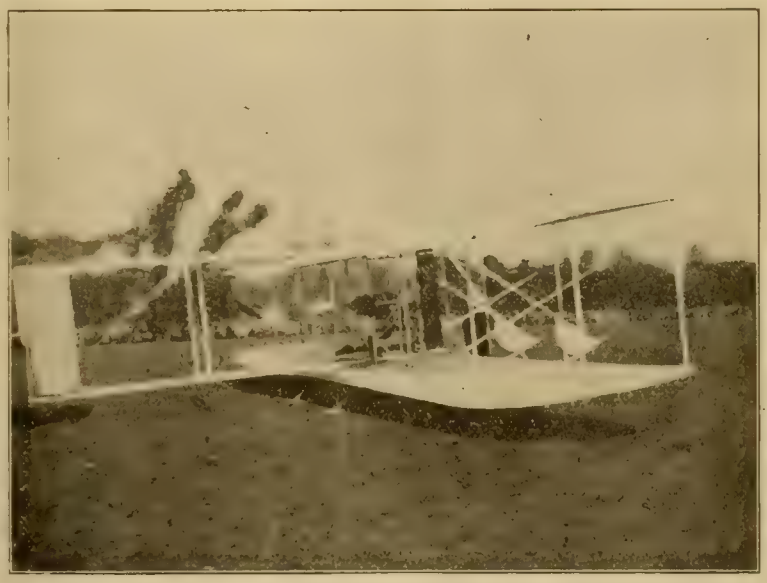


Glen Curtiss' Machine Sailing Near the Ground. Photo by H. M. S.

This letter concerns itself chiefly with the Glen Curtiss aeroplanes that were exhibited at Hawthorne Park in Chicago this autumn. Fifty cents admission was charged and thousands came every day to watch the five or six machines in their daily practice in the air above the race track. The multitude was restrained from going near the machines by high fences and stern guards appointed for that purpose. Scores of policemen also helped to corral the crowd in the grandstand and within the enclosure. It was my privilege to meet Mr. Post, the Secretary of Aviators of America, who gladly gave me permission to enter the private yards and go into the tent in which were housed six or seven of the great birds. "Go up to them and take hold of them and study them closely, if you like" he said, and I did. Think of turning a curious mind loose in that generous manner! I patted the first one, stroked the mane,—the plane or wings—of the second one and pulled the levers and worked the steering gear of the third. I was surprised at the utter simplicity of the thing. Believe me, I would have risked going up in one that afternoon, alone. And I would have come down, too!

Just to prove how really easily managed they are by one who has confidence and a sort of knack in doing such things, I would at this moment risk starting up in

one, without a single bit of instruction. I believe that I could circle about the field, go up or down, and make some high-dive thrillers, all without an accident. Then I helped to push these queer birds out on the field before the thousands of spectators. A stake in the ground about eighteen inches high was in our way. To show how light one of these full-sized birds is, I got right behind the engines and lifted the whole thing, myself, about a foot off the ground so you see that if you were running one alone, as you will be doing some day, you could handle the machine alone without much serious difficulty. I believe that the day is coming when some bright boy with brains too good to be smothered by smoke or dulled by over-eating, or gorged by anger, or weakened by any other vicious habit, will reveal the scientific principle of aeronautics so that a man may travel anywhere he likes within his own country, and when he alights, he will pack up his wings and motors and walk down the street much as a cyclist leads his wheel now. The light and durable metal is to be discovered, something like aluminum: the displacement of the air and the action of the wind handled more satisfactorily, with possibly a safety appliance to prevent in most cases any serious accidents from falling. The main principles of flying have been discovered and are now practically demonstrated. The finer points are now left to some unknown Edison whose youthful brain will find out answer after answer to the interesting problems of up-to-date aviation.



Wright Aeroplane in Washington Park, Chicago, Brookins Standing in Front. Photo by H. M. S.

These Curtiss machines, made in New York State, while greatly differing from the Wright biplanes, are to an amateur very similar in principle and construction. Referring to the pictures of both, however, the most casual observer will detect easily some striking differences. The two half circle paddle-like protuberances just in front of the center of the planes of the Wright machines are wanting in the Curtiss. The Curtiss machine on the other hand, is equipped with a long head and neck, and also a long tail, used for steering up and down, or for turning to the right and to the left. The upright braces or framework of the wing-like planes are of bamboo or of aluminum. The steering apparatus was also fastened to projections of long bamboo poles. Soon the orient will be ransacked for millions of feet of bamboo to be used in the construction of hundreds of thousands of aeroplanes by hundreds of factories.

Almost anybody can make an aeroplane. A fifty-dollar motor installed in one will do the work,—for an amateur at practice. The planes are made by stretching thin light cloth, silk or canvas, over the long skeleton wings, and the rudder aft as well as the nose in front are worked by bamboo levers or rods, or by aluminum or other wire running along the bamboo poles. As my aim in this paper is not to describe, in detail, the minute or exact mechanical construction and principle of the machine, which I could not do just now, if I liked, I do not wish to be understood that I know enough about either the materials used or the way in which they are used to dare my reputation in trying to describe the same. Some of my readers will know far more about the subject. My aim is to reproduce something of the impression the aeroplanes have thus far made upon me and upon the great crowds of people who have thus far seen them. The day of the flying machine is here.

Ten years ago we came to look at the automobiles. Now the automobiles themselves come to look at themselves trying a new sphere of action,—the air. Hundreds of touring cars gathered at Hawthorne, not to show themselves off as the "horseless carriage," but to allow their occupants to gaze in rapture at the automobile riding around without a track to run on,—the "trackless-carriage." Up there were no lamp posts to strike, no tires to puncture and no ruts to jolt into. The names of Curtiss, Wright, Brookins, Ely, Willard, Baldwin, Post, Moisant, Hoxsey and others are today honored as world heroes. Some of these names will go down in history like Columbus, Balboa, DeSoto, Captain John Smith, Marconi and Edison. Their machines have ridden safely high

above the Hudson, crossed the Father of Waters, flown the turbulent English Channel, thrust their beaks out high over the passes in the Alps made famous by Cæsar and Napoleon and they will yet cross the ocean and go clear around the world.

On the second afternoon of my working among the aeroplanes of the Curtiss type one of the men, Willard, reached a height of nearly four thousand feet. Eiffel Tower in Paris is one thousand feet high, and a view from it appals and terrifies. But Willard sailed around on that bamboo, silk-cloth, broom wire, baby-size gasoline motor-bird, higher and higher and higher until he fairly froze on a very warm day,—four times higher than Eiffel Tower. Imagine Nero awaking from his grave to see one of those man-birds making straight for him! In his wicked imagination, he would surmise that Pluto had surely changed his habitation.

Ten years ago the automobile was a wonder. To-day it is an every-day commonplace. Ten years from now the aeroplane will be common, carrying passengers and freight. Already the various governments have equipped or are giving orders for such equipment of hundreds of high-speed powerful aeroplanes for uses in warfare. "Oh, no," said an old friend of mine last night, "they will never become useful or safe. They will be used just for novelty." But this same man told me only six years ago that the automobile would finally go out of use and never become popular. "See how heavy it is," he said, as he pointed to one stalled by the roadside. The old saw, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," has exceptions. A great merchant in Chicago said, "About fifty per cent of my ventures were failures." The modern youth who is to win out in a glorious way is he who is sure that he GOES AHEAD. It is better to fail than not to have tried.

Darius Green was one of the most brilliant plodders and inventors of his age. If the poet who wrote that squib against him was sincere, then this poet was more fool than was Darius Green. As Mr. Post said to me, "When the people study meteorology, mechanics, geography and many minor features coming under the areonaut's domain, we will have flying as common as walking. But now and then there will be a fall."

THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

IV. Its Purpose and Result. Conclusion.

THE Reformation did not attempt to build up a new religion, but to reform the old, according to its own authoritative standards. The Reformers, in maintaining that authority resided, not in the church, but in the Bible, exercised the right of private judgment. Thus they laid the foundation of intellectual liberty,—freedom of thought and inquiry. On the one hand the Reformation is a religious revolution, affecting the beliefs, the rites, the ecclesiastical organization of the church, and the form of Christian life. On the other hand, it is a great movement in which sovereigns and nations are involved; the occasion of wars and treaties; the close of an old, and the introduction of a new period in the history of culture and civilization. "The creative voice of the Almighty calls light out of darkness." The air of the sixteenth century was stirred by progress and freedom. The Protestant Reformation assumed the helm of the liberal tendencies and movements of the Renaissance, directed them into the channel of religious life, and saved the world from a disastrous revolution.

While the Roman pontiff slumbered in security at the head of the church, and while the worthy and pious professors of genuine Christianity almost despaired of seeing the Reformation, an obscure person—Martin Luther—was rising to prominence. He opposed, with undaunted resolution, the torrent of papal ambition and despotism. He was certainly a remarkable man. He became the central figure in the Reformation. He was the man God prepared for the place. His work prevented great disturbance that might have resulted from the latent skepticism that arose with the Renaissance.

As to the specific origin of the Reformation, there remains a diversity of theories. Guizot, the French historian, has described it as an insurrection against priestly authority. Roman Catholics find in the movement prolific sources of infidelity and atheism. Rationalists applaud it as the first step towards the emancipation of human reason from the reign of tradition and dogma. Some have called it an uprising of the human intellect to break the bonds which had been imposed upon free thought. But the true glory of the Reformation is attributed to the fact that it was a movement in the cause of religion and instigated by deep religious convictions. It cannot be denied that Protestantism brought a revival of religious feeling among its own and resulted in an awakening of religious zeal within the Catholic body itself. Christianity "burst the shell of Medieval forms, struck out new paths, and elevated Europe to a higher plane of intellectual, moral and spiritual culture than it had ever attained before."

KEEP TAB.

H. D. MICHAEL.

ANYONE who has tried it knows that scarcely any work or play seems hard when one is deeply interested in it. What would otherwise be drudgery is then a pleasure and with the deepening of interest the task grows lighter.

Have you ever noticed how carefully little Jimmie cared for the few stalks of beans he had planted with his own little hands, or how lovingly his lit-

tle sister tended her own little pansy bed? It was all because of their deep interest in those things; their "keeping tab," if you please, of just how long it was after the seeds were planted before the first leaf appeared, then noting each new leaf and flower and doing all they could to increase its growth.

Then have you ever noticed that other unkept flower bed or garden? It was surely because no interest in it had been aroused in its owner. Had he noted the growth, taken a walk through it often to see how each part was doing and kept notes on it in general, I doubt the likelihood of the weeds getting a start.

Then surely no one will doubt that an interest in anything gives it life and a lack of interest kills. And I feel safe in saying that no other thing will cause a growing and glowing interest in any experiment, toil, or play as will keeping tab on it.

By that I mean to note in some account book each new feature, all development, costs, its worth, what it produces, etc. On the farm the man who keeps an account of all cash expended and all received, an account of the hay or grain produced on each field and of all the stock raised, at the same time finds his interest in the farm and farming growing more intense each year and his duties will seem lighter.

Anyone with even a garden on his city lot will find it a source of much interest to keep an account, not only of what is sold, if any is, but of what is used as well. The housewife can easily jot down in a little notebook an estimated value under the head of whatever kind of vegetables has been used and, I vow you will be surprised at what it will figure up; also at what an interest will grow from it.

You may at first glance think this would be a burden, but I have never found it so nor have others of whom I know. And as to the value of it, I assure you that it will far outweigh the costs.

By way of illustration, let me give a few of my facts and figures. In April of 1909 while living in Eastern Washington I bought one dozen Barred Plymouth Rock hens and kept them eleven months and ten days, when my work became such that I was compelled to sell them. During that time I received 1776 eggs or 148 dozen. Of that number I used 32½ dozen and sold 115½ dozen at from twenty-five to fifty cents per dozen realizing $40.85. At the market price the eggs used would have brought $14.05 making the worth of the eggs $54.90 while the feed for the same time cost but $10.40, leaving for their care a net profit of $44.50.

The biddies cost me six dollars and when I sold them, as I did by weight, they brought $7.20, leaving me another small profit.

It was of interest to me all that time to keep tab on the eggs, market price, etc., and I am sure it gave me a greater interest in life and home. Then, too, I had many other things to watch at the same time all of which added interest. It might interest some to know that during the same period of time, with about four months added, I killed forty-two of the biddies' enemies,—the prairie wolves.

To me it is a pleasure to look back over those figures as well as others I have and it is so easy to keep them. Then boy or girl, young man or young woman, with older ones included, try it and you will find that to keep tab will bring pleasures and a greater interest in what you have as well as in life itself.

If you are a day-laborer, keep a cash account with yourself and credit or debit yourself with all you earn or spend. If you are a Sunday-school teacher, keep a record of your class each Sunday in a neat simple way, or if a minister, keep tab on every sermon you preach, where it was, what your subject or text was and an estimate of how many hearers were present.

It will be a source of pleasure and an inspiration to do more and better, I assure you.

Keep tab on your correspondence, too, and no doubt you will answer some of your letters sooner than you do.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

J. C. Flory

THE Christian Science movement is a very popular religious manifestation of our American people. Its teaching and their influence come to us with special emphasis now since Mrs. Eddy, its founder and strongest and most influential promoter, died.

The founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, was born at Bow, near Concord, New Hampshire, July 16, 1821. Her father was Mark Baker. He was a man of some peculiar traits, which are also strikingly characteristic of his daughter Mary.

She claims to have debated with the elders of the church at the age of twelve, like Christ. But the official records show that she only joined the Congregational Church at Tilton when seventeen years of age. Payen, about 1837, likely influenced her much toward animal magnetism, for magnetism was quite prominent at this time. She no doubt was also greatly in-

fluenced by Ann Lee, "the female Christ" of the Shakers. There is no question but that Shakerism has had a very material influence on Mrs. Eddy. She has herself said that her revelation was "higher, clearer, and more permanent" than that given by the Man of Galilee.

Her home life was far from what we would consider ideal and characteristic of the highest type of Christianity. In 1843 she was married to Geo. Washington Glover, to which union a son was born. In 1853 she married Dr. Daniel Patterson. She was divorced from her second husband. Later she went to Portland, Maine, and did some special study under P. P. Quinby, who was a religious fanatic. In 1846 she joined her husband in Lynn, Massachusetts. She at one time had a serious fall on the ice, which made her an invalid for a long time. While living at the Russell home, Patterson deserted her and never returned.

She first appears as the prophet of Phineas Parkhurst Quinby. Her first practitioners were Dr. Kennedy and Dr. Stanley. She taught from several manuscripts, viz.: "Questions and Answers in Moral Science," "The Science of Man," "Soul's Enquiries of Man," "Retrospection and Introspection," and "Science and Health." Her methods of teaching have been very fruitful and she has attracted many faithful adherents to her peculiar teachings.

In 1877, she at the age of fifty-two married Asa Gilbert Eddy. Soon after her marriage to Mr. Eddy she was cured of her fall on the ice. From this time on she became more convinced than before that if we will deny sickness and pain we shall be happy.

There is no doubt but that Mrs. Eddy has used her Christian Science as a mask for commerce and self glory. Through it as a means she has filled her coffers to overflowing. Through her influence along this line she has acquired for herself a world-wide renown and her name shall ever find a place on the pages of history.

Christian Science teaches its disciples to deny the testimony of the senses. It protests against the bold materialism of our times. It is a protest against the agnostic's ignorance of his Maker. They presume to furnish the world with an incentive to do just what Jesus, when we understand him aright, would have us do.

It takes such parts of the Word of God as it pleases to appropriate. It denies the great doctrine of sin, so it has no place for the atonement. It bases its teachings on the words of Shakespeare, when he says: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The Christian Scientist has no place for the physician. They claim that all physical ailments are to be alleviated by mental treatment. They over-emphasize the statement, that as we think so are we. They give no place for medicine, but, in its stead they would have the invalid to develop his will power and think that his disease was going to leave him and by this mental confidence, one's desire would become a reality. Their system of healing is purely metaphysical.

Next to bodily healing they cry love. They make the most sacred thing, love, secondary. All that is good to them is found in their cult "Science and Health." It must be a mask worn over the face of experience. It has taken one phase of the Redeemer's Life, and that not the supreme one, and exalted it to the highest. In place of the personal God, the infinite, loving, sympathetic Father, who knows and feels for his children, it substitutes a principle, an attribute and a virtue. Brain is "mythology illusion," mind is "deity mortal."

Christian Science is neither Christian nor science, yet it has produced a book which stands, in the view of its believers who imagine they understand it, even with the Bible. We rejoice that it has cultivated a real ethical character. They are on a whole, an excellent body of men and women. They are serious, and they think they think. Such people are not thoughtlessly bad. But we do not give all the credit of their moral and religious quality to what they have learned from "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy's Bible, the very title of which makes health supreme over religion, or, rather, makes religion the curer of diseases.

Her methods are antagonistic to science. Her teaching of the power of the mind over the body is no new truth. Christ healed because supernatural, her healing was supremely natural. Her teaching is a delusion. It ignores the plain facts of nature, the testimony of the senses, the dictates of reason, the voice of God in revelation and tries to climb up some other way than God's appointed path of life.

McPHERSON COLLEGE NOTES.

E. L. CRAIK.

THE series of evangelistic services which lasted for two weeks came to an end Dec. 3, with thirteen converts, all of them being young people. Eld. Chas. D. Bonsack of Union Bridge, Md., was the evangelist and he won his way into the hearts of our people here generally.

Eld. Galen B. Royer was at M. C. Dec. 4-10 to assist Eld. Bonsack in the Bible Normal. His work consisted of lectures and class work on different phases of mission work, and conferences with the local student volunteers. Eld. Bonsack spoke daily on the general subject, "The Bible in Every-day Life."

M. C. has entered another prohibition campaign. The local contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association is being worked up with enthusiasm.

There are six contestants, and the winner will go to the State contest at Abilene.

Encouraging reports come regarding the health of Pres. Frantz, who with his family is sojourning at Long Beach, Cal.

The Alumni Association, which was organized on a new basis last spring, is contemplating having an Alumni room, which will be made out of a part of Irving Hall and will serve as the headquarters of the association.

Mr. D. C. Steele is making a decided success as editor-in-chief of the *Rays of Light*, our college paper. The last issue was a special Christmas edition containing some excellent write-ups.

Report has it that the State university visiting board will be here some time in February. In this connection it is perhaps well to remember that M. C. stands fourth in rank among the accredited denominational colleges of the State.

McPherson College has a good showing in the line of furnishing material for the U. S. Civil Service. At present we have four ex-students teaching in the Philippine Islands. They are H. J. Detrick, L. G. Klepinger, and Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Beckner.

Some Needs

M. F. Hale

A MAN, on the way to his office one morning wore a very happy smile, and on being asked by a friend the reason, replied that his wife had called him a model husband just before he left home. The friend reminded him that he did not need to rejoice so much over that. The man looked surprised and asked him whether it was not a great compliment. The friend answered in the negative and told him to consult the dictionary. He did so and found that a model was a small imitation of the real thing.

We have too many models in our land today. We find them in the workshop, the store, the counting-house, the public office, and no doubt we will find some among the tillers of the soil.

If we can appeal to the boys who read the INGLENOOK to start in the right direction to become the real thing and not a small imitation, we shall feel well repaid for the articles that are to appear from time to time.

When Adam was placed in the "Garden of Eden," he was told to take care of the garden, but the implements used in this case were very crude as compared with those used today.

The history of ancient man is written almost entirely in the tools he used. We are so accustomed to think of man doing work with some form of tools, that we can hardly conceive that he at one time used few or no tools. In this state he could not compete with the lion in swiftness or power. He was not protected as the tortoise or the oyster with a heavy shell. He could not make himself inconspicuous by changing his color. The only thing left for his protection from wild beasts, hunger and cold, was the use of artificial means and we have as a result, the many tools used in almost every avenue of life.

Primitive life required simple homes, clothing and food and little skill was required in their preparation. As time passed, the community became better organized, the homes demanded more and more until we have the present complex system with its many needs. Until a comparatively short time ago the articles needed in the home were mostly made by the members of the family and the great manufacturing industries of our country were unknown. Then the work outdoors was done by the father and son under the skillful management of the former; and his trade or special work was learned and followed by the son. Those times are passed and there is practically nothing manufactured outside of the large factories.

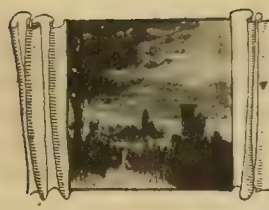
A visit to one of these institutions will show hundreds of boys and girls at their respective positions, feeding the great machines that turn out the finished product for our busy market. Here and there we see a man, engaged in a process more delicate and requiring more skill than that required by the average workman, while in an office near by will be found the man who must know each process perfectly to be a successful foreman.

A visit to the employment department may reveal a room full of people, who are seeking work; and the question asked of each applicant is not "What do you know?" but "What can you do?" Our manufacturers are harassed by applicants for places requiring no skill, while the places requiring it must go begging. This was especially noticeable during our war with Spain, when, in the general inspector's office of iron-clad steamers were employed some twenty-five draughtsmen. Of these, six were designers of machinery and vessels and the rest copyists. Of the six designers of American vessels, four were Germans, one a Scotchman, and one a Frenchman—not one an American. Of the remaining subordinate positions, more than two-thirds were filled by foreigners of different nationalities.

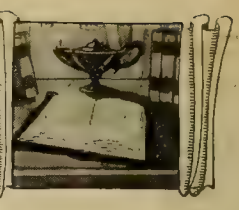
In the largest ship and engine building works in Boston, the head draughtsman is a German, foreman pattern-maker, English, boss joiner Nova Scotian, boss boiler-maker Scotch, boss blacksmith Nova Scotian, and nearly all the best machinists of every department are foreign born.

What is true of these works in Boston, the most

(Continued on Page 13.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



COME AND SEE.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

When starting on his mission Jesus said
To two of his disciples
"Come and see."
And Philip, when he heard,
To Nathanael gave the word
Of the Savior's invitation,
"Come and see."

And she who found Life waters at the well
Made haste to tell her kindred,
"Come and see."
And though of heathen race,
All received the Savior's grace
Who responded to the summons,
"Come and see."

From the risen Savior's tomb the women called,
To those who followed after,
"Come and see."
So now to mortals all,
Ever comes the urgent call
Of our living, risen Savior,
"Come and see."

If with the sacred Psalmist we have read,
Or, with John, heard in visions,
"Come and see."
And, coming, have been blest,
'Tis not for us to rest,
But to spread the invitation,
"Come and see."

THE YEAR TO COME.

A NEW YEAR SERMON BY RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THIS is the day of new beginnings. This is the season when we close the record of 1910 and lay it away. With it go all the burdens, all the sorrows, all the perplexities of the past twelve months. With it go also all the error, all the mistakes and all the false steps we have taken. For some we are directly responsible. And some of them we could not help. For others we have been forgiven. Many must wait for a good and just God to do with it as he sees fit. The future, however, can redeem the time, and the effort spent in the wrong directions. At best we can all say that none of us are *perfect*. As we stand on the threshold of a new year we can also say, *"This coming year of 1911 I will be as near perfect as I can."* And what more can anyone say or do?

Perhaps we have not done our duty just in the way it should have been done in our church life. The cry for reform in our everyday life is insistent. Likewise the plea for renewed effort comes to us in our church relations.

At this season we face anew the challenge of Christ.

Do we lay enough stress on our church membership? A name on a church roll does not count for very much, unless the owner of that name *makes it count*. We have zeal, but it comes in fits and starts. A wave of enthusiasm sweeps over us, and all is dead again—deader than before. Patience, courage, faith, alike unwavering and unshrinking, are essential to successful endeavor. The need is not something new. It is not *new things* and strange that we need—but just a little more hardness, a little more dogged persistence. We become so easily discouraged, and when we waver all is lost. Perhaps Dr. Van Dyke said the right thing for us when he said "The want of the world is not a new religion but more religion." Thus we need a more vital, a more intense and more developed practice of the will of God.

The church must live in us, and speak through us. The essential question is, What does religion do for men, in the press of life, in the hours of hard crying? Does it make them victorious? In brief, does it make better men and women?

We go out of our houses of worship and mingle in the busy marts of men and take our places in the passing throng and add our quota to the world's events and our mission is to answer these questions.

In the olden time the minister was the center. That center has shifted from the pulpit to the pew. The responsibility has shifted to the man who hears the sermon. That man must go out and live the sermon. The time is relentless in applying tests to all professions. And it is as just as it is severe. The man on the street turns to the university graduate and says, What is your culture worth to me? He turns to the church with its valuable and exempted properties and says, What is your profession worth to me?

If our education is not sanctified to the highest level, to a higher helpfulness, and liberal Christian nurture as well as a wide knowledge of facts, then it has no defense.

In the year to come, if the hours spent in our places of worship, do not send us forth with a passion for the souls of men, with flaming love and girded will, then the time cannot be justified.

These practical questions cannot be evaded; they wait at the church door, to prove the sincerity of our profession.

The church shall not be the power of God unto sal-

vation, until we companionship with the passion of Jesus.

One reason why Napoleon the First achieved such unparalleled victories, through a period of continual strife, until crushed by united Europe, was the deathless devotion of his followers. On a certain occasion he wanted a hundred men to lead a forlorn hope. Standing before a regiment of his troops, he explained that probably every man who volunteered for the service would be killed, and then in ringing tones he cried, "Now who is willing to die for the emperor today?" It is said that instantly not one hundred men, but the entire regiment as one man sprang forward and rang down their muskets at the feet of the emperor.

That was the secret of Napoleon's victories. *Every man consecrated to his work.* As Kipling said: "He felt his regiment to be a holy thing." This is the open secret of all conquest. Consecration is the subtle fusion of the man and his task, the union of work and workers, without which nothing of value or permanence is ever done.

Is it such a hard word? True, it is close kinsman to that bitter word sacrifice with its scent of blood and fire.

But we cannot be Christians, we cannot be men and women, and escape it.

There was an ancient coin of the church which had on one side, in relief, the figure of an ox standing between an altar and a yoke, and beneath, the inscription, "Ready for either." Ready for either the altar of sacrifice, or the yoke of service.

Service. It is a word blazoned everywhere in the kingdom of God.

Paul addressing the Roman church, commended himself to them as a *servant of Jesus Christ.* There is no higher distinction.

Then in what manner shall we use the new year? It will not be in what we say or bestow, but in the spirit in which we shall do things that we will be judged. If we have the spirit of service, the intelligence, humility of a true servant, the expression will care for itself.

So many of us are concerned with the little things of form and propriety, leaving undone the weightier matters.

It is chiefly "the things undone" that shall be our undoing. We are often condemned for the sins of *omission* as well as for the sins of *commission* as Addison so aptly puts the matter.

There are large and waiting opportunities on all sides, and yet we sit with idle hands. Oh, let us not sit thus this next year to come! Jesus our Lord, we shall know him by the prints of the nails in his hands. They are the wounds which he suffered in lifting you and me. And our hands!

I read a poem, the author of which is unknown, about a little girl, who after the death of her mother, commands and cares for her younger brother and sisters. The poem tells how the dimples went out of the little girl's cheeks, how her hands grew calloused with toil, and became worn and hardened as on her shoulders the burdens of life fell. At last she became ill, and realizing that she, too, must die, there was trouble in her heart.

It was that she had not attended to religion. She sent for her little girl friend and told her: "I am tired out with care and have had no time for prayer, and now, when I see the Lord Jesus, what shall I say?" and her friend replied:

"I would not say a word, dear, for sure he understands.
"I would not say a word at all; but Mary, just show him your hands."

In God's judgment there is no word which any of us would dare to use; we have no plea. But if, in loving consecration, we have lifted the fallen; if in the loveliest of noble deeds, we have sought to do his *will,* then though our lips be mute, heaven's gate will open at the show of our hands.

Love and *loyalty.* May they be the keywords of our service in 1911. Love to Christ, loyalty to his service. If we have the love, we will have the loyalty. One grows out of the other.

"The vows of God are on me and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers, till I my work have done, and rendered up account!"

We have a place and a call of God, where we are. It is ours to justify it and we can if we are faithful.

Emerson said, "Whatever you do, do it the best, and though your home be a cabin in the wilderness, the world will beat a track to your door." This is true, not only as regards the intellectual and spiritual equipment of the thing done, but the spirit in which it is done and the atmosphere created in its doing.

This then is my New Year's message to all my hearers and readers. One word more: Let us discourage complaint; let us turn a deaf ear to pessimistic theories; let us, "If we have little, give freely of that little, and if we have much give bounteously," not only of our money, but of our hope, our courage, our belief that men are meant to be happy and to share their happiness one with another. Let us banish "if I had" and "if I could get," into the list of forbidden phrases and do our uttermost to make possible the fulfillment of our wish for our friends and for humanity at large, that *into each life some joy shall fall.*

* * *

"Some preachers use a tremendous charge of powder, but forget the bullet."

* * *

"The prayer-meeting sometimes dies because the preacher failed to realize it was worth saving.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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For the New Year

Whereas, We enjoy the blessings of a free press, free schools and the things that go with these for a wide dissemination of knowledge, and

Whereas, Many of us have received this blessing of knowledge—of the helpful, inspiring kind—and with it have received the power to impart it to others, and

Whereas, Many have perverted some of these blessings and are corrupting the minds and hearts of their fellow-men, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the year before us we will take better account of these blessings, as well as all others, and will show our deeper appreciation of them by

Helping, As much as in us is, to counteract these perversions,

Writing and speaking for the inspiration and edification of our fellows,

Endeavoring to widen the circle of influence of any organ that has for its aim the dissemination of pure literature, and

Standing firm for whatsoever is true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

STIRRING UP TROUBLE FOR KANSAS.

It would seem that the liquor interests with one of their chief defenders, Earl B. Rose of Milwaukee, were pretty well satisfied with the condition of their cause in and around Mr. Rose's home and now felt the time had come to wage an offensive warfare in the very stronghold of prohibition. At least the presence of Mr. Rose in Topeka, Kans., not long ago would lead one to conclude that the temperance people of Wisconsin, Illinois, and neighboring States were giving him a rest which he was improving by endeavoring to enlighten the people of Kansas.

Of course Kansas has not maintained its present position these thirty years without some struggles, but for the most part the fight for liquor domination has come from "personal liberty" advocates within its own borders. At any rate it is safe to say that the enemy has not often come to them in the guise worn by Mr. Rose who claims to represent an association "pledged to promote temperance" and denies that it is "allied in any way with the liquor interests." As to this guise of Mr. Rose, when the friends of liquor consider it a good policy to open their fight against prohibition with such lies on their lips, the real friends of temperance ought to stand their ground with renewed courage and strength; for thereby the liquor interests not only make a concession to what they believe is the popular opinion, but they make a confession as well.

But murder will out, and Mr. Rose could not long conceal his real position. The theme of his address to these Kansans was, "You have tried prohibition and have failed; now what are you going to do about it?" As the reader will see, it is the old story of fighting against a cause that is a failure of itself. One would suppose that if they were full-grown men they would want to match their strength against a real enemy instead of jumping onto one that, in their opinion, had already surrendered.

The people of Kansas, however, do not agree with Mr. Rose that prohibition is a failure in their State, and they see clearly why he is endeavoring to stir up the friends of liquor for a resubmission. The *Topeka Daily Capital*, one of the leading newspapers of the State, has this to say of the liquor interests' move as represented by Mr. Rose:

"What immediately provokes this aggressive action by the liquor interests is the fact that wherever prohibition campaigns have been organized, and in the last five or six years that is pretty much from one end of the country to the other, the liquor interests have seen Kansas rise up to embarrass and plague them. This State's fidelity to its long established prohibitory policy has been the chief thorn in the side of the liquor interests. It is not merely that they desire Kansas for saloons, but that they are determined to take a year or two off and exercise the Banquo's ghost of Kansas

prohibition that everywhere confronts them and that everywhere puts heart into the State-wide prohibition movements.

"Kansas has other issues, questions in which it is deeply interested, and which are the normal political issues in the State at this time, and it does not desire prohibition to be thrust into its politics, to confuse the actual political situation, and the presumption of the liquor interests in butting into its domestic concerns in which they have no interest as residents or tax payers should be discouraged by business men and unanimously by the press of the State. Between this time and the campaign of 1912 sentiment should be shown to be so generally opposed to the liquor interests' program of thrusting themselves upon the State as an issue that no party will have the hardihood to yoke up with them."

We give the above glimpse of the situation in Kansas for the benefit of all our readers, and particularly for the benefit of those residing in that State. While it would be pretty difficult to convict a true Kansan of napping, the face the liquor interests put on their campaign is calculated to deceive even the wide-awake. For this reason we urge all our Kansas readers to give their efforts to creating the sentiment called for by the above writer, so that the answer of the people of the State to the arguments of liquor may be so clear and convincing that it will leave them forever to work out their destiny on the high principles they are now upholding.

FOR THE ARITHMETIC CLASS.

More than a year ago, in the issue of Nov. 16, 1909, there was published a story in which appeared a problem in geometrical progression. In concluding the story the author asked the reader to solve the problem. No doubt many did solve it to satisfy their own curiosity in the matter and perhaps some of the answers were sent to the author. The editor however failed to second the author's request, and ask that the answers be sent to this office, and so the subject passed. However, not all of our readers have forgotten about it and one who was interested in the story has written us that he has been waiting and watching for the answer to the problem to appear in the Inglenook.

For the benefit of those who have come into our family within the last year as well as those who have forgotten the story and problem we will repeat it in brief. A farmer took his team to the blacksmith to get them shod. He objected to the blacksmith's price, but finally when the blacksmith, disgusted at the farmer's stinginess, offered to shoe the team in return for a grain of corn for the first nail driven, two grains for the second nail, four grains for the third, eight for the fourth and so on till eight nails were driven in each of the eight shoes, the farmer gladly accepted the offer, thinking he was getting his work done very cheaply. The problem, as will be seen, is one in geometrical progression, with 1 for the first term, 2 for the ratio and 64 for the number of terms and the sum of the terms the answer required or the amount due the blacksmith.

Since the evenings are long now and the boys and girls have had a good deal of experience in "figuring" during the past few months, we suggest that they take some time—and some paper—and give us a solution of this problem. You need not send the solution to us, simply the answer, and have it in bushels. To do this it will be necessary to count the number of grains in a small measure,—a quart, for instance, as the men did in the story, and multiply the number by 32 to get the number of grains in a bushel. Then divide the total number of grains by this number.

We will publish the first correct answer which reaches us.

SOME NEEDS.

(Continued from Page 9).

American of our cities, is true of the Cramp shipyards of Philadelphia, and the same condition exists in most all the large manufactories throughout the United States where skilled labor is required.

Changes in farm life have been as great as those in the factory. The soil which has accumulated for thousands of years is rapidly being used up, and the large crops of early days are reproduced only by the most careful cultivation. It is necessary that the farmer understand what crop is best suited to the field he is cultivating. He must know what elements are lacking and supply the need. He should have a knowledge of the best method of cultivating the ground. The finer stock needs more attention, and barns where they can be cared for with more ease must be considered. The modern chicken business with its wonderful possibilities, has sprung into prominence within the last few years, and the questions of incubators, brooders and poultry houses, with the proper food for the best results must be studied out. With the more complete farm life, comes the demand for better and more convenient homes, where the wife may meet the new conditions with satisfaction.

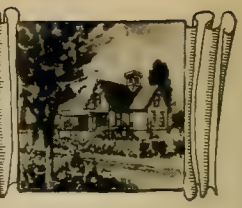
The present generation of American boys, who are soon to enter industrial or commercial life, will encounter a new and in many respects a harder condition of affairs, economically speaking, than did their fathers. This age is a work day and we Americans are a practical people. It is our duty as teachers, parents and citizens to open our eyes to the new demands and responsibilities that have been thrust upon us.

Some of the questions that have been confronting us will be touched more in detail during the year.

In my next article, I shall tell you something of the work in manual training and industrial lines, that is being done in some of our public schools.



THE HOME WORLD



My Lamb

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

I prayed it might not be; yet slighter grew
The little frame I held.
And when the loving Father took my lamb
My throbbing heart rebelled.

I wept and bowed me to the earth and wailed:
"I can not have it so!
My cup with gall and wormwood overflows."
But that was long ago,

Ere threads of silver glistened in my hair
And ere my youthful breath
Had learned to say that earth wields other pangs
More bitter far than death.

For my poor heart had yet to feel pain's sting;
And my blind eyes to see
That souls "made perfect" are sweet ministers
In woe's extremity.

Yea, life is hard. And whom death early marks,
From strife doth early rest.
Yet some must strife endure. Ah, when his head
Was pillowed on my breast,

On that glad morn when motherhood first dawned
Upon my raptured sight,
Which heralded a perfect day, I thought,
Wherein should fall no night,

I mused me how my hands should guide him on
Through pathways vast and dim,
And ignorantly prayed that many years
Might be bestowed on him.

But this is past. My lesson has been learned;
And now at eventide,
Lest in the darkness harm should come to them,
I gather to my side

The other children given to my care
And say in tearful tones:
"His is the safer and more blessed part,
Not yours, my darling ones!"

For, when I muse how pain and pestilence
Spare not e'en life's fair morn,
And know their fangs can never sting, at least,
The peace of my first-born,

I smile, and in the joy of knowing this
My heart undisciplined,
Has learned, at last, to look in faith to heaven
And say that God is kind.

Johnstown, Pa.

"When our children are acting foolishly, let us not forget that probably they are acting naturally."

A Hard Lesson

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"It is a happy faculty
Of women far and wide
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside,

"Where brothers and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A palace of rest where love abides
A perfect kingdom, home."

"WELL, I want a bite of supper, before I go back to the shop," called Jim Harnly to his wife who was sitting by her window, chatting with a neighbor across the way.

"I always said there'd no good come of her letting that girl stay in the city all by herself; it's no wonder she's broke down her health; never took no care of herself," said Nell in reply to something her neighbor had said.

"Her mother knowed more than this whole town put together—no use to tell her about her girl's not being able to work! She was that high and mighty—never took no advice from nobody!" It was the neighbor who hazarded this observation.

"Nell, I am hungry, I tell you and can't wait all evening for my supper," said Jim impatiently. He was looking at the ill-kept table where a lot of dishes were piled in confusion. He frowned at his wife when she at length turned her head, and for the first time seemed to notice his presence. "Can I have any supper?" he asked shortly.

"Supper?" she queried, "why, 'taint supper time yet! How could you expect supper at this time of day?"

"It's now or never with me, I've got to go back to the shop. Of course it'll be nothing to eat. I've got to start in ten minutes!"

"Well, then what are you making all this fuss for? I never can have a word with a neighbor without getting into a fuss with you. I've always got to stay home with these children, and it seems you want me to slave all the time! I'm getting tired of it!"

While she was talking, Nell brought a loaf of bread and some butter and put it on the table. Jim got a tin of water and then sat down to eat a meal almost as primitive as that of the early settlers in the wilderness.

"I don't know why girls ever do get married," and Nell's slatternly figure and uncombed hair made her question an emphatic one. "I used to be the best

dressed girl on our street, before I married you." Her sullen half-defiant tone, as well as her attitude of utter indifference, attracted Jim's attention and he looked at her as if she were an utter stranger and he saw something that made him wince as if in pain. He saw the cruel change that five years had wrought in Nellie; she had been pretty and her house was well-kept, and they were happy the first two or three years: he wondered dully when this awful change had taken place. He thought curiously that it must have been gradual and perhaps it began after the little girl, their second child, was born. Nell had never seemed the same since; she had just lost all the grit she ever had. He remembered an old woman whom he had overheard discussing Nell's condition, and she had repeated several times, "She's lost all the grit she ever had and she hadn't much to lose in the first place."

Jim ate his bread and butter in silence. When he went to the door, he said, "Good-bye girl." Nell looked surprised. That was unusual; they never exchanged greetings of any sort. The two children came in just then, clamoring for their supper. They too had all the bread and butter they wanted and they were rebellious.

"They've got fried potatoes and rice and meat at Tom's house for supper," said little Jim.

"And a nice clean cloth on the table," lisped the little girl.

Nell paid but little heed to their talk. She took the rocker close to the window and soon was engaged in an animated conversation with her neighbor. She sat there until dusk. Then the children came in tired and sleepy, and went to bed and she followed them. She could wash the dishes in the morning.

Nell did not waken next morning until after eight o'clock. The children had eaten some more bread and butter and then finding some change in a drawer had gone to a bakery where they forcibly debated the respective merits of some ginger snaps or some candy and peanuts. The question was decided in favor of gingersnaps, "because," said the boy "I am clear holler." "We want something filling." And so the two finished their breakfast on the street.

Nell arose and proceeded leisurely to the kitchen. She supposed Jim had been there and got his own breakfast. After considerable time spent in reflection, she did manage to wash up the dishes. And then she proceeded to provide a fairly good dinner. She got a beef roast and prepared some potatoes. She was hungry herself; she had done but little cooking for several days and now she felt the need of something to eat, something nourishing, just as the children had done in the morning, and as for Jim he had felt like a famishing wolf the night before. Nell placidly sat down to rest awhile before dinner time. Then she wondered a little whether Jim had been at home that morning. She was so accustomed to his waiting on himself, that it gave her no special concern. He would soon be here now for dinner.

The children came in and clamored for something to eat. She sent them out to see if Pa was coming.

"He's nowhere in sight; let's eat!" they said.

"All right, we'll eat and he'll be along," said the mother.

"I licked one of the boys this morning!" said little Jim proudly.

"You mustn't fight," said Nell in a perfunctory way.

"All the boys fight; we couldn't get along if we didn't," announced Jim.

"I never fight," said the girl. "Jim's face was all bloody this morning, I washed it for him."

Nell listened absently. She was watching a man who was coming up the path, a man who had a letter in his hand. "Jim told me to give you this," he said, and then turned around and strode away.

Nell read the letter twice before she realized that Jim had written it to tell her that he was going away. He thought she would be happier without him; he hoped to send her a regular allowance each month, enough to support herself and the children. "Your life will be easier without me," was his conclusion. All her life, Nell remembered that moment as vividly as if it was ever present in her mind. So this was the end; he was going to leave her and after this she need not trouble about his meals and his clothes. Then a sickening sense of shame overpowered her as she thought of the past, her idleness and neglect. The children were eating their dinner and asking about their father. Should she tell them? What should she tell her neighbors?

"Your Pa has gone away to work and won't be home for a few weeks," she replied to the children's persistent questioning. Later she told her neighbors the same thing. "Didn't he go away suddent like?" asked her next door neighbor.

"Yes," replied Nell with heightened color. "He wasn't expecting to go just then, but he got a better job and so he went."

At first, Nell was dazed; she could not believe that Jim, her Jim, had gone away to stay! But a sickening sense of her own failure to do her part as a woman should in the making of a home, convinced her that Jim had probably put up with her shortcomings as long as he could. And his going away was the result of her indifference to his needs and wishes; he had not followed the impulse of the moment, but a definitely-formed purpose when he left her.

With new-born energy she began to look to the ways of her household. And as her eyes were opened to a sense of her own shortcomings in the past, she wondered how Jim had endured things as long as he did. How repulsive it must have been for him! In bitter

humiliation and shame she acknowledged her failures and determined that nothing should ever make her go back to her old ways. Day after day she toiled and managed as the women of our homes always must work and plan if they want to do their part in the great scheme of building one of the homes of our nation. And so a year went slowly round and she hoped that Jim would come back at Christmas time. But the day went by without him and in spite of herself, Nell began to lose heart, and fear that his disgust and aversion for things as they had been could never be overcome. Perhaps he never would come back. She thought of writing him a note of appeal; she might plead with him to come home for the children's sake, but she had always shrunk from doing that.

On the last night of the old year, she sat by the fire—alone. Her tears fell fast as she thought of the hard lessons she had learned and wondered if she must go through the coming year alone. It was nearly midnight when she heard a step on the porch outside. It could mean only one thing to her,—Jim had come. She opened the door wide and Jim took her in his arms. She was sobbing like a child, and he said brokenly, "I had to come; we must live this new year together."

So they left the old year cover the errors and sins of the past and took heart with the new year and began again, thankful that they could make a fresh beginning.

THAT IDEAL KITCHEN.

AUNT MARY.

THE article in INGLENOOK of December 6, in regard to the ideal kitchen meets my hearty approval, especially the view from the back door. By all means have the back yard a place of beauty, and not a receptacle for "trash." But I would suggest a covering for the floor of that kitchen, of *inlaid* linoleum, so there be no scrubbing of bare floors, or fading colors in the linoleum. And I would also add a comfortable rocker, even at the risk of being called lazy, for often we can rest a few moments while waiting for something to get finished, in the range or on it. But concerning that curtain at the window, I'm not so sure about that. Not altogether sure. I might, if the plants were perfect specimens, hang it somewhere else.

TRAINING CHILDREN TO HELP.

"I DON'T see how you can find time to sew your own dresses, keep the house as neat as you do, with six children, and then belong to a woman's club and go visiting. It beats me! My house and three children keep me so everlastingly busy that I never get a chance to do the many things I want to do." Mary Todd sighed and looked as her sister with curious eyes, not unmixed with envy.

Sarah Waringer smiled. "There's a reason," quoted she, good-naturedly.

"Tell me," begged the younger woman.

"If I could only get you out to visit me for a week you'd soon find out for yourself," said Sarah. "I wish—"

"But you know I can't, so what's the use of wishing," interrupted Mary, with some impatience. "Just go ahead and tell me your secret."

"Oh, it's no secret," declared her sister, laughingly. "I simply have trained the children to help."

Unbelief was writ large on Mary's face, and her lips curled. "The children? I guess what they could do wouldn't be much of a help," she remarked, scornfully.

"You'll change your opinion when I tell you what they do," retorted Sarah, in positive tone.

Just then Archie Todd, aged ten, came rushing into the room, exclaiming: "Mama, there's only one button left on my coat, and that's hanging loose. Won't you sew new buttons on?" A track of moist clay marked his passage through the kitchen and dining room.

His mother shook him roughly by the arm. "Just see the muss you've made in my clean rooms with your muddy shoes!" she scolded. "Now I won't sew those buttons on, just for a punishment. You take your things off and stay indoors for the rest of the day."

At this the youthful scion of the house of Todd set up a loud wail, but when he saw his mother reach for the "cat-o'-nine-tails" hanging underneath the elaborately framed motto of "God Bless Our Home," he beat a hasty retreat, with difficulty stifling his sobs.

"That's the way," complained Mary Todd; "an endless lot of work that's no sooner done than it must be done over again. Don't tell me about children being a help—they're anything but that!" and the tired and discouraged woman grabbed a broom and proceeded to remove the dirt Archie had brought in on his shoes.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," gently suggested her sister.

"Would you leave it lay?" asked Mary, querulously.

"No; I'd make Archie clean it up."

"Now, Sarah Waringer, you know you're talking nonsense! Archie would only make a bad matter worse if I set him to cleaning this up, and I'd like to know how that'd help me any."

"It might not be much of a help to you just at first—until you had him trained in—but it would pay."

Archie returned to the scene of trouble at this juncture, and his aunt promptly placed a dustpan and the broom in his hands, and kindly but firmly volunteered to show him how to remove the misplaced samples of "Mother Earth." The astonished boy did as he was bid—clumsily, to be sure—but his face shone with satisfaction when the wise aunt informed him that he'd made "a pretty good job of it," and was a "right

handy little man." Words of praise were as sweet as they were rare to him.

"And now I'll show you how to sew on those buttons," said Aunt Sarah. "Mary, where's the button bag and thread and needles?"

"You'll find most of those things in the machine drawers. I haven't got a button bag," said Archie's mother, a little shame-facedly. "The children like to play with the buttons, and they're forever mixing things up. I can't watch them all the time," she added, by way of self-defense.

Sarah made no remark, but from machine drawers filled with a tangle of strings, buttons, needles, thread and various miscellany, she managed to extract the needed articles and a stout piece of cloth. Soon she had Archie interested in the game of sewing on buttons, and being a bright lad he learned easily. His delight was boundless when at last four buttons had been securely fastened to his coat by his own chubby hands aided by his patient aunt's deft fingers. "Next time I guess you can do it all alone," said she, and he answered "sure" with great gusto.

After supper, when the last of the trio of Junior Todds had been tucked into their beds, the sisters settled down by the evening lamp with a basket of stockings to darn.

"You must have a sight of stockings to mend, with John and Aleck and the six youngsters," said Mary.

"Indeed I have," replied Sarah, "but I use a machine darner and do it in quarter the time it would take me to mend them by hand."

Then followed more information on time and labor-saving devices for the home, and finally the subject of the children helping their mother around the house came up again.

"The children (all but the two youngest, of course) attend to their own bedrooms. They lay out their bedclothes to air before they come down to breakfast, and they make their beds when they come home from school. I also require them to 'pick up' and tidy things generally—to have a place for everything and everything in its place.

"Johnny and Philip take weekly turns in attending to the coal and wood and ashes, filling lamps, sweeping porches and such-like chores, while Marie and Jennie do likewise with the washing of dishes, setting the table, dressing little brother and sister, dusting and such light but time-taking work.

"To be sure it took time and patience to teach them," she assented, in reply to a tentative remark of her sister's, "but it was decidedly worth while. Now I am teaching Marie to bake bread and biscuits and Jennie to sew. Both the girls lend a hand at the ironing—handkerchiefs, towels and such small, flat pieces. The boys have certain outside chores to do also, and you'd be surprised to see how promptly one and all dispatch their regular work.

"Of course, they are taught things gradually, beginning as babies, so to speak. For instance, I always make little Anita and Georgie hang their wraps and clothes on certain pegs which are placed conveniently low for them, and they must always put their toys away when they are through playing with them.

"Yes, it would be hard now for you to break in your children to my system all at once. Reforms are not accomplished so quickly. But I have a plan. Let us exchange our eldest girls for a month. I'll explain to Marie that she is to set a good example to her cousins, and I'll take Flora under my wing and teach her the work my girls do. We could exchange boys the following month, and then you can take Archie in hand yourself."—*Farm and Home.*

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

One of the most powerful levers for righteousness which God ever gave to his people was that of the family altar. Some of the sweetest Christian experiences in the life of the writer were those of the family altar.

What more lovely sight than to see parents gather their children about them in a morning hour, and after reading a portion of the word and together singing some of the sweet songs of the Gospel to bow down in a few words of prayer for help and guidance during the day. There is absolutely nothing which has such a powerful influence for righteousness upon the hearts of children. And yet what estimate have God's people placed upon this ordinance? They have allowed the world to so usurp their time that this precious hour has been crowded out. What greater insult to Almighty God than for his professed people to cowardly drop this important agency upon the frivolous excuse of "not having time." We might as well ask, is it not worth while to spend any time in serving God, or is the soul worth saving anyway?

It is entirely pertinent in this connection to ask, is filial affection or love of parents for their children perishing from off the earth?

Under the family altar regime of forty to fifty years ago there were many bright instances of the faithful efforts of parents through the agency of the family altar, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, even invoking the aid of the rod, where necessary. The results were apparent in obedience to parents and respect for the aged. Under such training they were reared to manhood and womanhood, as a rule becoming loyal citizens of the state and members of the church of Christ. Comparisons of those years with the present are not cheering or comforting. Children of to-

day are coming up to mature years, as a rule, with but one ambition: the gratification of their own wills, and to be in everything self-centered. Little, if any, parental restraint is exercised over them. The percentage of child criminals is greatly increased. They early come to understand that everything must give way to their loudly-expressed desires. To curb or restrain such an ambition is considered quite unnecessary, and too often unpopular. Corporal punishment at school is now quite sure to precipitate upon the teacher the wrath of the parents.

But we do not need to enter into details. If we love the children and care for their eternal welfare, we shall see enough, if at all observant, to cause many heartburnings.

Regrets are sometimes heard that God's people are deserting the mid-week prayer meeting. Having already deserted the family altar, can anything better be expected? And having dishonored the King of kings, in the matter of the family altar, in the mad rush of the age, is it strange that the holy Sabbath day remains to us only in history? The fight is on for the maintenance of the Word of God in our public schools. This attempt to dishonor God and our own country by the machinations of the Roman church would never have been attempted had the Protestant churches been faithful to their trust.

But we are not left hopeless. A bright gleam penetrates the darkness. The family altar must be re-established in our Christian homes. Let us make Christian America in name, Christian in very fact. Let us earnestly pray Almighty God to give Christian America a consciousness of her sins and the grace to humbly repent of them.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

COOKING REALLY A FINE ART.

No more sensible words have been uttered by Dr. Wiley of the Agricultural Department, who has done so much for pure food in this country, than his statement that cooking is really a fine art, whereas it is commonly made a drudgery.

The average woman makes a great deal more drudgery out of housework than is necessary. There is much that is necessary, but the truth seems to be that while an immense amount of energy is expended much of it is wasted. The faculty of doing things right—even the simplest things—is very difficult. We notice how clumsily children go about the simplest tasks. The difference between the clodhopper and the expert is not so much one of knowledge as ability to use knowledge. In the home some women have never gotten beyond the youthful stage of doing things with more than the necessary labor.

It is an art to cook well. It is a fine art. It comes only by study and practice, but like any other art, it is of high value. The French have carried this so far that they can serve up a fine meal out of what the average American family wastes. There is no sense in the slovenliness which exists in so many families. Intelligently directed effort would save half the drudgery, make home happier, and result in economies which are so much needed at this time. Cooking is not such a difficult art that it need balk any person of ordinary intelligence. If women only would, they could learn easily to save themselves time, labor and money.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Children's Corner

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

It was "bread-and-milk time" for Mary and Jed. They sat at opposite ends of the long supper table. Halfway between was grandpa, reading the morning paper.

"Wonderful times! wonderful times!" he said aloud. "But I guess that's about the most wonderful discovery, so far."

"What is, father?" asked grandma from her window.

"Why, this thing they call wireless telegraphy. It beats all how they do it, mother. Think of sending messages to a vessel fifty miles out at sea straight through the air! No wires at all, mind you—just air!"

Grandfather's paper dipped till his spectacles looked over the top. Then he made a discovery of his own. There was wireless telegraphy going on across his own supper table. And he could read the messages plainly.

From Station Mary to Station Jed: "I don't care to play with you any more. I'm never going to speak to you again—so there!"

"Huh! who cares? I guess it isn't I," flashed back from Station Jed. "I'm sick of girls, anyway."

"Dear, dear," thought gentle grandfather. His eyes met grandmother's—more wireless telegraphy.

"Storm brewing, eh?"

"I'm afraid so," telegraphed grandmother, anxiously. "The bad-weather signals are all out."

"Yes, yes, choppy sea—wind nor' by nor'east. What's to be done? We shall have a wreck here in a minute."

Grandmother got up softly.

"Wait," she signaled. And she hurried out of the room. When she came back she set a little saucer of honey and a frosted cooky beside each

bread-and-milk bowl. Then she went serenely back to her window.

When the honey was all gone, and the cookies, all but the holes in the middle, grandma smiled across at grandpa.

"What did I tell you? It takes sweetening. Don't you see that the sun's coming out?"

"It's out," smiled grandpa. For from Station Jed to Station Mary another message was speeding. It warmed grandpa's old heart like sunshine to read it. "I say," it said, "don't gran'ma make the hunkiest frosted cookies, though?"

"My, yes, an' gran'pa's bees the honiest honey?" flashed back from Station Mary. Then a smile started from each station and met in the middle of the dining-room table, right over the vinegar cruet —you can send smiles splendidly by wireless telegraphy. The sun was shining in a beautiful way just now.

"Fair-weather signals out," telegraphed grandma, with one nod of her dear white head. And grandpa went back to his newspaper with a sigh of relief. All this time not a word had been said by anybody. Oh, yes, this sending messages by wireless telegraphy is a fascinating thing, but I think it was discovered a long time ago, don't you?—*Boys and Girls.*

A GOOD DINNER.

PREPARED BY AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

Tomato Soup.

A NEW way to make tomato soup is to use one pint of milk, one quart of water, one pint of tomatoes, two crackers powdered, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, and a dust of salt. Boil twenty minutes.

Fried Smelts.

They should be drawn through the gills, well washed and dried, then dipped in milk and rolled in fine crumbs or cracker dust and fried in deep fat. They are done as soon as well colored. After draining on paper they are to be piled on a hot dish and garnished with lemon and parsley.

Beefsteak and Potatoes.

Select a large rather thick and tender steak. Dust it with salt and pepper, and put little bits of butter over it an inch or two apart. Mash some potatoes very smoothly, add a little milk or cream, some butter, and salt and pepper to season. Spread them in a thick layer over the steak. Roll up the steak tightly, with the potatoes inside, and fasten the ends securely with small skewers. Put the roll in a baking pan with a large cupful of rich gravy or stock and let it cook slowly until very tender, basting it frequently with the gravy in the pan or with a little melted butter. Serve in a border of mashed potatoes and garnish with watercress, or other greens.

Side Dish: Rice With Asparagus.

If you have a scant supply of asparagus for a meal, try a tablespoonful of rice with it when you put it on to cook. You will need no thickening. Add cream and butter, and it is delicious.

Lemon Conserve.

One pound of powdered white sugar, quarter of a pound of fresh butter and six eggs, leaving out the whites of two. Add the juice and grated rind of three lemons. Put all into a saucepan, stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it gets as thick as honey.

Banana Salad.

Cut six ripe bananas into pieces, arrange in glass dish and grate over them a very little lemon rind. Make a lemon syrup by boiling together one-fourth of a cup of lemon juice and one-half cup of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cool pour over bananas.

Lemon Meringue Pudding.

Cream together one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs; add to this one quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread crumbs and the grated rind of a lemon. Bake until done, then cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites of the eggs, half a cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Place in the oven again until it browns a little.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.

SELECT a firm, well-shaped cauliflower, and after the preliminary soaking in cold salt water throw into a kettle of boiling water and cook half an hour, or until tender. Drain, pick off the flowerets, and lay one side while you pick the stalks into small pieces and lay on the bottom of a rather shallow buttered baking dish, sprinkle with pepper, grated cheese, and cracker crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Add a little milk, then a layer of the flowerets and another sprinkling of milk, cheese, and pepper. Cover with a thin layer of buttered bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven until a rich brown. This may be varied by leaving the head of cauliflower whole after boiling, then placing in a deep, well-buttered pudding dish and dredging with a coat of parmesan about a quarter of an inch thick. Follow with a lighter coat of sifted bread crumbs dotted with bits of butter moistened with a tablespoonful of olive oil, then bake until a golden brown crust results.—*Washington Star.*

"REMOVE ink stains by applying warm tallow, letting it remain two hours. Wash in warm suds and rinse."

ECHOES · FROM · EVERYWHERE

The wisdom of the legislation which placed seal fisheries of Alaska and the Pribiloff Islands in the hands of the government was proven when a cablegram from London announced that the skins of the seal catch of the last season had been disposed of at three times the amount that the government received for its last year's catch.

By using tantalum lamps for car lighting, the Chicago Railway Company finds that it can save five cents a day per car. A thousand cars have been equipped with tantalum lamps, and will save the company $18,000 a year on this basis. The company expects to equip all of its cars in this way, and effect a saving of over $35,000 a year.

An active campaign is about to be begun by the Electric Vehicle Association of America, to advertise and further the development of electric vehicles. The success of this type of vehicle in recent years has been very large, and is coming to be recognized as the best type of machine for use in cities where speed laws prohibit fast traveling, and power for charging the batteries is always at hand.

Gen. Booth, head of the Salvation Army, shortly will undergo an operation for cataract on his left eye. It will be recalled that although the operation for cataract on his right eye some time ago was temporarily successful, he eventually lost his sight in that eye. The growth of the cataract on the other eye since has blinded him entirely. He has not seen for a long time the audience that he has addressed. He is now eager to submit to another operation, believing it will completely restore the sight of his left eye.

The top of the forward turret of the battleship Maine, which had been blown off in the disaster which brought on the Spanish war, has been located and towed ashore and the work of scraping off the barnacles for an examination of the 11-ton wreck is under way. Experts believe that light will be shed upon the explosion by the examination of the turret top. A gun sight is among the remnants of the battleship which have been found at the bottom of the harbor by the workmen who are raising the sunken battleship.

Announcement has been made that the second international congress on child welfare will be held at Washington, D. C., April 25 to May 2, 1911, under the auspices of the National Congress of Mothers, of which Mrs. Frederick Schoff of Philadelphia is president. The general outline of the program will cover the relation and duties of home, school, church and state to child welfare. Co-operation of specialists on each phase of the subject will be obtained, and there will be representative speakers from several nations. Queen Helena of Italy is one of the most interested in the movement. The National Religious Association has consented to take charge of the program concerning the relation of the church to the children.

The railroads of the country gained their first important victory before the Interstate Commerce Commission when that body handed down a decision to the effect that the roads have not been violating the interstate commerce act by fixing export freight rates lower than domestic rates. Under the decision the railroads may continue this practice, but the commission reserves the right to consider complaint against any particular rate.

An interesting apparatus for operating street-railway switches has been invented by a Belgian engineer. The switch is thrown by means of electro-magnets, controlled by commutators on the trolley wires, placed at a distance of about 15 yards from the switch. One of the commutators will throw the switch to the right, and the other to the left. If the motorman desires to use the right-hand track, he shuts off the power when passing the commutator giving access to the left-hand line, and vice versa.

Records received by the forest, fish and game commission from the express companies shipping deer from the Adirondacks show that more deer were shipped during the 1910 hunting season than during any other year since records have been kept, except years when snow hunting has been permitted. In all, 2,158 carcasses of deer, 53 saddles and 135 heads were shipped, which presumably accounted for a total of 2,346 deer. The records do not include shipments from the Catskill section, where a number of deer are annually killed.

Enormous electric locomotives, geared to the track by a middle rail, will move shipping through the Panama canal locks. Millions of pounds of steel will be required for the construction of these tracks at the lock sidings and within the next week or two the canal commission will start the work by advertising for 8,000 tons of track material. Some of the larger items are 3,212,544 pounds of steel cross ties, 1,934,240 pounds of rolled steel, 6,554,000 pounds of carbon steel rack castings and 1,273,090 pounds of steel channels. About 2,000 tons of 90-pound steel rails for the towing system will also be wanted.

According to the geological survey's volume on mineral resources of the United States for 1909, by Prof. David T. Day, the world's total petroleum output was 297,413,791 barrels last year, the United States producing over 60 per cent. Our railroads are increasing their use of fuel oil, last year's consumption footing up 19,939,394 barrels, as compared with 16,889,070 for the previous year. The oil consumed by the railroads is mostly crude, but includes a considerable quantity of residuum. The introduction of oil in the United States navy has been rapid, and the results have been fully as good as had been expected. Last year the battleships North Dakota and Delaware were equipped with auxiliary oil-burning plants, and four more battleships now being built will each carry 400 tons of fuel oil to burn as auxiliary to coal. Fifteen destroyers will also be equipped for fuel oil. In England, Germany, France, Italy and Austria similar experiments are being made.

Fear of a scarcity of ermine for King George's coronation in London next June has resulted in special inducements being offered to trappers for the furs by the trading companies, but owing to the mild weather in northern Canada the fur catch has been the lightest for many years. Dog trains are unable to move in many places because of the lack of snow and many of the outposts are suffering from lack of provisions. Indians are bringing in little from their fall hunt and the Christmas shipment of furs was far below the average.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has been re-elected superintendent of the schools of Chicago, having justified in her one year's service the action of the board of education in appointing a woman to a $10,000 position. She was re-elected unanimously. During the first months of her superintendency she abolished the system of secret marking that had made more or less of a feud between the superintendent and the teachers. President Urion said that in her re-election the board acknowledged the excellency of her administration. The criticism of electing a woman, he said, had been answered by her administration.

Secretary Wilson, having ascertained that collie, shepherd or sheep dogs are subject to the infection of tapeworm, the infective element causing gid, sturdy or staggers in sheep through the invasion of the brain and spinal canal of these animals by the cystic form of this parasite, has issued an order to owners, officers and agents of all steamships, and to all stockmen and others interested in any way in the traffic or the importation of such dogs that all such animals entering the United States shall be subjected to quarantine for about two weeks until it has been ascertained by inspection if the animals are infected. If infected they are to be detained in quarantine until they are cured.

Following the announcement that the Standard Oil company has issued a final quarterly dividend to shareholders amounting to $10,000,000, it is calculated that John D. Rockefeller, as owner of 25 per cent of the stock, has received since 1882 about $180,000,000 as his share of the dividends. In nine years it is said he has received in dividends over $90,000,000, while his equity in the total net profits since 1882 is said to have exceeded $280,000,000. From 1902 to 1910 inclusive, the Standard Oil Company has disbursed to shareholders $357,929,620 out of net profits of $673,202,964, leaving a surplus of $315,272,444. Since 1882 the company has disbursed $709,812,620 out of its profits of $1,129,442,064 leaving a surplus of $419,679,444.

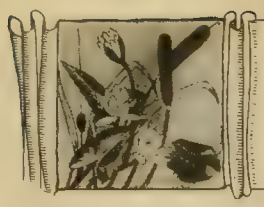
John D. Rockefeller has made a farewell gift to the University of Chicago of $10,000,000 and washed his hands of the institution. He leaves the rest of the support to the people. To date, Mr. Rockefeller has given $34,226,045 to the university. From Mr. Rockefeller's former gifts, the university draws an annual income of about $1,800,000. The new gift is in income-bearing securities with the provision that $1,000,000 a year will be paid to the trustees for ten consecutive years. Not only has the oil king withdrawn from all connection with the university, but his representatives on the board of trustees, Frank T. Pates and John D. Rockefeller Jr., have resigned. With the other gifts to the university from outside sources, which amount to about $7,000,000, it is the best endowed institution in the world.

President Taft has issued a proclamation eliminating 108,920 acres from the Angeles national forest in California, leaving the area of the forest 1,241,980 acres. The proclamation provides that the lands eliminated shall be restored to the public domain, and become subject to settlement under the homestead law.

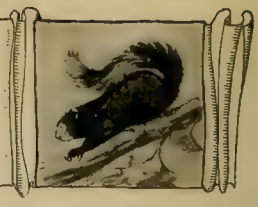
The house committee on postoffices and postroads will soon make a report on Representative Mondell's bill creating a system of local parcels post, confined to and consisting of the transportation and delivery of articles and parcels of merchandise and matter not exceeding 11 pounds in weight over all rural free delivery and star routes. According to the provisions of this measure the rates are to be: On parcels up to three ounces, I cent; over three ounces and up to six ounces, 2 cents; over six and up to nine ounces, 3 cents; over nine and up to 12 ounces, 4 cents; over 12 ounces and up to one pound, 5 cents; for each additional pound or fraction thereof, 2 cents; thus making the rate on an 11-pound parcel 25 cents.

Amsterdam advices to the state department say that the government of the Netherlands proposes to establish schools in different parts of that kingdom to instruct farmers' daughters in the duties of housewifery and as workers on farms. Such instruction has hitherto been given in the courses of various institutions throughout the country, but never in schools specially devoted to those purposes. At the outset, summer schools will be started, teaching the more essential elements of the housewife's duties. Later, the courses of instruction will be broadened with the natural growth of the schools. The design of these schools is to be "to give such practical instruction as will combat the danger of inspiring farmers' daughters with ambitions outside of farm life." The courses contemplated in these schools are nature study, zoölogy, botany, cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, household duties generally, household administration, nourishing foods, etc. It is proposed that as interest in the schools increases, still more comprehensive lines of instruction will be gradually introduced all over the kindom.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has presented its annual report. The document shows that the commission is rapidly gaining a firm grip upon the regulation of transportation in the United States. The Mann-Elkins law conferred upon the commission what is termed "the most far-reaching and fundamentally important power, namely, the authority to suspend proposed advances in rates pending investigation of their propriety." The report says: "In the twelve months ending November 30, 1910, 154,558 tariff publications have been filed with the commission." On the question of rebating, the report says: "The fight against discrimination is by no means won. Those practices still remaining are more insidious and more difficult to extirpation than open rebating, by reason of the fact that they are hidden in contractural arrangements entirely legal except for the effect produced. To speak generally, those arrangements depend upon some unification of shipper and carrier, by which shippers secure an interest in the carriers' profits." There was a large increase in railroad accidents during the past year, according to the commission. The number of persons killed in train accidents was 227 in 1910 as compared with 131 in the previous year. The number of employés killed in coupling accidents increased from 161 in 1909 to 207 in 1910.



NATURE STUDIES



OUR WINTER BIRDS.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

It was cold. Oh, how cold it was! Our feet were cold, but we still tramped on across the fields too interested in what we saw to think of the cold.

And what interesting things one can find in the snow-covered fields, when one knows where to look and what to look for. A rabbit has passed the night under a hemlock; a squirrel has burrowed down through the snow for a nut hidden several months before; a mouse has left the shelter of a large stone near the fence to hunt for food. All have disappeared and yet their story is told as plainly as though it were written in a book.

What else do we see? We have come to a field overgrown with ragweed and grasses of various kinds, and on one side, some tall cat-tails, and farther on some teasels. And there on the snow is written the story of the birds' breakfast, but the birds must be gone. No, there they are just ahead of us! The old hedgerow seems to be alive with them. Such a twittering! Every bush and every weed is alive with birds and they all seem to be talking at once, and are as bright and cheerful as though it were midsummer.

What can they be, these little creatures so happy and sociable on such a cold day? They look something like the chipping sparrows, but their grey breast bears in the centre a single dark spot. There is but one bird that has such a spot and so we know that these must be the tree sparrows. And what sociable little birds they are, simply bubbling over with happiness. Indeed, their happiness is contagious, and we find that many other birds like to associate with them, if not right amongst them, at least in hearing distance. Chickadees, nuthatches, downey woodpeckers and brown creepers feed on the trees near by, while the snowflakes, American goldfinch and juncos feed right among them and join in with their merry twitter.

A crow caws at us from under the evergreen where I think he is looking for mice. A blue-jay gives his harsh call of jay-jay-up in a nearby tree. The cold is forgotten as we listen and look in wonder. We are afraid they will all see hard times before warm weather comes again.

The tree sparrows spend their summers in the far north in Labrador, and around Hudson Bay. There they build their nests, on or near the ground and raise their families. In the fall they leave for the south, arriving in New York State during the last of September or the first of October. A great many continue their way farther south, but many remain with us all winter. In April they begin to think of their family cares and leave us again for the north. It is at this time they begin to sing a song that is one of the sweetest of the spring. Rather soft and low, it is, but quite canary-like in its character, at times seeming to come from a great distance even though the singer be close by. Over fifty per cent of the tree sparrow's food consists of the seeds of obnoxious weeds, and great credit is due them for the great number of weeds thus destroyed. The food of the tree sparrow being almost entirely the seeds of weeds and grasses, one should look for them in places where these project above the snow. Weedy slopes, the edges of woods and marshes, along fences, and hedgerows, all are likely places. His color is brownish with gray, unstreaked underparts, reddish brown cap, and two white wing bars. Note particularly a single dark spot in the middle of the breast. Also the heavy conical bill for crushing seeds.

The pine grosbeak has a heavy beak, that makes him look rather stupid; in fact, this beak gives him the name of grosbeak which means the same as great-beak. He loves the pine woods of Canada and builds his nest among them, only a little way above the snow that still covers the ground at the early season when this bird begins housekeeping. When the northern winter is very severe, they gather in flocks and scatter through the States. The general color of the adult male is strawberry-red; the wings and tail dark, with some light brown and white edgings, the tail forked a little. Length about nine inches. The female is gray tinged here and there with saffron yellow.

Some day in your winter walks you may see another red bird. A near relation to the pine grosbeak is the American crossbill, the two often flock together. The general color of the male is Indian red, with dark wings and tail. Female dull olive-green, with wings and tail like the male. Their curving bills are crossed at the tip, which strange arrangement gives them their name of crossbill. Both parts of their bills are curved and they cross each other at the tip like a pair of scissors that do not close properly. They build their nests in thick evergreen trees in March. They make a little platform of twigs, bark and small sticks to support the nest, then they weave the nest of softer materials, lining it with grass, fur and feathers. The eggs are pale green with purple spots. The nests are usually built in evergreen trees that are cone-bearing. The

cones have spicy seeds stored away under the scales, ready for the birds to eat, and those curiously-twisted bills like pincers, are made, it would seem, expressly for the purpose of wrenching the scales from the cones, so that the seeds are laid bare.

Crossbills make the most devoted parents; they will let themselves be lifted from the nest rather than leave their family. They have a queer little call something like the tinkling of little bells, tlink-link-link-link. The red crossbill has a cousin called the white-winged crossbill which has two white bars on each wing. It sometimes travels with the red crossbill.

The American goldfinch is another winter bird. The color of the male in summer is bright, clear yellow, with a black cap, and the wings and tail are black with some white on both. The female at all times, and male in winter, is a light flaxen brown with wings and tail as above described, but less distinctly marked with white, and no black cap. They are jolly little birds and you can always tell them even in winter; they always fly with a dip and a jerk, and are sometimes called jolly bird. They are also sometimes called wild canaries, because they resemble the canaries in looks, and they are beautiful singers. They usually build their nest quite high in the tree tops. We know of a tall maple where for many years they have built their round, cup-shaped nests. They eat grass seeds, and weed seeds. It is very interesting to watch a flock of them, swinging on the ends of the tall grasses and weeds. They are specially noted for eating thistle seeds and are sometimes called the thistle bird. They also use the thistle down to line their nests. They are a much loved, and admired bird in the country. I have known several that were caught, and caged and they make charming cage pets, growing tame and even saucy, and singing a delightful song. But I would never advise any one to cage any bird which has grown up wild, no matter if it lives and thrives; it would be better off in its natural element—the free air,—and many of them caged pine and die.

The goldfinches, have a cousin, the snowflake or autumn leaf. He is larger than the goldfinch but not nearly so pretty; in summer white with black on back, wings and tail; in winter a warm brown and black stripes and brown and white under. A soft, clinging snowstorm begins, and suddenly you will wonder at a cloud of brown, snow-edged leaves that settle on a bare spot in the barn yard, then suddenly whirl up and settle in the chicken yard, and begin to eat the small seeds left by the chickens, and you discover to your astonishment that they are hungry little birds. They come and go as if driven by the wind. This and their color cause some to call them the autumn leaf; they seem to be much whiter than they are when in flight. The summer home of the snowflake is in the far north, where the summers are short and cool. They build their nests on the ground and line them with feathers.

When you search for them, look in the air, or on some roof, or about the haystack, or on the ground where they gather their food.

Another winter bird is the slate-colored junco, sometimes called the snowbird. His color is dark slate, throat and breast slate-gray, belly and side and tail-feathers white; beak a pinkish-white which is strong for cracking seeds. His nesting place is usually on high mountains, but when it is very cold and food scarce he often comes to the barnyards and becomes quite tame.

The great northern shrike or butcher bird is also a winter visitor in the United States and spends his summers in the far north. His length is about ten inches; color, upper parts bluish-gray, with a broad black stripe along the side of the head to behind the eye. Black wings with a long white spot on each. Black tail with white tips to the outside feathers. Lower parts grayish-white faintly barred with darker. He has a strong beak, hooked like the hawk's. Although he is much smaller than the hawk, there is something hawklike about his head. His food is mostly mice and moles and many kinds of bugs, and beetles which injure orchards and gardens, and we are sorry to say he often kills small birds. He has a strange habit which has earned for him the name of butcher bird. If at any time he gets more food than he can eat, he hangs it on the frozen twigs of a tree or thorn bush. You see he is very wise, as it may snow for days at a time when he can find nothing to eat, so he has learned to store up his provisions when the hunting is good. He builds his nest in the far north.

UNINTENTIONAL ABUSE OF HORSES.

A GREAT deal has been said and written concerning humane treatment of dumb animals, especially the horse. Societies have been formed for prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, and other organized campaigns conducted for the same purpose. These efforts have accomplished much to prevent beatings and starvation and the use of decrepit and lame animals. There are yet localities where much can be accomplished along this line. There are other abuses of horses besides beatings and starvation that need attention.

Conditions have so changed in the last quarter century that the type of horse has materially changed. The fast transformation of the "mud" road into solid, smooth macadam pikes has caused the slow, steady driving to be replaced by the high-stepping, high-spirited, fast road horse that is the pride of the young man and his father alike.

The farm horse of a quarter century ago was light in weight and low-bred as compared with the present-day farm horse. This light, lowbred farm horse had

stumps, stones and tough sod to pull against in the field, and the tough mud when hauling loads to market. He necessarily was slow and sluggish, he couldn't be otherwise. Several improvements in farms, by removal of stones and stumps, and the use of tile ditches, together with the increased weight of farm horses has demanded a more active, high-spirited horse.

The large draft-horse of today must show plenty of knee and hock action, a fast walk and plenty of life if he catches the eye of the farmer. Men have learned by experience that they cannot beat this high-bred horse as they did his ancestors. His high spirit resents it.

Cool business calculation teaches that there is no money in starving a horse.

Together with the arousing of public sentiment the evolution of the horse has caused a great decrease in the old-time cruelty. But this does not necessarily mean that cruelty has ceased, but what I do wish to show is that the nature of the cruelty has changed as the disposition of the horse has changed.

It is a very common thing to see a man driving a horse at its highest speed, kept up by a continuous twitching of the rein, or tapping of the whip, or both. When he stops, he stops the horse suddenly, and starts with a full burst of speed. It is not so much fast driving that I wish to condemn as the manner in which it is done. When you see a horse driven as just mentioned, you will notice that it lasts about two years and is then considered as "knocked out" for the roads; a new horse is bought and he too goes through the same grind.

It has not been the number of miles such a horse has gone, nor the number of beatings, nor the starvation, but the continual "nagging" that limited his usefulness to two years. What I mean by nagging is any procedure that keeps a horse continually nervous. Some people delight to keep a horse "on his nerve" or "showing his mettle" little thinking that they are practising as dire cruelty as the man who uses a club on his low-bred horse.

The nagging process is used on a horse that has highly developed nerves, sensitive skin and hot blood. Nagging throws the whole nervous system out of the normal, arouses a sensitive brain and starts the blood flowing at fever heat. Such a horse truly is on his nerve. He uses his nervous energy at a rapid rate and hence his quick decline. He ages rapidly. Rheumatism, stiffened muscles and indigestion result from such a strain upon the nervous system.

Just today my attention was called to a highly-bred young coach horse that is developing an ugly temper, which I found to be caused by a sore back. The young owner had adopted the fad of driving without breeching, leaving the buggy to be stopped by the backband. This inevitably causes irritation, and at a spot that is very sensitive. Custom sometimes allows this form of torture to pass unnoticed, while using a horse with a wound that would be odious to the sight but far less severe to the horse, would be sufficient cause for a heavy fine.

Many people allow their horses to become obstinate and balk or have some sort of bad tantrum. This is just about as excusable in a horse as it is in a child. I have seen parents allow their children to kick, bite and scream in a paroxysm of madness, until the child quit from pure exhaustion. No attempt would be made to stop the child and it would be excused on the plea of an "ungovernable temper" or "extreme nervousness." The fault would not be the child's but the parent's. If the parents had used good sense in government one word would have stopped the whole affair and saved the child from the suffering it endured. The same thing is true of the horse, and there is no more reason for it to suffer with mad tantrums than the child.

When a man has his horse under his control as he should, he can prevent all that wear and tear on the nerves and save the horse the suffering it endures. Talk about a horse missing a few feeds or a few drinks of water, but that sort of suffering doesn't compare to being "nagged" from morning till night by a clumsy, careless driver or irritated by harness or being in a mad fit for a half day at a time.

The higher the breeding; the more high-spirited, alert, proud horse we develop, the greater becomes the necessity for us to recognize that the form of cruelty may be shifted from the outward and physical to the nerves of a horse.—*Jesse Beery, Pleasant Hill, Ohio, in Our Dumb Animals.*

THE NEW YEAR.

I saw on the hills of the morning,
The form of the New Year arise,
He stood like a statue adorning
The world with a background of skies.
There were courage and grace in his beautiful face,
And hope in his glorious eyes.

"I come from Time's boundless forever,"
He said with a voice like a song.
"I come as a friend to endeavor,
I come as a foe to all wrong.
To the sad and afraid I bring promise of aid,
And the weak I will gird and make strong.

"I bring you more blessings than terrors,
I bring you more sunlight than gloom,
I tear out your page of old errors,
And hide them away in Time's tomb.
I reach you clean hands, and lead on to the lands
Where the lilies of peace are in bloom."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. January 10, 1911. No. 2.

THE ASHBY BROTHERS

John W. Wayland

THE Ashby Brothers, Turner and Richard, were born in Fauquier County, Virginia; and both met a tragic death on Virginia soil during the terrible war between the States. Turner Ashby was born at Rosehill in 1824; Richard was younger, by a couple of years, perhaps; but I have not been able to ascertain the exact date of his birth. I shall speak of the latter first, for several reasons. He died first, and is little known compared with his famous brother.

The Ashby Brothers reminded us of two chivalrous knights, riding down into our modern times out of the Middle Age. They were chivalrous in spirit and manner, and were famous horsemen. The "Ashby Boys," we are told by a lady who knew them, were considered the finest riders in Virginia. This means a good deal; for thousands of the Virginians of ante-bellum days, men and women, spent much of their time on horseback. Following the hounds and leaping fences and ditches at full tilt gave them a remarkable skill on horseback. Many ladies of eastern Virginia are still fine riders—not to mention the men.

Richard Ashby is described by the lady to whose writing I have already made reference, as "one of the handsomest men I ever saw." He was a tall, large man, with raven-black hair and dark complexion. He was living in Texas at the outbreak of the Civil War, but came home as soon as Virginia seceded, joining the Virginia troops. His brother, Turner Ashby, having just been made lieutenant-colonel, Richard succeeded him as captain. In a short time, however, he was killed in a sort of ambush not far from the well-known Harper's Ferry, now in West Virginia. It is said that he was led into the ambush, with a few of his men, by a man who promised to guide him in a movement against the enemy. He and his little company were surrounded, and soon cut down.

Turner Ashby had the same black eyes and hair as his brother, but was less in stature. He is described as rather small and slight, with a long black beard and a soft expression in his dark eyes. It is said that he never did an ungenerous act in his life, and was never seen to manifest any degree of fear. In spite of his small or medium stature he was unusually strong. Many stories are told illustrating his strength and agility, and his skill as a rider. On one occasion, in a cavalry engagement, his charge carried him clear through the line of the enemy; then, turning about, he came back, cutting his way through again to the side of his own men. At another time he rode up to a cavalryman who was trying to capture him, seized him, dragged him out of his saddle, and carried him away as a prisoner. This occurred just outside the old city of Winchester, in Frederick County, Virginia.

Ashby's horse, a magnificent white stallion, became almost as famous as his master. The way this horse came into the possession of Ashby is interesting. When the latter was preparing to go to the war an old friend, a neighbor of his, sent for him and said: "Turner, you know how I prize my white horse, and that I would never sell him to anyone. Now I give him to you as your battle horse. You will make your mark in the coming war; ride the horse for my sake." Ashby took the horse, and rode him in many a perilous charge with the same skill and grace with which he had in former days ridden in the friendly tournaments, winning the privilege of crowning some Fauquier maiden "queen of love and beauty."

This famous white horse also met a tragic death. Near Mt. Jackson, in Shenandoah County, while covering the retreat of Stonewall Jackson, Ashby was exposed to the advancing Federals, and his horse was shot. The wound was not immediately fatal. The horse bore his master away out of danger, but soon began to weaken unto death. With his white side and legs stained with his own blood, he was led along the line of his master's men, who looked upon him as they might have gazed upon a dying comrade. "He trod the earth as grandly as a wounded lion," it is said; and he seemed to indi-

cate in the toss of his head and the flash of his eye that he was as a lion in spirit, though conscious of the meaning of the solemn parade. General Lee's famous war horse, Traveller, was also white.

The scene just described took place on the retreat that Jackson made up the Shenandoah Valley, before the converging Federal armies, in his brilliant campaign of 1862. Ashby, commander of the cavalry, was covering the retreat, as already stated. When Jackson had passed through Harrisonburg he planted his artillery on the hills a mile or two south of the town, covering the road to Cross Keys and Port Republic. Fremont, being unable to take the batteries by direct assault, sent two regiments of infantry up a deep hollow, into the woods, in the attempt to steal in upon the batteries from the right side: that is, the right side of the Confederates, as they were facing north toward Harrisonburg. Ashby by some means learned of this flank movement. Sending ahead to Jackson he got two regiments of Confederate infantry and met the Federals at the crest of a hill, near the edge of the woods. In the contest that ensued the Federals were driven back with heavy loss, but Ashby was killed. His horse was shot from under him just on the hill-crest, and he had not proceeded more than a few yards on foot until he was struck in the body by a minie ball, which killed him almost instantly. He fell under a pine tree, which was literally cut up afterward by relic hunters. On the spot now stands a granite monument, erected by a local historical society.

Ashby fell on the 6th of June, 1862; the next day was fought the battle of Cross Keys, and a day later the battle of Port Republic. At the same time McClellan was pressing hard upon Richmond in the Peninsular Campaign. The Valley Campaign, waged by Jackson and Ashby, kept the Federal armies about Fredericksburg from going to McClellan's aid, as planned, and thus frustrated the attempt to capture the Confederate capital.

General Ashby was only thirty-eight at the time of his death, yet he was older than many other of the famous leaders, blue and gray. Jackson was the same age; McClellan was two years younger. "Jeb" Stuart, who in character and habits perhaps resembled Ashby most among all the generals on either side, was eight years his junior; while Rosser, another Virginia cavalry commander, was four years younger still. Sheridan, who figured prominently in the Valley during the latter part of the war, was about the same age as Stuart.

Jackson wrote of Ashby: "As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

The finest pen-pictures of Ashby, Stuart, Jackson, and others that I know of may be found in John Esten Cooke's "Surry of Eagle's Nest." Among the distinguished figures that move across the pages, Turner Ashby, "The Knight of the Valley," is not the least interesting. He and his brother Richard were loved by the people of the Valley, young and old; and their bodies rest under a massive block of granite in the soldiers' quarter of the beautiful Mt. Hebron cemetery at Winchester.

SCHOOL DAYS.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

THESE are winter days, and as we are having snow fall quite often, I am so much reminded of the long ago, when I went to the country school. We had a beautiful forest to go through, but when the snow was deep we had to go farther around, and for a crowd of little girls the distance was no small affair. The old schoolhouse was a very common building, but we were warm beside the large stove, which stood in the middle of the room.

The schoolhouse stood at the edge of a "wood," as we then called a timber stand, and among those trees and around the log schoolhouse we had gay times. The boys played ball and the girls jumped the rope, built houses, gathered tea berries, played ring, and other plays. Sometimes the girls would play ball too. We were a band of happy children then, and although we did not have free books, and as many advantages as the children have now, we learned our lessons and made progress. We had a large Testament class that would read every morning, and a large spelling class for the closing hour. Much interest was taken in the spelling-book, for it was considered some honor to stand at the head of the class. Sometimes visitors dropped in, and if gentlemen, we expected a speech. You see, it was a treat to listen to the speeches, and while I was too young to comprehend all that was said, I admired the oratory, and I like it yet. But I have not forgotten some things that were said. They would remind the boys of the great future before them, and how much they were needed to fill the useful positions in life, and then would tell us little girls to love our teachers, our parents, and learn all we could, for by and by we would be the wives and mothers of the land, and some teachers, etc.

Years have come and gone. The old log schoolhouse was torn down long ago, and a more modern one erected. The boys and girls who listened to those speeches are today scattered far and wide, and some, yes, many, have passed to the beyond. Were we to meet today we would not know each

other, and yet we played together in our childhood, and made the forest resound with our childish voices. And then when the last day of school would come there would be sadness and often tears, for we became much attached to one another and to our teacher. We would gather up our books, slates and foolscap copy books, say good-bye, and our four months' school was over.

This was in the fifties, and wonderful changes have taken place since those happy days when attending country school. My mother very much enjoyed one of my childish mistakes. I hurried home one evening and said: "Who do you think visited our school today? My mother said: "I do not know." I said: "The superabundance." The superintendent had been there. I have made many more mistakes since.

Newburg, Pa.

THE PROFANITY HABIT.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

In all the catalog of vices and sins there is nothing so senseless as the habit of swearing. It degrades a man without giving any recompense. A drunken man may forget for a time his troubles or he may feel, briefly, a sense of exhilaration preceding the after period of remorse and shame, but the profane man derives no source of pleasure from his profanity. His is the shame without recompense and if he feels no remorse, then so much the greater is his shame.

We now and again meet a man who is in all other particulars a gentleman, and yet has fallen into the profanity habit to such an extent that the most disgusting oaths slip into his conversation unawares.

Such a man is to be pitied, for his speech will constantly betray him. The oaths slip out in the presence of ladies and with due embarrassment he apologizes.

Apologizes for what?

The profanity habit is so senseless that any intelligent man should be ashamed to acquire it. Omitting entirely the religious aspect of the profanity habit, it indicates a lack of culture and a want of consideration for others inconsistent with gentlemanly conduct. Profanity is the language of the illiterate and the vulgar.

Our language has so large a vocabulary that no educated man need employ profane words to help express his thoughts.

General U. S. Grant was once asked why he never swore. His reply was, "I never swear because it is not right; if I give an order it does not make it any stronger to add an oath."

And what doth it profit any man?

The third commandment says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

NOTED PEOPLE BORN IN 1811.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

	Died
Areschong, Johan E., Swedish botanist,	1887
Bacon, Delia, Baconian authorship of Shakespeare,	1859
Bailey, Jacob, American scientist,	1857
Bazaine, Francois, French general,	1888
Bendemann, Edward, German painter,	1889
Benjamin, Judah P., American politician,	1884
Blanc, Jean J., French writer,	1882
Bowyer, George, English barrister,	1883
Bright, John, English statesman,	1889
Burritt, Elihu, "The learned blacksmith,"	1879
Casimir-Perier, A., French statesman,	1876
Collinson, Richard, English explorer,	1883
Comonfort, Ignacio, Mexican general,	1863
Depretis, Augustino, Irish statesman,	1888
Domett, Alfred, statesman of New Zealand,	1887
Draper, John W., American chemist,	1882
Duclerc, Charles T., French politician,	1888
Duncker, Maximilian, German historian,	1886
Elgin, James B., Eighth Earl of Elgin,	1863
Falloux, Frederic A., French politician,	1886
Farre, Arthur, English physician,	
Francis, John, publisher of Athenæum,	1882
Gautier, Theophile, French poet,	1872
Greeley, Horace, American journalist,	1872
Grisi, Giulia, Italian singer,	1869
Gutzkow, Karl F., German writer,	1878
Hall, James, American paleontologist,	
Hallam, Arthur, friend of Alfred Tennyson,	1833
Hawkshaw, John, English civil engineer,	1891
Hiller, Ferdinand, German pianist,	1885
Hoefer, J. C., German chemist,	1878
Hubnes, Josef, Austrian diplomatist,	1892
Jelf, Wm. E., English scholar,	1875
Kean, Charles J., English actor,	1868
Kinglake, Alexander, English historian,	1891
Lawrence, John, Governor general of India,	1879
Leverrier, Urbain, French astronomer,	1877
Lewald, Fanny, German novelist,	1889
Liszt, Abbe F., composer and pianist,	1886
Lowe, Robert, English viscount,	1892
Matteucci, Carlo, Italian physicist,	1868
Maximilian, Joseph, II., King of Bavaria,	1864
Morny, Charles, French statesman,	1865
Napoleon II., known as "King of Rome,"	1832
Newcastle, Henry, English duke,	1864
Paget, Clarence, English naval officer,	
Phillips, Wendell, American abolitionist,	1884

Porter, Noah, American philosopher, ...1892
Redhouse, James, Oriental translater, ...1892
Sandeau, Leonard S., French writer, ...1883
Scott, Robert, classical scholar, ...1887
Sigurdsson, Jon, Icelandic writer, ...1879
Strickland, Hugh E., author and naturalist, ..1853
Sumner, Charles, American statesman, ...1874
Thackeray, Wm. M., English novelist, ...1863
Williams, John, Welsh writer, ...1862
Winslow, John, American naval officer, ...1873
Wood, John S., popular naturalist, ...1889
Young, James, Scotch chemist, ...1883

Ohio's Fight Against the White Plague

Adelaide M'Kee Koons

MAN has always had to contend against disease. It entered Eden with the serpent. When Eve ate the apple, it disagreed with her—and some of us have been complaining ever since.

In the Dark Ages the scourge of man was the Black Death or Black Plague, sudden, violent, deadly. Today man's bitterest fight is waged against the White Plague, insidious, creeping, deadly. One by one the States of the Union have wheeled into line and prepared to do battle with the dread enemy, Tuberculosis. The following is a brief sketch of Ohio's initial attempt in exterminating within her borders the White Plague:

In 1904, a little more than six years ago, the Ohio State Legislature created a commission to buy land and build and equip a sanatorium for the treatment of incipient pulmonary tuberculosis. After a long period of casting about for a proper location, the commission settled upon a tract of four hundred acres of virgin forest two miles northeast of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Ohio does not contain many such tracts today, but the land had been for a lifetime in the possession of a man who led the life of a recluse, and who loved the trees like a brother. Thus in the purchase of the old "Skeen Farm," as it was called, the Building Commission came into possession of four hundred acres of rich upland, fallow fields and absolutely untouched hardwood timberland, watered with abundant springs. Here the last wildcat or lynx said to have been killed in Knox County was brought to bay; in the dark tangle of the forest wildwood many uncanny things were said to happen—the place had even the reputation of being the abode of ghosts.

But other times, other customs. A ray of sunlight has penetrated even to the farthest recesses of that forest now, a beneficent purpose broods over it; it is the home, the resting place of the afflicted, sorely-beset ones of the State, who are just entering upon what might soon become a life and death struggle. The law provides for the erection of a sanatorium for incipient pulmonary tuberculosis, and too much stress cannot be laid upon that word *incipient*. The management bear down strongly upon the old theory of "an ounce of prevention," and insist that this is a sanatorium, a place to be well in, not a sanitarium, a retreat for the sick.

The institution has been running just a year, the opening being on October 27, 1909, but the first patient was received in December, 1909, at which time the real opening of the sanatorium took place. It is managed by a Board of Trustees, appointed by the Governor, who have charge of the actual running of the institution. The Ohio State Sanatorium Commission, a separate board, consisting of the Governor, Attorney General, Auditor, Secretary of the State Board of Health, and Judge J. B. Driggs of Bridgeport, have absolute charge of the completion of the institution, the number and plan of the buildings, etc. Dr. C. B. Conwell, formerly of Cincinnati, is the first and present Superintendent.

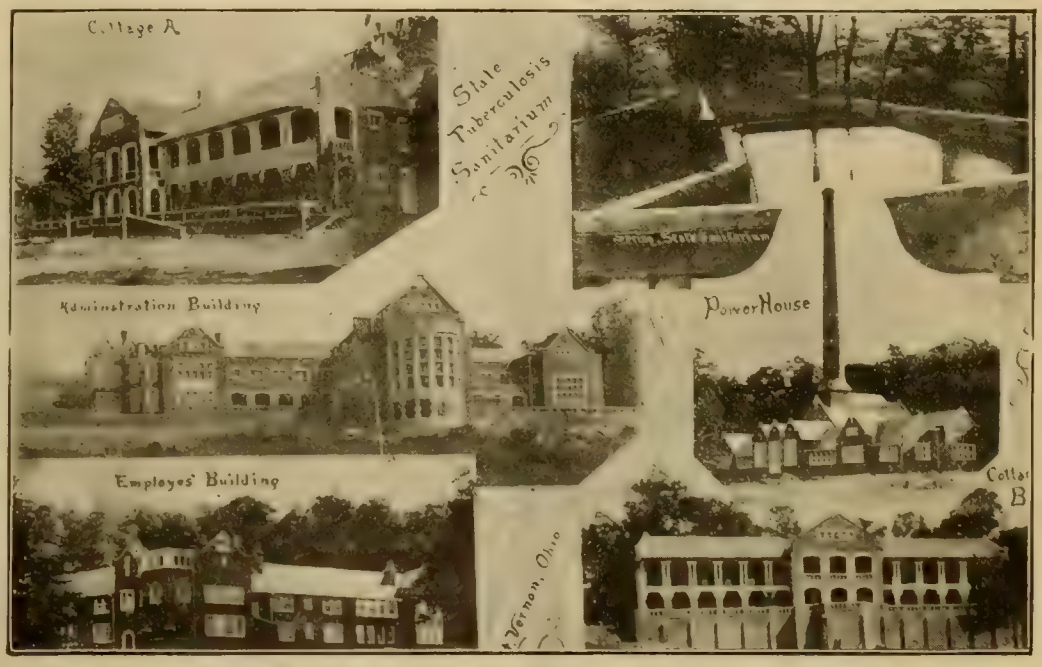
It is said that the architect, to whom was intrusted the task of planning the erection of the various buildings and laying out the grounds, gave the matter the closest study for a number of months, in order to note the position of the sun at different seasons of the year, with reference to the proposed buildings. He even consulted an astronomer, it is said, in order that each living cottage might be so situated as to have the best exposure the whole year round for the largest number of rooms. Whether that is so or not, certain it is that the scheme, as a whole, is harmonious and suitable to an extraordinary degree. The location is one of unusual beauty. It would seem that the State fully appreciates the rich heritage of natural wild beauty it has acquired in trust for her people and means to conserve it for them in every possible way.

In the grouping of the buildings and the arrangement of the grounds, there is lacking that rigid, set exactness, which so often strikes a cold chill to the heart of any one entering any sort of State Institution for residence or treatment. The effect is simple, not too formal, and homelike, save that very few of us are ever likely, except in our dreams, to dwell in homes so rich in appearance.

From the rather rough country road, which connects the Sanatorium with the terminus of the local street car line, a smooth driveway takes one up to the

main block of buildings by an ascent so gradual that the very fine view of the surrounding country comes to one as a surprise. Stretching between the main road and the buildings are well cleared fields and lawns—and a large cabbage patch, casting a note of silver and purple into the landscape. I wondered about these cabbages, at their extent and variety, as an adjunct to such an institution, but later I understood.

In the background only so much clearing was been done as necessity required. Tiny footpaths wind naturally among the close-set trees and only the poisonous, noxious undergrowth has been removed. The hand of man supplements nature—no more. Here and there one comes upon a clear, little spring. One swiftly-flowing little burn flows toward the road and at the base of the hill is caught and held a large concrete reservoir, forming an abundant water supply for all present and possible future needs. The woods are alive with tiny wild creatures, rabbits, squirrels, birds, even skunks, all sure that they have found a refuge where the hand of man is not raised against them, for Dr. Conwell emphatically insists upon their protection. He counts much upon their influence, and the exceeding beauty of the place to assist those in his charge to attain to a happy, composed frame of mind, without which little can be done for tubercular patients.



The Several Buildings of the Sanatorium.

Crowning the top of a gentle elevation, but not by any means at the highest point, is the main building, the Administration Block, containing the offices of the superintendent, examining and consulting rooms, general dining room, assembly hall, etc. On either side of this building are the Reception Cottages, one for the women, the other for the men, where the probationary period of one month is passed. In the rear are grouped the power house, laundry, and work shop, culinary and cold storage buildings, employes' residence, in fact, the numerous structures incident to the administration of such institutions. All of these buildings are rich in architectural beauty, and are built on the same general plan, of dark red brick, with red tile roofs, and white stone window facings. Dr. Conwell takes an especial pride in the culinary department, as is natural in one who relies upon good, properly prepared food, rather than upon drugs or medicine, to restore his patients to health. "The kitchen," he told me, "is in apple-pie order all the time and invites inspection at any hour of the day or night. It is absolutely clean, orderly and unusually well-equipped and we count it a very important part of the experiment."

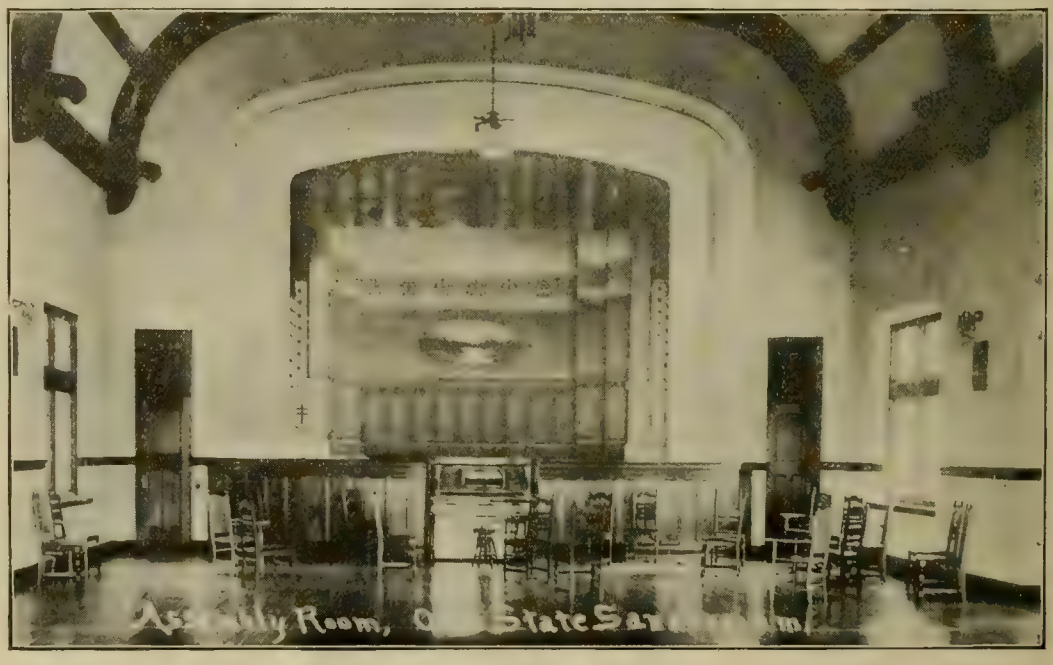
Scattered throughout the grounds are the cottages or shacks, as they are called, in which the patients are housed, after leaving the Reception Cottages. These are more pretentious than their name—shacks—would imply. They are one-story structures, with many windows at the back, and the entire front, which always have a southerly exposure, entirely open, so as to admit the largest possible amount of sunlight and air. They are finished in the interior with hard wood, very plain and absolutely sanitary, each with a common assembly and dressing room. The exterior is harmoniously finished a dark brown, with white painted window frames, and with moss green shingle roofs. Each shack is arranged to accommodate twenty patients and a resident attendant. All are required to repair to the main dining room in the Assembly Building. There are no bed patients in this Sanatorium, it must be remembered, none on stretchers, as this is a Sanatorium for the treatment of those who are only in the *incipient* stage of the disease, consequently all are able to move about and take exercise.

At present there is room for only forty-eight patients, twenty-four men and twenty-four women. When completed as planned, the shacks will accommodate

from one hundred and fifty to two hundred more.

It is probable that the institution will always be in a partly unfinished condition, just as any growing thing is, for it will have to be enlarged from time to time, to meet the needs of this class of the State's citizens. It is an expensive experiment, of course. It is not a charitable institution, but an *educational* one. Patients are expected to pay a certain fixed sum, $5.00 a week, which covers the cost of board, room, laundry, medical attention, etc. But this moderate sum does not by any means pay the actual cost of treatment. It is estimated that every patient admitted costs the State of Ohio $10.00 a week, in addition to the $5.00 paid by the patient himself. Over $500,000 has already been appropriated for this great project and the end is not yet. It is thus that the commonwealth of Ohio values her people.

Any resident of the State, who desires to enter this Sanatorium, must first submit to an examination by certain physicians appointed by the Board of Trustees. Then, if recommended as being in the *incipient* stage, he may be admitted into the Reception Cottage for a period of one month. At the end of that time, if the diagnosis is correct, the patient takes up his abode in one or the other of the shacks. Men and women occupy separate shacks and do not mingle, except at stated times in the Administration Building, during the social hour, etc. There is no fixed time for their cure, or course, as it is preferred to be called. A graduate nurse, with the superintendent, conducts a course in which the patients are instructed in everything pertaining to right living, sanitation, personal hygiene, proper ventilation, proper clothing to wear, what food to eat, in fact, everything which will help them to become and remain good, desirable citizens, strong, able, well.



Assembly Room.

"We try to teach them," said Superintendent Conwell, "in three months' time, so that they may go back home and spread the gospel of right living. If it cannot be done in three months, then a longer time is permitted."

Throughout, much emphasis is laid upon the *educational, experimental* and *sociological* intention of the institution. It is more and more beginning to be understood that the State stands in a paternal relation to its children, and that each citizen has a definite, fixed value as an asset of the State. It is her duty to provide for her ailing ones such help as is possible in their struggle against sickness and disability. It is also recognized that the proper place to care for such people is at home. It is not right to make exiles of them, nor is it right to cast such a burden upon other localities.

Everything possible is done to make a practical, permanent cure. The food is such as they may naturally be expected to get after they return home. "Why, I give them boiled dinners about once a week," said Dr. Conwell, laughingly, and thus the cabbages were explained. "And," he went on, "this theory of overfeeding is exploded, by the way. You wouldn't expect to get right results by overfilling your furnace with coal, would you? So with the human body. We aim to give enough, plenty, but not to overfeed." Everybody is expected to come to the table, unless excused, and the rules forbid eating between meals, unless by special order. Smoking and the use of intoxicants are prohibited, and any infraction of these rules may result in dismissal. The hours of rest must be actual rest, in bed, chair or hammock, free from work or worry, and must be in the proportion of five hours' rest to one of activity. It will be seen that the patient is

expected to do his part in the struggle to restore him to health and vigor.

Sometimes certain work is given to patients who desire it, to offset their expenses. Those in charge take a real personal interest in their people. There is at present a boy taking treatment, who is foreign-born, and who, it was found, was deplorably lacking in even the rudiments of an education. That boy is being taught English and spelling, as though he were in school. When he goes out into the world, he will be cured of his sickness, and in addition the blight of ignorance will have been removed from his spirit, so that he will know how to impart to others the beneficial knowledge that has been given to him here. This is practical sociology, worthy the respectful interest and attention of any community.

Placed upon the wall of the splendid Assembly Hall, in the Administration Building, is the portrait of the man, who, more than any other, was responsible for the creation of this institution, the first of its kind in the State and a model of its kind in the world. I do not know how many years ago Dr. John E. Russell talked to me of a hope that he had in his heart that one day such a sanatorium might be built in Ohio. A native of Mt. Vernon, one of those rare beings of whom people say, "He was a born physician," eminent in his profession, he kept that hope alive in his heart until the great State of Ohio took hold of it, and that cold body, the State Legislature, caught some of his enthusiasm and made arrangements to finance the project. More than any other he was instrumental in securing the location of this Sanatorium at Mt. Vernon. He dreamed a dream and the dream came true, and though he never lived to see one stone of its foundation laid upon another, I am sure he knows and is content with the blow he has struck in the mighty world battle against that dread curse of the modern world, Tuberculosis. Let that be his monument!

THE ECONOMIC, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO OF THE SOUTH.

J. H. BRIGHT.

(A transcript of Booker T. Washington's address on the above in Chicago, Dec. 4, 1910.)

THERE are ten million black people in the South. They would make a greater nation than Norway, Sweden and Denmark combined; they outnumber the province of Canada; they would make a larger republic than Mexico.

As a people they have their advantages and disadvantages, but let us look at their successes rather than their failures.

They came from their native land because of an emphatic invitation. Their passage was paid, too.

As a new race it has advantage over older ones, for its future is before it, while with many older ones, theirs is behind.

It is a rare opportunity to Christians to have ten million from heathendom dropped into our country, speaking the same language and having many customs similar to ours.

It is a rare opportunity because they are doing things the first time—it is a nation in the process of moulding.

The Tuskegee Institute is one of about a dozen institutions improving this opportunity. It began, in 1881 with one teacher and thirty pupils. Now, 2,200 students are in attendance representing thirty-six States and twenty-two foreign countries, requiring a teaching force of 176 instructors.

The institution controls three thousand acres of land and has ninety-six buildings to meet its requirements. All but four of these were built by the students. The property valuation is about one million dollars.

All this is but a means to an end. Many entering school there want to begin at the top but the institution aims to keep them close to the earth. With the ordinary negro, to own a book or two is an index of their acquirement of knowledge and the larger the books the better. They have been taught for 250 years that labor is degrading. To overcome this the scholastic and industrial courses are combined. The boys are taught practical farming and the girls cooking that will be of practical use to them. Thus they omit much that is taught in our modern schools of Agriculture and Domestic Economy. They are made to realize the honor of working and the difference between "being worked" and working. And here is one of the greatest changes that has come to the negro—that of a changed attitude toward work.

Some don't think the negro needs education because of the flippancy with which some paraded it, but as a people they have now passed that stage.

In one southern State, 96c is levied for the education of each negro child. The teacher is paid $10 to $12 per month and the school lasts from two to four months. But those sent out from Tuskegee know how to build schoolhouses and lengthen the school term. About six thousand of these workers have been sent out since the school began.

The negro owns as much land as is found in the countries of England, Holland, and Belgium combined. They own six hundred thousand homes, control ten thousand groceries and general stores, three hundred drug stores and fifty-two banks.

About twenty-five years ago their taxes were eight million dollars. Now their taxes amount to twenty-four million dollars. The present valua-

tion of their property is six hundred million dollars and the annual increase is twelve million.

They are accused of being lazy, but they compare well with the nations of Southern Europe. In Italy thirty per cent are illiterate, in Sicily eighty per cent, and in Portugal ninety per cent. Only two per cent of the negroes could read and write when Lincoln freed them, but fifty-seven per cent can now. Of the graduates of Tuskegee only two were ever put behind prison bars. Their upward march can't be prevented by law.

The stronger nation has a duty to the weaker and can't put it in the ditch without being there with it.

The relation of the whites and negroes of the South looks bad because we only hear of the bad ones—of the negro who burns a barn and not of the many who are building barns, of the white man who curses the negro and not of those who are befriending the negro.

The negro is the only dark skin that is permitted to live close to the American. The Japanese, Chinese and Indians do not have the same privileges. But the negro is an American citizen and his further progress can be enhanced or checked, depending on our attitude toward him.

BETHANY BIBLE SCHOOL NOTES.

JAMES M. MOORE.

We have no $10,000,000 donation to report, but we do have reason to rejoice. Our school is prospering and we feel that we have been especially blessed in many ways this year so far.

We are now in the midst of the winter term. The enrollment stands at 199 (Dec. 24). A few are coming in after the Holidays, and that will increase the number somewhat.

On Friday evening, December 16, at the time of our regular Students' Conference, we were favored with an address by Brother Galen B. Royer. He gave in general a report of his work in Europe, and told how he found things there among the churches. The conditions being reported by one right from the field will have its effect in turning the eyes of some of our students in that direction for their field of labor.

Our Special Term this year is our regular winter term, being conducted right along with the regular work. The term divides into two sessions,—one of five weeks before the Holidays and one of six weeks after. Those who come for the entire term go right into the regular classes and complete a full term's work. Those coming for only one session go into such classes as are arranged so that either session forms a unit. Thus our Special Term students get right into the regular work. It is proving very satisfactory.

We are enjoying the presence of Sister Mary Quinter, who is spending part of her furlough here. Interested in the people in India and her work there, she loves to talk about "home," as she calls it. And those who have decided upon the foreign mission field for their work are receiving much real help in these conversations. All of us are learning.

We had a much-appreciated visit also from Sister Sadie Miller, from India. Her talk brought real inspiration to us all.

On Dec. 20 Brother B. F. Heckman returned from two weeks at Elizabethtown College, assisting in the Special Bible Term there. He reports a large attendance and good interest.

Our Holiday vacation extends from Saturday, December 24, to Monday, January 2. Most of our teachers and some of our advanced students will be out holding Bible institutes during that time. E. B. Hoff goes to South English, Iowa, James M. Moore to Grundy Center, Iowa, B. F. Heckman to Custer, Mich., Paul Mohler to Ankeny, Iowa, R. H. Nicodemus to Rockingham, Mo., E. E. Eshelman to Prairie City, Iowa, and S. S. Blough to Arcadia, Nebr. Others will be out in various kinds of work and some will be home on a visit.

Our President, Brother A. C. Wieand, is absent this year on account of his overworked condition. When last heard from he was in Jerusalem, enjoying his trip very much. His health is improving, and he sees no reason why he will not be able to be at his work another year.

Dec. 24, 1910.

ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE IN 1910.

D. C. REBER.

Surveying the work of the year and the results of the efforts of the first decade of the institution's existence, there is much which the founders and promoters of the cause of Christian education in the Church of the Brethren in Eastern Pennsylvania may be grateful for, much to rejoice about, much for encouragement and inspiration.

The six hundred and thirty-one young people whose lives have been touched and directed along right lines, the one hundred and twenty-two graduates who have been molded so that they may mold other lives, the scores who have been converted to the religion of Jesus Christ, the many who have been inspired during the Bible Term, at educational and missionary meetings—all will rise and call the school a blessing to themselves and their posterity.

Last year's total enrollment was one hundred and eighty-eight, a slight increase over the former year. Sixty-five new students entered during the year. The territory from which these students came represented the following States: Pennsylvania, Maryland, New

York, Virginia, W. Virginia, and California. Thirteen counties of Pennsylvania were represented in the student body, six of these counties lying west of the Susquehanna River. The graduating class, numbering thirty-two, was the largest in the history of the institution.

A notable growth in the material equipment was made. Six acres of land from the Alwine farm adjacent to the college grounds on the southwest side was added to the campus acreage which now consists of more than twenty acres. About two acres of the campus have been set aside for the planting of an orchard consisting of four hundred fruit trees—apples, peaches, pears and plums as well as of berries of several varieties. This work has been directed by Prof. H. K. Ober who has charge of the department of agriculture and is developing it with commendable results. A large part of the recent addition is used in raising garden and farm vegetables. The expense incurred in procuring trees, agricultural implements, etc., was met by contributions from the faculty, from friends of the college on Commencement Day, and from students, particularly the class of 1910.

In the way of apparatus, one new Cunningham piano was purchased, making six pianos owned by the college and used by the Music Department. A new Underwood typewriter increased the equipment of the Commercial Department to six machines. Five wall maps were procured as an aid in teaching General History. Considerable repairing was done to make the heating plant more efficient.

Steps were taken to raise funds to pay off all debts and erect more buildings by the appointment of a field worker and financial agent for the school.

The Alumni Association adopted definite plans for an Alumni Endowment Fund. A dozen alumni raised three hundred and twenty-five dollars to create scholarships to be used in assisting worthy young people in finishing courses of study at this school. This indicates a healthy and helpful spirit of the alumni which deserves commendation. An effort is being made to increase this fund to one thousand dollars till next June.

This school has a splendid record for its sane and advanced position taken on the question of college athletics. In the autumn of 1909, the Board of Trustees ruled out football as a game not permissible on the college athletic grounds. At this season of the year, the chief interest centers in basket ball, but no rival games with outside parties are allowed.

More than four hundred volumes of books and over one hundred pamphlets were added to the college library by purchase and donation. The library fund is provided partly by students' fees and partly by the proceeds of a lecture course under the auspices of the library committee. The library now contains two thousand volumes and several hundred pamphlets. At this time, the entire collection is being catalogued according to the latest approved system of card cataloguing. Magazine holders have been provided for the monthly periodicals and rods for the newspapers which are placed on suitable frames provided for easy access. Several hundred dollars is thus being expended to bring in the very best library facilities and current literature so necessary in modern education, A splendid beginning has been made in creating a museum of mineralogical and botanical specimens, rare relics, and antique articles from Palestine and India, which is also housed in the library.

A brief description of the religious life of the institution will conclude a condensed report of the general progress and development for the year 1909-10. Forty-two per cent of the students were members of the Church of the Brethren; thirty-six per cent were members of no church. Ten other religious denominations were represented by students as follows: Church of God, Brethren-in-Christ, Lutheran, Reformed, Mennonite, Methodist, Roman Catholic, Evangelical, United Brethren and Presbyterian.

The religious organizations of the school are under the special supervision and direction of a committee of the faculty who appoint leaders and prepare special programs on missionary topics. One such missionary meeting was held at the close of which five students expressed a willingness to be used by the church in the furtherance of the cause of missions.

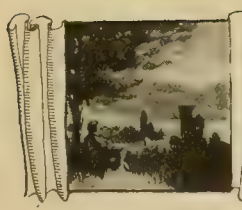
The moral tone of the school is elevated by occasional talks at chapel on manners, morals, etiquette, and topics of current interest. The students generally show a willingness to comply with required attendance at preaching services and Sunday-school. About a dozen students pursued work in the Bible Department. Of this number, three were ministers of the Gospel. Classes in Sunday-school Teacher Training and Mission Study met weekly throughout the year. Daily hall prayer-meetings were voluntarily held by students and hall teachers.

ESTIMATED BY DIFFERENT STANDARDS.

"He is nowt, he is worth nowt, and he'll be good for nowt so long as he lives." The speaker was a sturdy old Cornishman. A few months of schooling, then steady work in the tin mines of Cornwall was the brief story of his boyhood. Forty years as a miner had found him in the gold fields of Australia, the copper mines of Michigan, the silver mines of Colorado, and later in the lead region of Wisconsin. He was living on a well-earned competence, and so had leisure to spend in "helping things in town to run right."

Uncle William had native shrewdness, and his contact with the world had developed good horse

(Continued on Page 37.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



DAILY THANKS.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

When beauteous morn unveils her face
To let God's glory shine,
Arise, my soul, let praise ascend,
Give thanks, O heart of mine!

And when at noon the board is spread,
And we his bounties share,
In gratitude I'll raise my voice
For all he doth prepare.

And still at eve when all is hushed,
And we our cares resign,
On bended knee my heart I'll lift,
For all I have is thine.

So let my days on earth be spent,
At morn, at noon, at even;
'Tis due my Maker and my God
For daily blessings given.

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT.

PAUL MOHLER.

ONE of the things that keeps me wondering at the wisdom of Christ, and convinces me over and over again of his deity, is the completeness of his arrangements for his followers. How fully he does provide everything that pertains to life and godliness. In nothing is this more remarkable than in his providing for the "comfort" of his disciples.

Have you ever thought of how much comfort the world does need? How many people do you know that are at peace and happy all the time? How few lives there are that are not saddened by sorrow, neglect, losses, disappointments, sufferings, deprivations, hardships, or by some such things. Isn't the sum of it all a terrible thing? Why, just one such trouble sometimes breaks a heart; what must the sum of all our troubles be?

And Jesus knew all this; he knew it as none of us can know, for he himself bore all our sorrows. He came to bring life and light into the world. That meant a cure for sorrow as well as sin. Is it possible that he can do so much? No one but a God could undertake so great a task. And it is worthy of a God in magnitude and in importance to the human race. To be the comforter for a sorrowing world; what mission could be nobler!

So when the time approached when he must leave the earth, his heart reached out beyond the cross, beyond his victory over sin and death unto the era of Christian freedom in which the Father should be glorified in the Son. In making that the glorious life, he must make it indeed a happy, prosperous life, triumphant over outward circumstance. No wave of trouble must be allowed to overwhelm the Christed soul; no vain regrets, defeats, or pain can mar the joy of twice-born sons of heaven. Can he provide for that?

For this he gives his promise to send the Holy Comforter. "In the world ye have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And when the Comforter did come, what joy there was, what freedom from the cares of earth, what rejoicing in persecution!

But I think it is left to Paul to tell us best where is the source of comfort. In 2 Cor. 1:3-5, he says: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort also aboundeth through Christ." Do you catch his thought? God is so much enlisted in this comforting of the people of Christ that he can turly be called the God of Comfort. He is mighty to save, is he? Yes, and he is mighty to comfort, too. The God of all comfort! Comfort the desire of every sorrowing soul!

To be sufficient for everyone, comfort must spring from an infinite fountain. Have you ever tried to comfort anyone? Have you not felt how powerless you were to really help? What could you say,what could you do but express your sympathy? That helps a little, of course, but still it leaves the burden of grief to be carried as before. It is hardly a beginning of comfort, where "all comfort" is desired. Truly, only God can comfort, for only God can know the inner secrets of the human heart, and only God can really cure the trouble. Paul says he comforts in ALL our affliction, and Paul knew what affliction was. So great were the sufferings of the apostles, and Paul above all, that Paul himself says, "I think God hath set forth us the apostles last of all, as men doomed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, both to angels and men" (1 Cor. 4:9 Am. R.). Yet you never find a despondent note, a complaint, but everywhere through all his letters nothing but joy and rejoicing in all his sufferings. Surely Paul has found the source of ALL comfort.

Yes, Paul says that he comforts us in ALL our affliction; that just as far as the sufferings abound, so

far the comfort also abounds even more than the affliction. But this comfort is only for the Christian; it can come only through Christ in answer to whose request alone the Comforter can come. Comfort is not for those who try to fight off their sorrow. Blessed are they that *mourn* with broken spirits, with a perfect sense of helplessness, who find no other comforter but come to God for help; for they, and *they alone* shall be comforted. The Comforter does not come as an *aid* to other comfort. No man putteth a piece of undressed cloth upon an old garment, or new wine in old wine-skins. To get the comfort of God we must cast all our care upon him, and he will comfort us.

How then shall we comfort the sorrowing? Paul says, "Through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." If when my loved one was taken from me by death or unfaithfulness, I went to God with my broken heart and asked him for his comfort, and he became for me a friend, a lover, a father and a mother, closer, more loving than the one I lost had been, then I was comforted. If when afflictions and persecutions and distresses of every kind pressed hard upon me, and I cried out in very agony of grief, he showed me that "our light affliction which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory," then I was comforted. When I see others suffering so, should I not tell them of my comfort, and lead them to its source? What else can I do? Shall I give them just my weak sympathy and leave them so?

I'll give my sympathy, of course; but is that sympathy that neglects to show my friend where he may find ALL COMFORT? Blessed, indeed, be the God of all comfort, and blessed are they whose sorrows have driven them to him who is the only real comfort, and joy, and salvation, to all who come to him in broken-hearted humbleness.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

WHAT PRESSURE DO YOU CARRY?

EVER notice a traction engine firing up? A lot of coal was thrown in, the stack emitted much smoke, and pretty soon they had enough steam to blow the whistle. But still the engine would not go? "What's the trouble," you ask? "Oh, not enough steam," answers the attendant, "it takes 50 pounds to make her go." Now God's salvation, victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, is likewise designed to go only at certain pressure—"whole hearted" service.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Matt. 22:37. This being the first and the greatest commandment, it very naturally sets the pressure for "making go" the rest of them! Ever see a man work or play with all his heart? You can pick him out every time by the way he takes hold of things.

Again, look to a mother's love for her infant child, if you would understand what whole hearted love means! When danger threatens, it matters not whether from fire, beast or man, the mother instinctively rushes to the rescue with a strength born of desperation!

She sees not the danger, reasons not the strength thereof, for she is blinded to self by the mighty power of love to her baby child.

Now, friends, this is only human love, and when God, a heavenly being, commands love from us, think you he means less than this human love just mentioned? Well, have we got it? When God's holy commandments are in danger of being broken, do we rush in to the rescue as the mother to her infant child? Are we so blind to our own safety as the mother was to her child? Do we rush over father, mother, brother, sister, scoffer or any endangering influence regardless of everything excepting the safety of God's holy word?

Ah friends, let's own up and seek this mighty love, Now without this love, the very first fundamental commandment, need we wonder when we see God's church "dumping in the coal," throwing off a lot of dirty smoke, and tooting her whistle, that the thing en masse does not move? No, it takes a certain pressure and God has set it and designed the "wheels to spin" only at "whole hearted" service!

Like the traction engine we may fire up, sweat away and talk by the yard, but if the pressure is allowed to stop short by just a few pounds, the engine just stands where it was, and never gets anywhere. The devil is abroad to tell you to save your fuel, that a few pounds less pressure will do just as well and you may as well save all the extra labor of running up the pressure anyway! Well, all of Eve's posterity are prone to believe such lies, but if we do we lose the garden.

Friends, for Jesus' sake, fire up! The rusted machinery will take even a little extra to loosen it up again. Rough roads will take still more! God knew our roads were not "macadamized" and set the pressure to overcome all obstacles.

Fire up, until the gauge registers whole-hearted service and our wheels will spin merrily on.—*Howard D. Yoder, in the Mennonite.*

BREVITIES.

A GOOD meal is the best gospel for a hungry man.

A seven days' sermon is the one that counts, no matter who does the preaching.

If you want to remain clean keep out of the mud.

Unskilled hands had better not use the probe.

A praying audience makes a powerful preacher.

The grumbler's grumble points strongly to a lack either in knowledge or grace.—*Unidentified.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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RIGHT IDEAS OF WORK.

While it is true that America may well be called the land of opportunity, it would appear from a study of the places where many of the opportunities are to be found that foreign-born and foreign-trained men and boys are realizing this fact more fully than are the men and boys who are brought up with these opportunities all about them.

In last week's Inglenook M. F. Hale in his article on "Some Needs," the first of his series on industrial training, pointed out the fact that "our manufacturers are harassed by applicants for places requiring no skill, while the places requiring it must go begging," and he pointed out the further fact that very many of the places requiring skill were held by foreign trained men. As he said, the instances he gave to prove this statement might be duplicated in almost any of the large manufactories in the United States. But one need not search out the big manufacturing plants to find the proof of this. Even in small plants where the aim is to do first-class work the foreign-trained man is to be found. We have them here in the Publishing House, in the book-binding department, where exceptional skill and training are required. These men not only do work that is highly satisfactory, but, what is well-nigh a necessary accompaniment to such results, they love their work and they find more in it than the wages they receive.

And right here may be found the chief reason why our American boys must either stand back out of the way altogether, or else fetch and carry for the foreign-trained worker who stands at the head of the line. Our boys have been brought up with the wrong ideas of work; they do not work for the work's sake; they see nothing in it but the wages they are to receive. For instance, a boy enters a shop with the notion that he wants to learn to do a certain kind of work. Since he must begin with the A B C of the trade and will be of little real value to his employer for some time to come, he is given a minimum wage—say $6 per week. He doesn't realize that this is really very good pay—that he is getting paid for learning a trade while the boy who is taking a business course, and is also learning a trade, in a way, is paying out that much or more while in training. After he has worked awhile and the wages refuse to grow by leaps and bounds, he finds that he can make $9 per week—three big dollars more than at present—driving an express wagon and he quickly throws up the apprenticeship for the better(?) job. It is easy to see what place such a boy or man is likely to hold in the working world during the rest of his life.

Another thing that is against the American boy in mastering a trade is his independence, that is, independence of a certain sort. It is not true independence, but the independence that will brook no interference or authority from those above him. In short he is "too independent to be bossed by anybody," and so he throws up his job and walks the street and *lets somebody else support him.*

It is to be sincerely hoped that the industrial work now being introduced into our schools will give our children right ideas of work and so change these conditions in the working world. And we believe it will do this; we are sure it will if we can have practical men who have the right ideas of work to direct it.

PUTTING THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGS.

In the article, "Parents and Children," appearing in the home department, the writer makes use of some plain language in considering the question of why boys and girls sometimes go wrong. But it is a subject that demands plain language and it is our opinion the writer has used it on the right side of the question. The sooner we rid ourselves of the notion that some children "just naturally" incline to the bad, the sooner will our faith be established in the universal law of reaping what is sown and the sooner will we be in position to recognize our part in the sowing. As to that other loophole through which many parents seek to escape responsibility,—the influence of environment—if you cannot control the environment, or more than match its influence, get away from it,—change it for a better. All the wealth of Sodom is not equal to the value of your boy or girl.

This matter of charging so much against parents is a serious one, we confess, but the charges are not lightly made; they are based on the teaching of Scripture. The wisest man the world has ever seen, said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." Not many people have the temerity to say in so many words that Solomon did not know what he was talking about, but

a good many say it by their actions. However, in all lines of education the *training* part is being emphasized more and more, and it may be that in the near future parents will more generally recognize the large part of this training that rightfully belongs to them. Would it not make 1911 a notable year if at its beginning parents would decide to shoulder all their responsibility respecting their children, which by the way carries with it great blessings also, and resolve to give less time to the raising of hogs or the prose-cution of other business, and more time to the raising of their children?

THE "BRETHREN FAMILY ALMANAC."

WHILE the above publication for 1911 is not, in every sense, a yearbook, an examination of it will show that it is more than an almanac, and a comparison between it and issues of former years will prove that it is advancing in the yearbook direction. It contains biographical sketches of well-known men among us who have passed away within the year, a historical sketch of the beginning of the church in Germany and many statistical facts and figures relative to the present working forces of the church, etc.

As heretofore the almanac is mailed free to all regular subscribers to the *Gospel Messenger*. If you wish a copy of the almanac and are not a regular subscriber to the *Messenger*, you may secure it for the sum of ten cents, of Brethren Publishing House.

ESTIMATED BY DIFFERENT STANDARDS.

(Continued from Page 33.)

sense. In boyhood he had taken keen delight in the Cornish sport of wrestling, and now the old man loved just as dearly a battle in which words were the weapons. His favorite pastime was a tilt with the minister or the schoolmaster. Often by some deft turn or unlooked-for trip did he down his opponent, as neatly as ever wrestler floored his antagonist. This Saturday afternoon he had come to the high school to see what the schoolmaster was at on a holiday, and to give him perchance somewhat to think about. This was his cutting characterization of my handsomest high school senior: "He is nowt, he is worth nowt, and he'll be good for nowt, so long as he lives.

"What do I mean? Gie me a bit o' chalk an' I'll show on the blackboard what I do mean. There, that is what I call nowt and that stands for just what James 'Enry is worth."

"But James is a clean, neat, handsome fellow," I ventured.

"Clean enough, I'll allow. How could he be aught else after all the years o' scrubbing his mother has given him? Yes, neat, too. That spotless shirt bosom he wears on work days and Sundays his little mother washes and starches and irons, often when she ought to be resting a bit. Don't I know that more than once that little woman has turned a dress inside out or gone without a new spring bonnet to spare money for the silk tie he sports? 'Ansome is as 'ansome does; and if that be true James 'Enry ain't so 'andsome as he looks. Did you ever know that fellow to turn 'is 'and over to 'elp anybody? I 'aven't lived next door to 'im ten years for nowt. That nowt there on the board is 'andsome enough. Indeed, it's a clear picture of James—smooth and slick enough on the outside, but empty on the inside."

"See here, Uncle William, James is one of my best students. Just look at his standings for the month, geometry, 9½; German, 9 1-5; physics, 9⅜."

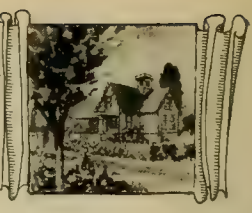
"Wat do I care about 'is standings, or wat you mark 'im in geometry, physics or Dutch? That's the schoolmaster of it! You mark 'im on wat you can pull out o' 'is 'ead, wat you can squeeze out o' tongue or pen. I mark 'im on wat comes out of both 'ead and 'eart through 'is 'ands. Wat does he *do?* Wat is he good for? They be the questions I'd mark 'im on. There is an old lady called Madame World that'll take the fine boy in 'and one o' these days, an' she'll mark 'im just as I do. I tell you the old lady 'as 'ad 'er fill o' heducated fools. Just now she's quit askin' a fellow wat does he know, and at present 'er prime question is, *Wat can you do?* May-hap when the lad 'as graduated from the 'igh school and the university, he may tell the old lady that 'is schoolmaster an' professor marked 'im 9½ in algebra an' calisthenics or in 'Ebrew an' Dutch; but she'll mark 'im nowt just the same."

The old man started off with an air that told he had "give the schoolmaster somewhat to ponder on." To cover my defeat I called out, "But Uncle William, a cipher is a very necessary and useful thing in the expression of numbers. See, here in these numbers the cipher fills a very important place. You compared James to a cipher, but he may some day fill one of these high places where you and I will gladly recognize him." His answer came quick as a flash: "I know but little about your big sums. It never took more than four figures to write all the money I ever 'ad, leastways at one time. Howsomever, I do know that even in writing numbers no fool ever took a nowt when he could get a figure that 'ad some value in itself."

Before I could recover he was far down the stairs, and I was left to ponder over local value and real value, and kindred topics. After years of pondering the schoolmaster now passes on to his fellow workers the question, how best to make the boy fitted to become a clean-cut, significant figure instead of one of Uncle William's nowts.—*J. W. Livingston.*



THE HOME WORLD



RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labor, love, and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right when earthly hopes all fail
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flights to heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die, that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well;
The holy influences none can tell.
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given;
Life's duties done—thy rest in heaven.

—Unidentified.

The Girl Who Works

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

I DON'T know what has come across Evalyn, since she has entered on her third year at Marsh and Son's; she is cross and queer. She used to be the gayest one of the family; now she seldom sees any of the family excepting at dinner. She takes no part in the conversation then, does not seem interested in anything the others have done, but just sits there quiet and gloomy, until I am that worried about her that I don't know what to do!" And her mother did look worried as she hurriedly helped her husband into his overcoat.

"I have noticed it, too," replied Evalyn's father. "If only we could afford to take her out of that office and have her help you in the house; it would be far better for the girl!"

"We cannot do that this winter," replied the mother questioningly. "She is our oldest; we must find some way to help her soon."

"Yes, I think we can soon give her permission to stay at home; we are coming out all right now because you have all helped me; but Evalyn has carried the heaviest load."

"And you are well and strong now, so everything else will come out all right," replied the mother.

"When I think of my being unable to work for an entire year, I don't see how we have kept up as well as we have; but I must be going. We'll do something to help Evalyn." And thinking only of Evalyn and her condition, both father and mother went about their daily avocations.

Meanwhile what about Evalyn? She was hard at work in her office. Too busy to think of her troubles, she was copying letters on her typewriter. She was surrounded by other girls at their desks in a small, untidy room. Most of the girls looked as if they were dissatisfied and churlish; they were carelessly dressed and gloomy, lowering brows spoke eloquently of unhappiness. Evalyn looked as if she were only a cog in the office machine.

That night, when Evalyn came home, her mother met her at the door. "I have put some warm water in your room and laid out some other clothes for you to slip into; I know you are too tired to care about changing, but I wish you would if you can."

Evalyn slowly climbed the stairs saying as she went, "All right, mother." But when she came to her room she felt as if it was too much trouble to put on another dress. Only the fact that her mother had gone to the trouble to lay out her things induced her to make the change. Why, she wanted to go to bed directly after dinner, so it did not seem worth while to slip into the house dress her mother had laid on the bed. She took off her dark heavy office suit and hung it into the wardrobe, thinking, "It's like a suit of mail; how I hate these business suits! Always black or a dark Oxford gray! How any woman not in an office ever brings herself to wear the heavy ugly things is beyond me."

When she came downstairs, she found that her father had not yet returned from his work. The boys, who were in school, were kind and attentive

to her; one of them with exaggerated attention brought her to the most comfortable chair in the room, and laid a new magazine in her lap. "But I should help mother in the kitchen," she said half rising.

At that instant Herbert came into the dining-room carrying a pile of dishes. He brought up before Evalyn with a flourish. "I am the one who is to serve in the kitchen in your place, mother says. I am more proficient now than you have ever been; I am a born cook and waiter."

Evalyn looked bewildered. "I don't understand," she said. "You have suddenly conspired to make me feel as if I were a guest in my own home."

"You are a guest, or anything else you wish to be; we want you to rest and enjoy yourself at home, since you have to work in that office all day," explained Herbert.

The entire family were in the conspiracy as Evalyn termed it. They all were anxious to make life easier for Evalyn who had carried the heaviest burden for two years and now was beginning to falter under the load. And it was a little while before she began to improve. It took some weeks before she began to look like her old, bright, cheery self. And her mother reproached herself for blindly letting her daughter go on in the old routine until she was almost past rescue,—until she had grown almost desperate.

We should have much sympathy for the stenographer, the workaday sister. Anyone whose work goes by routine is liable to come to the conclusion that he is only a cog in the machine, only a peg in the spoke of a huge wheel and so nothing matters. He sees no fun, no pleasure anywhere, because he has lost the capacity for enjoyment. It is living, eating, sleeping with the thought of work always with you that makes a machine of a human being.

The family should be interested and see to it that the girl who works is treated with much consideration at home. Let her have leisure and relaxation of mind and body at home, so that she does not draw aloof from the simple pleasures of her family.

"The path that leads to a loaf of bread
Winds through the swamps of toil,
And the path that leads to a suit of clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil.
And the paths that lead to a loaf of bread
And a suit of clothes are hard to tread."

Parents and Children

Mrs. Martin Moyer

MANY parents do not understand their children because they never thought much about it. Their minds have been taken up with other cares, and all at once Mary or John turns out to be bad. Were they really bad children, or intended to be bad? No! Who is to blame? Why, mother and father. They never had any time for them, except to feed and clothe them.

Ah, that is not all children need. They want love, companions, friends, kindness and advice over hard places; for the boy and girl have them. Often they are afraid to say anything to parents because they laugh at them or are too severe, or never have time to spend on them.

Parents, what do you mean? Don't you know Jesus says your child is worth more than the whole world? We are responsible to God for them. What better work can we do than to save our boys and girls for good? Who should be their best friends and counselors? *Father* and *Mother* and they can be, too; if they only will.

Your children have troubles you never know of; boy and girl friends that coax them to do wrong. You may think these young friends are all right but you may be deceived. Let us study them. How? Join them in their games, hear what they say and note the trend of their influence.

Study to know your children too. How many girls have said to me, "Oh, if I only could talk to mother like I can to you!" How sorry I am for that mother, who should be her girl's best friend, and never tell her to keep still when she wants to tell mother her troubles. No wonder the girls stumble and fall sometimes.

But parents are, as a rule, careless about their children. Children must have something to do, and if the parents don't find something for them to do, others will, and sometimes it is the Devil. He is always around seeking whom he may devour. Get your children good books and magazines to read; have them write letters for the magazines; get different kinds of pets for them to take care of, also harmless games to play. Always be their friend, helper and companion, and you will never be sorry, now or in the future.

Goshen, Ind.

THE STREET-CORNER HABIT.

I MOST earnestly desire to be known and regarded as the friend of boys, the friend of all boys, the friend of even the bad boys. I trust that no one will think that I am simply anxious to drive the boys off the streets at night. I would not "drive" them anywhere; I would provide opportunities for them that they may have a better time and grow to be successful men. I would not ring a curfew-bell to warn them to go home; instead, I would ring a "conscience bell" in the breasts of their parents, that they would give their children more attention and wiser care. I want boys to have a happier time,

but let the happier time be more in their own homes. I want boys to have "fun and frolic," but without a sting to themselves or injury to others. I want them to enjoy a pleasure that will last: "a good time" that will lead to a great many other good times.

It is because I want boys to have a happier time that I deplore the common "street-corner habit," into which so many boys have thoughtlessly fallen. Time so spent does not mean lasting joy, and I want the boy to have a joy that will last. This habit presents too great a loss; it is also too great a danger. The street-corner loafer is not in the way of better health, or better language, or better friends, or better salary, or better clothes, or better reputation, or better position. He is losing his time and wasting his life. A man who is looking for a boy to put into a good place, does not go to the street corner to find him.

But, as a rule, the boy is not on the street corner because he is vicious; there are, in fact, very few really bad boys. He is there because he does not know what else to do. I want something done that will help him to make a better use of his time; that will set him at work in the morning with a happier heart and a merrier laugh; that will increase his pay at the end of six months; that will give him new ability, more friends, and a better position.

A boy is a divine possibility, a diviner possibility than he or his parents are aware. However apparently thoughtless or wayward he may be, he is, nevertheless, the "biggest thing" in the community. He needs more care than anything else in our midst. Nothing that can happen in a man's business will so bless or curse his life as the unfolding career of his own son. Let him therefore watch and nurture the boy more carefully than he watches the markets, or cultivates his flowers.

Let the boys have a good time, but let us help them to use a little of their time to a better purpose. For instance: A boy who would daily use simply one of the several hours now largely wasted, in reading a good book, would at the end of five years, from his fifteenth to his twentieth year, have mastered fifty such volumes. This knowledge, amounting to real culture if the books are wisely chosen and the work well done, would make him a better workman, a nobler citizen, and a happier man. It would give him resources for constant pleasure which he could never lose. A boy giving the same time to study of his trade or business, would so increase his efficiency that at the age of twenty-one he would command a constant salary twice as large as he would if only a "street-corner graduate." Furthermore, his additional income on this account, from twenty-one to thirty-five, which would come from this better use of his time (while having a happier life every day), would, at the end of that period, buy a six thousand dollar house for his family.

We need a wise worker with boys who will help them to discover themselves; who will help them to find the ways of pleasure that they are now missing, and enter the ways of success that they are at present ignoring.—*J. H. Crooker, written for the Conference Committee on Moral Education of Copley Square, Boston, Mass., to use for Extensive Circulation.*

SOWING FOR HEALTH OR DISEASE.

I OBSERVED recently a beautiful field of corn on one side of the road. On the opposite side was another field of stunted corn overgrown with weeds; essentially the same soil, the same opportunities as far as sun and showers were concerned, but it lacked earnest, energetic cultivation. You would smile if this careless farmer should attribute his crop failure to some mysterious dispensation of Providence.

On the same road lives a healthy, robust family. Their neighbors on the opposite side are weak, anemic and sickly; they are nearly always ill and several have died prematurely, and no one seems to appreciate that they also represent a lack of earnest, intelligent and energetic cultivation of health.

God says, "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." 3 John 2. God does not wish one thing and then willingly do another. God wishes both farmers to have good corn, but only one of them permitted God to carry out his wish.

It is largely for the same reason that there are three million people constantly sick in this country. A million and a half people died in the United States last year. You say, "What of it? Death comes to all sometime." Yes, but note this: One-third of all these funerals were of young people under fifteen years of age. Preventable? Of course; four-fifths of them at least.

You have seen the third rail electric lines. Stepping on the third rail means either a serious injury or an electrocution. For this reason the railroad company puts out this sign at every crossing:

"Do not step on the third rail."

Nature hangs out a similar sign at every turn of life's road. But most people pass on blindly and do not read it, or at any rate act as if they did not read it. As a result there is a harvest of pain, misery and premature death.

What are a few of these third rails? The cigarette, although very short, has a long string of

physical damnation inside of it; yet our boys smoked enough of them last year that if they were laid end to end they would reach around this old world about three times. Yet we wonder why our young men do not possess as much physical stamina and nerve energy as their fathers.

Last year we used twenty-three gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the land. I did not use any, so the man who had my share and his own used forty-six gallons or enough to fill an ordinary bath tub. No wonder insanity is increasing three times faster than our population and we are having hard times. Lack of space compels me to only mention the million morphine and opium slaves that there are supposed to be in this country, and the alarming increase in the number of cocaine dope fiends.

I can almost hear some of you saying, "None of these things have I touched from my youth up." But perhaps you have spent one-third of your entire lifetime in a stuffy, illy ventilated bedroom, breathing over again and again dirty and filthy air; and yet you wonder why you wake up in the morning feeling as if you had recited mental arithmetic all night long.

My friend, screen in your veranda. Move your bed down there and sleep there for three weeks and see if life does not seem more real and vivid and refreshing to you than it has any time since you first felt the converting power of God in your soul. Do not forget several times a day to take a few full deep breaths which will sweep the germs out of the corners of your lungs.

And you work in the kitchen: try doing more of your kitchen work out under trees. If that seems like a foolish suggestion try it for a week and see how foolish you have been to do so much of your work in a hot, parched kitchen. Do not forget that an all-wise God placed our first parents in a garden. But we their children have moved back into the house. If we begin to spend some time in the garden again we will live longer and so in the end we shall be saving time.

Have you ever asked yourself what it really means to eat and drink to the glory of God? If you know what it is to pray to the glory of God, to study your Bible to the glory of God and to sing to the glory of God, then why not learn what it means to eat to the glory of God? First of all, do not cease to be thankful when you have finished saying thanks.

There are many who thank the Lord for the food before eating but are unthankful as soon as they begin to eat, either finding fault with the food or with those who prepared it. That is mocking God; and it is injuring ourselves, for modern science has revealed that the perfect digestion requires a cheerful state of mind.

Recent investigation has shown that a thoroughly masticated meal is worth nearly twice as much as one that is poorly masticated. So thorough mastication of food must be included in eating to the glory of God.

There is a different kind of gastric juice made for each kind of food; so eat only a few things at a meal. Use the natural products of the earth instead of the flesh of dead animals. Such food decomposes quickly outside the body and almost as readily inside the body; and that spells autointoxication, with a host of evils that the Lord never intended us to have.

Last of all, and perhaps best of all, do not overlook the fact that those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. And that probably means much more than waiting for him to come. Those who wait on the table *do* something. Isaiah 58 gives a delightful description of how to *wait* on the Lord, and the health of such springs "forth speedily." If you have not discovered that genuine Christianity is good for the health ask the Lord to impart to you the genuine article; he will answer your prayer and you will then have something that is worth recommending to others.—*David Paulson, M. D., in the Lifeboat.*

THE MEANING OF BAD AIR.

THE season of the year is coming on when we are likely to be exposed to too much heat. This may seem absurd because most people shrink from the cold of winter, but with our modern heating apparatus the air of houses, halls, steam cars, and public buildings is likely to be too warm rather than too cold.

Confined air is bad anyway, but confined air which is also heated is a tremendous breeding place for all kinds of germs. Arctic explorers find this out, for no sooner do they return and take up with the warm houses and ordinary ways of living than they become subject to colds, sore throats, and bronchitis which often completely prostrate them for a time, so that they dread this danger more than the dangers of the Arctic. The germs get the best of them until they become acclimated to them.

This breathing of cast-off, second-hand air which we are doing all the while, has a constantly depressing effect on all the vital forces. It may help people to understand this to use the illustration once given in a lecture by Dr. Kellogg as follows:

If here was a barrel of water, and everybody who came along took a drink out of it and rinsed out his mouth and put it back into the barrel, you would not care to drink out of that barrel. When in a close crowded room just think where the air that you are breathing has been. Think of the noses and the mouths it has been through, and the things it has been

in contact with in the lungs,—the things that are pouring into it from the blood. What horrible mixtures! If the air were visible we should have a frightful picture. So it is necessary to take pains to keep the air clean. It is not only because fresh air is cold that we need it, but because it is clean, and we must breathe clean air, even as we must drink clean water and eat clean food.—*Selected.*

A GOOD COLD CREAM.

NOTHING is so good for chapped hands, rough faces and cracked lips as the old mutton tallow remedy of our grandmothers. If you tell your butcher what you want it for, he will select some very fine white tallow from the mutton, and you must take it home and cut it into bits, and put into a saucepan without any water; set this pan in a kettle of boiling water and let remain until the fat is entirely tried out of the fibre; strain through a fine sieve and while still warm, stir in a teaspoonful of the essence of camphor in the proportion of one teaspoonful of camphor essence to every cupful of tallow; next add a teaspoonful of your favorite perfume, and beat, and beat and beat, until it is all a sweet-smelling, creamy mixture. Before it gets cold, turn into little jars or old teacups and set where it will get perfectly cold. It should be used like any other cold cream, after the face and hands have been thoroughly washed and dried.—*The Commoner.*

THE NEW WOODEN BOWL.

A WOODEN bread or butter bowl, rubbed all over, well inside and out, with lard and kept in a warm place near the stove for a few days never splits or cracks.—*Selected.*

To remove the rust from the nickel-plating on the stove, cover with tallow or sweet oil and let stand a couple of days, then rub off the oil and polish with finely sifted unslacked lime.'

The Children's Corner

A PROFICIENT REMINDER.

PHŒBE was Mama's reminder. When there was cake in the oven she always remembered and called out, "Isn't it time to look at the cake, Mama?" every little while. Mama said as much praise was due to her when the loaf came out "done to a turn," as was due to the one who stirred it up in the yellow nappy.

Mama was absent minded, she said, or maybe she forgot because she had so many things to do at one and the same time. Anyway she needed a little reminder very much and very often.

One day Mama made Golden Cake for tea and set it into the hot oven and shut the door. There was company coming and it must bake just right. But Mama had blanc mange to remember, too, and salad dressing.

"Phœbe," she said, "come and be my Reminder. I know I shall forget the cake without you." Then she thought of the tea-canister with only a stray tea-leaf or two left in it. "Oh, dear! No, you must run down to the store," she said, "and get some tea. Whatever shall I do for a Reminder?"

"I know!" Phœbe cried, after thinking hard for a minute. "I'll get a—a—what are those things that begin with 'sub,' Mama? Dick is one in college, when they play ball—don't you know he told us?"

"Substitute?" smiled Mama.

"Yes, that's it. I'll get a substitute. I'll leave Queen Dido for Reminder."

Queen Dido was a great cloth doll almost as big as Phœbe. She was fat and limp, and stared at people impolitely. Phœbe got her and set her down directly in Mama's way.

"Remember, your Majesty, you are a Reminder. Don't let that cake burn!" Phœbe said. Then she herself hurried away to get the tea.

Mama worked away very fast. Soon she had forgotten all about the Golden Cake in the oven. But as she hurried about the kitchen she ran against Queen Dido and upset her. Bump went her Majesty's nose on the hard floor! up flew her arms!

"Dear, dear!" scolded Mama, gently, "what in the world are you right under my feet for? What was Phœbe thinking—"

Suddenly Mama thought. She hurried to the stove and opened the oven door. Queen Dido had reminded her. The cake was browning a lovely brown, yet it was not quite done.

"You'll have to remind me again, your Majesty," she said, picking the big doll up gently and setting her down again where she would be the most in the way. There almost seemed to be a smile of pride on the cloth face of Queen Dido, as if she thought being a Reminder was a thing to be proud of.

Once more busy, hurrying Mama forgot, and once more, just in time, she tripped over the great doll on the floor. This time it reminded her instantly. The cake was "done to a turn," but in a very little time more it would have burned. Another triumph for her Majesty.

"Didn't she make a beautiful Reminder?" Phœbe said when she came home. "I thought she would."

"Yes," Mama laughed, "she really ought to have a piece of the Golden Cake!"—*Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Congregationalist and Church World.*

HOT DESSERTS FOR COLD DAYS.

THE frozen puddings and other dainty trifles which pleased our palates during the heated term lose their

charm when the mercury reaches the neighborhood of zero. Nothing rounds out the winter menu more acceptably than a steaming hot pudding with a delicious sauce. But how to concoct one that will be both appetizing and economical, when eggs have grown almost as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth, and fresh fruits are sold at fancy prices, is often a puzzling question. As the proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof, and its success as an edible depends not only on the proper combination of its ingredients, but also on the excellence of the sauce served with it, I give herewith recipes for both. They have all been tested and may be relied upon.

Puddings Without Eggs.

(1) *Apple Pudding.*—1 cup of beef suet chopped quite fine, 1 cup of sifted flour, ½ teaspoon of salt. Mix these ingredients with a very little water, making a stiff dough; roll out to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, heap the center with 3 or 4 apples sliced very thin, fold the edges of the dough over the apples, tie up the pudding in a cloth which has been wrung out in cold water, and then lightly sprinkled with flour, set it in a kettle of boiling water and let boil an hour and a quarter. Serve with cream and sugar.

(2) *Suet Pudding.*—3 cups of sifted flour, 1 cup of chopped suet, 1 cup of stoned raisins, 4 or 5 figs cut small, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of warm water, 2 small teaspoons of soda dissolved in the water, all kinds of spice. Turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish and steam for three hours.

Puddings With One Egg.

(1) *Graham Pudding.*—3 tablespoons of chopped suet, 3 cups of graham flour, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of stoned raisins, grated rind of half a lemon, 1 egg, pinch of salt, cloves and allspice to taste, 1 level teaspoon of soda dissolved in ¼ cup of warm water, pour this mixture into a buttered mold, bind the cover down securely with twine, set it in boiling water, and let it boil for two hours and a half.

(2) *Steamed Chocolate Pudding.*—Beat 1 egg, add gradually 1 cup of milk, sift into this 2 cups of flour mixed with 3 level teaspoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt, add 1 tablespoon of melted butter, 2 squares of melted chocolate and ½ cup of sugar, turn into a well-buttered melon mold and steam for two hours and a half, and serve with vanilla sauce.

Puddings With Two Eggs.

(1) *Baked Sago or Farina Pudding.*—1 pint of milk, ⅓ teacup of sago or farina, 1 teaspoon of vanilla or the grated rind of one lemon, 2 tablespoons of sugar, piece of butter size of a walnut, put the milk and butter in a double boiler. As soon as the milk boils, sprinkle in the sago or farina, stirring quickly to prevent lumping, boil until the cereal becomes clear, stirring frequently, pour it into a bowl, add the sugar and flavoring, when cooked add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and then the whites beaten to a froth, bake a light brown in a quick oven from 20 minutes to ½ hour, serve with raspberry syrup or any other fruit sauce preferred.

(2) *Paradise Pudding.*—The pulp of 3 baked apples or ½ cup of apple sauce, 1 teacup of freshly grated bread-crumbs, 2 eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, 3 tablespoons of milk, mix well and steam in a buttered pudding mold which has been well studded with stoned raisins, steam 1½ hours, serve with hard sauce.—*Suburban Life.*

HOUSEHOLD USES FOR SALT.

Salt in solution is an antidote to many poisons.

A salt solution often settles a sick stomach; a pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures sick headache.

Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is often stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water. Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff. Catarrh can be relieved by snuffing tepid salt water into the head through the nostrils.

Salt in water is a good cleanser for glass bottles and chamber ware.

Brooms, soaked in hot salt water, wear better.

Salt, dissolved in alcohol or ammonia, will remove grease spots.

Salt, thrown on any burning substance, will stop the smoke and blaze.

Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

Black spots on dishes and discolorations on teacups may often be removed by salt.

All vegetables that may harbor insects, such as the cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce, should stand in a solution of salt water before they are used.

Carpets are brightened and their colors preserved if wiped with clean cloths wrung out of salt water.

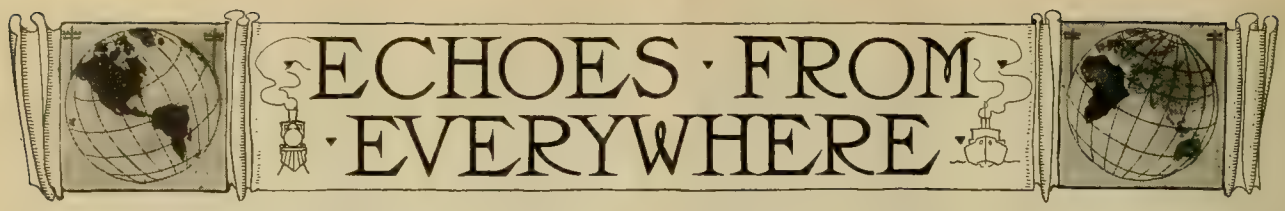
Rattan, bamboo and basket work furniture may be thoroughly cleaned by scrubbing with brush and salt water.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt water and rubbed dry.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and very fresh in summer if wiped daily with a cloth wrung out of strong salt water. Microbes, moths and pests are thus destroyed.

Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are often relieved by a cup of hot water into which a small spoonful of salt has been dissolved.

When the contents of pans boil over, salt will prevent odor and make the spot more easily cleaned. —*Selected.*



In its report to the next legislature the Michigan commission on prison industries will recommend that the contract labor system now in vogue in the penal institutions of the State be abolished and will urge adoption of the State account system or some other more satisfactory one than that under which the convicts are now employed.

Baron Uchida, Japanese ambassador to the United States, declares that sinister influences are trying to stir up war between this country and Japan. He did not use the most diplomatic language in his statement, but denounced the war jingoes in this country, and declared that his country does not want the Philippines. "I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that Japan is friendly to the United States," he said. "There is no truth in the rumors that our government covets the Philippines."

Some time ago the Scientific American referred to the novel method of raising kegs of nails from a sunken vessel in the Mississippi River by the use of electro-magnets. It now states that this method has suggested to the Navy Department, that torpedoes which have gone to the bottom because of some defect can be raised in a similar manner. Hereafter, in practice firing, when a torpedo is lost, the approximate point at which it sank will be marked with a buoy, so that the region may be explored with an electro-magnet, and the torpedo be thus recovered. The lifting power of the magnets will not have to be very great, owing to the buoyancy of the torpedo in the water.

The total production of copper metal, including imports, in 1910 amounted to 1,448,482,000 lbs., according to a Boston authority, and was the largest output ever recorded in the country. The increase over the figures for the previous year was 43,000,000 lbs., or 3 per cent, compared with an increase of 21 per cent in the production in 1909 over 1908. During the year some of the new producers made rapid strides, especially the porphyries companies, while some of the older mines showed a marked falling off in the grade of ore. During 1911 several of the new porphyry properties will come in as producers, so that a further expansion in the output of copper is probable.

In raids conducted throughout the United States within the last two months custom officers have seized nearly a ton of opium which had been smuggled into the country. The greater part of this illicit drug had been put through the process of cooking and was packed in two and a half pound tin cans. The seizures were made in Chicago, Portland (Ore.), Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Kansas City, Topeka and New Orleans. About fifty arrests were made in the raids. For the most part the opium was found in the hands of Chinese. The government officers say that most of it was brought to the United States on fruit steamers from Mexico and Central America and part of it through the "underground railway" on the Mexican border.

By means of an exchange of diplomatic notes between the state department and the Mexican embassy, arrangements have been about completed for the construction of a dam and levee to control the lower Colorado river and to prevent the inundation of the Imperial valley in Lower California. J. A. Ockerson of St. Louis is the engineer in charge of the work.

The plan of government for the new Portuguese republic has been elaborated by the provisional cabinet. It is based upon the parliamentary system of France, with certain modifications adopted from the United States. The president of the republic will be chosen by parliament for a term of five years, and he will be ineligible for re-election until a regular term has intervened. As in France, the cabinet will be appointed by the president, in accordance with the political complexion of the legislative body, but the ministers of war, marine, finance and public works, being considered nonpolitical, will continue irremovable in the event the government loses the confidence of parliament. Members of parliament will be elected for three years.

President Taft has approved the report of the special board of army engineers recommending the apportionment of the new $20,000,000 fund provided by Congress among the following reclamation projects in the West; Salt River, Ariz., $495,000; Yuma, Ariz., and California, $1,200,000; Grand Valley, Colo., $1,000,000; Uncompahgre, Colo., $1,500,000; Payette-Boise, Idaho, $2,000,000; Milk River, Mont., $1,000,000; North Platte, Wyo., and Nebraska, $2,000,000; Truckee-Carson, Nev., $1,193,000; Rio Grande, New Mexico, Texas and Mexico, $4,500,000; Umatilla, Ore., $325,000; Klamath, Ore., and California, $600,000; Strawberry Valley, Utah, $2,272,000; Sunnyside and Tieton, at Yakima, Wash., $1,250,000, and $665,000, respectively.

Although postal savings banks were not established in the United States till this year our government has discovered that their operation, under its auspices, in the Philippines, has been entirely successful. In fact, there has been "such steady increase in revenues," according to Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs, that "the chief of the postal savings bank recommends that the interest rate for depositors for the fiscal year 1911 be increased to 3 per cent." The rate now paid is 2½ per cent, and the Philippines' postoffice has been coining money on this basis. "The continued success of the postal savings bank in the Philippines attests the wisdom of its establishment in 1906," Gen. Edwards asserts. "Intended primarily for the benefit of the Filipino, its growth in public favor among them is shown by the fact that the number of Filipino depositors has increased to 8,547, as compared with 4,927 on June 30, 1909, and now constitute more than 65 per cent of the depositors. At the close of the fiscal year there were 293 banks in operation, an increase of 42 over the previous year, and an increase is shown of 4,320 depositors and of 230,287.79 pasos in deposits."

That Overseer Voliva of Zion is planning to confiscate property held by prominent men because he claims they have violated the clause in the original Zion leases which prohibits smoking, drinking and eating of pork on any land in the city, is the belief of Zionites. The issue of personal letters to ten men last week, ordering them to cease using tobacco, whisky and pork or suffer prosecution is believed to be his warning. The clause covers every lease in Zion.

Of some interest to dairy farmers and many others is a recent consular dispatch to the state department from Salonica briefly announcing the plan adopted by the sanitary inspector of that Turkish city for insuring the public within his jurisdiction a supply of undiluted milk. He has ordered a supply of cans fitted with valves, working in such a manner that a liquid may be poured out of a can but not in it. Another opening permits the cans to be filled with milk. The cans, when they are full, are taken to any one of four inspection depots, where their contents are chemically tested, after which this second opening is closed and stamped with an official seal. All the milk dealers are to be supplied with these cans, and obliged to use them as soon as they are secured.

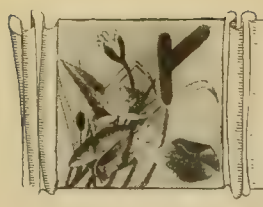
The wide-spread agitation at the close of the 1909 season over the death toll of the gridiron had the effect of forcing a drastic change in the rules governing the game. Rules against mass plays were made in an effort to make the sport less dangerous. The results, however, have been far from satisfactory. When the season closed in November, and the football statistics were compiled, it was found that 21 young men had met their death as a result of the gridiron craze, while the list of injured reached the unprecedented number of 491. This showed a decrease in deaths from 1909, but the list of injured was double that of the previous year. The number of deaths among college men has been particularly large this year, in spite of the assertion that men who are properly coached and trained are not in great peril. It is doubtful, however, if the committee in charge of this section will make radical revision of the rules.

The total value of farm lands and buildings in Connecticut in 1910, according to a report just issued by the census bureau, is $136,621,000 as against $97,425,000 in 1900, the increase being 40 per cent. Other increases during the decade were in expenditures for fertilizers, 79 per cent; in the total expenditures for labor, 62 per cent; in the average value per acre of farm land and buildings, 50 per cent; in the total value of farm buildings alone, 45 per cent; in the average value per acre of all farm land alone, 43 per cent; in the total value of all farm implements and machinery, 39 per cent; in the total value of all farm land alone, 36 per cent; and in the number of farms conducted by managers, 22 per cent. The principal decreases during the decade occurred in the number of farms operated by the "all tenants" class, 26 per cent; in the total improved farm acreage, 8 per cent; in the total farm acreage, 6 per cent; in the average acres per farm, 5 per cent; and in the whole number of farms, 2 per cent.

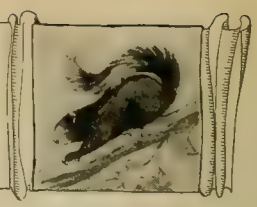
That open-air schools are not only beneficial to children, but that the little ones are positively delighted with them, is the experience of public school educators at the national capital. Careful tests have shown that the pupils have increased in weight and height. For instance, in an outdoor school of 18 pupils who were below average weight at the time of the first examination, six had, at the second examination, gained sufficiently to raise them to normal. One who was eight pounds below weight at the first examination gained seven and a half pounds between November 16 and 17 and December 19 and 20, the date of the second examination. These pupils are practically normal in weight now, and of the 18 under weight at the first examination eight were of average weight at the second. Only one pupil lost weight in the outdoor school, but as he was 12 pounds overweight at the initial examination his parents felt that the loss is hardly to be regretted. The average gain in weight in the indoor school was 1.85 pounds in the month, and in the outdoor school 2.50 pounds. In height the average gain in the indoor school was .28 of an inch, and in the outdoor one .47 of an inch.

Agricultural department officials are much elated over the reports from Mississippi regarding the big crops of corn raised by the boys' corn clubs of that State. Last year's corn crop for the entire State averaged 14 bushels to the acre. Lots of the boys, following the new methods of seed selection and cultivation, succeeded in raising 40 bushels an acre; and there are instances where the youngsters largely exceeded those figures. The reports—and they are certified to as regards reliability—show that there were 40 boys in Mississippi who raised 92 bushels an acre; and there was one who eclipsed all records by raising 152 bushels to an acre. The chief idea of the corn club contest is to obtain the biggest crop raised at the smallest expense, and, therefore, as the boy who raised the 152 bushel crop used an excessive amount of fertilizer he will not get the award of merit. The corn is shelled, measured, and weighed under the supervision of a committee of disinterested men. In all probability the award, this year, will go to a lad who raised a 40-bushel crop on a measured acre at an expense of 13 cents a bushel. This expense included the rent of the land, the labor, the fertilizer and all other costs. The youngster who raised the 152-bushel crop did it at a profit, but his expenditure of $69 in fertilizer vitiated his otherwise good record.

Despite the indisputable fact that Japan is going to spend about $40,000,000 to expand its continually expanding navy, that portion of the United States' naval appropriation bill which relates to new vessels is likely to encounter considerable opposition in the Senate and house. Many congressmen are decidedly opposed to providing two battleships this year, and the recommendations of the navy department for one collier, two gunboats, two sea-going tugs, two submarines, and one submarine tender are also to be met with protests. Some of those who have made up their minds to oppose additional naval construction will, it is believed, take advantage of the fact that the navy department has delayed the beginning of work on the two battleships authorized last session, and has been compelled to ask for additional appropriations for the one of these ships required by law to be constructed at a navy yard, and also for the Florida, previously authorized, which is being constructed at the New York navy yard. The cost of building warships has steadily increased within the past few years, especially at government navy yards, and it may be possible that this important consideration will have weight with others against the proposition to authorize additional war vessels at this time.



NATURE STUDIES



AN APPEAL FOR THE BIRDS.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

Now as we are entering upon the season of frost and snow I would like to make an appeal for our little friends, the birds, who spend their winter with us, and cheer us with their sweet songs, even during the melancholy days.

We may sometimes think of the birds as being not really useful to us, but we must not forget that they, too, have their work to perform and have taught us many things. The cuckoo may be said to have done much for musical science, because from that bird has been derived the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled so many, the cuckoo's couplet being the minor third sung downward.

It has been said that many years ago when the Prussian authorities under severe pressure, were about to cut down certain trees near Cologne which were frequented by nightingales, the alarmed citizens purchased the trees to save the birds.

And because we, too, appreciate and enjoy them, suppose we show it in a practical way by scattering some crumbs for them on the porch, or outside of the window; it does not require any great effort on our part, and they will soon become our daily visitors and more than repay us during the long cold winter with their blithe notes of thanksgiving and gratitude, and perhaps,—who knows?—help to keep the song of hope reëchoing in our hearts until the springtime comes again.

It is so easy to neglect them and forget that just a little thoughtfulness on our part will add so much to their comfort and happiness.

Perhaps it seems like a very small thing to do, but we must not forget that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of the King of kings, and it may be that he had the birds in mind, also when he said, "As ye do it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

PROTECTING FRUIT TREES AGAINST RABBITS.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

All small fruit trees and some ornamental and shade trees should be protected from rabbits and also mice during the winter.

The orchardist should see to this work before snowy weather, as rabbits do the most damage when the grass, clover, vegetables, etc., are covered with snow so they cannot find them to eat, and they hunt for the young trees, root-sprouts, etc., so they can feast upon the tender bark.

The orchard or yard in which your trees are planted, also adjacent fields, should be cleaned as much as possible of the tall grass, weeds, litter, rail and brush piles, etc. Then the rabbits and mice will have no harbor or place of protection, and there will be very few to contend with.

Trees can be protected in two different ways: by wrapping with some material or painting with some solution or wash.

Some of the best methods of protection by wrapping, are to tie on old newspapers, cornstalks, thin strips of wood, as laths and shingles, window screen, or roofing or tar paper. These must be tied securely and must cover the trunk or body of the tree to a height that rabbits cannot reach. All these wrappings should be removed in the spring, except the window-screen which can be left on, if there is sufficient space for the tree to grow.

There are many solutions or washes by which you can protect your trees. I have here named three of about the cheapest and best:

Smear blood upon the tree as high up as rabbits can reach; this will generally keep away rabbits, but not mice.

Make a thick lime whitewash, into which place some Paris green or arsenate of lead and paint the tree; this will protect from both mice and rabbits.

Take equal proportions of lime, sulphur and soot and make into a thick paint with fresh cow-manure, and smear the trees.

In the spring if you find any of your trees partly girdled, pare and clean the wound and cover it with grafting wax, soft clay or fresh cow-manure and bind it on well with a cloth.

Greenville, Ill.

THE HEARING OF FISH.

I have long thought that fish under water cannot hear sounds which take place above it. I have been fishing with a gentleman who did not like to speak for fear the trout would hear him. I ridiculed the idea, and said: "Let us fish away and talk as loudly as we can for a while, then let us fish and hold our tongues for another while, and see if there is any difference in the rising of the trout to the fly." There was not the slightest difference.

Among all the anglers of my acquaintance I can

only call to mind this one who held the idea that sound above water frightened fish under it. The firing of big guns from forts has been alluded to, but generally in these cases a ball goes hopping along or a shell bursts and causes a movement in the water. From the fort at Kinsale they fire toward the harbor's mouth, as I have seen many times when in our yacht at anchor in the harbor. We were told that the locality where the balls strike was quite deserted by the fish, but in other parts of the harbor the fishing was not affected.

Small, narrow streams in Ireland often hold trout, and one day, unperceived, I got close to a trout in one and shouted as loudly as if tallying a fox from covert. The trout took no notice and did not move. But the moment I made a movement and showed myself, off he went like an arrow.

In the same stream I saw a trout lying close to the bank, and, getting above him, I tore a few bits of white paper from an envelope and let them float over him. He at once rose and took a piece. This was repeated three times when the paper floated directly over him, but when they passed him on either side he took no notice. If a hook had been in one it would apparently have been as good as the best fly.

In the Bandon River I saw trout rising outside the reach of a man with a twelve-foot rod. When he was gone, having caught nothing, I took his stand, and, covering the trout with my eighteen footer, pulled out six. I never thought of any effect from stamping on the bank, and never tried it.—*Thomas Poole, in the Shooting Times.*

GETTING THE COWS.

Who of us with a country bringing-up did not enjoy getting the cows? However much we shirked the woodpile—and what child is not discouraged to have the wood-box so soon empty?—we ran joyfully to get the cows.

The narrow lane leading to "the pasture bars that clattered as they fell," and the little drove of cows, each with her own characteristics, are familiar to us all. There was always one cow that "bossed" the herd, and wo to the one who so far transgressed as to attempt to enter the barn before her. There were the one who liked to stray to the remotest corner of the pasture and was consequently belled; the cow with a crumpled horn that gave her a sinister look, though in reality she was inoffensive; the mild-eyed Jersey whose milk was mostly cream; the dilatory cow that reached under fences for better feed; the little black-and-white heifer; and the yearling that was being raised because her mother was such a good cow.

Even when they were waiting at the bars, it sometimes took us from four o'clock until dusk to drive them home—there was so much to see. Down the hill we raced, with bare brown feet that often trod on a thistle or low juniper, or soft woolly mullein; through sweet fern and hardhack, dwarf pines and barberries, unheedingly stepping on the countless dainty little bluets and mouse-ear everlasting. On this hill the tiny sweet strawberries were the first to ripen and were eagerly gathered. At the foot of the hill was a most entrancing brook, where we pulled sweet-flag, caught tadpoles, and acquired bloodsuckers, daring each other to see who would get the most on feet and ankles.

The lowlands were blue with iris that we knew as blue-flag, and pink with rhodora. Cotton-grass abounded much prized for winter bouquets. Little speedwells were there and long-stemmed blue violets and low sweet white ones, rare arethusa, sweet pogonia and calopogon—but we did not know their names then, nor even that they were orchids. Marsh marigolds blazoned, and later the brook glowed with brilliant cardinal flower, with a white setting of arrowhead and water parsnip, all dear to our childish hearts. Thoroughworts, white and purple, swamp milkweed, monkey-flower and all the host of flowers that followed the brook's highway, were there. Redwings flashed in the reeds and sang "konk-a-ree," or scolded when their nests were approached.

The young checkerberries, pungent in taste and odor, were freely gathered, ground-nuts were dug, and at the right season a young pine was sacrificed for the succulent inner bark, peeled and eaten as "slivers."

In their season red raspberries and blueberries gained their share of attention. Decorated with "evergreen," as we called the ground-pine of various sorts, we skipped over the pine needles, surprising an occasional rabbit, many scolding chipmunks and red squirrels, occasional plump gray ones, and, rarely, a fox.

We startled partridges from their nests, or came upon their broods of little ones that instantly disappeared in the leaves.

Chickadees announced themselves, catbirds mewed from the thickest tangles, chewinks scratched among the leaves, the woodthrushes and hermits sang their ineffably pure, serene, lofty hymns; veeries we heard, but rarely saw, as they chanted their weird, mysterious songs. The world of warblers was then unknown to us. Fear never entered our minds, no matter how dense the woods, for did not brother John have a "bow an' arrer," with which he essayed to shoot partridges and the traditional bear, supposed to inhabit the neighborhood?

We knew as many woodland secrets as the "barefoot boy," and where the hawks and crows nested in the tops of tall trees, with so many dead limbs as to imperil the youthful climber. We found many small nests, but not the hermit thrush's, and not one nest was the worse for our knowledge.

We gathered the blueberries of Clintonia, the shining leaves of prince's pine, known as "pyroly," a leaf of which, faithfully chewed daily, was said to render one proof against consumption. The green and white leaves of rattlesnake plantain delighted us. In vain we asked the name of the little dalibardia that carpeted the woods with its starry white flowers and violetlike leaves. We startled the woodcock and looked with interest at the holes he had prodded in the earth with his long bill.

Partridges whirred out of the young pines, or left the apples unfinished under the natural fruit trees. Lady's slippers, white and pink, late anemones, goldthread with glossy three-parted leaves, and bitter orange roots, pitcher plant and sundew we gathered, and ghostly Indian pipes.

On warm June nights when the whole earth teemed with fragrance, we hunted for truant cows, past tiny sweet twin-flowers, gorgeous red and yellow mushrooms, into dewy dells and dingles of ferns and sweet smelling things till the fastness of the wanderer was discovered, with perhaps a newly-born calf to be coaxed home. Often the whip-poor-will would call mournfully before we reached the barn.

Usually the cows would make their way leisurely down the hill, which was warm beneath our feet, where the vesper-sparrows sang and nested on the ground, sometimes unprotected by a bush.

Often father would call anxiously, when we were too far behind the cows; and we hurried up the lane with the song of the thrushes from the woods and the nearer song of the vesper-sparrows, sweet and simple, and the inarticulate voice of the night all about us, little realizing how much the memory of these would mean years hence.

The very odor of sweet fern and bayberry, fragrant Dicksonia, the hayscented fern, odorous grapevines and raspberry bushes, sets one back in a New England pasture; and where else do the hardhack and juniper, mullein and pasture and thistle grow in the same way?

Later, when one is older, and has awakened to the wonders of bird life, to quote Burroughs, "there is a fascination about it quite overpowering. . . . One may go blackberrying and make some rare discovery; or while driving his cow to pasture, hear a new song or make a new observation. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What a new interest the woods have! How you long to explore every nook and corner of them.

"The woods of our youth may disappear, but the thrushes will always sing for us, and their voices, endeared by cherished associations, arouse echoes of a hundred songs and awaken memories before which the years will vanish."

Chapman says:

There is one spot for which my soul will yearn:
May it but come where breeze and sunlight play,
And leaves are glad, some path of swift return.
A waif—a presence borne on friendly ray—
Even thus, if but beneath the same blue sky!
The grazing kine not then will see me cross
The pasture slope; the swallows will not shy,
Nor brooding thrush; blithe bees the flowers will toss;
Not the faint thistledown my breath may charm.
Ah, me! But I shall find the dear ways old,
If I have leave, that sheltered valley farm:
Its climbing woods, its spring, the meadows gold,
The creek-path, dearest to my boyhood's feet.
O God! is there another world so sweet?

—*Myron Benton, in Christian Herald.*

GRANT A TEETOTALER.

When I was a boy at school and at West Point, I was a pet because of the greatness of my father. I was given every opportunity to drink, and I did drink—some. As I got older and mixed with men, war-scarred veterans who fought with my father would come up and, for the sake of old times, ask me to celebrate with them the glory of past events, and I did—some.

Then when I was minister to Austria the customs of the country and my official position almost compelled me to drink always. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately.

I could not say, when drink was placed before me: "No, I only drink in the morning," or at certain hours. The fact that I indulged at all compelled me to drink on every occasion or be absurd.

For that reason, because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not even allow it in my house. When a man can say "I never drink," he never has to drink, is never urged to drink, never offends by not drinking; at least that is my experience.

Give me the sober man, the absolute teetotaler, every time. He's dependable. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism.

If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from this fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it.—*Gen. F. D. Grant, in The Amethyst.*

Why a Codicil?—"Her father left her $5,000,000."

"Whew!"

"But in a codicil it is provided that if she ever marries a titled foreigner the money shall be distributed among the people."

"Why was it necessary to put that into a codicil?"

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. January 17, 1911. No. 3.

WHY GO TO SCHOOL?

Nettie C. Weybright

THIS is a question that confronts scores of our young men and women every year. With some few it may mean, "Why sacrifice all these home pleasures and comforts just for the sake of knowing a little more—of working hard, late and early at a year's school-work? I'll stay at home." But with the great majority it means, "Why do I want to go to school? How could I plan to take the full year, and then the full course? How can I get along without it? I *must* manage it some way. By hard work and careful saving, I can do it, and I *will*."

Some seem to answer this question this way, "I'm going to school so I can make a living easier than my parents did. I don't like hard work; by taking a college course, I'll not need to do hard, heavy work, but will be able to find a position at some light, easy employment that I can enjoy, and have an easy time all through life." Surely Fate already has stamped in bold type the word "Failure" across the course of such a life. Others, from all outward appearances, at least, go to school for a good time, and seemingly have no trouble to find what they are seeking. Free from the yoke of home and parental restraint, in a place where they hope to find others of their kind, with work they think they can easily shirk when convenient, they look forward to the school year with joyous anticipations of having the "best time of their lives." This class we can only pity and hope they will awake to see their sad mistake in time to redeem, in part, at least, their wasted life. But we are glad to believe there are many more who look at the matter much more sensibly. They reason, "I need all the true education I can get for my life-work. It will help me to live better, I need a broader knowledge than I have been able to get so far. The associations of the young people there will mean much to me, and probably I can do some good, too, while I am there. In this way I hope to be able to live better the life God intended for me." No one knows the amount of good such a student may do.

Emerson says, "One of the benefits of a college education is to show a boy its little avail,"—in other words he realizes there is more to be known than he at first thought. He finds other worlds than the one that circumscribes his own little life. In this way he becomes more sympathetic, more aware of others' needs, more generous-hearted toward others' opinions and decisions. It begets the sense of imperfection, the desire of advance. It makes of the student an equipped learner and prepares his mind to give and take. It does not form intellects that seem to be "cast in molds,"—finished scholars,—but minds that *know how* to delve into the mysteries of science and philosophy in search of truth—ready to go forward wisely toward a larger wisdom. It develops his reason, gives him the power to apprehend and distinguish, to "weigh and consider," to rightly interpret facts, to think clearly. In short, it tends to make of the student a thinking man or woman. Of such the world possesses entirely too few.

Better than this is a sense of the unity of knowledge, a reverence for the truth, a perception of the variety of beauty in Nature—in the good, a feeling of the significance of literature, and a wider sympathy with the ever upward-striving, dimly-groping, perplexed life of man. It develops in students the spirit that makes a reasonable, fearless, serviceable manhood and womanhood, brings them face to face with life's hardest, greatest questions, and shows them the reality of life. It makes of them persons with substantial and divine ideals, not mere helpless objects of Chance and Fate, but active, living souls, working, struggling, fighting their way toward victory. Its rigid discipline, begotten of hard, almost unceasing study at knotty questions, awakens in them the marvelous courage of the human heart that can endure evils, face perplexities, overcome obstacles, rise after many a fall, toil at tasks never finished, and, even though almost without hope, to "hope all things." It helps the student to find his place in life, then rightly to fill the place thus acquired, and to grow therein. It makes him really to be himself, teaching him to see God in all about him. It tends to make of his life a life of service—one that really can help—of the truly ideal type. Surely, all the school work that each one of us is able to do is worth all the

time and effort it costs. Would that something might be said or done to awaken in more of our worthy young people a sense of their duty and responsibility in fitting themselves to do the work that life has in store for them, never forgetting to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, after which all these things shall be added.

Syracuse, Indiana.

"THE WORK OF THY FINGERS."

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, that brilliant poet, wrote:

"The stars never rise, but I see the bright eyes,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
The moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

An amateur poet sang:

"Like the mists astir,
A star shines like a thought of her."

Our thoughts of a loved one *do* shine like a star. So it was with "David Copperfield" in thinking of "Agnes."

In an autograph album are found these words:

"I have seen one **word,** hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years;
And it only shone the brighter,
Gazed at through a mist of tears."

A *kind* word that must have been. Someone has called stars "Heaven's lamps." Another has compared them to censers. In "Dame Nature's Inn," by James Greenough we have another beautiful thought:

"My roof, the sky's pale gleaming dome,
My lights, the myriad stars which shine
Like snow-white bits of sun-flecked foam
My clock, the constellations bright
Which sweep unchanged across the sky.
My lights, like candle flames go out,
Fanned by the wings of blushing dawn."

In "Yellowstone Park," Joaquin Miller speaks of—

"A rainbow world that the stars have kissed."

And again:

"With star-tipped peaks where the storms are made."

Someone has said that it is thought other stars are grouped about Sirius, the same as the planets are grouped about the sun.

A friend recently saw through the telescope

"Saturn, the moon, and the milky way."

Ought we not to thank God for the telescope, enlarging, as it does, the mental vision? After all, mortal mind is so small. As the Lord asked so eloquently: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

A pretty fancy is found in "St. Cecilia of the Court" by Isabella Hess: Jim, the cobbler, tells the little girl that the stars are the openings in the floor of heaven. If she is good, and watches closely, she will see her mother's angel-form at the window, that is, in the star. And thus the child is comforted. Someone has said in speaking of the friends that are gone:

"They are dreaming out yonder, under the stars—our loved ones."

Perceval Gibbon, in a work of fiction writes: "The sky over them was spangled with a wonder of great white stars."

In "Content," we find these words:

"Sun for the day, the stars by night,
The moon to a blue-black sky—
Each in its place is better,—best,
Each rounds the circling years."

In "Night," Curtis May has written beautifully:

"When the western light grows dimmer,
And the dew falls thin and cool;
When the wan star-specters shimmer
Faintly in each brook and pool;
Then, through dusk of drooping lashes,
Night looks down with calm, dark eye;
And her circled forehead flashes
With the jewels of the sky.

"Night, whose sable wing is folded,
Night of mingled fire and clod;
Night, whose silver horn is molded
For the breathing lips of God.
Peaceful night, in silence stealing,
Vague with cloud around thy face;
Night, by all thy dreams attended,
With the broad moon on thy breast.
Turn on us eyes pure with praying,
Solemn with what lies afar;
Earth is sad with thy delaying,
Draw us heavenward **star by star.**"

In the "Joys of Earth," we find these words:

"Laughter and song and mirth,
Roses that drip with dew;
These are the joys of earth,
Sunshine and skies of blue.

"Children that romp in play,
Stars that twinkle at night;
Moonbeams that softly stray,
Making the meadows bright.
These are the joys of earth,
Wealth knows no more."

In "Flood and Ebb," is sketched a lovely picture:

"A snow white sail
Flits 'cross the bar,
The light is past,
But ere appears the evening star,
He comes at last."

Clinton Scollard sings:

"So fare my truant will and I,
Where no misprision mars;
And dreams like rippling streams flow by
Beneath the arches of the sky,
Where flower the deathless stars!"

The Psalmist said: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

How far away the stars seem when we read these words: "Is not God in the height of heaven? And behold the height of the stars, how high they are!"

We can hardly conceive of the vast distance that lies between those worlds and ourselves. Scientists tell us that we are composed of the same elements as are the brilliant stars. "God doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number." "Who sealeth up the stars," and "maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades and the chambers of the south." When we reflect on these things, how can we refrain from praising God? Although "He doeth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number," surely the stars are among his most wondrous works.

TEMPERANCE IDEA GROWING IN JAPAN.

TEMPERANCE is getting a good grip on Japan, says Miss Flora Stroutt, a returned missionary from the land of the mikado, where she has represented the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the last three years. The membership of the union now numbers 8,000 women and children and 10,000 men in the flowery kingdom.

"The Japanese are quick," she says, "to see the benefits to be derived from temperance, as they are intensely patriotic, and anything that will help to preserve the national life is eagerly seized on by them. They realize fully that vices will destroy them. When the sons of nobles are presented to the emperor at the age of 21 years they have a cup of sake—an intoxicating Japanese drink—served to them, and they are supposed to drink the emperor's health. Strange to say, they are now told that if they are members of a temperance society they need not drink the sake. This shows better than any illustration I could give just what a hold the temperance idea has upon the Japanese. They are quick to see that intemperance is bad and weakening. Our Christian Temperance Union is well organized in Japan. It is our policy to send workers among the Japanese. This idea was the result of the first visit to this country of Mrs. Yagima, a native Japanese lady, who was in Boston three years ago, asking for workers. She is 78 years old, and is the president of the National Japanese Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"Intemperance is increasing there owing to the importation of such liquors as beer and whisky. In fact, the Japanese have now breweries of their own where they make beer. They do not drink in public, but do so in the privacy of their homes. The drinking of sake is tied up with many of their ceremonies.

"I have addressed no less than 60,000 students on temperance—these scholars were attending the various high schools in Tokio—and I did so with the consent and approbation of the officials who, as a rule, co-operated with me in this great work. There is Count Okuma, called 'the grand old man of Japan,' the president of Waseda University. He and his wife are both enthusiastic W. C. T. U. workers. His wife is a life member and he is an honorary member of the union. He lends his beautiful home and garden for our receptions."—*Woman's National Daily.*

THE GREAT RECIPROCITY

Walter Swihart

The love of country, love of God,
Walk hand in hand together;
Whatever mars or makes despoil,
Despoils and 'mars the other.

The man who doth tear-fill his eyes,
O'er deeds he finds neglected;
Will sit beneath the unfurled stripes,
And with his God, protected.

The traitor hand that riot broods
To tear our fane asunder;
Through God's unerring will he turns,
His own disorder under.

Aye, he who loves, reveres, and holds
His country's honor sacred;
Reveres, extols and loves his God,
Builds high his temple sacred.

And he who seeks, how'er, to lift
The burden from another,
To give the freedom he would have
Secures it with his brother.

Thus two together walk in hand—
The patriot, Christ-enable;
In clinging one, the other clings,
And makes our Union stable.

Churubusco, Indiana.

JOAN OF ARC---MAID OF ORLEANS

T. H. Fernald

JOANNETA DARC, afterward known as Jeanne d'Arc, was born in the year 1411, the daughter of Jacques and Isabeau (de Vouthou) Darc. Her father was peasant proprietor of Domremy, a small village situated partly in Lorraine and partly in Champagne, France. Joan never learned to read and write, and her only religious instruction was received from her mother. She was noted in childhood for her physical energy; but her vivacity was the direct outcome of intense mental activity, and an unnatural sensitive, nervous temperament; and she was untainted by any unfeminine trait. Her conduct toward her parents was always most exemplary, and she was the favorite of the village owing to her unselfishness. She could not be excelled, even by the matrons of Rouen, in the use of her needle, and she was very proficient in all



The "Voices."

household duties. She became very silent as she advanced to womanhood, spending a great deal of her time in solitude and prayer.

Joan was of medium height, stoutly built, but finely proportioned; and capable of enduring very great fatigue. She was not handsome, subsequent tradition to the contrary. It could not be expected that one of her mode of life could be a "conventional beauty," but she was claimed to be "less comely than many of her own station."

The English, through the alliance and support of Phillip of Burgundy, had extended their conquests over the whole of France north of the Loire and also Guienne. The infant Henry VI. of England, had, in 1422, been proclaimed King of France at his father's grave, but Charles the dauphin, devoted only to ease and pleasure, was planning the slow sundering of his kingdom by internal confusion and misery, and by progressive encroachments of the English rule. The fact that owing to the conduct of Isabella, the dauphin's mother, who had disinherited her son in favor of Henry V. of England, her daughter Catherine's husband, and the hard straits to which the kingdom had been reduced, offered opportunity for the fulfillment of the ancient prophecy of Merlin: "The calamities which shall fall upon France through the depravity of a woman, shall be removed by the instrumentality of a chaste virgin." In those days there was nothing strange in imagining such a mode of deliverance, for very often maidens would accompany their lovers to war, disguised as pages, and share their dangers and adventures. The tradition was common in the country where Joan lived, that the maiden of the prophecy should come out of the forests of Domremy, where Joan was accustomed to tend her father's sheep. There is little difficulty, therefore, to understand how the idea that she was to be that maiden, became fixed in her mind.

In the year 1428 Orleans, the key to the south of France, was invested by the English under the leadership of the Earl of Salisbury, and the demand became so absolute and pressing as to overcome all pretexts for delay on account of previous rebuffs and discouragements. Joan now renewed with greater determination, her efforts to win from Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of Vancouleurs, an introduction to the dauphin Charles. Her parents decidedly opposed her in this, but to no avail. In all she did she claimed to be guided by the Saints, who showed her the task of relieving Orleans, and crowning the young dauphin (Charles) at Rheims. The governor was prevailed upon to grant her request, by her persistent importunity, which was increased by her calm assurance of success, and the simplicity of her demeanor. In February, 1429, she set out, accompanied by two knights, on the perilous journey to the court of the dauphin of Chinon. Charles at first refused to see her, but the popular feeling that had arisen in her behalf, induced his advisers to persuade him, after three days, to grant the interview. It is said that she convinced him of the divinity of her commission, by discovering him, though disguised, in a company of his courtiers, and by assuring him of his doubts as to his legitimacy.

Accordingly, she was sent forth with an army of from 4,000 to 5,000 men, designated for the relief of Orleans, only after a commission of doctors had "found nothing of evil or contrary to the Catholic faith;" and also a council of matrons reported on her chastity and virginity. Clothed in a coat of mail, and armed with an ancient sword which she had hidden near the altar of St. Catherine de Fierbais, she carried a white banner, designed and embroidered by herself, with lilies, and having on one side the image of God seated upon the clouds, holding the world in his hand and on the other a representation of the annunciation. The army was under direct command of eminent officers, although she had been entrusted with the command.



Joan's Sad End.

Joan possessed a shrewd and penetrating judgment of men and things, and her extraordinary force of character and noble and high prudence, were shown by the manner in which she conducted herself amid the difficulties of her career. "She supplied to the French cause," says one writer, "energy and resolution. She inspired the soldiers with a fanatical enthusiasm armed with the sanction, and ennobled by the influence of her religion; and thus overawed the enemy by the superstitious fears that she was in league with supernatural powers."

On April 29, 1429, Joan succeeded in entering Orleans, and by her vigorous and unceasing attacks, the English became so discouraged that on May 8 they raised the siege. The capture of Jargeau and Beaugency, followed by the victory of Putay, drove the English beyond the Loire. July 16 the king set out toward Rheims which he entered with 12,000 men, on the way having taken Troyes at the instigation of Joan. July 17 she stood beside Charles at his coronation, holding the sacred hammer. She went into Normandy to assist the duke of Alencon, but returned to the court in December, and her family was honored with the title du Lis. These honors did not satisfy her. In March she rode from Court in defense of Campiegne against the duke of Burgundy; and May 24 an unsuccessful attack was made, and Joan taken prisoner.

Charles made no attempt to have her released—not even showing any interest in her fate. January 3, 1431, she was given up for trial before the Inquisition, and January 6, a six-day hearing was held, and March 20 another was held, when she was publicly accused of being a heretic and sorceress; and being found guilty was condemned to die. She made submission at the scaffold on May 24, and received pardon. The English still held her prisoner, and she being induced to resume her male attire, was again sentenced to death, and was burned at the stake in the market-place of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

The French erected a statue to the memory of the Maid of Orleans on the spot where she died.

A COTTON HARVESTING MACHINE.

I. J. ROSENBERGER.

We are living in a wonderful age of development and improvement. The rapid stride in mechanical device and skill is a constant surprise. In my perusal of the news recently, my eyes fell on the foregoing title. I at once began to read, and I read all that the writer had to say about the new machine. To me it was somewhat surprising. This kind of news always interests. I, therefore, shall pass it along to the Nook readers.

What seemed to make the task of inventing a successful cotton harvesting machine so difficult is, that cotton balls mature and open progressively; hence the crop is gone over several times, and the closed bolls must not be disturbed. Now, to devise a machine that will pass over the crop and gather the cotton from the open bolls and leave the crop otherwise undisturbed. was a problem to the most skillful mind. It would seem to require a machine with almost human intelligence.

A machine of this kind entered the mind of a Mr. Campbell, a pattern-maker of Chicago, when on a visit to his brother in Texas, twenty-five years ago. Mr. Campbell had been making models for labor-saving machines for years. His mind at once began to run in the line of a labor-saving device to pick cotton. It will be no surprise to the reader when I say that all

with whom he felt to consult, discouraged him. The work was discouraging, because of the distance from his shop to the cotton fields; and the long time he would have to wait to improve the defects in the machine as his experiment could have but one trial in twelve months.

His first machine was "a fairly simple contrivance,—a horizontal cylinder, hung low between a pair of wheels drawn by a mule. The cylinder was studded with wooden fingers covered with tufts or bristles. The fingers would reach down and gather the cotton as the cylinder turned, the bristles would catch the ripe cotton and draw it from the boll." This machine failed to do its work at all satisfactorily. There was nothing left for Mr. Campbell to do but to load and ship his machine back to the shop, and seek to remedy its defects in the twelve months to come.

Finally, after years of numerous discouraging trials, Mr. Campbell appeared, in 1908, in a cotton field at Vernon, Texas, with his machine much improved. Instead of his horizontal cylinder, he had two upright cylinders, one to pass on each side of the row; and, instead of wooden fingers with bristles, he had devices of steel so fine that it would not injure fine mahogany furniture. These propelled,—not by a mule, but a gasoline engine,—moved along the row, and the steel devices would catch the cotton in the open bolls and another device would strip the cotton from the steel devices, leaving the rest of the crop uninjured. The work of the machine was witnessed by an immense crowd of citizens and a company of cotton dealers, headed by Mr. Wamsley, President of the New England Spinners' Association. All pronounced the machine a success, and it will do the work of thirty darky cotton pickers. It is thought that this machine will revolutionize the cotton industry; for the difficulty has been, not to grow the crop, but to get the crop gathered.

Not only does the North find it a growing difficulty to get field labor, but the South as well.

Nevada, Mo.

MEMORY TRIPS.

M. M. WINESBURG.

SOMETIMES, when we are sitting before a cheerful fire, our minds will play tricks and travel over a vast expanse of territory and in mind we will again visit places we have seen at former times. Sometimes it is some simple object that meets our eyes that causes our minds to go traveling thus.

My mind went journeying this evening, and some objects lying around and stuck up where my roving eyes could see them brought about the journey. The first objects were two withered pomegranates on the mantle, pomegranates that I gathered from a bush in the yard the day before I left Florida.

The pomegranates now don't look quite like they did when I gathered them, for they are dry and hard as a gourd, and the seeds in them rattle like the seeds do in a dry gourd; yet they bring afresh to my mind the long stretches of yellow sand and the piney woods. Close to the pomegranates are some shells that caused my mind to wander on down to the Gulf with its sunlit waves and long spits of glittering white sand.

On the reading desk, with its ridgy back turned down, is the shell of the monstrous turtle I helped to take from the waters of Gar Lake. Here sticks a piece of pine and over further is the star-shaped leaf of the Alabama gum tree, and my mind wandered on afar to the Gulf Coast. And then a queer-shaped oyster shell sent my mind in another direction, for it took me again on a trip I enjoyed some years ago, and in memory I again sit on the deck of a vessel in the harbor at Baltimore and I can see again the tall-masted luggers whose numerous bare masts made me think of a forest of trees with the leaves all gone from them.

As I view my mental picture I can imagine that I also hear the queer noise made by the little tugs as they skipped over the water like huge water skippers. I even remember how, on seing one of those small tugs towing a huge lugger out over the bar, it reminded me of a very small horse drawing a large wagon, and I can also see the huge white gulls as they soar through the air or dip down into the water.

The harbor with its vessels of all kinds, and the white-winged gulls floating through the air and dipping in the water while the evening sun glinted down, made a picture to remember. And then the night trip adown the Chesapeake Bay follows like a dream picture. The chug of the vessel and the swash of the cool salty air in one's face, the bobbing lights on the fishing smacks, and the more steady gleam of those on shore, all pass again through memory's hall like moving pictures.

This morning, as I read over what I wrote last night, I was inclined to think it is a good thing that memory trips don't cost any railroad fare or my trips of last evening would have cost me a pretty penny. And that is one good thing about memory trips; one can take them as often as the spirit moves us to and they do not cost us a cent more than what we spent on the first trip.

Memory trips often do a great deal to cheer us up; my memory trips of last evening still linger with me and help to lighten the gloom of a rainy morning, while a small fig tree, an Easter lily and an ice plant, all from the Gulf Coast, are green and pleasing to my eyes.

Bellaire, Ohio.

THERE is something good in all weathers. If it don't happen to be good for my work today, it's good for some other man's work today, and will come round to me tomorrow.—*Dickens.*

JANE JONES.

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time,
An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he clumb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so,
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full o' ambition an' brains,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
An' see what he got fer his pains,
He brought electricity out o' the sky
With a kite an' the lightin' an' key;
So we're owin' him, more'n anyone else,
Fer all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
They laughed and just said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabella she listen'd to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth;
An' bought 'im the Santa Marier an' said:
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so,
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course that may all be; but you must allow,
They ain't any land to discover just now.

—Ben King.

THE AUTHOR OF THE DOXOLOGY.

Once upon a time a traveler paused on the threshold of a bare, unpretentious little church in the far Western country, and lured by the music, passed into the dimly lighted interior. The faces of the worshipers were strange and unfamiliar. Their straight, black hair, their high cheekbones, and, above all, a certain peculiarity of dress, told him that he had stumbled upon a congregation of Apache Indians. The sermon that followed was in an unknown tongue, but presently the younger preacher seated himself at the tiny organ, struck a few familiar notes, and the whole company, women, and little children, burst forth in the familiar, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Years passed by, and again at eventide he paused beside a picturesque chapel, this time in far-away Japan. Past him there swept many a quaintly garbed figure, now a mother carrying a babe, now a coolie, now a jinrikisha man; now the silken robes of a noble touched the cotton garments of a peasant. The traveler followed them through the open door, listened to prayer and sermon, of which he understood not a word, until the congregation, rising, lifted up their voices in the sweet, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Indian, Japanese, and American, they were all merged into Christians as they sang. So I think I am not far wide of the truth when I call the Doxology the universal hymn. Familiar as it is to us, often as we sing it, very few of us know anything more of the author than the brief line beneath it in the Hymnal, "Bp. Thos. Ken, 1637-1711."

Yet between those two uninteresting dates lies the life history of a man who, according to the historian, Macaulay, "approached as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue."

He was born in 1637, at Little Berkhampstead, and was graduated from New College, Oxford. His stepsister, Anne, was the wife of Isaak Walton, the gentle fisherman, a connection which brought Ken, from his boyhood days, under the influence of this gentle and devout man.

Ken possessed among other talents, a wonderfully clear, sweet voice, and the most characteristic reminiscence of his university life is the mention made by Anthony Wood, that in the musical gatherings of the time, "Thomas Ken, of New College, a junior, would sometimes be among us and sing his part."

When he was twenty-five years old he was ordained, and some years later was made prebendary of the cathedral at Winchester and chaplain to the bishop. It was during this time that he wrote the morning hymn, which begins with "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and closes with the Doxology, which formerly read:

"Praise God, from whom all blessing flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Some years afterward he received an appointment as chaplain to the Princess Mary, wife of William of Orange, and went to live at the Hague. The quiet scholar in his black gown, the brilliant preacher who could stir the hearts of his hearers, were alike out of place among that brilliant court. The clear eyes were quick to detect the sham and hypocrisies, and he was not slow in denouncing them. So he was recalled and came back to Winchester.

During his stay here, King Charles came a-visiting with all that motley court of his, and coveted Ken's residence as an abode for his favorite, Nell Gwynne. Ken stoutly refused to submit to this arrangement, and she was obliged to find other lodgings. Strange to say, Charles was not enraged, and when there was a vacancy in the see of Bath, he asked:

"Where is the good little man who refused his chambers to poor Nell? He and no other shall have this place."

By and by, when his wasted and misspent life drew to a close and King Charles lay dying in his royal palace, he sent for Ken, and his wise and faithful ministrations to this most unkingly of kings won the admiration of every one. Thomas Ken had suffered many a buffet because he had stood firm for principle, and when in 1688 James II. reissued his Declaration of Indulgence, Ken was one of the seven bishops who refused to publish it, and was imprisoned in the Tower.

When he was finally acquitted and released, it was to face new troubles. He had sworn allegiance to James II., and though Parliament had forced the king to abdicate the throne which he had so poorly adorned, Ken still thought it wrong for him to take the oath to the new king, William of Orange, and was again deprived of his bishopric.

"There is nothing left to me but my lute, my Greek Testament, and a sorry horse," he said, sadly.

He found asylum with his friend of college days, Lord Weymouth, at Longleat in Somersetshire. So much to his liking was the quiet life here that he refused to leave it when his diocese was again offered him. He loved music and used to sing his hymns, of which there are a great number, to his own music on the lute or spinet.

According to his wish, he was buried at sunrise, within the chapel of the church, and his own hymn was sung:

"Awake my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;"

with its triumphant close, the Doxology, which will live in the hearts of men, though the life of its gentle author be forgotten.—*Pearl Howard Campbell, in Living Church.*

FARM COLLEGES ON WHEELS.

Ever since the star of empire shone upon the bands of steel that crept across the continent from ocean to ocean, American railway men have been trying various means of attracting settlers to new lands which their enterprise has made accessible. Lately a new method of stimulating railroad traffic has been adopted —that of teaching the farmer to increase his crops. This is done by sending out agricultural colleges on wheels. In other words, not content with opening up new settlements, the railroads are increasing their freight tonnage by educating the farmers in the "older" parts of the country to get more results from their husbandry. These colleges on wheels are trains comprising well-equipped agricultural exhibits in charge of competent educators, on which the farmers are given free instructions in the science of dairying, agriculture and even forestry. In fact, every subject relating to the fostering and garnering of nature's rich bounties. Last summer, no less than twenty of these instruction trains were sent out by the various railroads; but they were not all alike, nor was the same kind of instruction given in every case. In certain sections adjacent to the large cities, one railroad—the Erie—sent out "milk specials" in which dairying and cattle breeding were taught exclusively. This was done for the reason that these sections were especially adapted for dairying, because of the valuable pasture lands in close proximity to the great city markets.

In other sections, market gardening was exclusively taught, and in parts of the South, particular attention was devoted to rotating crops to enrich worn-out soil, while other trains were sent out equipped for teaching horticulture in all its branches in places where that form of husbandry would prove profitable. In the West, grain specials were sent out manned by grain experts, and on these nothing but grain lore was taught.

It has remained for the New York Central lines, however, to go even beyond the efforts of most railroads in this direction by educating the new generation. Its agricultural train, like other trains of the kind, is in charge of prominent educators on agricultural topics; but in addition there is a special car for boys and girls. This car is in charge of John W. Spencer, an agricultural instructor recently retired from Cornell University under the age limit system. For many years, the State Agricultural College of Cornell University has made a practice of answering letters from school children, bearing inquiries on subjects relating to horticulture and natural history. These letters average thirty thousand a year and they come largely from youngsters of upper New York State. Most of the communications were until recently answered by Mr. Spencer, who signed his replies "Uncle John." Consequently "Uncle John's" name is a household word in the rural parts of New York.

President W. C. Brown of the New York Central Railroad knew this and it was his idea to attach to the agricultural special sent out by his company a car equipped for the children's own in charge of "Uncle John." So, while the older folks crowd into the dairy car, the poultry car and the farm garden car, wherever the train stops, the children pile into the forward car of the train labeled "Uncle John's Boys and Girls." There they are greeted by a gray-haired man of the comfortable rotundity ascribed to St. Nicholas himself, and it is safe to assert that that particular car holds more nature enthusiasts than any other coach on the train.

"Catch 'em young. Get them enthusiastic on farming topics while their minds are growing, and the next generation of railroad men won't have to bother about teaching agriculture." That is the way President Brown explained his reasons for providing instruction for the children.

To say that "Uncle John" carries out this theory to the letter is putting it mildly, as the majority of his auditors want to start a farm immediately on leaving the train. The lecturer talks to the boys and girls about insect life, the care of gardens, how to grow flowers and the purity of nature's colors. He tells them of the living soil given to man to silently do his bidding. He explains that no man was intended to be born a servant—that the only servant God gave man other than animals, was the earth itself. He explains that every human being who knows how to till the soil and obtain from it the richness which the Creator put there, need never depend on another for sustenance.

The children bring with them samples of fruit and vegetables that are not up to the standard, and they carry specimens of stunted plant life. "Uncle John" examines these and tells his young audience what is the matter with them and how to cure them. When the train stops at a town during school hours, the village school is invariably dismissed and the youngsters march to the station and board the train. Sometimes it is necessary to hold two sessions in order to accommodate all of the boys and girls, and those who are waiting are allowed to roam through the rest of the train with their elders.

The New York Central agricultural train is distinctive in that it is arranged to embrace the teachings of about everything a farmer might be interested in. A live cow, raised at Cornell University, is exhibited, together with a cow of more humble breeding, to show the result of model dairying. There is a poultry car where poultrying, from the egg to the pullet, is demonstrated. Market gardening in all its branches is taught, and even forestry.

State Foresters board the special in the lake regions where there is still plenty of forest property that can be preserved, and they also are called upon to talk to the children on their special subject. The principal lecturers on the train are professors from Cornell University; but the railroad employs other practical men with a knowledge of farming profits, to answer questions on purely commercial lines. In common with other railroads, it maintains experimental stations on abandoned farms, where new methods of culture are tried out and new kinds of plant life are experimented with.

A short time ago the Southern Railway donated a large farm to the State of South Carolina for an experiment station. In the East, the Delaware and Hudson Railway is showing farmers in a practical way how they can increase the agricultural output by taking over abandoned farms and rejuvenating them. The Long Island Railroad Company also has several experimental farms, where some new varieties of lettuce, cabbage and other vegetables, brought from China, have been raised with encouraging success.

The idea has been caught by the railroad people of England, but only to a limited extent. There, the National Poultry Organization Society has been traveling about in Western England and Wales, giving lectures on egg culture, and the railroads have kindly offered to carry the lecturers about at reduced rates.—*Percy A. Ware, in Christian Herald.*

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

FRED was spending the summer with Aunt Lina, and before he had been there long he found that she was a delightful person to know. But she did some queer things that he couldn't quite see the use of.

One day some men arrived to begin a new house near Aunt Lina's. Fred dashed in crying, "Can I go and see them dig the cellar for the new house?"

"Yes," said Aunt Lina, "if you will tell me exactly how they did it when you come back."

"All right," said Fred, wondering a great deal at this strange condition.

Then he and Ralph ran over to perch on the fence and watch the men and horses at work. They stayed there a good part of the afternoon. But when Fred went back the first thing Aunt Lina said was, "Now tell me just how to go about making a cellar."

"Why," hesitated Fred, "you just drive a horse and scraper down, and scoop the dirt out."

"Oh, Fred, Fred!" said Aunt Lina. "I see you could not make a cellar, nor tell any one else how to do it. If we are ever cast away on an island like Swiss Family Robinson, you will not be of much use to us."

"But we won't be cast away," said Fred.

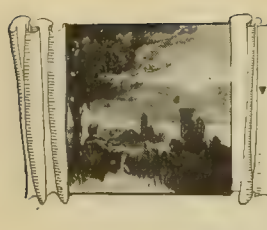
"Well, there are other reasons why you should learn to use your eyes," smiled Aunt Lina.

Fred decided to find out just how to make a cellar. As Aunt Lina lived in a growing suburb he soon had another opportunity, and when he came home he could tell all about it. Can you?

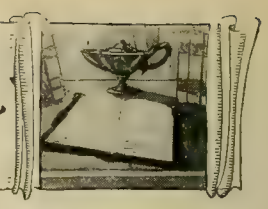
A few days later he asked to be allowed to go with Ralph and see some blasting about a mile away. They were both careful, obedient boys, and Aunt Lina let Fred go after impressing the necessary caution upon him. But he must have forgotten the lesson about the cellar. When he came home and was asked about the blasting, he said: "Oh, they put the dynamite down, and then they all hurried away, and then it blew up. The earth shook where we were standing, and great piles of rock were loosened, and fell down."

"Why, Fred, I thought you would know how to do blasting when you came home," said Aunt Lina. And Fred looked ashamed. He really did not know how it was done at all, though he had been near the place for several hours. Ralph could tell about the

(Continued on Page 72.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



NOT KNOWING.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half smiling, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends that we know.

Longfellow.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"And he sat down over against the treasury, and watched how the multitude cast money into the treasury." Matt. 12: 41.

WE think of Jesus Christ in many holy and marvelous associations. Our imaginations picture him under a variety of forms. A fictitious Gospel would hardly have presumed to present a mythical Christ in like situation—"seated over against the treasury." This scene may seem at first rather strange and yet on more serious reflection, it is an attitude both wise and significant. What better place to sit if he would judge the worth of their devotion and the degree of their love? It is no vain figure, this of Christ seated at the treasury and silently watching the multitude as they made their gifts.

Giving is a natural act of worship. In all the ages of faith this has been an active principle. Forms may come, and forms may go, but this act of worship remains common to ancient and modern, pagan and Christian the same. While the beliefs may be as far apart as the east is from the west, and the prompting motives fundamentally hostile, yet the impulse at the heart, the instinct of offering and sacrifice, is the common bond which makes all religions one, and which attests the reality of the religious sense.

Offering for love is as old as the human heart. The lover comes bearing gifts for his beloved. The poetry of love and religion alike is full of the cry: "Oh, that I had the wealth of the world to lay at the feet of my beloved!"

This principle of offering is a duty fundamental to religion. In every land the remains of rude shrines, the ruins of costly temples, witness to this common instinct of the adoring heart.

Benevolence is the initial impulse of Christianity. When the three kings visited the Infant Jesus they brought gifts. Incarnation is a profound mystery, the story of redemption a strange recital—it has only one explanation: "For God so loved the world." The gift of Jesus, the expression of the divine love.

Jesus Christ found fault with the Pharisees, but not with their alms. From the temple he drove out many things, but he did not evict the system of offerings that had been there from the beginning. Older than the temple, it was there first and the temple was built around it; older than Moses and his laws, older than Abraham who paid tithes to Melchizedek. This principle, grounded in natural religion, is as old as the heart of man. Moses did not originate it, the prophets did not originate it; they simply enforced it. The Jewish system was permeated with the idea of sacrifice. It was in the spirit of this conception that Jesus Christ came, himself an offering for sin.

It must be remembered that Calvary was not a local expression. Jesus Christ dying on the cross, an offering for sin, was not acting in a provincial drama, speaking as it were, in a dialect intelligible only to a sect. Crucifixion, the form was local, but the principle of offering, sacrifice, was universal. Simon Peter, seeking to limit salvation to the Jews, had no philosophical sense. The meaning of Calvary, like the sacred Heart of Calvary, antedated all religions, reaching back to the first suppliant in whom the sense of sin awakened the sacrificial habit and instinct. Thus, on Calvary, Jesus took up unto himself this principle.

Some have objected, saying the old commands and ordinances have passed away. The forms have, but the *truths never.* Jesus Christ fulfilled prophecy, but he never abrogated principles. The ten commandments became the law of love, but honesty, truth, chastity, righteousness are not annulled, but mightily re-enforced. The principles of conduct are not replaced but given wider and higher application. In the New Testament the principles of the Old Testament appear intensified.

Sinai thundered the law against sin, but in the presence of Calvary's awful sacrifice it was as a local tempest against the upheaval of the world.

The law of sin is intensified by grace. The laws of sacrifice, the tithes passed with the old regime, and in the place of those exacting formulas we have the example and command of Christ: "Freely ye have re-

ceived, freely give." We are bound to act, not in accordance with a fixed rule, but at the impulse of love.

Some defend the tithe. That's well; but as a law binding upon the believer I cannot accept it. Jesus Christ left this, as all other duties, to the guardianship of love. He seeks to increase our obligation by increasing our love; and out of increased obligations increased benefactions grow.

The trouble with the church today is simply this: a lost sense of stewardship. When we feel the obligation, we shall do the work.

Christ sat over against the treasury and it is the only instance we have where he inspected human conduct.

Let us pause a moment. It is the Sabbath day in the old temple. Crowds are going up to the worship. The Master goes too. As he moves onward with the throng he says to himself: "I'll judge this people today: I'll test their sincerity." And what does he do? Does he watch their manner of worship? Does he catechise them to search the soundness of their creed? Oh, no! The emptiness of these forms he has long since denounced in the judgment: "Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And then, will I profess unto them, I never knew you." Aye, better far, he took his seat over against the treasury and watched their gifts. *And he sits there today.*

mentioned and blessed; no one saw her, probably, but mentioned and blessed, no one saw her, probably, but she gave her living, only two mites, but it was all she had, and Christ who judgeth just judgment, pointed to that humble, obscure soul as the noblest of all the worshipers who filled the temple that day. The gifts of the other worshipers were formal; the poor widow, stealing in quiet and unobserved, had no other motive than love.

One day a rich man handed his pastor a pittance for some charity, saying, "Well, here's the widow's mite." "Oh, no," said the minister, "she cast in only two mites, but it was all her living." And that is the widow's mite. Love is the source of benevolence.

Our appeals in the church, general and local, commonly fail because we begin at the wrong end. We start by an appeal for money. The collection is our cry. No; that's not the way! The rivers do not begin down in the valleys, but far up the steep declivities of the mountain side. Begin with the collection and you will only half succeed—giving will be a burden. But begin in the highlands of the divine love, the mighty vision of the Crucified who gave all for us, and you will arrive at the collection in due season—giving will be a joy, it will be the expression of the natural instinct of the adoring heart. And our appeal instead of a common call for funds will be an opportunity to bring an offering unto our God.

The high spiritual truths of the Gospel and the practical duty of the collection are not incongruous. Faith and works are related as springs and rivers. Only those who disassociate them feel the jar.

The apostle touches the secret when, in the fifth chapter of Corinthians he says in speaking of their giving: "First they gave their own selves to the Lord."

There is more said in the New Testament about giving than about anything else. It is clearly denominated a Christian virtue. "As ye abound in everything—in faith, utterance, knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that you abound in this grace also."

How many give only that which they can spare and not that which they can afford!

The Christian idea of benevolence is not opposed to comfort in the lives of men. Jesus was not an ascetic. Thomas á Kempis was not Christ's kind of a man. Christianity, wherever it goes, carries the refinements and comforts of better living. It goes to the heathen and makes him exchange his loin cloth for clothes more suitable. The savage who slept where night found him, Christianity has put a roof over his head. It brings to men all the blessings of life. Christ never condemned a man for being rich. Many a man's fortune is a monument to his industry, sobriety and activities. Great possessions and Christian character are not incompatible. He has truly given us all things richly to enjoy. We are under obligation alike to ourselves and to others to develop with the broadening field of our life's increase. Our thinking, our manner of life, all should improve as the years, and the means, give opportunity. Alas, for the man who does not grow tenderer as he approaches power, who does not increase in benevolence and generosity as he approaches wealth.

Christ never made the blunder which so many of his followers have, to condemn the good of the world. He sanctified their use, and condemned their abuse when he said, "Christians love me more than these."

There are many tests of piety. While I would not reduce religion to a money basis, yet, since money represents the possessions of men, it has inevitably come to be the standard of valuation.

This was a strange scene, Christ seated at the treasury, and yet it was no surprise to the Hebrew, who well knew his offering was an essential part of his worship. The offering holds its place, therefore, as an essential of religion, not only on the basis of a divine commandment, but on the ground of the very nature of the human heart itself.

Our receptivities bear a vital relation to our activities. The ancient writer of Proverbs says: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." There is a great underlying law here which finds its expression in the offering.

(Continued on Page 61.)

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Liberal commission given to agents. Sample copies are given upon request. When changing address give both old and new addresses.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Has your hand learned how to write 1911 without extra help?

We never know, until there comes a change in the regular routine of work, just how much thought and care we are saved by the cunning of our hands.

We have gone far enough in the new year to realize that while enthusiasm and high resolves count for much in the accomplishment of any task we can not dispense with a certain amount of downright hard work and dogged persistence.

Another housewife has expressed herself on the ideal kitchen. Are there not others who have additional ideas on the subject which they are willing to share with their sister housekeepers? Nothing has been said about particular conveniences that some "could not keep house without." And what about the *gude mon* of the house, is he to be *allowed,* or made to feel welcome, to occupy the easy chair by the corner conservatory sometimes?

This week we are publishing a very interesting article on "The Lights of Long Ago," made all the more interesting by the excellent illustrations accompanying it. This will be followed by "Cooking in the Old Log Cabin" and "Home-made Clothing and Fancy Work of Other Days." These will also be illustrated with photographs taken by the author. These articles and their illustrations will make strong appeals to the memories of some of our readers and we will be glad to have them write us what they know of such old-time conveniences, etc.

We heartily endorse the suggestions of a writer in a recent Inglenook on keeping tab, and trust that many of our readers, who have heretofore neglected this important matter, are starting out in the new year with a good-sized account book, determined to know where they are *at* during the year. We say a good-sized book, because while you may not need many figures to keep track of your business, you will want to do more than simply enter dry figures. It will be of interest later on to note also the condition of your work at various stages, the temperature of the weather, rainfall and interesting happenings that affect you in one way or another. These need not be written down every day, but may be noted with little extra trouble when entering expenses or receipts. In later years you will often find yourself referring to these accounts with a good deal of satisfaction.

NOT EASILY SCARED.

Sometimes the friends and advocates of peace become well-nigh disheartened when they see the nations continue in their mad race to outdo each other in making preparations for war. The "war scares" that are hatched now and then in the brain of some man whose bugaboo imagination has clung to him instead of dying out, as it should, when he left childhood, only seem to add to this disheartenment. But, if given a second thought, the majority of these war scares so-called really are an encouragement to the cause of peace and give us a pretty true idea of the hold it has upon the people.

Take, for instance, the scare of a few weeks ago. For one or two days there was a good deal of excitement. Then the sober second thought began to weigh and sift the matter and soon everybody was laughing at everybody else that even repeated the report, and finally the absurdity of the scare became so obvious that the instigators began to grow uncomfortable and each one tried to make out that it was the other fellow who first hollowed "Bear!" Plainly the bugaboo *men* are getting scarce and what is more encouraging still, they are growing decidedly unpopular. May the time speedily come when we will not only be ashamed to *talk* war but we will be ashamed to buy and care for the *munitions* of war that can mean only murder and hatred for our fellow-men!

IT PAYS TO SMILE.

A policeman in Chicago believes the above statement to be literally true. Day in and day out he stands at the intersection of two prominent thoroughfares to look after the traffic and each holiday season he carries home rich remembrances—many of them gold coin—from people who have passed that way hundreds of times during the year. He believes that he is thus kindly remembered because of his unfailing good hu-

mor and genial smile, and evidently he has reason for so believing, for many say in plain words that their gift is for "the smiling officer."

But while the smiling officer appreciates this sort of remembrance, he is not below a deep appreciation of those that cannot be expressed in money. For instance, he cherishes the testimony of the man who said the policeman was responsible for his keeping sober. "I've quit drinking," he said, "and I come over this bridge every morning just to get a glimpse of your phiz, because that grin of yours is better than a cocktail."

With all the teaching we get as to the value of little things, it is to be doubted whether many of us justly appreciate them unless we are brought face to face with some such example of their potency as the above. Of course it would be folly to attempt to accomplish so much with a made-to-order smile, such as some people wear; they are enough to drive one to drink or something equally as bad. But there is no reason why we may not have the genuine kind,—the reflection of a heart of good will and cheer,—and then by making extravagant use of it put to rout discouragement, hopelessness and despair which have their way entirely too much in this old world.

Some people, if they smile at all, reserve their smiles for the children. By all means let the children find smiles on your face; they belong to them, but they belong, too, to the grown-ups—to the women with heavy cares and the men weighted down with business. It was such people who sought out the policeman with some expression of appreciation. They are never too busy to catch the inspiration of the genuine smile.

DEAR HORSE-SHOEING.

In the INGLENOOK of Jan. 3 in giving the problem of a blacksmith shoeing a farmer's horse according to a certain agreement, we promised to publish the first correct answer to reach us. In doing this we had some idea as to how much work we were laying out for ourselves, for we would have to work the problem in order to know which answer was correct, but we failed to consider the fact that the number of grains in a bushel would vary, according to the variety of corn and that it would not be possible to say that a certain number of bushels was the correct answer and all others incorrect. So we are going to print all the answers that have reached us up to the time of this writing, though we are sure some of them have made one or more mistakes in their solution, and their answers are therefore far from correct.

The formula is $S=\frac{ar^n-a}{r-1}$

Substituting the numbers we have $\frac{1\times 2^{64}-1}{2-1}$ or $2^{64}-1$

Estimations of number of grains in a bushel were 57,600; 63,456; 66,304; and 72,050. (We presume ordinary corn was used and not the kind carried around for exhibition by some land agents.) The one using 66,304 for number of grains in a bushel obtained it by counting the number of grains in one pound of corn, and then multiplying it by 56, the number of pounds in a bushel.

Ressie Fike, Girard, Ill., 278,861,289,950,404 bushels.
Ernest Hill, Quinter, Kans., 1,033,762,158,577 bushels.
Lee W. Thompson, Lincoln, Nebr., 34,776,831,099,386+ bushels.
J. Anson Wilhelm, Lebanon, Pa., 67,684+ bushels.
Iva Metzger, Rossville, Ind., 256,665,889,912,493+ bushels,
S. J. Swigart, Lewistown, Pa., 115,234,533,194+ bushels.
Wilbur C. Bosserman, Bryan, Ohio, 320,255,973,501,902 bushels.

According to our solution the answer is in hundred trillions—very near the first given above.

We are much pleased with the interest and promptness shown and assign the following as the next lesson for the arithmetic class:

"Drugs are bought and sold at wholesale by avoirdupois weight, but retailed by apothecaries' weight. If a druggist should sell at the same price per ounce at which he buys what per cent profit would he have?"

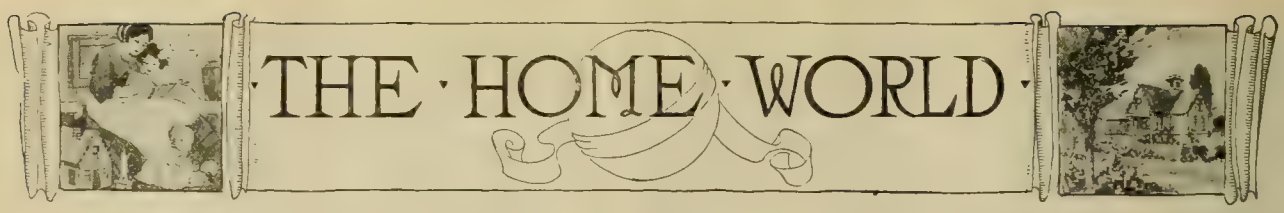
CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from Page 59.)

He who receives the vision and ignores the collection shall soon lose the vision. In brief, faith and works are inseparable. Love and its expression are parts of a harmonious whole. And where the love is genuine the expression will not be wanting.

There is a colored church in New Orleans which has three rules posted up in the vestibule. First, everybody must give something; second everybody must give according to his ability; third everybody must give cheerfully. On one occasion the collection was being taken in the usual way, all singing and marching past a table in front of the altar, where they deposited their offerings, when a well-to-do but penurious brother laid down a ten-cent piece. The old colored preacher, seeing it, shouted, "Stop your singing and marching!" and then addressed the brother who had given the dime, saying, "That am according to the first rule, but not de second." The offending brother took up the dime and threw down a dollar, saying in a crusty tone "Take dhat!" "Brother," said the preacher, "dat am according to de second rule but not de third." The brother seeing the point, took up the dollar and laid down a five-dollar gold piece, and with a meek voice said, "Take that in the name of the Lord." Whereupon the delighted pastor shouted, "Go on with yer singin'! go on with yer marchin'! dat am accordin' to all the rules!"

"Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."



The Lights of Long Ago

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

A CENTURY or more ago when our sturdy ancestors were wrestling with the problems that confronted the pioneers of that early day, they used many methods in their housekeeping that are but a memory to the oldest inhabitants, and the present generation knows them only by tradition. It will not be many years until the knowledge of the early methods of lighting the houses will have passed away with those who now possess it, and it will be lost to history.

The lamp is supposed to have been the earliest method of lighting, the most simple form being a discarded saucer filled with grease of some kind in which a twisted cotton rag was placed and lighted. The first real lamps were molded after the old Roman lamps and called "Betty-lamps." "They were small, shallow receptacles, two or three inches in diameter and about an inch in depth; rectangular, oval, round, or triangular in shape, with a projecting nose or spout an inch or two long." These lamps were supplied with hook and spike by which they were hung on nails in the wall or on the rounds of the back of the chair; a small pick was attached to the lamp by a short chain for the purpose of cleaning out the nose of the lamp. They were filled with any sort of grease at hand, while a piece of cotton rag or coarse wick was twisted and so placed that, when lighted, the end hung out on the nose.



Phebe-lamp, Betty-lamp, and Whale-oil-lamp. Photographed by Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Another form of lamp was made with a nose at either side, and two wicks were used. These were called "Phebe-lamps." A lamp made of tin was in the form of a candlestick with a tin cup attachment. The stem was soldered to a saucer-shaped bottom, and the cup was fastened to the top of the stem. A broad lip was fastened inside the cup in which was a spout for the wick. This lip prevented the melted grease from dripping. This was a great improvement over the Betty-lamps and Phebe-lamps which were constantly dripping dirty, melted grease. When the candles gave out, a small cup-shaped lamp was attached to the candlestick by a short tube fastened to the bottom of the lamp. This tube was inserted in the stem of the candlestick, making the whole solid and secure.

Pewter was much used for lamps as well as for many other household utensils. Whale-oil lamps were almost universally made of this metal. Glass lamps shared the popularity of the pewter one for camphene and burning fluid. Camphene is rectified oil of turpentine, and burning fluid is a mixture of camphene and alcohol, in the proportion of nine pints of sixty-eight per cent alcohol to one quart of camphene. Both were used as illuminants before the introduction of petroleum. They were of doubtful utility because of the inflammable character of the fluids under certain conditions.

Tallow dips or candles were also in common use. The winter's supply of "dips" was one of the autumn tasks of the housewife. Two large kettles were hung over the fire and half filled with water and melted tallow. To small sticks, fifteen or eighteen inches in length, called candle-rods were carefully attached lengths of candlewick. The wicks were doubled and twisted, the middle forming a loop through which the candle-rod was slipped. Several of these wicks were put on one rod and, while holding the rod in the hand, the rows of wicks were dipped in the melted tallow and placed on the backs of two chairs to cool, the backs being turned toward each other. When a great many candles were to be made, two long poles were laid parallel and supported at each end. These were used to hold the candle-rods instead of the chairs. The candles were dipped and cooled in regular order until they grew to the proper size. The work required careful watching and a large stock of patience. If the

process was hurried by cooling too fast, the resulting candles were brittle and often cracked, rendering them useless.

ness Extinguishers were cone-shaped pieces of metal used to drop over the burning candle, thus putting out the flame.



Candlesticks, Extinguisher, Snuffers and Lard-oil Lamps. Photographed by Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Finally candles were made in tin or pewter molds, which held from four to a dozen candles. A small rod, as in the case of the dipped candles, was passed through the loops of wicks, each end resting on a narrow rim that surrounded the group of moulds. Each wick was run through a mold and pulled through a small hole in the slanting end, and tied in a knot to hold the wick firmly. The rods and wicks were then carefully adjusted, so that the wicks were exactly in the center of the moulds. If the wicks were not as straight as a die, the candles would be lop-sided and unsightly. Melted tallow was poured around the wicks until the moulds were full, when they were set away to cool. When perfectly cold the knots were cut, the moulds slightly warmed, and the candles withdrawn ready for use.

There were those in pioneer days as well as now, who thought the old ways the best. It is said that two old deacons almost came to blows in a dispute over the relative merits of "dips" and candles.

Candle-boxes were made in which the candles were stored and kept in some dark place to prevent them from becoming yellow and otherwise discolored. Candlesticks of various patterns and made of different kinds of metals were used to hold the candles when in use. As the candle burned and the charred wick lengthened, the light became dim. Snuffers were used to clip off the charred wick, when the light would be restored to its original bright-

WORRYING ALL THE TIME.

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife, "pretty well, if only 'twasn't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doin' well; but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger ones is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise



Lamps for Camphene and Burning-fluid. Photographed by Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Car'line. No'm, there's nothin' special the matter with any of them now, and the truck has done fine this

year. Mother haint had a touch of her rheumatism all summer, and she'd be pretty well off it wasn't for worryin.' Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she aint got faith to b'lieve he's to be trusted with the children."—*Wellspring.*

AT REST.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

He is at rest, his spirit, called
To heavenly realms above;
Where pain and sorrow are no more,
But everlasting love,
Will closely bind his spirit to
His loved ones here on earth,
Whose memories of his pure life
Far more than gold are worth.

His tender heart was full of love
And kindness for mankind;
In making brighter other lives,
His pleasure, he would find.
He boasted not of deeds he did,
And no one ever knew
Of half the many kindly things,
For others, he would do.

None knew of half the pain concealed
Behind his loving smile;
While cheerful he would try to seem,
Though suffering the while.
He only wished to pleasure give,
To those he loved so well;
And of his pain and trials of life
He did not like to tell.

His greatest joy of life was love,
And well he lived its creed;
And found the perfect happiness
That every soul will need.
Would more but follow in the way
He always tried to live;
How much more happiness and joy,
To others, they would give.

His home on earth, like paradise,
Had always seemed to be;
And how he loved, when each night came,
His loved ones, there, to see.
Could all the homes be as was his,
So filled with happiness;
How much it would improve the world,
And all mankind would bless!

His life's work o'er and now at rest,
He waits in realms beyond;
To welcome home the loving souls
Of whom he was so fond.
His spirit in their hearts will live
Through all eternity;
Its presence they will seem to feel,
Though not his face they see.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"EQUAL parts of turpentine, linseed oil and vinegar make a splendid polish for furniture."

WHAT IS THE GREATEST OCCUPATION?

THE greatest occupation in the world is the raising of children. The greatness of it you won't deny, if you think a little. Other interests of men deal with the present, but to raise children is to make the future. The products men manufacture, the commodities they trade in, are goods perishable; the children they raise are immortal.

But it's the word "occupation" that sounds fantastic here. It seems affectation thus to speak of parenthood and home life.

Ask a man what his occupation is, and he will tell you how he earns his living. To our ordinary thinking the way a man makes money must most "occupy" him.

Other things come in subordinately—the children included. Saying this isn't accusing a father of not loving his children. It's just to describe his way of thinking of them.

To most fathers the children are incidents. They are loved; they will be faithfully provided with the good things of life; but nevertheless they are factors aside from the main career of a man. Business is considered the main trunk of life; home and family, its pleasant branches.

Men say that they want to succeed for their children, but they seldom get the idea that the biggest success would be to succeed in their children—that raising a family is a career, and not the mere supplement of a career.

Even mothers do not catch this thought usually as might be expected of them. Perhaps the majority regard themselves as housekeepers first of all, and child raisers only secondarily. They are wives by choice and mothers by fate. Their days of limitation are now when the children require much; their days of freedom are ahead when, grown up, the sons and daughters will require little.

A sadly considerable minority of mothers even rate their alleged "social duties" as more of a privilege than the raising of their children, and chafe when the necessities of the little folks interfere with their enjoyment of the fellowship of their friends.

It is the logical result of such an estimation that the obligations of father and mother to the children are all regarded possible to be discharged by proxy. In fact many people think these obligations better discharged by proxy if "experienced persons" can be employed.

Many men consider that the very best thing a father can do for his children is, by all-absorbing attention to his business, to make so much money for them that he can buy them every "advantage" conceivable.

But the conclusion is false because the premise is false. Its valuation of employments and results is all wrong. The man who makes money wherewith to pay

another man to train his boy has taken the meaner part of life to himself and given the other man the joy of all nobler part—and has cheated his boy out of a father into the bargain.

The woman who hires somebody to take care of the children while she "goes into society" has traded the royal for the beggarly. The woman too poor to delegate her motherhood is perforce tied up to royal prerogatives.

But even the poorest may commit the like folly with the rich. Wherever any father or mother is paying more profound and serious attention to any other concern than to the raising of the children—the father's daily toil and the mother's daily household cares not excepted—there is a vital misvaluation of life.

The big purpose therefore of this writing is to insist that it is not a grotesque play on words or a daring figure of speech but a sober and literal statement of plain truth when child-raising is described as an "occupation."

No husband and wife are fulfilling the measure of their bounden obligations to their children until they have deliberately adopted the children's preparation for life as their superlative business in the world.

This fact straight, other interests become the incidentals. There will be a place found for them, never fear; a place for industrious pursuit of a livelihood, a place for cultivation of friendly fellowship, a place for the tasks of the church. But with the right thing on top there will be no more place for the topsy-turviness by which the children are so often covered out of sight below other interests not worthy to be compared for a moment.

The parent who undertakes the raising of his child as his principal business will find that like any other business it takes time.

It is a long road that must be followed with infinite patience which finally leads back into the secret places where the real child lives. One must get there if he serves the child, but he must go most respectfully, softly, sympathetically, putting himself literally and more and more into the child's place.

Jesus said that a man could not enter into the kingdom of heaven until he became as a little child.

It is very certain that until one becomes as a little child, one cannot enter into the true empire of parenthood.—*Interior.*

THE WHITE CELLS AND HOW TO GET THEM.

For a long time scientists did not understand the use of the white cells of the blood. In the ordinary blood of healthy people unaffected with disease, the blood count under the microscope shows between four and five thousand per cubic millimeter but if disease threatens, as for instance tuberculosis, the white cells are multiplied because they are the little soldiers which are marshalled by the body to kill or drive out the invading microbes.

These white cells then are the most valuable asset we possess, because they form a barrier which stands up between us and death. Exposure to cold, as for instance a cold bath, causes these white cells to multiply.

If a person takes a short hot bath and follows this by a cold bath, half an hour afterward the blood will be found to have 30 per cent more of these white cells than before the bath. The same effect is produced by cold air. That is why staying out doors is so beneficial in pneumonia.

In New York hospitals they arrange places on the roofs, where in the very coldest weather they keep their pneumonia patients. There are babies not more than two years old, bundled up with hot water bags and furs to keep them warm, so they can breathe the cold air, and nurses wrapped in furs with them.

The white cells are so numerous in pneumonia that we can almost diagnose this disease from that fact. For instance, if a person has 7,000 in a cubic millimeter of blood in a state of health, within two or three hours after being attacked by pneumonia he will have 20,000 white cells, and the next day he will perhaps have 100,000. The rapidity with which these cells grow is amazing. Several billions may be produced within twenty-four hours.

Dr. Kellogg says that if he had a serious disease of any kind he should go out of doors and stay there because the same thing which helps a person with tuberculosis or pneumonia will help them in any other disease.

It is a good thing to sleep in the fresh, cold air at night, because every breath you take into the lungs is a cold bath. We breathe 500 or more times an hour. We have 2,000 square feet of lung surface, under which the blood is circulating, and when we take a breath of cold air we get a cold bath over that 2,000 square feet of lung tissue charged with blood. That is why sleeping in the cold air is so important. Do not forget, winter and summer, *every night,* to throw your windows wide open, so the air can circulate freely through your room. In the daytime get out of doors as much as you can.—*Selected.*

FLETCHERISM.

We have much to learn yet in the business of living properly, and one of the chiefest of these is how to eat. We eat too much, we eat too often, we don't eat the things we ought to eat and we eat those things which we ought not to eat. We eat at the wrong time, we eat too fast and we don't chew our food. Almost

every ill known in the category of disease can be laid to bad digestion. A sluggish liver is responsible for much misery and many crimes.

Fletcherism is merely the very rational theory which is also voiced in an old nursery rhyme, to "Eat when you are hun-ger-y, and drink when you are dry."

Fletcherism is the following of Mr. Fletcher's idea that if we would obey the dictate of nature and eat only when we are hungry and then chew our food thoroughly, we should avoid most of the ills to which we are not heir but which we ignorantly and wilfully invite. He does not believe that it is at all necessary to eat three meals a day unless we are decidedly hungry three times a day. Skipping one meal or two meals or three meals will do no harm and oftentimes is more effective in curing an ill than medicine would be.

In a large family this waiting until each was hungry enough to want a square meal might prove embarrassing if not decidedly inconvenient to the one who had the preparing of the meals, therefore the most consistent working plan of Fletcherism is to make the meals simpler, and let those who are not hungry go without eating until the next meal when they are. Two extremely simple meals a day with one hearty one is far better than three hearty meals. Only the severest manual labor can take care of the digestion of more than one hearty meal, and this one should be at the close of the day when one can rest quietly afterward.

Simpler meals and less would revolutionize housework; it would mean less cooking, fewer dishes, and simplified expenses. It is worth trying.—*American Motherhood.*

The Children's Corner

WORDS AND FACES.

Cousin Albert was visiting his cousins, Elsie and Claire. He was a quiet, thoughtful boy, with a temper that did not easily ruffle. This was a good thing, for both little girls were quick to take offence, and I am afraid they would have had frequent little quarrels if Albert had not known how to smooth out things.

But one morning Albert wrote a letter to his mother, and accidentally overturned the ink-stand. He righted it quickly, and sopped up the ink with his own pretty blotter, but Elsie's doll's dress and Claire's new embroidered sunbonnet, that were lying on the table, each received a blotch. Albert apologized like a little gentleman, and was really grieved because of his carelessness, but Elsie snatched her doll away, with words that were at least impolite and unkind. Claire said nothing, but it was a dark little face that bent over the injured sunbonnet.

That evening, when mama was alone with the sisters in the library, Albert, who was looking at a post-card album in the next room, overheard her gently reproving Elsie for her angry words of the morning. The little girl was penitent and tearful.

Albert fidgeted over his pictures, turned the leaves heedlessly, all unknowing what he saw. Finally he jumped up, and dashed into the library.

"I couldn't help hearing!" he began. "O Aunt Eunice, please don't blame Elsie! She was sorry the next minute for what she said, and she told me so, and she's been just as sweet all day as she could be. I'm the one that ought to be scolded!"

"But Elsie was very impolite," said Claire, scowling across at the smaller sister.

"My!" exclaimed Albert, forgetful of his own courtesy in the desire to shield Elsie. "She wasn't half so bad as you!"

"Why, Albert Crane," cried Claire, her face growing suddenly red. "I never said one word!"

"No, you didn't say anything," returned her cousin; "but you looked a whole lot of mad, and you've kept it up all day long!"

Poor Claire! Albert had spoken the truth, and spoken it very plainly, and for a minute she was overwhelmed with anger and mortification. Then she broke into a flood of tears.

The little lad was greatly distressed at the effect of his words, and at once begged to be forgiven.

"Albert is right," mama said, gently. "It is about as bad—sometimes even worse—to look cross as to speak cross words, only I am afraid we are not apt to think so much about the anger that shows itself only in a dark and sullen face. If we could only train our hearts not to cherish a particle of bitter feeling towards others, then our faces would be as pleasant and happy as our words. A good way to bring this about is to see to it that our hearts are so full of love that there will be no room for the least bit of anger or resentment."

And Claire slipped her hand into Albert's, as much as to say, "I'm going to try always to look pleasant after this."—*Zion's Herald.*

DAINTIES FROM THE DEEP.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

In the past few years we have heard so much of the Japanese and have so learned to admire them and their achievements that even the most trifling details of their national and everyday life are invested with interest.

A man's or a nation's method of attainment, where that method has led to marked success, is closely

scanned, and we naturally connect the food of men and nations with result as part of their "method."

For this reason we note that the Japanese are not only copious and frequent drinkers of water, but are also great eaters of fish. The geographical situation of the healthful, long-enduring islanders accounts primarily for the latter fact, and though we cannot go too far and claim direct results in cleverness attributal only to pronounced quality or elements of fish diet, yet we do know that what they are proves much concerning the fitness of their food and their use of such food.

A Convenient Fish Chowder.

This is made without the traditional salt pork and, containing fish, potatoes and vegetables, as it does, will serve as a whole meal in itself. Prepare a large onion and three or four potatoes by peeling and cutting up (separately), mincing fine the onion. Also have ready a pound or so of fish cut up or flaked. Place first a layer of potatoes in the kettle to be used and alternate with the fish and onion, having the top layer of potatoes. Also add a good pinch of salt and pepper and some celery seed. A half can of tomatoes may be poured over this as well as the necessary pint of boiling water. Cook over moderate heat, but do not stir. When the potatoes are well cooked the chowder will be done, then pour over it a pint of hot milk and let all heat through a few minutes. The chowder may be slightly thickened with flour or crackers after pouring on the milk. Just before serving add bits of butter. Many people think a dash of catsup an addition while others prefer a sprinkling of parsley or thyme.

Finnan Haddie.

Remove fins, tail and skin, loosening the skin at edges and pulling first from tail end. Put in half lengthwise and lay in saucepan. Pour over it boiling water and simmer eight minutes, then drain and add fresh water; simmer ten minues longer, drain and add a cup of milk. When the milk boils remove the fish to serving platter, add a lump of butter to the milk and when butter has melted pour together over the fish for serving.

A Little Oyster Stew.

Drain and strain the liquor from oysters and heat it in a saucepan with a cup of hot water, a small onion and a stalk of celery cut up; simmer a few minutes, drain off the vegetables and drop the oysters into the liquor. Let them cook about six minutes, then add for each pint of oysters a pint of milk heated to boiling point. As it cooks up stir in a teaspoonful of flour and dessertspoonful of butter rubbed smooth together, stir well for two minutes and serve.

Planked Fish.

Have a well-seasoned, hardwood plank an inch and a half through, for planking fish. Heat it well before placing the fish upon it, skin side toward the wood and fasten it with a few tacks. Cook before an open fire, or on the broiler of a gas stove, the shelf of a coal stove will answer at a pinch. Baste the fish often with butter and cook twenty minutes. When done serve with sliced lemon, parsley and a border of "potato roses," seasoning just at the last with pepper and salt.

Fancy Roast or Panned Oysters.

For five or six squares of toast a pint of oysters will be sufficient. Drain oysters and place in saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of butter (no water). Cook eight minutes or till oysters seem plump and the edges curl, then season them and place on the prepared toast.

MEXICAN CANDY.

MATERIALS.—Two cups of brown sugar and one cup of granulated sugar, one-half of a cup of cream, and two tablespoons of water, a tablespoon of butter and one pound of pecans.

WAY OF PREPARING.—Place the sugar, cream, and water in a saucepan, bring to the boiling point, and cook without stirring to the soft ball stage. Remove from the fire and add the butter and one teaspoon of vanilla extract. Let stand for three minutes, then beat until it begins to thicken. Add the pecans, which have been coarsely chopped. Form into round cakes on an oiled baking sheet and place a whole nut in the center of each if desired.—*Selected.*

[If the pecans are soaked in water for awhile they can be taken from the shells much more easily.—EDITOR.]

VEGETABLE HELPS.

TOMATOES stimulate the action of the liver.

Lettuce for tired nerves. Carrots form blood and purify the skin.

Spinach, one of the most valuable of vegetables, contains salts of potassium and iron.

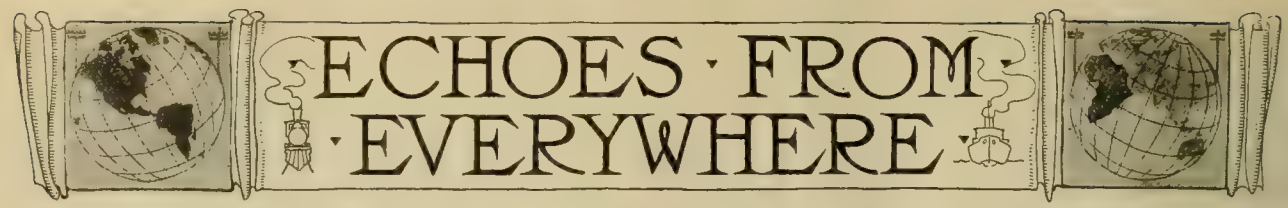
Potatoes, salts of potash.

Asparagus benefits the kidneys, celery for rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous disorders.

Turnips, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, water cress and horseradish contain sulphur, purifying the blood.

Beets and turnips improve the appetite. Parsley, mustard, cowslip, horseradish, dock, dandelion and beet tops clear the blood, regulate the system and improve that tired feeling.—*Exchange.*

"SIFTED coal ashes, mixed with a little vinegar, make a splendid mixture for polishing faucets, brass kettles and the like."



Liquor caused 258 out of 630 homicides in Alabama during the two years ended September 30 last, according to the biennial report of Attorney General Alex. M. Gerber. During the previous two years liquor caused 348 out of 656 killings.

The authorities of the Japan-British Exhibition in London have awarded to Louis Brennan for his gyroscopic monorail invention the Grand Prize, which is the highest award given in connection with this exhibition. The Brennan gyroscopic car was the first car of practical dimensions to maintain its equilibrium while running upon a single rail.

Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama has been elected vice president of the National Reform association at a meeting of the sub-committee appointed at the annual meeting last fall. The committee decided to call a convention for the latter part of February at Harrisburg, Pa., to urge the amendment of the school code of Pennsylvania so that the section pertaining to religion shall not be construed to mean the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools.

There will be 42 more representatives in the sixty-second Congress than there are in the sixty-first. The reapportionment bill prepared by Representative Crumpacker, chairman of the house committee on census, provides that the membership of the next house will be 433. The present membership is 391. The ratio of population as fixed by the new bill is 211,800. By setting this ratio, none of the States will lose any of their representatives. It is declared that this provision will avert the fight which has been threatened over the bill.

According to the Insurance Age, the work of railroad trainmen is not the most dangerous occupation. It seems that the highest percentage of fatality is found among the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, where it is nearly twelve per cent of the total number employed. For the decade ending in 1907, the mortality percentage among railway men was about 8 per cent. The number of deaths due to accidents of occupation among all wage earners annually is between thirty and thirty-five thousand; the non-fatal accidents exceed two millions.

Announcement has been made that Andrew Carnegie has established a hero fund for Germany similar to those in America, England and France, endowing it with 5,000,000 marks ($1,187,500). Emperor William is enthusiastic over the project and readily became a patron of the institution. The emperor has forwarded a warm letter of appreciation and thanks to the American steel millionaire. A committee of 12 appointed by the kaiser, will manage the fund and special agents will be appointed to investigate all cases of heroism in the empire. As was done when the French and English hero commissions were established, the American head of the hero fund probably will go to Berlin to place the work upon an American basis.

Advices have been received by the postoffice department to the effect that postmasters in all parts of the country are being approached by persons who do not understand that postal savings banks are now limited to one bank in each State of the Union and who are desirous of making deposits. Even the Washington headquarters of the department has been asked to accept deposits.

The government of Honduras has issued orders declaring that resident and visiting Americans there will not be allowed on the streets after dark. The order is enforced by armed guards placed about the residences of Americans and hotels occupied by men from the States. While it is explained in the order that the government takes precautions to protect Americans from possible molestation by roaming bands stirring up revolution, it is known that the edict was inspired by fear that among the Americans there are promoters conspiring against the Davila government.

Representative Longworth of Ohio has introduced in the House the administration bill providing for a permanent tariff commission. The measure was referred to the committee on ways and means, and probably will be reported before February 1. It provides for an appropriation of $250,000 with five commissioners to serve six-year terms, with salaries of $7,500 a year. If enacted the bill will become effective July 1 of the present year. The bill does not vest the proposed commission with any powers beyond that of the temporary tariff board now conducting investigations.

Secretary MacVeagh's plan to stop coinage of gold and permit the treasury to issue gold certificates against gold bullion and foreign gold, promises to become law at this session of Congress. Secretary MacVeagh has written a letter to Senator Aldrich suggesting a bill, and Mr. Aldrich has asked him to appear before the Senate finance committee and explain the plan fully. Under the present law the mint spends $300,000 to $400,000 a year stamping gold bullion into coin, which is then stacked away in vaults, while gold certificates representing it circulate.

England is making an energetic fight against consumption. According to recent consular advices from Bradford another sanitarium like that in Westmoreland, where a record kept of all of the patients treated, shows that "of those patients who had been out of the institution for more than four years, in some cases ten years, 44 per cent were today in full vigor and strength, and thoroughly cured. Of the cases treated in which the disease was partially advanced, 60 per cent were now earning their living, and of the cases treated in the early stages of the disease about 90 per cent were now well and vigorous." The new sanitarium is about 30 miles from Bradford, and about 600 feet above sea level. At least 100 patients are to be treated in open-air and other pavillions at the outset, and the maintenance is placed at $6 a week for each patient.

In the course of a recent address on geology and economics, Prof. Kemp, of Columbia University, did not share the pessimistic view of Carnegie and others as to the early failure of the world's iron supply. He considers that, at the present rate of output and percentage of yield, there is an assured supply in this country for about a century. In view of the deposits known to exist in Cuba, Newfoundland, Brazil and elsewhere, and the probability of discoveries of other deposits elsewhere, he estimates that the world's supplies when fully opened up will prove sufficient to last for fifteen hundred years.

An unusually aggressive campaign will be waged by the Pennsylvania Railroad during the present year in warning the public against the dangers of trespassing on its lines. Statistics compiled show that since Jan. 1, 1900, 7,996 persons have been killed while trespassing upon property belonging to the company. This is approximately two a day. Within the same period 7,838 trespassers have been injured. This year tracks will be reposted with warning notices, the enactment of stringent laws will be requested, and every officer and employé of the system will be asked to lend assistance in working to decrease the number of deaths resulting from unlawful entry on the company's property.

Almost one million and a quarter dollars were spent by the Indian bureau during the past fiscal year for the irrigation of Indian lands in Montana, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Washington and Idaho. There are also some important works projected in Arizona, California, Colorado and New Mexico. The amount of money expended to date foots up about $5,000,000, of which $900,000 is reimbursable. It is stated that the problems met by the irrigation engineers in building projects in the North as less difficult than those in the South, the reason being that there is a more abundant supply of water in the former, requiring in many cases only simple gravity canals to divert the water supply on the large areas to sage brush soil.

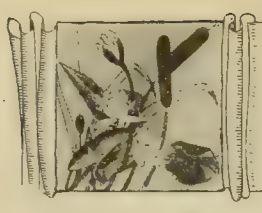
The resignation of Wm. Ellis Corey as president of the billion dollar United States Steel corporation is declared by financial leaders to mark the final triumph of J. Pierpont Morgan in his fight for complete control of the gigantic corporation. With the elimination of President Corey, whose resignation is assured of acceptance by the board of directors on January 25, the last vestige of Andrew Carnegie's influence in the affairs of the company, aside from his enormous bond holdings, is wiped out. Chas. M. Schwab, whom Corey succeeded as president seven years ago, was a Carnegie man, as is Mr. Corey, both being members of Mr. Carnegie's "forty young partners," all of whom became multimillionaires through the formation of the steel trust.

President Taft has consented to become honorary president of the $10,000,000 international peace foundation which has been presented to a board of trustees composed of men of international reputation by Andrew Carnegie. The gift is in the form of 5 per cent mortgage bonds which have a market value of $11,500,000 The transfer was made at a meeting in the rooms of the Carnegie research foundation. The trustees chose Senator Elihu Root of New York their president. Senator Root is also permanent representative of the United States at The Hague tribunal. The income of the $10,000,000, which will amount to at least $500,000 a year under the terms of the gift, will be devoted to the furtherance of peace projects the world over.

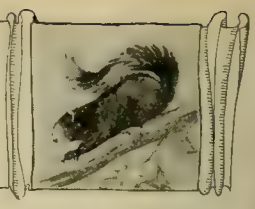
Larger imports, larger exports of manufacturers, and smaller exports of foodstuffs are the principal characteristics of the foreign trade of the United States in 1910. Imports will show the largest total on record, exports of manufacturers will be larger than ever before, exports of foodstuffs will show a smaller value than for many years and probably a smaller percentage of the total exports than in any year of the past quarter of a century. These statements are based upon returns for 11 months, the latest period for which details have been completed by the bureau of statistics, department of commerce and labor. Exports of foodstuffs will probably be between 335 and 340 million dollars; last year they were 401 million dollars. Manufacturers' raw materials seem likely to exceed by 65 million dollars such exports last year. Manufactures, including both those ready for consumption and those for further use in manufacturing, will probably be 820 million dollars, against 721 million last year, about two-thirds of the gain of 100 million occurring in finished manufactures.

The action of the supreme court of the United States in declaring constitutional the bank guaranty laws of the States of Oklahoma, Nebraska and Kansas has aroused considerable speculation as to the course which national banks in those States will pursue. The court also upheld the freedom of the press by affirming the judgment of the lower court in the Panama libel case, brought under the direction of former President Roosevelt against the New York World and the Indianapolis News. It likewise declared constitutional the Carmack amendment to the interstate commerce act, making the receiving carrier liable to injury for shipments through the negligence of connecting roads. The Alabama contract labor law was held unconstitutional in that, in effect, it permits imprisonment for debt. The law imposes a fine and imprisonment upon laborers who receive an advance in money and then fail to work out the full term of their contract. The government won its hard-fought Idaho timber land case, and titles to hundreds of thousands of acres in Kentucky were affected by a decision against the Eastern Kentucky Land corporation, which claimed the property under the so-called Virginia grants.

Gifford and Amos Pinchot have laid before President Taft an important brief about the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska, charging in effect that the Cunningham entries were made in pursuance of a fraudulent plan to acquire for a single association public coal lands in Alaska greatly in excess of the amount allowed by law. The law allowed an individual to take not more than 160 acres and an association not more than 640 acres. The area embraced in the Cunningham claims is approximately 5,280 acres. It is charged that the device employed was to have each member of the association enter a claim in his own name and make an oath that he did so for his own sole use and benefit, whereas all the members were acting under an agreement that when titles were secured the claims should be consolidated into one property and operated for the joint benefit of all in equal shares. The Cunningham coal claims cover, it is alleged, a nearly rectangular area running about four miles east and west, by two miles north and south. Their value has been conservatively estimated at $25,000,000, and the brief asserts that the Cunningham claimants, if they secure patents, will be in position to establish, in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Co. and the Guggenheim Exploration company, a virtual monopoly of coal production in Alaska.



NATURE STUDIES



Roaches

John H. Nowlan

THE roach is one of the commonest of the insects found in our houses, and perhaps, excepting the offensive bedbug, is the most hated. The ancients called them *lucifuga,* from their habit of shunning the light. The common English name for the domestic species is *black beetle,* but in this country the name *roach* or *cockroach* is applied to all the domestic species.

The roaches belong to a family that to this day is well represented, namely Blattidæ, but fortunately for the housekeeper few of them have become domesticated. Four or five are found in houses in temperate climates and a few are found wild in the woods; but in the tropics they are in their glory. Here they occur in great numbers and revel in all the changes of shape, color and size; one species expanding more than six inches.

Although cold weather will kill them when caught unprepared, yet under favorable conditions they multiply rapidly in the high latitudes, one species being found in the huts of the Laplanders where they sometimes entirely devour the dried fish put away for winter.

About one thousand species have been collected and preserved, and there are perhaps five times as many to be found at the present time in all parts of the world.

Numerous as this seems to us, it is small in comparison with the number that perhaps at one time existed on the earth. The roach is one of the most ancient insects, fossil remains being found in abundance in the early coal formation, ages before the appearance of the commoner forms of insect life as we know them today. The carboniferous age might properly be called the age of cockroaches, the moisture and warmth being favorable for the development of this family as well as for plant growth.

Of the kinds met in houses, the commoner ones are thought to have come one from Asia, one from Australia, and one from tropical America. Seldom are two of these species to be found in the same house and often even in the same neighborhood, while another a different species may be the commoner one. This is accounted for by the fact that they are omnivorous and to some extent cannibalistic.

Geologically they are among the oldest insects, yet they have not departed much from the early forms, which is rather unusual.

Their bodies are flattened which enables them to hide in very narrow crevices, and the dark color of their bodies makes them difficult to observe. Besides, their habit of keeping hid during the day often keeps the housekeeper in ignorance of their presence, at least in any great number. But enter the kitchen or pantry suddenly with a light and you may see them in great numbers scurrying to places of concealment.

They are as near omnivorous as any insect we have, for they will eat any kind of animal matter, cereals, and other food products. They also eat woolens, leather, and sometimes gnaw the bindings of books for the sake of the paste.

They stain their runways and the places they frequent with a dark-colored fluid exuded from the mouth, and an oily liquid secreted by the scent glands which are between certain segments of the abdomen; this gives to the places they frequent the characteristic roachy odor, which is sometimes imparted to the food placed near.

As scavengers they may at times be a benefit, eating dead animal matter that may be in places inaccessible to those who would remove it. Another redeeming trait is that when roaches become plentiful the other disagreeable household pest, the bedbug, disappears. This, however, is rather an unpleasant way of getting rid of one pest by accepting another.

The young differ little from the adult in appearance and habits, the chief difference being in size and absence of wings in those species which are winged in the adult state.

In the mode of oviposition they present a peculiar habit. Instead of depositing the eggs separately they are brought together in a horny capsule within the abdomen of the parent. This capsule is carried partly within the body of the parent till the young are ready to leave the case. On hatching they are cared for by the parent, or at least a colony of young is usually in charge of one or more grown individuals. There are various means of ridding the house of them, some being by means of poison, which, however, is not very successful, as they are very wary of poisons; others are fumigation and trapping. There is also a species of ichneumon fly parasitic upon the roach, destroying the egg capsules. The tree toad also eats them and it is said that if placed in the room over night they will clear it of the roaches.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A MARINE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

JOHN S. FERNALD (DECEASED), BELFAST, ME.

An army of porpoises on the march was one of the most interesting sights witnessed by the party of gold hunters on board the bark *William O. Alden* during her voyage, in 1849-50, from Belfast, Maine, to San Francisco. Although nearly sixty years have elapsed, the life habits of these cetaceans have changed but little, if any, and similar marches might be witnessed at the appointed seasons and places at the present day. Unlike their cousins, the seals, and their greater relatives among the marine mammals, the whales, and the salmon, cod, mackerel and other food fishes of the two great oceans, these denizens of the mighty deep have not been hunted very extensively by man, hence their migrations, feeding grounds and breeding places experience little change as the decades roll by.

Mr. Henry J. Woods, one of the "Forty-niners," now of Newton Centre, Mass., made the following entry in his diary of the voyage, the account being the next in order after his report of leaving the island of Juan Fernandez:

"The next day we saw a school of porpoises going the opposite way from us, the army extending on each side as far as the eye could reach. They swam in regular files, like soldiers, each following his file leader, and so intent were they on the business in hand that they paid no attention to us, but simply opened the ranks, by right and left oblique movement, to allow the vessel to pass through and immediately closed up again. We wondered, as we watched them, whether they were a great army, going forth to battle under a brave and skillful leader, or whether they were following a natural instinct in search of food by migration to other feeding grounds."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

While watching a mother robin feeding her spotted-breast youngster on the lawn in front of my house this summer, I noticed the newly-fledged one, which was quite as large as its mother, pick something up from the ground and hold it in its bill. The old one was watching too and apparently did not approve of such forwardness in one of her children, for hopping quickly toward her big baby, she took whatever it had in its bill away from it and at the same time gave it a hard peck on the head, as much as to say, "You stop eating things which you know nothing about, or you will be made ill and get a whipping besides." So, I thought, even baby birds put impossible things in their mouths the same as human babies, and their mothers have to teach them better in order to save them from doing themselves harm. I did not hear the mother robin say "naughty, naughty" and hold up her finger, but no doubt she did so in bird language and sign manual. At any rate, the young one did not try to help itself again while I was watching. This incident made me think that perhaps birds really did teach their young ones the proper food to eat not only by bringing it to them, but by taking away from them things that might be hurtful if they should chance, as this one did, to pick them up by themselves. One seldom hears of wild things eating food that does them harm, but that they sometimes do the following account seems to prove:

Throughout the Southern States, and especially in the far South and Southwest, there grows a handsome shade tree with which those living north of "Mason and Dixon's Line" are for the most part unfamiliar. This tree is known by a number of names, but is usually called the "Chinaberry Tree," as it is supposed to have been brought to this country originally from China or the far East, or the "Umbrella Tree," as it grows in the shape of an open umbrella. In the spring it is covered with most fragrant flowers of a purplish hue which resemble lilac blossoms, and in the autumn there appear in their place large white, or yellowish-white berries that hang in droops not unlike those of our familiar choke-cherries. These berries are let severely alone by all birds that live all the year around where they are found. In fact, nothing eats them and as they are useless to man, they hang on their stems all winter and are black and shriveled when spring comes again and they fall to the ground. A year or so ago, one December day when the leaves had all fallen and left the berries on the Chinaberry trees at the army post of San Antonio, Texas, very conspicuous, a flock of northern robins arrived on their migrating tour. They were very hungry after their long flight; and the berries looked very tempting to them. They knew that cherries in the North, even when they are still white and unripe, are good food for robins; and as they had in all probability never seen Chinaberries, they proceeded to make a hearty meal of them. At the first nibble they must have known that they were not eating cherries, but as the taste was not a disagreeable one they kept on eating for some time. When they had had enough however and tried to fly away, they found much to their surprise and consternation, that they were unable to do so, and first one and then another of the poor little fellows fell to the ground helpless. They did not drop as if they had been shot, but came down quite quietly and after struggling about for a few moments turned over on their backs and stuck their little feet straight up in the air. Their eyes were half closed and they looked as if they were drugged or drunk, and this was really what had happened to them. Fortunately for them, all of the birds that come to the government reservation are protected, and more fortunate still, the wife of one of the officers at the Post was a bird lover; and soon as she saw the plight of the silly robins she knew what they had been

doing and set about gathering them up out of harm's way. In this task she was ably aided by her little fox terrier which she had taught to retrieve. This dog's name was Tramp, and Tramp hunted all over the lawn and among the leaves for fallen robins. He found more than twenty of them, all together, and brought them in one by one to his mistress without hurting them in the least. As he brought them in, they were put into a large market basket which had been lined with soft cloth, and taken into the house. There they lay all night, alive but in a sort of a stupor and unable to move. In the morning they began to wake up and show signs of life, but they kept quiet for some time as if they were afraid to trust themselves, and I have no doubt but that they all had bad headaches and were very sorry for what they had done. As soon as they could fly they were taken out of doors once more and allowed to go free. One by one they flew slowly away, and it was noticeable that they kept well away from the Chinaberry trees. After a while they seemed to have completely recovered their usual spirits and were apparently none the worse for their experience. Whether or not they had any bad effects from their indiscretion, of course I do not know, but I am pretty sure that those particular robins never again ate of the fruit of that forbidden tree.

The botanists call the Chinaberry trees by a very long and unpronounceable name which is very easily forgotten; and the chemists have made of its bark a bad tasting medicine which if taken in large doses by human beings, gives them much the same symptoms as the poor robins seemed to have. It is also known that many berries, if left hanging on the tree for some time after they are ripe, will ferment and form alcohol, so that perhaps the robins were only drunk and not poisoned. In any event, it is just as well when one is where these trees grow, to sit under their fine shade and enjoy the perfume of their fragrant blossoms, but to let the fruit alone even if one is hungry. And, if I knew bird language, I would translate this story and send a copy to every spotted-breast robin that is at this moment hopping about my lawn, so that they might be warned in time and stick to angleworms and cherries as the best food for them to eat.—*L. C. Pardef, M. D., in By the Wayside.*

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

(Continued from Page 57.)

holes drilled into the rock, and also that the charges were set off by electricity. But he had been Aunt Lina's neighbor since he was a baby, and had heard her *how* and *why* very often.

But after that Fred began to use his eyes to better advantage. When he saw a strange bird in the orchard the next day he looked at it closely enough that he was able to describe it when he got into the house. So they looked it up in the bird-book, and found its name and history.

"Oh, you'll qualify for the desert island yet," said Aunt Lina.

Fred watched the building of the new house, too, so that he could have told how to go about building another. He could take a walk through the streets and fields and woods, and come back and tell what he had seen. Can you?

When the summer was nearly over Fred said one day: "Aunt Lina, why do you want a fellow to look at things so sharply? It's lots of fun, but I wonder if there is any other why to it."

"Well, Fred, I'm glad to see that you are getting around to the whys," said Aunt Lina. "There are several to this. The fun is one of them. Life is much happier and fuller if we've learned to see all there is in it as we go along. We'll never find the time to mope, and say life is uninteresting, if we have learned to observe closely. Then for another why, all you boys and girls are growing up, and must soon go out to do your share of the world's work. Some people make a failure of the whole thing. They are usually the half-asleep ones. Why, boys and girls that haven't learned to observe actually stumble against opportunities that are lying in their way, and they never see them at all. So in order that you may find your life-work, and do it in the best possible way, I want you to learn to observe. Then I believe the power of close observation keeps boys and girls from very much wrong-doing and misery. For instance, you wouldn't find a really observing young person taking up the smoking habit. He would know too much of the effects of it. There are some other whys that will come to you as you get older."

"Those are good enough ones for me," said Fred, "I'm going to observe twice as closely after this."—*Elsie Vernon, in Christian Standard.*

Respectfully Referred to G. P.—Two ladies in the observation-car of a train passing through the famous Gallatin Valley in Montana were discussing the methods by which the soil was made to produce.

"They must irrigate," one of them suggested.

"No," the other replied; "it's dry-farming."

"What's that?"

The wise lady looked pained at her companion's ignorance.

"It's the conservation of the national rainfall," she answered.—November Lippincott's.

Out or In.—"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment-house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah! then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Catholic Standard.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. January 24, 1911. No. 4.

DENIAL OF JUSTICE

F. G. Horner

AMONG the problems that are constantly clamoring for attention, there is one which, while among the most difficult, presents a refreshing contrast to most of the others. In almost every field of remedial agitation the dominant element is the moral crusading, the denunciation of selfishness and turpitude, and the exposure of corruption or dishonesty.

These are important, I grant you, but there is another evil which is affecting the very vital principles upon which our constitution was founded.

When the cruel hand of Great Britain forced upon the colonists measures which they thought were unjust, then it was that they all rose in revolt against such injustice and not until many lives had been sacrificed to the cause were the colonists able to declare that liberty, equality and justice should be established and maintained.

It was the purpose of the founders of the constitution to incorporate therein these principles and further, to provide means whereby they might be carried out. To establish and maintain this justice they formed the famous court tribunals which were distributed throughout the land. To these tribunals all could go to have their rights as citizens maintained, to have their individual differences settled, and, in fact, to have justice dealt out to them in every way.

But from these courts which were then held so sacred, we have developed a system very abnormal in its relation to rich and poor.

A glance at the inferior courts of today reveals to us the fact that the poor man is no longer able to come to the courts for justice. If he does not possess a small fortune, he cannot employ a competent attorney and so is deprived of his rights as a citizen or if he should have means to carry on a suit against the defendant, probably the defendant will be more eager to spend on the trial than he, and by a continued series of appeals the litigant may lose his fortune as well as the case.

The problem of the denial of justice is therefore one of the most vital importance from the effect it is having on the American people.

Since we have such an abnormal development of the judicial system in the inferior courts we shall see where the cause for all this lies.

One of the causes for the denial of justice arises from the fact that our judicial procedure is too elaborate. The cost of carrying a case through court is enormous and it is largely made so by the elaborateness of the system. Every additional technicality and every additional rule of procedure adds to the expense of litigation and it is inevitable that with an elaborate code the expense of a suit involving a small amount is in proportion far greater than that involving a large sum. Jury trials also add to the elaborate machinery necessary for the adjustment and decision of the rights of the litigant. Hence it results that the cost of justice to the poor is always greater than it is to the rich, for generally the poor are interested in small cases and the rich in larger ones. It is a plain case of denial of justice to the poor litigant because of the great expense.

The delay in most judicial proceedings is a great cause to hinder justice. Prompt action on the part of both judge and courts makes right decision, while delay in nearly every case aids the defendant.

When a technicality in the wording of the case, a technicality in the presentation of the case, and a technicality in disposition of the case lead to appeals and cause delay for years, then have our courts come to be courts of technicality rather than courts of reason.

The capital vice of American law is its instability of administration and the frequent retrial of the same controversy.

The inequality of our system of administering justice lies in the unequal burden which the delays and expense of appeals for new trials under our system impose on the poor litigant.

Deferred decisions have always made the rich richer,

and the poor poorer. They make the name of justice a mockery.

Postponement and new trials defeat justice rather than promote it. The fact that forty-six per cent of all cases brought under review of Appellate Courts have been appealed and that forty per cent of the cases appealed are reversed goes to show that the rich litigant by a series of appeals can and does escape justice.

Our present system is totally inconsistent with the standard of civilization which we have attained in other fields and especially with our reputation for doing things more rapidly than any other people.

Delays are not only a wrong to the accused if he be innocent but they always work an injury to society and often defeat the ends of justice itself. No deterrent is so powerful and swift as certain punishment. Long lapse of time between the commission of an offense and the trial induces pity, causes loss of interest on the part of the public prosecutor and not infrequently renders conviction difficult if not impossible, by the death of important witnesses, their removal from the jurisdiction of the court, or the lapse of memory regarding material facts connected with the crime.

The system of deferring final judgments by interminable retrials is breaking down the jury system. Why is it that the courts interfere much more frequently with the jury's verdict? Are the jurors of today of much lower order of intelligence than seventy years ago? We would surely not grant this, yet we go on calling for new trials and make indetermination the great defect of civil justice in America.

Our present system which resolves all the presumptions of the law in favor of the criminal and none in favor of the outraged community, had its origin in an age when there were over one hundred capital offences in the criminal code, when the accused was denied the right of counsel and all other safeguards now thrown around him, and when offenders were cruelly punished for insignificant offences. The old severity of the penal code has long since passed away, yet the ancient procedure with all its loopholes of escape and all the safeguards and presumptions in favor of the criminal is to a large extent still retained. It is largely misapplicable to present conditions and in the interest of justice as well as social order and security it ought to be modified so that law would cease to be a scientific game that might be won or lost by playing some particular move and we ought to establish the Latin maxim of Blackstone: *"Interest rei publicae ut finis litium."*

"AGE is not to be feared; the older a good and healthy person grows, the greater becomes his capacity to enjoy the deeper, sweeter and more noble kinds of happiness which the world affords."

MORALITY—THE HIGHEST GOOD.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

NOT as long as the world stands will man be able to answer the question, "What is right? What is moral or immoral? What is the 'highest good' for man?" This question cannot be decided definitely, although many a great thinker has spent years of precious time trying to solve the mystery. In the life of people, usually three stages of the development of its moral habits are discernible: First, the period of the formation of its habits, the growth of its morality. When these habits are well established, they enter upon the period of action, when the moral habits of the people are adequate to meet the needs of its daily life. Then, in time, new interests arise that must be placed instead of the old ideals. Sometimes this is brought about by revolution; a general unrest is apparent; either one must close his eyes to the new needs of his surroundings or sacrifice present forms and institutions for the new, untried way.

In this way the science of ethics rose in Greece. The Sophists living in a time of great political, industrial and intellectual expansion, became dissatisfied with the older forms of thought and life and began to criticise the prevailing ideas of right and wrong, justice and injustice, piety and impiety, out of which in the time of Socrates rose the first sketch of a science of morality.

It is argued that all moral judgment has for its object, conduct and the motives that lead to certain kinds of conduct,—character itself. In trying to find the real standard of right and wrong, some think that conscience, which is composed of both judgment and feeling, is an infallible guide. This, however, may be questioned because feeling and reason sometimes conflict, from the fact that feeling is the conservative element in human life. Assuming that the realization of the self is the end which is the standard of moral judgment, some have argued that the self is primarily a feeling self, thus its highest good (*summum bonum*) must be a state of feeling, but if it is mainly reason, then some form of rational activity must be the end. If we say the end is a state of feeling, we must mean that the end is pleasure, that our object in all our activities is to become conscious of greater pleasure. So in their search for the ideal in life, the Epicureans in Greece interpreted the end to be the greatest pleasure of the moment. But we know that the end is the realization of the self as a whole, and the self is more than feeling, therefore this satisfaction cannot be obtained in what is a mere form of feeling. We desire the self in activity. We are moved,—not by pleasure, but by the idea—by interest in the object.

Opposing this pleasure theory, is the idea that an act, to be good, must be performed out of reverence

for the reason that enjoys it,—the theory of "duty for duty's sake," as opposed to "pleasure for pleasure's sake." In Greece, this theory also took form. When the Cyrenaics asserted the doctrine that the end was to seek the pleasure of the moment, the Cynics declared pleasure to be an evil, and that people must be independent of all forms of feeling or desire. When the Epicureans fell to immorality in their pursuit of pleasure, the Stoics arose in protest by going to the other extreme in upholding the life of the hermit, punishing the self for the highest good. The Stoics in their time did a great service to humanity. They laid the foundation for the noble idea of the "brotherhood of man." But it makes self-abasement the end instead of means. It makes the realization of reason to mean the annihilation of feeling and desire.

The basis of moral judgment must be sought in the idea of an end, which is a form of self-realization. In this, man must consider himself a part of society,—a social factor. The wise man is the one who always realizes the broadest relation to others. "Virtue is at all times one and the same,"—while its form varies, its essence remains the same. The simple fact that morality is always relative to circumstances, is the reason that it is binding at any time and in every place. Progress comes from within. A man's "station and its duties" is not a fixed quantity. The good life is not a tread-mill of recurring duties, but a "moving equilibrium," changing and expanding as new circumstances arise. This social progress is safe only in the hands of those in whom the desire for social improvement involves a keen sense of personal responsibility, and who have a high ideal of the kind of life required in those who claim to be its leaders. The social reformer has been said to be the child of the ideal. He is only demanding room for a public expression of the ideal which the present institutions represent. "He feels himself the representative of those who have gone before; their ideal is his ideal: it constitutes his true self. His deepest interest is to realize it."

Syracuse, Ind.

WALKS AND TALKS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

A COLORADO farmer has gathered during the past summer 125 bushels of grasshoppers which he dried and is now feeding to his hens. Since a use has been discovered for grasshoppers we may expect future crops of them to be failures.

A DEAF man who climbed Pike's Peak found he could hear at that altitude. But the difficulty of the cure is in the fact that at that height if he takes up his residence there, there will be no one to listen to.

Now the same fellows who hunted germs in our ice cream last summer are no doubt hunting them in our buckwheat cakes this winter.

WOMAN and the pin! What a combination! A man will use a nail, or a piece of hay wire or a crow bar but a woman uses the pin. Give her a hat-pin and she is a terror to burglars, and with that weapon she can coax olives and pickles from long neck bottles. We have heard of *spinsters* but all women are pinsters. (Note: This is a pun.) A woman can make a pin decorative and deadly too. In a crowded street car it is as fearsome a weapon as the kris of a Malay running amuck. But her chief record is made with the common or garden pin. She fastens buttons on shoes with it, and gloves, and when baby swallows the rattle, she harpoons that out with a pin. If a tornado blows and the shingles are threatened she crawls out on the roof and pins them down. Writers of those fascinating summer stories in which a man and a lovely girl are cast away on a South Sea Island, miss the chance of their lives when they do not provide the heroine with a paper of pins, as her salvage from the wreck.

ONE scientist found sixty million germs in one raisin. Problem: How many germs could four scientists find in a mince pie? And why don't they stop spoiling our appetite? Another problem: Who counted the germs?

THERE is a rumor afloat that a poet's union is soon to be organized. Let us hope that they go on a strike! (Judging of course from recent work.)

BY the time this goes to press the mechanical toys will have been dissected and *what makes the wheels go 'round* will have been discovered. Also the noise inside the drum. There are some who say that money is wasted on make-believe railroad trains and automobiles. But think of the happy hearts made glad on Xmas day. Besides, it only comes once a year.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT.

A PLEASANT smile and a sweet voice are great helps on life's journey.

It is a great thing to be trusted, but it is a far higher thing to be worthy of trust.

It is in the minor actions of our daily life that our true character is revealed.

What a creator of thought, what a power for right living, there is in that one word—Eternity!

Power involves responsibility. It is never felt solely as power, except by those who abuse it.

What is time? It is the stuff life is made of. With-

out it there would be neither past, present, nor future.

Praise is encouraging; it brings out the best that is in a man, and inspires him to do his duty cheerfully and faithfully.

There is no surer way to friendship than the honest and sincere appreciation of the good qualities and merits of others.

Jealousy is an unfortunate trait of character. It mars all that is noble and good in life. It is an infirmity of the mind and a weakness of the heart.—*Henry Lee.*

THE BOTTOMLESS LAKE

Henry M. Spickler

I AM to tell you about a Bottomless Lake that existed somewhere in the southeast of the United States. It lay within deep, encircling banks in the depths of a charming forest filled with all kinds of choice game. Great old trees grew sturdily upon its banks and flung their leafy arms far out over the dimpling water below. Shrubs of thorn and holly grew in patches here and there, while grassy carpets of velvet, broken by bits of hazel, lay spread in ample spaces. In the early spring days the odor from a dense variety of flowers, planted by the hand of the Creator and nourished by him, lost their fragrance upon the mellow air. Birds, enchanted by the wondrous beauty, ended their northern journey here, singled out and won their mates, and sang their joyous notes in this primeval wilderness. In the summer the wild plum and cherry ripened and fell thickly upon the emerald sward. Autumn, with her full maturity of growth, furnished the rabbit and the squirrel, the possum and the pheasant. But all these were unmolested. No hunter ever risked his life and braved the neighborhood of this dreadful, Bottomless Lake. No meditative student, on his holiday vacation, ever wandered into this portion of the woods to discover for himself or for his class in college, any new lessons or pictures gathered from this virgin forest. In the summer days no boy or crowd of boys chose the Bottomless Lake for a swimming hole. In winter they never skated here.

The lake was not only said to be bottomless, it was also said to be filled with intangible monsters of evil. People *knew* it to be the home of ghouls and hobgoblins. Its very waters were murderous waters. The lake had taken the life, the people said, of many men and children in the past. The people living within a radius of twenty or thirty miles of this Bottomless Lake actually believed that the lake exercised a peculiarly strange power or occult force over any one who dared to encroach upon its banks. This emphatic belief had been confirmed by several tragedies sustained by the community. Two little children, sent out, one afternoon, to carry a message to a neighbor living in the direction of the Bottomless Lake, were never again heard of. When last seen by a gypsy crowd the children were going straight in the direction of this awful lake. A posse of men and women, including the sorrowing parents of the children, searched all the country, tracking them, up towards and then a little aside, but still far away from, the lake. The tracks had ended, queerly, at the corner of the roadway travelled that afternoon by the caravan of gypsy wagons. Three men in the community near the lake, one after another, had mysteriously disappeared. Nothing was ever heard of them. No conjecture was lost upon either the children or the men. Everybody was absolutely sure that all of them had been drawn into the deadly waters of the Bottomless Lake.

Because of this common belief and gossip among the people, emigrants on their way from the East and North, looking for suitable homes and work, turned aside, when they heard the discouraging reports about this *Bottomless Lake,* and wended their way far beyond, adding to remote parts of the country their valuable asset as citizens and neighbors. Because the lake was considered by every one to be endowed with powers from the evil world, mothers frightened their children from ever going near it. When their babies cried or grew impatient, the first words they heard from their mothers and nurses were words of horror that described, by tone and gesture accented, the awful and horrible Bottomless Lake! No picnics were ever held near the lake. School-boys never played truant here. After-harvest holidays were celebrated, with fun and feasting, elsewhere. In fact, this Bottomless Lake had spread such blood-curdling gloom over the country, that it was fast becoming the custom for women, when talking about it at one of the many sewings or quiltings, to speak of it in a restrained *whisper.*

Not only did settlers refuse to stop and make a home in this community, but many of those with land already paid for and broken for cultivation, packed up and journeyed far beyond. Land refused to be sold at even half-price. Servants for the household and for the field, were not to be retained. For no sooner had they been accepted in a home, their wages stipulated,

their room picked out for them, when some one in the household, or a passer-by, broke the unpleasant and terrifying news of the *Bottomless Lake*. In the forenoon they would be working in the house or in the field. In the afternoon they could not be found. They had packed up and hurried away without asking for the pittance of their wages.

It was all because of what the people believed and said about the Bottomless Lake.

Reports of a big caravan of emigrants, with droves of cattle, wagon loads of household furniture, and many romping children, coming from Virginia, reached the little store at the Corners. The reports had been twice confirmed, to which was added the statement that the families in the caravan were possessed of sufficient funds to buy for their own, a good sized farm. The horseman who had brought the mail that day had said to the storekeeper that he believed they were expecting to investigate the land in that vicinity with the object and wish of making their homes with the people near the Bottomless Lake.

At their slow rate of travel a week or two would be consumed before they would arrive. In the meantime, some of the more influential and progressive farmers, wishing to make their neighborhood more prosperous and therefore happy, gathered at the store for several nights, talking over the ways and means in which they would receive the strangers and planning to have one or two of their number who were gifted with conversational powers, entertain the newcomers with this end in view.

"But," said one, as they were about to break up and ride to their homes, the second night, "what will we do about the *lake?*"

"Leave it where it is," said one.

"Keep mum about it," put in another.

One day, about two weeks after, a man, braver than the rest, stood upon the banks of the Bottomless Lake, looking down into the clear and sparkling water below. He had refused to believe the current opinion about this lake. He had resolved to come here and investigate it for himself.

But *he* was *armless*. Still, he decided to sound it. He decided, as he was still alive and uninjured, to return to the community and ask the various housewives to lend him their clotheslines, hanging it about his neck, and giving them some satisfactory excuse for wanting it. Somehow, by means of a log or plank, he thought he would be able to push out into the center of the lake and to drop down, by means of his toes and mouth, the weighted clothesline.

As he stood there, he grew more confident and decided to go closer to the water before securing the rope.

Chicago, Illinois.

(Concluded in Next Issue.)

A REVIEW OF THE NOTED DEAD OF 1910.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.

January.

4—Leon Delagrange, French aviator.

4—D. Ogden Mills, American financier, philanthropist, California pioneer and the father of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Age 84.

6—Mrs. Flora A. Darling, founder of "Daughters of the American Revolution."

8—Mrs. Sarah Norton, suffragette. One of the original members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Age, 72.

12—Rufus Rhodes, publisher of Birmingham *News*. President of Southern Publishers' Association. Age 50.

12—Charles Head, millionaire. Member of New York and Boston Stock Exchange.

February.

19—Neil Burgess, American actor. Age, 63.

March.

4—Louis James, actor.

April.

——Henry J. Jessup, Presbyterian missionary and author. Died at Beirut, Syria. He had been in the foreign field since 1855.

26—Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Norwegian poet, novelist, dramatist and reformer. Born Dec. 8, 1832.

21—Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," American humorous writer. Born 1835.

May.

1—Nord Alexis, ex-president of Hayti.

2—Peter McKenzie, Scotch Canadian trader. Age 73.

3—John L. Beveridge, ex-governor of Illinois.

6—Edward VII., King of Great Britain, Born Nov. 9, 1841.

18—Horace B. Silliman, millionaire philanthropist. Age, 83.

26—Franklin Robinson, leading chemist and health authority.

27—Edward Hupman, the smallest man in Canada, height two feet nine inches. Age, 30.

27—Robert Koch, German bacteriologist. Born Dec. 11, 1843.

——Sir William Huggins, astronomer and founder of astro-physics. Devoted sixty years to the study of the stars. Age 86.

31—Charles Treat, ex-treasurer of the United States.

June.

4—Edward J. Swartz, dramatic critic, author, and editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*.

5—Stephen Van R. Ford, author, composer and critic. Assistant editor of the *Methodist Review*.

Composed several battle hymns which were sung by the Union soldiers during the Civil War.

6—William S. Porter, "O. Henry," American writer. Born 1867.

7—Goldwin Smith, author, philosopher and reformer. Born Aug. 23, 1823.

9—Sir George Newnes, founder of the *Westminster Gazette, Tit Bits,* and the *Strand Magazine.* Born 1851.

9—Harry Furniss, caricature artist and author. Born in England in 1854.

15—Edward Carswell, temperance lecturer for fifty years in the United States and Canada.

——William P. Blake, American mineralogist of Railway Route to the Pacific coast. Born 1826.

——Edward Jenkins, author and journalist. Born 1838 in India, where his father was a missionary.

July.

4—Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of United States since 1888. Born Feb. 11, 1833.

5—Louis Ducoudray, French composer. Born 1840.

8—William R. Rolfe, editor and author. The foremost Shakespearean scholar in America.

11—Henry Dexter, Founder of American News Co. Born 1812.

12—Charles S. Rolls, aviator. Crossed the English channel and back in one flight. Born Aug. 27, 1877.

13—Florence Nightingale, English army nurse during the Crimean War. Born May, 12, 1820. Author of books on nursing the sick.

27—Samuel R. Winans, Professor of Greek and Sanskrit in Princeton University.

31—John G. Carlisle, Secretary of Treasury during Cleveland's second administration. Age, 74.

August.

14—Edward P. Hammond, evangelist in America and England. Born 1831. The most notable of his conversions was that of General Booth, the father of the Salvation Army.

16—Pedro Montt, president of Chili.

——David L. Maulsby, professor of English literature at Tufts College since 1891. Born 1859.

September.

26—Casper S. Crowningshield, American consul at Naples. He was active in the relief work after the Messina earthquake.

28—Mrs. G. M. Hayman, (Charles Dickens' "Little Dorrit"). She was a close friend of Dickens. Born 1829.

29—Mrs. Frances Sankey, widow of Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist. Age 71.

30—James L. Whitney, Librarian of Boston Public Library. Born 1835.

October.

1—Maurice Levy, scientist, teacher and writer. Age, 72.

——Thomas T. Eckert, former president of Western Union Telegraph Company. Served the company from 1866-1902.

——Prince Francis of Tek. Born 1870. Noted English sportsman and soldier. Queen Mary's brother.

5—George M. Downey, Major U. S. A. Originator of army post canteen.

15—Jonathan P. Dolliver, American statesman. Born Feb. 6, 1858. He was one of the ten senators who voted against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

17—Julia Ward Howe, American writer, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

18—David Rankin, millionaire farmer and founder of Tarkio College, Mo.

19—Henry H. Gallison. The first American artist to have a painting placed in the National Museum of Italy.

20—David B. Hill, ex-governor of New York and United States Senator.

20—Sigfrid Wieselgrid, Swedish temperance advocate and writer.

23—Somdeth Chulalongkorn. King of Siam since 1868.

26—Allan Chandler, ex-governor of Georgia and United States Congressman. Age, 74.

28—Prince D'Essling, French member of Parliament. Age 74.

30—Henri Dunant, Founder of the International Red Cross Society.

30—The Duke of Veragua, a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus. Born 1837.

November.

1—M. Rochoffsky, chief of Russian secret police.

2—Melton Prior, war artist and war correspondent the the *Illustrated London News.* He represented this paper in twenty-four campaigns.

3—Marquis de Santa Lucia, ex-president of the Cuban Republic.

5—Lyman C. Smith, founder of The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Born March 31, 1850.

6—Clifton Robinson, English "Tramway King." Born 1848.

15—Wilhelm Roabe, "Jacob Corvinus," German novelist. Born Sept. 8, 1831.

20—Lyoff N. Tolstoy, Russian novelist and social reformer. Born Aug. 28, 1828.

27—Michael Cudahy, founder of the Cudahy (Chicago) Packing house. Born Dec. 7, 1841.

December.

1—Emil Dumais, war correspondent in India and South Africa for the London *Times.*

2—James B. Dill, member of U. S. Steel Corporation.

3—Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian

Science, author of "Science and Health." Born July 16, 1821.

10—Edward Ozman, the American consul at Constantinople. Age, 43.

16—William Hagenback, the famous animal trainer. He died in Berlin.

Rockton, Pa.

MANUAL TRAINING.

MAUD HAWKINS.

CHILDREN should learn to work; not only those whose parents are working people, but the wealthy. A millionaire's daughter should learn to sew, mend, patch and darn, be able to do her own dressmaking, care for her rooms and have a knowledge of cooking and housekeeping generally, and she would be the happier for the accomplishments.

Nothing looks so helpless as a woman who cannot use the needle or cook a good meal of victuals. Boys should also learn a trade. Some parents seem blind to the necessity. The greatest need of manual training is not in expensive shops in schools at public expense but at home. Thousands of patient, toiling fathers and mothers through mistaken kindness permit their children to grow up without doing anything for themselves, parents or any one else. The boys never carry coal or water, the girls never cook and know nothing of the use of the broom or the needle. They grow up unthankful and disrespectful because in their selfish indulgence they have lived without natural affections. They grow up unloving and unloved simply because they never have had to sacrifice comforts, pleasure or ease for others, and having had everything done *for* them, they expect others to continue to wait on them when they leave their parents' care. Hence they make themselves disagreeable and disliked. Those parents should remember that it is sometimes kind to be unkind. If their children were taught helpfulness, kindness and *self-reliance* they would be much happier always.

While the country teacher can do very little in the way of manual training with little time and no equipments, still there are many things which *she* could do without any apparatus. Every tired mother would be glad to have her little girls learn the rudiments of plain sewing which she probably has no time to teach to them. In one school the little girls were provided with bright pieces of calico and allowed to sew them together, after lesson period. It kept them out of mischief besides teaching them a useful accomplishment. This was in the primary grades. They were also presented with bright new thimbles which they were very pleased to learn to use.

The older girls were taught more difficult work in the line of hemstitching, fancy work, embroidery, and button hole making. But with them it was more optional as they do not usually have much leisure in school hours. However, a good deal of this work was done out of school.

With the boys it was more difficult for a lady teacher, as she has usually not the training. With a man teacher it would be the reverse, the boys would be taught many useful things and the girls would necessarily be neglected. Still in this school the boys were not altogether left out; they learned to sew on buttons and do other things that might come useful to them in life. The art of hemstitching handkerchiefs is easily taught after the children become accustomed to the use of the needle. Other things may be taught as they suggest themselves from time to time.

Children should also have a course in the care and bringing up of children. By this they will know what is best for themselves and will demand it of parents, and care for themselves better. The parents will also learn from their children, which will be a double benefit to them and the parents for a great many never read up on the subject or try to improve. They never attend any lectures or mothers' meetings and consequently are very ignorant along the line of caring for children. They get nothing but what nature, common sense and experience teaches them. Sometimes these lessons are painful and the children must suffer as well as the parents.

Whatever is taught to children at school is also taught the parents, as they get nearly as much as the children by hearing them tell about it. When physiology was first made compulsory in the schools, how many parents knew much about it? Where can there be a parent found now without a fair knowledge of the rudiments of physiology and hygiene?

Teachers in rural unequipped schools should try to teach their pupils what will be useful to them in after life, not some silly nothingness. Of course if they can go through a regular course, beginning with paper cutting and construction work, it is good, but the country boy or girl who has not these advantages, and must soon leave school should be taught something practical along this line.

Chinook, Montana.

WHY PISA TOWER LEANS

"WHY is the Leaning Tower of Pisa out of the perpendicular?" "Because so constructed," is the wonted reply. Now, however, an investigation by a royal commission of experts has not only demolished this antique legend, but, moreover, has revealed the startling fact that unless immediate measures are taken to prevent it the celebrated campanile, with its glorious eight-tiered structure of marble colonnades, wherefrom Galileo made his famous experiments on the law of gravitation, is likely to follow the fate of St. Mark's Campanile in Venice

"Our explorations," say the experts, "led to the wholly unforeseen and distressing discovery that, instead of being founded upon a massive spacious base, as was generally believed since Grassi, in 1831, and Rohault de Fleury, in 1859, published their collections of plans, the actual foundation simply consists of ring-shaped masonry exactly corresponding in girth to the huge cylindrical mass superimposed thereon. In fact, the diameter of the inner ring foundations is 7 meters 40 centimeters, which is precisely that of the space inside the tower. This discovery, taken together with the further astonishing fact that the foundations are merely 3 meters (9 feet 9 inches) beneath the surface constitutes henceforth incontrovertible proof that the campanile was originally built perpendicularly, and that its leaning propensities, which are becoming more and more accentuated, are due to other causes than the intention of its constructors."

In 1829 it was 4 meters 388 millimeters out of vertical line, but during the last eighty years the commission affirms that the tower leans an additional 5.5 millimeters for every meter of its fifty-four meters in altitude. The reasons given for this dangerous state are principally that the base of the tower has always been immersed in water, and that a deep cistern dug quite near seventy years ago with the unsuccessful object of draining a basin around the foot of the tower made matters worse.

The tower had already been considerably weakened by earlier excavations for a basin for mensuration purposes. Later in 1834 the severest shock of earthquake ever felt at Pisa left the Leaning Tower some thirteen centimeters more out of the straight. Another main source of responsibility is undoubtedly the oscillation from its magnificent peal of seven bells.

Cardinal Maffi, archbishop of Pisa, himself an illustrious mathematician, has straightway offered to cooperate with the Italian government in every possible way for the preservation of this fifth among the seven wonders of the world. The cardinal has already given orders to suspend the ringing of the two biggest bells, called the Assumption and the Crucified Christ, which though fixed on the non-inclined side of the campanile, weigh together over 12,000 pounds. As for the smaller bells, they are to be forthwith beaten simply with the hammer.

The commission reports that a most insidious danger arises from the underground springs and currents that are undermining the adjacent soil.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa was begun in 1170, and took nearly a couple of centuries to complete.

The celebrated essayist John Evelyn, who visited Pisa in 1644, fell into the popular error about the cause of the leaning. He says, writing of the tower: "It stands alone, strangely remarkable for this, that the beholder would expect it to fall, being built exceedingly decliningly, by a rare address of the architect; that and how it is supported from falling I think would puzzle a good geometrician." A learned Frenchman of the eighteenth century suggested that the architect was a hunchback, and made the tower crooked to resemble himself.

The Campaniles of St. Mark and Pisa were built or begun in the same century, viz., the twelfth. The leaning tower is 179 feet high and 51 feet and 8 inches in diameter, cylindrical in form, the exterior entirely built of white marble, and the interior of Verruca stone. The basement is panelled into half columns, and supports six open arcades of round arches with slender shafts, and varied and beautiful capitals, antique and mediaeval. The first architect, Bonanno, had hardly reached the height of 40 feet from the ground when it was discovered that the Campanile was sinking down on one side, and was considerably out of the perpendicular owing to subsidence of the foundations. It was, therefore, continued with great difficulty.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



MONEY: ITS NATURE AND POWERS.

My theme is summed up in one word and that is "Money." The wise man says, "Money answereth all things," and he never said a wiser thing than that. I am not going to give any definitions with regard to what money is from the standpoint of the political economist. I have a definition of my own that helps me, and perhaps may help you, to understand a little of the importance and the blessedness of money. My definition of money for my purpose is simply this: Money is myself. I am a laboring man, we will say, and can handle a pickaxe, and I hire myself out for a week at $2 a day. At the close of the week I get $12 and I put it in my pocket. What is that $12? It is a week's worth of my muscle put into greenbacks and pocketed; that is, I have got a week's worth of myself in my pocket. Or, I am a clerk and I hire myself out, being an intelligent and capable clerk, at $20 a week. Saturday comes and I get my pay, and, when I put that in my pocket, I pocket a week's worth of myself as clerk. Or, I am a merchant, and I have larger affairs; I have the handling of many clerks and require a higher power than that of the ordinary man. At the end of the week I strike my balance sheet and find I am to the good $1,000. That is a week's worth of the merchant, a higher grade of intelligence. But, my name is Edison, and I toil with a brain of extraordinary power, and I complete an invention, and at the end of the week I sell the invention for $50,000 and pocket the check. That is a week's worth of the highest inventive brain that there is. But it is all the same, anyway. The muscle man, the mind man, the

genius, when he gets his money, is really getting the result of his own labor in the shape of cash.

Now, the moment you understand this you begin to understand that money in your pocket is not merely silver and gold, but is something human, something that is instinct with power, because it represents power expended. (If you are not earning any money of your own, and your father is supporting you, then you are carrying that much of your father around in your pocket.) Now, money is like electricity; it is stored power, and it is only a question as to where that power is to be loosed. It can do nothing simply as stored power; it should be stored that it may be loosed again. How shall it be loosed? That is the only question! Now, the young clerk who has got $20.00 as the result of his week's wages, if he is wise, says: "I have got a week's worth of myself in my pocket; how shall I loose it?" One young man, being rather of an intellectual type of mind, goes up to the Young Men's Christian Association, buys a season ticket and looses that much of himself into the educational courses of the Association: that is, he is pouring his power back into his brain. That is good.

Another young man has a mother up in the country, who has toiled for him while he was a boy, and she is now a widow and poor. Saturday night he writes to her and says: "I remember how you toiled and sacrificed for me when I was a boy. Enclosed you will find a ten dollar bill. Please use it for some extra comforts for yourself." He is pouring a half-week's worth of himself back into his mother's lap. Blessed be that boy who thus looses himself in his old home while he is toiling in New York, Chicago, Montreal, or New Orleans. Another young man hears of the tremendous reduction in foreign missionary work, by reason of the decreased liberality of the church at home, and he hears of some teacher in India or colporteur in China who can be kept up in his work by a moderate gift. He makes up his mind that he would like to loose a week's worth of himself in China. He will never go to China but by this use of money he can transplant a week's or a year's worth of himself to China and loose it there for the Kingdom of God. So he sends his money to the Missionary Board. And another young man comes home with a week's worth of himself in his pocket and he goes out to the saloon; and Saturday night, in drinking and gambling and pool-playing, looses a week's worth of himself to kill himself. He is committing suicide with the stored power that he has got. Aye! there are more suicides than those who use pistols, poison and knife. There are those who are morally committing suicide, and they do it because they have stored power, self-power behind them, directed against their own heart, conscience and life.

Now, if what I have said be true, you begin to see what a change comes over our view of money as we put our hands in our pockets and feel what there is there; it is your power. And where are you going to loose that power? That is the only question. It is a very serious question indeed, because with the Divine blessing on this power that we store and then loose, there may come such results as shall cause us to marvel here and to praise God through all eternity.—*A. F. Schauffler, D. D.*

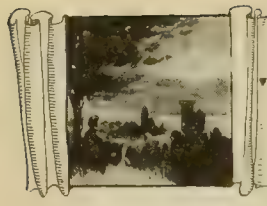
DOUBTS ABOUT THE NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

I MAY teach a boy to saw wood by suggesting that we play "Education in Cuba." We may imagine ourselves a committee for supplying the island with as many teachers as possible. Oak sticks will furnish men and pine sticks women (the softer sex); every sawing will make one more teacher, and every sawing through a knot a superintendent. This clever scheme has at least the merit of an undisguised attempt to make a hard job less disagreeable, and does not interfere with the clear understanding on the boy's part that he is sawing wood to help the family. No imaginative device, however feeble, will take away the manliness of a boy who knows that work is work, and makes play of it when he honestly can; but nothing debilitates a boy more effectively than the notion that teachers exist for his amusement, and that if education does not allure him, so much the worse for education.

If there is one set of phrases more threadbare than another, it is "along the lines," "broader lines," "developing along these lines," and the like; and in education I seem to hear, with wearisome iteration, "along the lines of least resistance." The theory is taking at first sight, and looks eminently practical. In dealing with lifeless things, such as machinery, it is the only sensible theory,—more work done by the machine, more obstacles overcome by the contriver; but it is an extraordinarily inadequate theory for the education of man. We see parents—possibly we are parents—who bring up children "along the lines of least resistance;" and we know what the children are. Is it illogical to infer that children taught at school "along the lines of least resistance" are intellectually spoiled children, flabby of mind and will? For any responsible work we want men of character—not men who from childhood have been personally conducted and have had their education warped to the indolence of their minds. It is necessary to treat people as individuals; but it does them a world of good sometimes to treat a great many of them together, and to let them get used to it as best they may.

The new education throws a tremendous responsibility on teachers. How is it training the new generation for this responsibility? In some ways admirably.

(Continued on Page 96.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

FRANK B. MYERS.

The old year nineteen-ten departs,
We say, "farewell," and from our hearts
A strain of sadness doth arise,
Which almost gives us weeping eyes.

You once was new and bright and fair
As dew-gemmed rose in morning air,
As down the stream of time you went,
Upon your holy mission sent.

Into eternity you've fled,
And now you're numbered with the dead;
Though gone, sweet mem'ries to us cling,
Of happy times our hearts do sing.

We welcome you, thou bright new year,
And thank you for the song of cheer
You have inspired within our hearts,
Which unto us new life imparts.

As for all good our Maker gives,
By whom creation moves and lives,
We bless thee, Lord, for New Year's day,
To use it right, for grace we pray.

May all our thoughts be good and true,
Our vows to thee, each day renew;
Our motives be they ever pure,
Thy will be ours, steadfast and sure.

Gentle and kind, the words we speak,
Like our Redeemer, lowly, meek;
For God's own glory may we use
Our tongues, and never them abuse.

Grant, Lord, that every day we live
We may in loving service give
With all the power that in us lies
Ourselves a living sacrifice.

To win for Jesus fallen man,
And e'er to do the best we can
To give to mankind, far and wide,
The message of the Crucified.

And when our tide of years has flown,
Our souls take flight to realms unknown,
O Savior, may we spend with thee
The New Year of eternity.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

"For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light." Eph. 5: 8.

WHERE can the Christian find so concise a rule for living a Christian life which gives him the bright and glorious privilege of walking in the footsteps of Christ, as in these words, "Walk as children of light"?

The children of light have the same advantage over the children of darkness that a man walking in the daylight has over the man who, in the darkness, attempts to walk over a roadless tract of land; for they walk firmly, steadfastly, resolutely onward in the light of knowledge.

They can see what is round about them, where danger lies, where some foe is lurking; and how to reach their journey's end in the safest and speediest way is made known to them.

These children of light know not fraud, deceit, dissimulation and concealment. Theirs is a frank, straightforward life of honesty.

Nothing can taint or soil light. All things are revealed by it. The wicked chooses the cover of night to commit his heinous crimes; the worst acts of intemperance; the foulest acts of debauchery, are committed in darkness. It is when night has come that the murderer seeks to take his brother's life, and that the thief takes the sustenance of another.

Though the children of darkness seek to cover their sins, God's light penetrates through all that is false, impure and unholy, for the eye of God sees where there is no sunlight.

Even as the stars of heaven, in their blue vault, are more of a retiring nature than the flaunting and glaring incandescent lights of the city, so should the child of light differ from the child of the world.

As the sun never wearies in his pursuing the path God has marked out for him, so should the children of light be unwearying in the diligent fulfillment of the duties God has given them; for if they be not doing the works of light when the darkness of the grave comes, they will have darkness forever.

What is so pure as light? There is nothing corrupt about it, and nothing can defile it. Likewise are the children of light. Has not Christ said that the pure in heart are blessed, and that they shall see God?

It is only by striving and working to keep corruptness out of their hearts, that they can fit themselves for that seeing of God.

Light is a type of joy as nature shows plainly, for the birds burst forth in their caroling at the appearing of the dawn. So are the children of light joyous, cheerful; smiling under the light of the Sun of righteousness, praising him with songs and hymns of thanksgiving.

Children of light are children of love, for in the light of a Savior's love they grow and bring forth good fruit.

Can any one imagine what the world would be if all

the light was blotted out? What a cold, barren, dreary expanse! Such is the life that is not lighted by the light of God's love.

The children of light throw out such a radiance, which is the reflection of God's love, goodness and mercy, that many who see, come nearer and on realizing their condition become also children of light.

As light penetrates everywhere, so does God go everywhere, seeking admittance, and he comes to all, calls all, and blesses all unless they lock their door, close their ears against him, and cast his blessings away.

The time will come when the children of light will shine forth in the kingdom of God, with a light bright as that of the sun, if they will put forth every effort to draw themselves in closer communication with God and endeavor to lead a Godlike life. It is a duty to shed joy, peace and happiness on the way.

Elder James Quinter has said: "The Christian life is one of great honor, dignity, usefulness and excellency. It is a life in holy fellowship with and in imitation of the life of the Holy One of God. And let this thought be a sufficient encouragement to prompt us to do whatever is to be done to attain unto the Christian life,—a life in imitation of that beautiful one lived by our blessed Savior."

No greater glory can come to anyone than to be numbered among the children of light. And is not the heavenly kingdom flooded with God's light and filled with a Savior's love, an end worth striving for?

Let us live such lives of purity, joyousness, light and love that God will call us his children of light.

Roanoke, La.

CONQUER TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATIONS are of two kinds—those that come as penalty, and those that lie in opportunity. An immediate and awful consequence of wrongdoing is its creation of new temptation. This new form of temptation, new especially because of its power, is due in part to familiarity which dulls the sense of antagonism; in part to habit which quickly fastens chains upon us; to the love of ease which makes us unwilling long to struggle; to loss of shame which so quickly follows undetected transgression; to sophistry with which an unquiet and disregarded conscience soon surrenders; and to loss of moral sensitiveness which marks the gradual but sure surrender of the whole nature to a form of transgression which has become as easy as it is seductive.

We find ourselves in an atmosphere of temptation. We say, "Others do it." We give way to temper, or passion, or the habit of being cross, etc. We, in one direction or another, make temptation for ourselves, solely because we have not resisted the beginning of evil; and this whole line of conduct and relationship comes as a penalty for the initial surrender.

Now, with this form of temptation we may, perhaps, say that God has nothing to do. We make it for ourselves, and his sole connection with it is that he has placed us in the universe and given us individual powers which make it possible for us to do what we will. We have to form our own character. Not even God can do this for us. This comes as a part of our own work, which we cannot charge upon God, but over which we may well believe God grieves. It is of no use to ask God's help while we continue in such a course. We are doing what we want to do, whether we know it or not. And the petition which Jesus has given us in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is not for men and women who deliberately make temptation for themselves and love it.—*Henry A. Stimson, in "Behind the World and Beyond."*

GOD'S GOODNESS.

FOR blessings innumerable we give thanks. One mercy from the hand of God is of great value. Daily mercies surprise us when we take a little time to think of it. That God should think of us every day, and prepare some suitable gift for us each day throughout the year, and never once fail, is enough to awaken in us wonder and gratitude. But our mercies from his bountiful hand are falling every hour, every minute, every second. Who shall reckon them up unto him in order?

We are not able to recount the mercies which we can recall. But there are far more which we cannot recall. Multitudes of them fall unnoticed into our life. We were not conscious of their advent, and if we had observed them at the time, we would not have recognized some of them as real blessings. They were blessings in disguise. It were easier to count the leaves of the forest or the sands on the seashore than to count the mercies of God for a single year. They are more than can be numbered. For mercies known and mercies unknown let us give God thanks.—*Selected.*

A MORNING PRAYER.

THE day returns and brings the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

CHRIST is not valued at all unless he be valued above all.—*St. Augustine.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

If the man who believes the world is growing worse is able to put forth a half dozen arguments to prove his contention, there is always one argument his opponent may offer against which he can say nothing. That is man's kindness to his fellow-creatures, his growing desire to relieve suffering. If the present tendency in this direction should continue a few more decades at the rate it is now growing, we will have no use for the saying, now so glibly repeated, about man's inhumanity to man making countless thousands mourn. And the conditions cannot come too soon that will render the saying obsolete. However, if we cared to be argumentative, we might assert with as much truth as had the author of the above saying, that man's inhumanity to himself has brought fully as much sorrow and woe into the world as his inhumanity to others. But we will not discuss that now. We started out to say something of the other side of both questions—of man's increasing humanity to man.

We will not think long of this idea in its wider exemplification until the work of the Red Cross Society occurs to us. Organized directly for the relief of the sick and wounded in time of war, its service has spread until it includes every degree of disaster that may bring suffering and want to mankind.

But it is not stopping with the work of giving direct aid after some section has been visited by disaster. It is now giving instruction to the people—organizing first-aid classes,—so that the people will not have to wait in dumb agony for outside assistance when some calamity befalls them, but may do much for their own relief. "In furtherance of this object the American Red Cross has now in operation a First Aid Car. This car was donated by the Pullman Company and has been fully equipped by the Red Cross with all sorts of first aid material. It is in direct charge of Dr. M. Whitefield Glasgow, of Birmingham, Ala., who was employed for this special work by the First Aid Department of the Red Cross. The car was outfitted at the Pullman shops in Buffalo and is now on the road in Illinois. Its work evidently appeals to the various railway officials, as the railways are hauling it free of charge.

"The car will proceed from place to place, stopping at railway, manufacturing and mining centers where the best opportunities present themselves for organizing first-aid classes. Just as has been done by the Red Cross in the mining field, an attempt will be made to interest employers, employees and local physicians alike so that first aid to the injured instruction will have general support and countenance after the car has visited a place. Though the Red Cross car is primarily designed for instruction purposes, it will also always be available when needed for rescue work and care of injured in case of disaster, as it is fully equipped for this purpose."

So it is that we are being drawn nearer to each other and that, too, through one of the most powerful bonds that can unite human hearts and human interests. This instruction and aid are of themselves a noble service, but when we consider their influence in the fostering of the sentiments of faith, hope and charity, who can reckon its value to mankind?

INQUIRY ABOUT VALUE OF COINS.

Some time ago we made use of one or more selections in these pages relative to the market value of certain rare coins. One reader, concluding from this that we ourselves were informed on this subject, has written for information as to the value of a half-cent piece and three one-cent pieces of early date. Since we are not able to give this information ourselves, we are doing what appears to us as the next best thing toward helping our reader, that is, appealing to any reader among us that may be able to give the desired information. The half-cent piece is dated 1804 and the three one-cent pieces which are large bear the dates, 1817, 1822 and 1843. Another one-cent piece is so badly worn that no date is visible.

If there are any among our readers who know the value of these coins, as estimated by coin collectors, please send the information to us and we will publish it in these pages. In this way not only the one who especially desires the information will be favored, but the rest of us will have added to our store of knowledge that which may be of use at some future time if not now.

REPORTS FROM OUR SCHOOLS.

So far this year we have published reports from three of our schools. Each one has furnished us a

very interesting glimpse of the busy life and the high ideals that are being worked up to in the different places and we feel that the zeal of our readers in the cause represented by these schools has been renewed. Mutual understanding paves the way to mutual fellowship and interests and these reports will go far toward real acquaintance.

We trust that we may hear further from these schools before the end of the school year and that we may also receive communications from the schools not yet heard from. It is the wish of the Educational Board that our schools make the INGLENOOK their agent for the interchange of school news of general interest and we understand they have approved of the plan. All that now is needed to insure the complete success of the arrangement is a hearty response from each school in the way of general information as to the present condition and progress of the school. A fair trial of this kind would soon tell whether this was a good plan or not for getting together and at the same time getting out to claim an interest from the people in their homes.

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the Water-Mill;
Through the live-long day
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing
Binding up their sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gather-ed;
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill;
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast,—
"The mill cannot grind,
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself
True and loving heart;
Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away!
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last;
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till tomorrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy "today";
Power and intellect and health
May not always last,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
O the good that might have been,—
Lost, without a sigh!
Love, that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;—
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast,—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

—Sarah Doudney.

ONWARD TO VICTORY.

PERHAPS there is no stimulant to prayer so great as the actual undertaking of a great task. God does not give us any surplus power to hold in non-use. If we undertake great things for him he gives us great strength and blessing to enable us to perform them. If our ideals are small, and our plans are small, we can only expect small things from God. On the other hand, if our plans and purposes coincide with those of Christ, and are continual and world-wide in their sweep, and if they grapple with the great problems of the world's redemption, there is no limit to be placed upon the resources which are open to us. This truth should be written large on the forefront of our national convention. If we undertake great things for God we can expect great things from God, and not otherwise. We are not straitened in God, but in ourselves. He has infinite resources to place at the disposal of those who give themselves to him to be used for the accomplishment of his great and wide purposes in the world. "According to your faith so be it unto you," is the only limitation he puts to his promises. If we believe we have a divine mission—that is, that we are doing the work which God wants us to do in the world—why not leave the shallows along the shore, and "launch out into the deep," using, if need be, larger ships and stronger nets? God is challenging our faith, and appealing to our love for him and for humanity. Instead of wasting time in wordy debate about whether we ought to enlarge, unify, and perfect our plans of operation, let us take that for granted, and give ourselves in prayer to God that he may lead us to greater victories.—*The Christian Evangelist.*



Cooking in the Old Log Cabin

M. E. S. Charles

COOKING in pioneer days was done in the immense fireplaces with which every log cabin was supplied. These fireplaces were of vast proportions, often five or six feet in width. In them were placed great backlogs, foresticks, and other wood piled in between, resting on andirons. The heat from this burning mass was utilized in various ways in cooking the daily food.

The stick and clay chimneys were built with projecting ledges six or seven feet from the bottom of the fireplace on which rested a pole of green wood, called a back-bar or lug-pole. Another green pole, trimmed to a hook at each end, was hung on the cross pole, and from this one was suspended the various cooking utensils when preparing a meal. Although made of green wood these poles charred slowly but surely in the throats of these great chimneys, and the destruction of many a dinner was caused by the untimely burning of one or the other of these poles. Later the back-bar and the upright piece called a trammel, were made of iron. Holes were made in the lower end through which chains and hooks were placed, thus making it possible to hang the pots and kettles at different heights over the fire. The iron back-bar and trammel were considered great improvements over the wooden poles; but when the Yankee came along with his swinging crane, it was thought that the limit of invention in this line had been reached.

Among the very early settlers corn was used almost exclusively for food. The Indians taught them how to cook it in various ways, and some of the dishes in use today are cooked as the Indians cooked them, and are called by their Indian names, such as hominy, pone, succotash, etc.

Mills for grinding the corn were not always accessible, and when they were, many times they were frozen up for weeks at a time, as they were all run by water power. When the mills froze up and the corn meal gave out, a crude hominy mill or hominy mortar, as it was more generally called, was made from a block of hard wood, such as sugar or beech, or from the stump of a tree cut off about three feet from the ground. These blocks or stumps, as the case might be, were hollowed out with foot-adz, mallet and chisel, or by charring with fire until the cavities would hold about a peck of shelled corn. A pestle was made by taking a stick of the proper size and length, in one end of which an iron wedge was inserted. An iron band was fastened around this to keep the stick from splitting further than was desired. The corn was crushed with this pestle until a part of it was fine enough for bread when it was separated from the coarser grains which were used for hominy.

The corn pone occupied a prominent place in the menu of the pioneers. After a supper of mush and milk the housewife stirred corn meal into the mush that was left from supper, yeast was added and the kettle set by the fireplace where it kept warm all night. In the morning it would be light and ready to be mixed with more meal and water into a stiff batter. Again it was kept warm until light the second time, when it was ready for the oven.

In some instances the ovens in which the pones were baked held as much as a half bushel. They were round, deep, and had a convex cover with a flange or rim around the edge. They stood on stout, stumpy



Hominy Mortar and Pestle.

legs and were supplied with bails with which to carry them. The baking was done by raking out live coals on the hearth, setting the oven over them, and covering

the lid with coals. Sometimes the oven was hung on the trammel along with the other pots and kettles; and when, for any reason, it was more convenient for the cook, or the bread was wanted for breakfast, it was baked in this way at night. After the fire was "banked" for the night, the oven was hung on the trammel, coals heaped on the lid and it was left to cook slowly all night. In the morning the bread was ready for use, and if we are to believe the word of those who have eaten it, no better, sweeter bread was ever made from corn meal. When baked in this way a thick, hard crust was formed, which was too hard to eat. This was put in a kettle of milk and allowed to come to the boiling point, making a palatable dish of boiled milk and bread.

Johnny-cake was also in general use. It was made of Indian meal mixed with water or milk to a stiff batter and seasoned with salt. This was made into a cake about the size of one's hand and about two inches thick. It was placed on a board and reared up in front of the fire where the heat which came out from under the forestick was intense enough to bake it. There was an old saying in the East that it was indispensable that the bake-board should be the "middle board of red oak from the head of a flour barrel, while the fire to bake with must be from walnut logs." Hickory wood was most probably meant, as the inclusive family name was in general use at that time for both walnut and hickory; and most people know what an intense heat dry hickory wood makes. The hickory logs were in abundance, but many of the pioneers had to content themselves with a rough board smoothed off by hand, or failing this the fire shovel was pressed into service.

Brick ovens and reflectors were of later date and great improvements over the earlier methods of baking. The oven was either built inside the kitchen fireplace with a "smoke uptake into the chimney and an ash-pit below," or it was built entirely outside the house. A hot fire was kindled in the oven and kept burning for hours until the bricks were thoroughly heated. When sufficiently hot the coals and ashes were swept out, the draft closed, and the oven filled with loaves of brown and white bread, pies, pots of beans, cakes, etc. Usually the bread was baked in some kind of a pan, but sometimes it was baked in a mass in cabbage leaves.

The reflector was used for baking biscuits. It was practically two pieces of bright tin set at an angle of thirty-five degrees. The two pieces were hinged together at the back, the lower piece supported by short legs to give it the proper slant. A wire across the front and a narrow ledge at the back supported the pan of biscuits midway between the top and the bottom. Set in front of a hot fire the heat reflected from the bottom baked the under side of the bread, and that from the top or hood baked the top. When dry wood was at hand it took but a few mnutes to bake a pan of biscuits.



Gravy Bowl, Waffle Irons and Oven.

The meat used in early times was mostly wild game, such as deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, etc. This, with such vegetables as pumpkins, potatoes and beans, was cooked in the large "swell" kettles hung on the trammel or crane. Pumpkins were sliced in rings and dried on poles above the fireplace, then cooked with meat. Strings of red pepper pods and quartered apples strung on threads were dried in the same way. Potatoes, both sweet and Irish, were baked and meat was fried in skillets made on the same plan as the ovens in which the pones were baked, except that they were smaller. When potatoes were baked the same method was pursued as with the pones, but when meat was fried the coals were placed under the skillet only. Some of these skillets were supplied with curved bails, with a hook at each end which fitted into an eye in each side of the skillet. But the greater number had only long straight handles.

Many of the cooking utensils had very long handles, which in a measure made endurable the blazing heat from the huge fireplaces. Waffle irons had handles

very different from those now in use. Gridirons had short stationary handles to which long handles of wood or iron could be adjusted. Long handled fire shovels and tongs were unfailing accompaniments of every fireplace; also hooks to remove the pot or skillet lids.

A very primitive way of roasting a joint of meat, a fowl or a side of spare-ribs, was by suspending it in front of the fire by a strong string tied to a peg in the ceiling. The meat must be turned often to keep one side from cooking faster than the other. Sometimes an unwilling child was pressed into service, but more frequently the turning was done by the cook. When she basted the roast she gave the string a good twist when it would untwist and twist again until the motion ceased, when it was again basted and set in motion.

After wheat was grown firmity or frumenty, as the dictionaries have it, was one of the most common dishes made from this cereal. The wheat was used when in the milk, also when first threshed. It was boiled all day and seasoned to taste and eaten with milk. It was a tedious task to prepare when the wheat was used before being threshed, as each grain must be picked from the hull by hand. Souans was a food prepared from bran and shorts. The mixture was soaked in water until fermentation took place and the starch settled to the bottom. The starch was used for laundry purposes, and the layer above composed of the shorts and particles of bran, was cut out in slices and served as we serve our breakfast foods.

The present method of canning fruit was wholly unknown to our foreparents, but the housekeeper made up her year's supply of preserves from the native fruits and such other material as could be obtained. These preserves were made so rich with sugar, and boiled down to such a consistency that there was no need of hermetically sealed jars. The covers could be removed, a portion taken out without fear of fermentation or moulding.

AN UNCONSCIOUS SPECIALIST.

"I ALWAYS wanted to do something—to *be* something," confessed a woman whose gray hair bore evidence to the fact that years had not been wanting wherein much might have been accomplished. "I used to think that I'd like to write or paint—something that would keep me remembered when I was gone. I suppose that hymn of Dr. Bonar's, 'Only remembered by what I have done,' was responsible for that," she added looking wistfully at her visitor, a singer of no mean ability.

The other smiled sympathetically.

"You have not been idle all these years?" she queried gently.

"Not idle!" The older woman's eyes rested upon her toil-hardened hands. "No, I am sure no one could ever call me that. But the work was so commonplace, and as for being remembered by that, why, it is hard for even me to recall what I have done, except that I've done what every wife and mother has to do. There was always so much to do and so little time. I have the time now—the children are all away from home—but I am too old to accomplish anything in a new field. O! if I only could, how I would work to make myself known as a specialist in some line of work. You will think me a very foolish old woman," she concluded apologetically.

It was not often that dear Grandma Barbour thus gave way to her feelings. However, the fault was partly that of the day, which was particularly gloomy. Realizing this, her friend felt it a duty to brighten matters with a gleam of the sunshine of encouragement.

"Your children," she said somewhat irrelevantly, "have they ever shown an aptitude for anything special or are they—forgive me!—also commonplace?"

Grandma Barbour colored.

"Oh!" she said earnestly. "Indeed they are not common-place in any sense of the word. There's Harold, he's a professor in college, and Jack is a lawyer. Grace—well, poor Grace is just a housekeeper like myself, but she is a splendid one with children as good as mine were—and as mischievous. Her husband seems to think there never was such a woman as she is, and I don't know as I wonder, though perhaps I ought not to say so. And then there is Kenneth; he's a farmer, but a good one, and one whose opinions are consulted in town affairs. Joe's work is a good deal after the same sort as Kenneth's, only he is employed by the State and is head forester. Percy is an architect. I don't mind admitting I was worried about him one spell, for he didn't seem to take to books, but after a while he got hold of an idea and worked up, going to night school after he began to work for his own living, and now, he gets his twelve hundred a year right along.

"And not one of them has what you might really call a bad habit. I never did believe in letting children roam the streets, and I think that is where most bad habits are picked up, don't you? My, though! how I did have to plan to circumvent those boys when they got to be fifteen and sixteen years old and wanted to go out o' nights. I used to lay awake thinking up schemes to keep them contented at home."

The visitor smiled.

"I should call *you* a specialist," she declared, her eyes on the proud, amazed old face opposite, "a genuine specialist with trophies of a high order to show, and by which to be remembered. Six splendid men and women doing their work in the world in a manner to win the respect of all who know them, and each one

owing his success in life to your special care and guidance and teaching and example. How small achievements like mine seem in comparison!"

And as her visitor said good-bye Grandma Barbour murmured softly:

"To think that she calls me a '*specialist!*' But oh! if somebody had given me the same encouragement during those days when I needed it so much! How I wish I could write a piece, now, that would tell every tired, discouraged mother what that blessed woman just told me! Anyhow, if I can't write I'm just going to *tell* it to every mother I know, for it is the dear Lord's truth, and will surely help the poor discouraged mothers to feel that their work is more important than any other work in this whole wide world. I'm only surprised to think that I never realized it myself."—*American Motherhood.*

THE COMFORT OF THE HOUR.

"When at last we were forced to accept the verdict of the physicians that there was no cure, really no hope of more than a year or two of life for my husband," said one recounting a chapter of her history, "there seemed nothing left to us, but gloom and dread. Then we decided that if we could have but a year or two more of earth together, we would not waste it in mourning or foreboding, but extract from it every hour of sweetness and comfort that we might. We did not have quite two years, and there were many periods of pain and weakness that were hard to bear, but oh, there were so many beautiful times in between! There were 'good days' when we could take long drives or occasionally walk together; there were restful, comfortable hours of reading or quiet talk when we seemed to draw closer together than ever before. We made the most of every hour, and when I was left alone I was left with a store of precious memories.

"It gave me a new view of life, too; of what we might make of its ties and friendships, and of how we ought to appreciate to the utmost the offered sweetness of the hours. Why should we wait for some medical decree to set a limit to them before we learn to enjoy them? The restful bits along the way, the cups of sweetness that every day holds here and there amid its busy work, if we will but take them, blessed companionships that may be ours if only we do not rush past them in our haste—surely our Father sends all these. Why should we miss the comfort of the hours?"—*Unidentified.*

"BUT—"

Annabel dropped wearily into the nearest chair.

"I declare, I'm just worn out; and yet it has been funny too," she added, breaking into a little laugh.

"What is it now?" asked Margaret, smiling in sympathy. "Has Miss Hester gone?"

"Yes, she has, and I feel as if I had been ruffled and patted and smoothed and rubbed the wrong way all the morning, like the fur on Baby Maude's long-suffering kitten. Why do good people have to have such queer streaks? Miss Hester is so well-meaning, but—there, if I'm not saying it myself from sheer contagion."

"Do explain," cried Margaret, "before I think you are quite out of your mind."

"So I will, my dear. You see, Miss Hester wanted to see my new room and all my pretty things, so I showed them to her. She thought everything was lovely, but she had some fault to find with every one of them.

"She would say, 'Your blue carpet and curtains are beautiful, my dear, but they make the room look sort of cold, don't they?' I showed her the couch pillow Mollie embroidered for me, and she said, 'It is pretty as can be, and so well done, but—aren't the stitches in that leaf a little too long?'

"She thought my pictures were so appropriate, 'but—it's too bad that gilt frame is quite so broad, narrow frames are newer, you know; and that landscape isn't in very good drawing, is it? It is very pretty, but—not exactly a true perspective, seems to me.'

"My pink waist was 'very sweet, dear child, very sweet; but that color is trying to your kind of complexion, isn't it? and what a pity you didn't make the sleeves bigger; two little puffs are rather out of style, you know.'

"She didn't see a thing in the whole lot that was perfectly satisfactory."

"I would have turned her out!" Margaret said indignantly. "The idea of her being so rude."

"Oh, she didn't mean to be rude. I don't think she had an idea how it sounded. She has grown so used to picking flaws that it is second nature, and she doesn't know when she does it. She could hardly give unqualified praise to anything if she tried."

"Well, it is a very uncomfortable habit," insisted Margaret. "I shall certainly try not to fall into it."

"So shall I, though I'm afraid it might be easy to. You know how often when we hear a nice thing said about somebody we put in a 'but'—I did it only yesterday when you said that Mrs. Bloom was such a sweet singer. I popped right up to qualify it with 'but you ought to hear her flat sometimes.'"

"Yes, and do you remember, Aunt Louise said, 'She did flat a little, but she is getting over it nicely since she has studied more'? Aunt Louise's 'buts' are always kind ones, making excuses for people. She makes you see the best side of everything and everybody."

"That's a fact, Margaret; she is a regular artist at bringing out good points. Which makes me think of my errand. Will you please come and help me hang

some more pictures? I feel quite rested now. Miss Hester was rather trying, but she has given us a good lesson, after all."—*Unidentified.*

The Children's Corner

UNCLE NED'S FIRESIDE CHATS, NO. 2.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

UNCLE NED had scarcely seated himself by the fireside until Harry was there also.

"Uncle, you told me last night about spinning, but you did not tell me anything about what use is made of the thread. Won't you tell me now?"

"All right, Harry. What are some of the things you would like to know?"

"What are some of the things that thread is made of?"

"The principal materials are cotton, wool and silk, though some others are occasionally used."

"How fine can thread be made?"

"I can not tell you how fine it can be made, but cotton has been spun so fine that a pound of thread would reach 4770 miles, and silk has also been made into thread so fine as to be almost invisible. These are extremes of fineness. You can figure for yourself the length of the common sewing thread. For instance, number one hundred thread has one hundred hanks to the pound, and the hank is 840 yards long."

"Our teacher told us that cloth is made of thread. How is it done?"

"That will bring us to the subject of weaving. This is perhaps one of the most ancient of the arts. At first man dressed in the skins of animals, but soon took to the manufacture of coarse cloth.

"To make cloth a loom is needed, though some of them are very rude affairs. In the simplest form the threads are fastened to sticks and these are secured to stakes or trees. The threads that run the long way of the cloth is the warp and those that go across are the weft or woof. When every other one is lifted and the woof passed between them it is called plain weaving. When the weaver takes up one of the threads and leaves down two across the cloth and after passing the shuttle through reverses the order it makes a different kind of cloth, called twill. By varying the order of lifting many different patterns can be made."

"How are looms worked?"

"All looms were run by hand power till the year 1787, when Dr. Cartwright invented the power loom. Since then many improvements have been made and the manufacture of cloth is one of the leading industries of our country."

"Is the thread used in weaving the same as is used for sewing?"

"No, sewing thread is made more than one ply. That used in weaving is more like what is called *roving*. Sixty years ago all the sewing and knitting was done by hand. A man had invented a knitting machine, but it did not work satisfactorily, and he took it to a machine shop to have some changes made. The proprietor, a man named Davis, said, 'Why are you wasting time on a knitting machine? Why don't you make a sewing machine and make a fortune?' This remark interested a new hand in the shop—a farmer boy twenty years old. He had come in to Boston from Spencer, Mass., to make his fortune and here was his opportunity."

"But, Uncle, how did a farmer boy come to be in a machine shop?"

"Like many other New England lads he also was expected to learn a trade, because a living could not always be made at farming alone. This boy was Elias Howe, Jr., whose father was also a miller. He had learned his trade at Harvard, working side by side with his cousin, Nathaniel Banks, who afterwards went to Congress, ran for President, and was a General in the Civil War. Howe was very poor, and when after several years he succeeded in making a sewing machine, he parted with all his rights to it in order to pay the debts he had incurred during the time. After failing to gain anything by going to England and getting a patent there, he came to Boston again and by the aid of his father bought back his patent. He found that a rich company was making his machines, so he sued them. Winning the suit he soon came to be a millionaire, but when the Civil War broke out he enlisted as a private, and at one time when the government failed to pay the men promptly he advanced enough money to pay the entire regiment."

"Please tell me how a machine can be made to sew."

"That is not so easy to explain. Howe made the needle with the eye and the point on the same end. When the needle was passed through the cloth and started back it made a loop in the thread and a bobbin was passed through this loop, carrying a thread with it. This made what is called the 'lock-stitch' because it cannot be ripped by pulling on the threads."

"But, Uncle, I rip the flour sacks for Mama by doing that."

"Yes, but they were sewed on a different kind of machine—one that makes what is known as the 'chain-stitch.' One of the men in the company that was making Howe's machines was named Singer. When his company was beaten in the suit he went to work and made a machine somewhat different. This was the chain-stitch machine. Singer was a good salesman and putting out agents, he too, soon made a fortune."

"But I have heard Mama say that her first machine was a Davis. Did he make a machine, too?"

"Yes, a number of persons went to making machines. That is the way things usually go. When one person invents something, others take it up to help share in the profits."

"Who were some of the others?"

"As early as 1834 Walter Hunt made and sold a few machines in New York, but Howe gave the industry the start. After him came Singer, Davis, Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker, and Wilcox and Gibbs. Since the patents expired any one who wants to may make them and we have many machines differing principally in the names."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE EXTRA INGREDIENT.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

It has been most aptly said that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," but it is equally true that the proof of the recipe is in the cooking, and there is something more required than the mere mixing of ingredients.

It is positively true that the housewife weaves her own personality into her pies and cakes and little details of everyday life, and I have sometimes thought of speaking of this as the "extra ingredient." That is very indefinite, but after all it is the extra ingredient in life that makes anything worth while.

Sometimes we eat of a dish that has a peculiar flavor, a flavor we cannot define or analyze but we know that it is delicious, and although it is but simple food there has been added a savory something, an extra ingredient.

And the little things of everyday life mean so much in the moulding of character in the home. It is a pleasure to go in the home, however humble, which is neat and orderly and where a spirit of good cheer prevails, a touch of something,—a subtle something that we feel rather than see, and we experience a new sensation, a feeling of peace and rest, and that is what we are pleased to term the extra ingredient in the home.

And sometimes in the mad rush of everyday life and human events we chance to meet some personality that claims our attention,—a personality that sweeps away the clouds and brings a burst of sunshine into our lives and makes us ashamed of our failures and gives us a new impulse to do our best,—the extra ingredient in life. We are so prone to plod on day after day in the same monotonous way and forget the importance of each day, and that our real selves are interwoven in each simple duty.

Take every chance you can possibly get to be kind; because some day, there may be no more chances.—*Margaret Deland.*

For the Cook

Fried Salmon.—Take 2 eggs, 1 can of salmon, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of bread crumbs, ½ cup of cracker crumbs, butter the size of an egg, and pepper and salt. Make into cakes, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot butter.—*Sister Ella B. Price, Lanark, Ill.*

French Fried Potatoes.—Wash and pare small potatoes; cut in eighths lengthwise, dry on a clean cloth, fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. If the fat is too hot they will not be cooked well on the inside when they are brown enough on the outside.—*Sister Pearl Weimer, St. Elmo, Va.*

Doughnuts.—1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups sweet milk, 3 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ cup butter and 2 quarts flour. Roll half inch thick, cut and fry in hot lard.—*Sister Tuda Haines, North Manchester, Ind.*

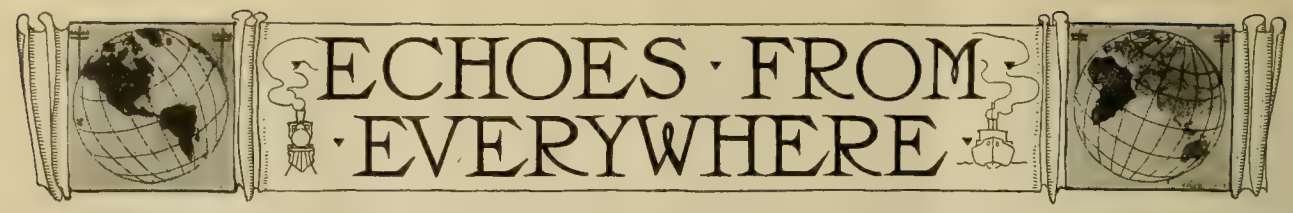
Soft Ginger Bread.—Take ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of New Orleans molasses, ½ cup of butter and lard mixed, 2½ cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, and 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in 1 cup of boiling water.—*Sister Emma T. Boone, Pasadena, Cal.*

Graham Gems.—Take 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 2 cups sour milk and a pinch of salt. Use graham flour to make a thick batter. Bake in hot gem pans.—*Sister Rachel Armey, Mexico, Ind.*

Oatmeal Cookies.—Take 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of lard, 2 well beaten eggs, 8 tablespoonfuls of buttermilk, 2 cups of oatmeal, 1 cup of raisins, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 cups of flour, a little salt and flavor with vanila. Mix all well together and drop small tablespoonfuls 2 inches apart in a well greased pan and bake in a quick oven.—*Sister Mary Cakerice Pierce, Abilene, Kans.*

Drop Cake.—Take 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped and seeded raisins, ½ cup currants, ½ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon (level) soda. Flour the fruit and add spices. Use flour to make a stiff batter and drop from spoon on buttered pans leaving plenty of room for spreading of cakes. Bake in moderate oven.—*Sister Sarah Rothrock, McPherson, Kans.*

Broth for Sick.—Boil a young chicken tender. Put 1 pint of the broth in a pipkin. Take one egg and stir the white and yolk together but do not beat. Stir egg into the boiling broth very slowly, let boil and it will be as light as a sponge. Remove from the stove and serve.—*Sister Amanda C. Houff, Fort Defiance, Va., Box 57.*



Without a suggestion of opposition and after less than two minutes' consideration the senate adopted a joint resolution permitting the admission of two Chinese students to the West Point Military Academy.

The senate committee on judiciary has reached a decision to report favorably the sub-committee resolution authorizing an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

The senate, without debate or discussion, has passed Senator Cullom's resolution providing for the creation of a commission to have charge of a magnificent memorial to cost $2,000,000 in the city of Washington in honor of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

The Isthmian Canal Commission will shortly advertise for 8,000 tons of material for constructing the tracks upon which will run the massive electrical towing engines which will be built for towing ships through the Panama Canal locks. Ordinary track adhesion would be insufficient for moving a 20,000-ton warship. Consequently, a massive rack rail will be laid between the tracks, into which the locomotives will be geared.

Heavy is the toll taken annually by the sea of British shipping and the foreign vessels sailing near the English coast. Casualties were received by 10,650 vessels during the year, and 4,738 lives were lost. Of vessels belonging to the United Kingdom, 5,276 suffered casualty, and 322 of these were totally lost. The number of seamen and passengers saved from British wrecks, and wrecks of foreign vessels near the British coast, was 7,820.

A consultation of eminent physicians was held in Stockholm recently to consider whether an operation is necessary upon King Gustav, of Sweden, as the result of the injuries he received in a recent fall from his horse while hunting. Fear of injury to the heart and of consequent paralysis leads to the belief that an operation may be necessary, although this will be averted, if possible. A slight improvement in the monarch's condition is noted.

Political economists of national reputation have joined in a movement just launched by a non-partisan organization called the Progressive Federation for the adoption of the initiative and referendum in the selection of delegates to State and national conventions of the two great parties. To enable the voters of 1912 to overcome the usual difficulties arising from not having delegates to county conventions pledged for a national candidate, the new organization purposes the immediate use of a preliminary postal ballot by the progressive voters, indicating the first, second and third choice for President, accompanied by the pledge that they will, for the coming two years, attend the elections of their party, unless unavoidably prevented and that, in 1912, they will vote only for pledged progressive delegates who have declared for a first, second and third choice for the presidential nominee.

The interstate commerce commission has ordered western railroads to make reparation to shippers in the Burnham-Hannah-Munger case in which overcharges to the extent of $1,200,000 covering a period of two years, from November, 1908, to October, 1910, are involved. The railroads will be compelled to file a detailed statement showing that this sum has been refunded.

Royal Stanton, of New York, a student in the Western Theological Seminary, of Hudson, near Ithaca, has received a letter from the Arctic circle written by "Mene," an Americanized Eskimo, who was with Peary on two dashes to the North Pole, declaring neither Peary nor Cook reached the pole, but that Cook went as far as anybody. He declared Cook is loved by all and Peary hated for his cruelty.

The one cent lunch for school children at the noon hour has been inaugurated in Pittsburg under the auspices of the Columbian council of Jewish women, who chose the Springfield school, in the poorest part of Pittsburg, for their experiment. The little ones who had brought their pennies—and those who had not—were at the proper time offered the following bill of fare: Large cup of hot cocoa, 1 cent; hot meat sandwich, 1 cent; banana and ginger snaps, 1 cent. One hundred and fifty-three children laid down their money and ate.

That the decline in the birth rate of the United States is proportionately greater than the similar decline in France, though the birth rate itself is higher in this country than in France, is one of the conclusions made by Professor Walter F. Willcox, well known Cornell statistician and census expert, who has made a long study of statistics of birth, death, marriage and divorce. Professor Willcox says that during the nineteenth century there was a steady and regular decline in the birth rate in both the United States and France, and that this seemed to be on the whole greater and more marked in the United States than in France.

The second international congress on child-welfare will be held in Washington April 25 to May 2, under the auspices of the National Congress of Mothers, of which Mrs. Frederick Schoff, of Philadelphia, is president. The general outline of the program will cover the relations and duties of home, school, church and state to child-welfare, the world over. The coöperation of specialists on each phase of the general subject will be secured and already the Religious Education association has consented to take charge of the program regarding the relation of the church to the children's welfare. Founder's Day will be recognized in mothers' circles and parent-teachers' organizations, on February 17 next, or as near that date as is expedient. It was on February 17, 1897, that Mrs. Theodore W. Birney and Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst sent out the first call for mothers to form a national organization. Their appeal was "To all mankind and to all womankind, regardless of creed, race or condition, to recognize that in the child lies the hope of the race, and that the republic's greatest work is to save the children."

More than 100,000 persons, including many Europeans, have been killed by the bubonic plague, which is ravaging Manchuria and northern China. Word has been received from Mukden of the death of Dr. G. E. Mesny, an eminent French physician. He sacrificed his life for the cause of science and humanity. Although warned that it was certain death to venture into the plague zone, Dr. Mesny traveled into the interior of Manchuria to render medical aid and study the progress of the infection. A number of missionary doctors have left for the plague belt where hundreds are dying daily. In order to prevent further spread, if possible, no railroad trains are being operated south of Mukden.

Silk importations in 1910 exceeded in quantity those of any earlier year, amounting in round terms to 25 million pounds, valued at 70 million dollars, and from this the mills of the United States will turn out more than $150,000,000 worth of finished products. These figures of the year's importations are based upon eleven months' reports of actual importations as received by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The estimate as to the value of the year's manufactures is based upon an actual total of 133 million dollars' output shown by the census of 1905, in which year the imports of raw silk amounted to but about 20 million pounds, against the 25 million pounds imported in 1910.

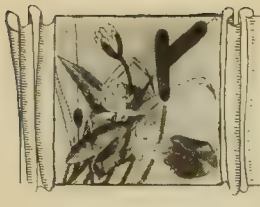
That West Virginia is not chargeable with any part of the debt to Virginia, but that the government should foot the bill is the contention of John T. McGraw, who is likely to be the next United States senator from West Virginia. The matter is now before the United States supreme court. Regarding it, Mr. McGraw says: "Whatever sum we may be called upon to pay in this case should be paid by the general government as a public charge; because West Virginia was severed from the old State without constitutional authority as a war measure, and primarily for the purpose of protecting the loyal States of the immediate west, which border the Ohio River. West Virginia was necessary, as suggested by President Lincoln, to save these States to the Union and give them means of railroad transportation from the eastern seaboard."

Johns Hopkins hospital will soon have the first ward in the world for the treatment of nervous diseases under what is known as psycho-analysis or soul analysis. Patients will be experimented on during sleep in this new department of the Henry Phipps psychiatric clinic, which is being built with money donated by the New York millionaire. The theory upon which the new treatment is based is that every person is possessed of two personalities, conscious and subconscious. It is held that when a person is asleep the conscious personality is at rest and the subconscious is predominant, hence dreams are the natural interpretation of the repressed ideas of the subconscious personality. The treatment aims at the unification of the personalities. Knowing the wishes and wants of the conscious personality as derived from the conservation of the patient there remain to be ascertained the wishes and wants of the subconscious personality. The principle of the school is that there lurks in every dream, often disguised, a repressed wish for fulfillment.

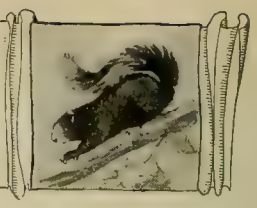
Hundreds of inquiries from all parts of the country are pouring into the office of Brig. Gen. James Allen, chief of the signal corps, United States army, and his assistant, Maj. G. O. Squier, following the announcement by these officers that they had proven the practicability of carrying on two or more conversations simultaneously over a single telephone circuit. Since the publication of the report of the successful experiments of the signal corps in Washington and the discovery of practical means of multiplex telephony, the officers have had little time for their routine duties. Letters from telephone companies, business houses and private individuals have come in increasing number. To each the same reply is made. The inquirers are, without exception, referred to the United States patent office. There, for five cents, the questioners are informed they may obtain copies of the specifications of the instruments needed for multiplex telephony, with complete instructions as to their use.

A delegation of Indians representing the Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Cherokees, members of the Five Civilized Tribes, is waiting stoically but determinedly for a hearing by congress of the complaints of their respective tribes that they are systematically robbed by State officials of Oklahoma under the pretext of administering the law. They charge that when Indians fail to meet their taxes, collectors visit their farms, confiscate their property, and sell it, omitting to return any money after the sale when the taxes have been fully met by the proceeds and there is a remainder. They assert that dishonest officials take advantage of the Indians' ignorance of the law and impose on them at every opportunity. Through these wrongful acts, it is claimed, the Indians are gradually getting poorer, the poverty of some of them being pitiful, and many are likely to become public charges. In the four nations represented by the delegation there are now 2,400 full blooded Indians, most of them farmers, who claim they would become rich and some help to the country if they were allowed justice and permitted to advance like their white neighbors. They urge the just enforcement or observance of the treaty of 1832 by which it was agreed that the Indians should be allowed to live on their land without interference on the part of the government.

Diplomatic advices from London state than an interesting feature of King George's coronation is to be the provision of a third throne for Dowager Queen Alexandra. It is to be placed at the left of the king's coronation chair, Queen Mary's being on the right. The two queens' chairs are to be identical in height, and each of them two steps lower than that of the king. Westminster Abbey is to be closed from the middle of February, when it will be turned over to the office of works. When this takes place a complete transformation will commence in the interior of the stately and historic structure. At the crowning of King Edward at least 7,000 spectators were accommodated, and this number is likely to be considerably exceeded, as King George has given orders that accommodation is also to be provided for the members of the house of commons and their ladies. Two tickets will be available for every member, and these will be issued in the course of a few days. This extra accommodation will be provided by erecting galleries in the chapel of King Edward the Confessor, which commands an excellent view of the whole ceremonial. The musical portion of the ceremony is to be under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, assisted by Sir Walter Parratt, the master of the king's music. Queen Mary will, it is stated, personally select the hymns and anthems, and there is to be a choir of 500 voices, the Abbey choir being strengthened by outside assistance.



NATURE STUDIES



PROPAGATION OF PLANTS.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

PLANTS are reproduced in two different ways: by natural and artificial means.

The natural ways of reproducing plants are by seeds, spores, root-stocks, suckers or root sprouts, stolons, bulbs, corms and tubers.

Most species of plants depend mainly on seed for the reproduction of their kind. Almost all plants produce seed, but the seeds do not always produce exactly the same variety as the parent plant, therefore by artificial means, as budding and grafting, we can propagate the variety of a plant. For instance, if you would plant the seed from a Ben Davis apple and they would grow to large bearing trees, you would not be apt to raise apples on them exactly like the Ben Davis variety, but some trees would probably bear very small, runty apples which would be worthless, while others might bear as nice a fruit as the Ben Davis. Therefore we have the artificial means to propagate certain varieties of plants so they will be true to name.

Spores are the reproductive bodies of flowerless plants, such as ferns, seaweed, fungi, etc.

Many plants and some grasses are reproduced by the fleshy rootstocks, which push out laterally in all directions from the parent plant, developing rootlets and throwing up stems of new plants at intervals.

Suckers or root sprouts are sent up from lateral roots and if the parent plant is grown from seed or cutting the root sprouts will produce the same variety of fruit as the parent plant, as do the red raspberry and blackberry and some plums, cherry, pears, poplars, etc. In trees this manner of reproduction often causes lots of trouble where the trees are in a yard or orchard, as the sprouts grow numerously and rapidly and will have to be cut down occasionally, or they will make a dense thicket of brush. In trees this method of propagation should be discouraged rather than encouraged.

Some plants throw out trailing branches or runners called stolons which take root at their end or joints, thus producing new plants, like the strawberry, honeysuckle, black raspberry, etc.

Bulbs are a more or less permanent and compact leaf bud throwing out roots from their lower portion and developing small bulbs or bulblets around the mother bulb, as in the lily, or bulblets entirely above the ground in axil of leaf or top of stem, as onion sets.

Corms are a solid bulb-like tuber, more or less covered with an enwrapping tissue, which develop cormels very like bulbs do bulblets. Gladiolus and Indian turnips are corms.

The artificial means of reproducing plants are by cuttings, layering, grafting, and budding.

Cuttings are are divided into three classes: (1) hard wood cuttings which are made in the fall from deciduous plants of the present or previous season's growth of wood; (2) soft wood or herbaceous cuttings which are made from the green wood; they are used mostly to propagate house plants, and are often called "slips"; (3) root and tuber cuttings; root cuttings are made from short cuttings of the roots, especially those which show a natural tendency to sucker, such as blackberry, horseradish, etc., which tuber cuttings are made from the thickened portion of either roots or stems in which starch is stored up, as the white and sweet potato.

Layering is placing a branch of the plant in contact with the earth so as to induce it to throw out roots and shoots. An example of tip layering is found in the black raspberry, of vine layering is found in the grape and of mound layering most all plants which send up a large number of stems or shoots from a single root. By this method woody plants can be propagated which do not readily take root from cuttings.

Grafting and budding are means by which certain varieties of some plants may be multiplied.

Grafting is mostly done during the winter or spring while budding is done in the summer.

Greenville, Ill.

WILD ANIMALS AND CATNIP.

SOME one at the Washington Zoölogical Park obtained the permission of the authorities to try the effect of catnip on the animals there. So far as known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, and this was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place; and, as soon as it reached the parrots' corner, the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that told fearfully on the nerves of all, and made for that side of their cage, poking their beaks and claws through it. When the catnip was brought near them, they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf, and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their cries.

Next trial was made of an African leopard. Before the keepers had reached the front of the cage, he had

bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den.

Never was the prey of this spotted African in his wild state pounced upon more savagely or with such absolute savage enjoyment. First, the leopard ate a mouthful of the stuff, then he lay flat on his back and wiggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor.

Then he sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in each paw, and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes, and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where the rest of the afternoon he lay, the very picture of contentment.

In one tiger's cage there is a very young but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this, the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned lion near him to shame.

That vicious tiger fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into his cage. He rolled about in it, and played like a six-weeks-old kitten. He mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it, and, after getting about as liberal a dose as the leopard had, likewise jumped to his shelf and blinked lazily the rest of the day.

One big lion was either too dignified or too lazy to accord much attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful, licked his chops as though saying, "Not half bad," and then went back to his slumbers.—*New York Herald.*

* * *

PRESERVATION OF INSECT LIFE.

In any region where winter is a period of long continued cold, a successful method of passing through it is of first importance to every animal that cannot follow the birds as the seasons change. Not only must the low temperatures be endured by such creatures, but they must also be protected, to some extent at least, from the many enemies abroad during this period. With insects, successful hibernation is of vital importance, for to them death may appear in myriad forms at any hour between November and April.

During all the ages each species has been adjusting itself more and more perfectly to its surroundings, increasing the means of protection from the primal elements, or perfecting the disguise which conceals it from living enemies; or if these means avail not, increasing its rate of reproduction to such an extent that the nine hundred and ninety-nine may perish and the one continue to propagate its kind.

To our unseeing eyes the hosts of insects abroad during the summer months seem wholly to disappear when winter comes. The question as to where they go is often asked.

The following locations, at least, are available,—in the ground or under shelter on its surface; in ponds and other bodies of water; in stumps, logs and dead wood, and plants of all sorts; in or on living trees, shrubs, and smaller plants; in galls; in fruits, and in occasional shelter provided by man for his own uses.

Insects may hibernate in either of the four stages of their existence. As a rule each species passes the winter in but one of these stages, although occasionally an insect will be found hibernating in two or possibly three stages. In general the hibernating stage is the one in which the species undergoes the least risk during the winter.

Most of our common grasshoppers or locusts hibernate in the egg state in the ground slightly beneath the soil surface. Thus the familiar red-legged locust deposits eggs late in summer or early in autumn, the eggs remaining unhatched until the following spring. During this period they are subject to attack from many enemies, including birds, predaceous insects, and small red mites, which feed freely upon the egg contents. Those eggs which are not destroyed before the latter part of the following spring hatch into young 'hoppers that feed upon the tender leaves of clover and grasses.

In the twigs of various trees and in the canes of raspberries, blackberries, and grapes you may often find rows of light yellow cylindrical eggs. Sometimes there will be forty or more of these eggs in a single row. This is the winter condition of the tree cricket, an insect common in summer. The eggs are inserted through a series of holes cut by the sharp ovipositor of the female cricket. This is the only condition in which this insect passes the winter.

The peculiar creature called the walking-stick is one of the most careless of mothers. Late in summer, from the shrub or tree in which she is feeding, she drops her eggs upon the ground, with no pretense at protection. They lie upon the surface, and later many are covered by the falling leaves. The dark-brown color of the eggs must help to render them less conspicuous when they come within range of vision of chewinks, brown thrashers, ruffed grouse, or other birds, but many of them are probably eaten by such ground-feeding species. In times of heavy rains, especially when they lie upon hillsides, many more must be washed away. But a few survive all perils and hatch the following spring.

If you look carefully through a hand lens at the twigs of apple trees, you will often find at the bases of the buds small, black, smooth, shining, oval objects; these are the eggs of the apple aphid. They were deposited the previous autumn by the wingless female aphids, and will hatch the following spring into other

aphids. The latter will crawl upon the unfolding leaves, insert their tiny beaks into the tissues, and suck the sap. They develop rapidly, and in two weeks or so become full-grown. Each then begins giving birth to living young, a process which continues through the successive generations throughout the summer, until in autumn a sexed generation is produced; the winter eggs are deposited by these.

One of the most remarkable ways in which the eggs of plant-lice are carried through the winter is that of those plant-lice eggs which ants take care of in their nests. These eggs may be deposited on plants above ground, or they may be laid by aphids living on roots below the surface of the soil and tended by ants. In either case the ants care for the eggs as attentively as they do those of their own species. The easiest way to find these eggs is to turn over in spring flat stones on upland pastures or other grasslands. If you are fortunate, you will find occasionally small masses of minute greenish-black eggs, oval in form and smooth of surface. By placing some of these eggs in a glass vial and keeping them under observation you should be able to see the young aphids which hatch from them.—*Clarence Moores Weed.*

DOUBTS ABOUT THE NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

(Continued from Page 81.)

It tries to show that teaching is not a haphazard affair, but a subject for investigation and study; it tries to show how libraries should be used, and how original investigation should be conducted; but old-fashioned people doubt whether it gives due weight to the maxim "The foundation must be stronger than the superstructure."

They doubt whether teachers themselves educated "along the lines of least resistance," can stand the strain of modern teaching. As a relief from wooden teaching and wooden learning, the new education deserves all gratitude. No one is so conservative as to prefer a dull teacher to an interesting one because the dull teacher offers more obstacles to learning. The question is not whether we should be altogether old-fashioned or altogether new-fashioned (we may be alike "fantastic if too new or old"): the question is where the old should stop and the new begin.

In emancipation from the evils of the old, may we not be rushing into another servitude quite as dangerous as the first?

What is training, and what is the peculiar characteristic of the trained mind? Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above him; to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil, to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to work steadily and resolutely until, through long practice,—and, it may be, after many failures,—he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

"But the new education," you say, "is in some ways more general than the old. From the start it opens to eager eyes all the beautiful world of science; little children get glimpses into subjects of which old-fashioned children never heard." This is too true. Old-fashioned people have old-fashioned doubts about what seems to them a showy, all-round substitute for education—a sort of bluff at general culture, such as we see when children, at great expense to their schools (the new education is almost ruinously expensive), dissipate their minds by studying a little of everything. I was delighted to hear Professor Grandgent say not long ago, "The curse of modern education is multiplication of subjects and painless methods." I suspect that in another generation we may even overdo the "enriching" of the grammar school. I do not undervalue the pleasure and profit of what is called "a bowing acquaintance" with a variety of subjects; the mistake is to accept such an acquaintance as education.—*L. B. R. Briggs, in Atlantic.*

Between Whiles

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watch dog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Vell, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."—Everybody's Magazine.

With an Eye to the Future.—"It would probably take many generations of adversity to train Americans into the far-seeing thriftiness of my people," once observed an American of Scotch birth. "I remember a case of a Scotch woman who had been promised a new bonnet by a lady. Before she undertook the purchase, the lady called and asked the good woman:

"'Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Carmichael?'

"'Weel,' responded Mrs. Carmichael thoughtfully, 'I think I'll tak' a strae one. It'll maybe be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm done wi' it.'"—Lippincott's.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. January 31, 1911. No. 5.

Industrial Education in the Public Schools

M. F. Hale

IN a previous article we tried to show some needs along industrial lines in our rapidly-changing country. We have a peculiarly complex condition, possibly not found in any other country on the globe. The report of our great natural undeveloped resources has gone to every civilized tribe, and people of all lands have flocked in to take advantage of the conditions here. So we have, in one place, a settlement of sturdy Germans with the ideas of their mother country; in another, a colony of Italians, or Greeks, or Russians—each with his peculiar notions of government and life.

This condition brings up questions in the home, the state, the school and the church that would hardly be considered in a country with people of one tendency, and may account, in part, for the fact that so many of our responsible positions are filled by foreigners. However, it places us in a position of great possibilities, if we can only merge the good qualities and noble ideas of this mixed population.

It would take too much space to describe all the functions of the school, but we believe that our work in the past has been too narrow. Our present compulsory law forces boys into school just at the time when their desire for independence and self-expression is strong; and we expect them to work under constant direction and restraint. As a result we are constantly receiving truants, delinquents, defectives and abnormals just when the active faculties God has given them should be guided rightly.

We are coming more and more to see that education is a problem of adaptation. It is the duty of the public school to provide the educational needs for those who, on account of physical or mental defects, are barred from the broad training of books. Because a child is weak, either mentally or physically, is no reason why the public school should dismiss him and leave him entirely helpless. These children have as great a claim on the state as any other class; and it is the duty of the state to give them the training adapted to their needs, and thus prepare them for the duties of life and citizenship in the best manner possible. Even the incorrigible child, found in nearly every section, must not be neglected. We have ruined too many already, by trying to force them into molds not suited to their mental forms; and relief came to both boy and school by sending him to the Reformatory.

Some time ago a boy visited the shops of one of our reform schools. He saw the boys in the drafting room busy with some design; he saw them in the joinery room with saw, chisel and plane, making some useful articles; he saw them at the wood-turning lathe where beautiful goblets and bowls were being made. Upon returning to the city, he went immediately to the Judge of the Juvenile Court and asked what would be necessary for him to do, to be sent to the Reformatory, because he wanted to learn the things the boys were learning there.

One of the criticisms that have been given to our public school system by the business world, is, that while it gives the pupil a very good knowledge of the things taught in the text, he is almost helpless when he tries to apply them. In a large city a contractor was going over some bills of lumber for a house he was building for a teacher of mathematics of a High School. The contractor asked him how many board feet of lumber there were in a certain number of pieces that were to be used. After pondering over it a half hour the teacher had to confess he did not know how to find the number. Had the problem been in an arithmetic, he could, possibly, have solved it readily. The application of knowledge is far more difficult than its acquisition.

Quoting from a school superintendent: "The highest activity of the mind is creation,—the conceiving a new thing, and carefully working out, in detail, the conception, and putting it into actual realization. The man who conceives, designs, and makes things is performing the highest functions of mind. This is what is done in a proper course in Manual Training. The imagination is stimulated, expression is encouraged and then production follows, and completes the educa-

tional circle. The boy who has thought of a tool, or a machine, or even a piece of carpentry, has portrayed his conception in a drawing on paper, and then has made it, has really accomplished more, and gained more power than would have been possible through any amount of learning about things. The advantage of this work to any boy or girl is its reality. The boy has ideas, but words for their expression escape him. He is frequently embarrassed and unable to express himself in acts: but, give him tools and things to work on, and he possesses himself at once and through the exercise of his highest function gains that power that comes in no other way."

The boy does not know how to create and organize ideas and then he is helpless in means of application. The ability to size up an unknown situation, to recognize the real difficulties to be overcome, and to devise means of overcoming them are the essential features of any and every problem. To attain any kind of success in this work the pupil must be able to look ahead and see the results of each operation before it is even started, with its relation to and effect upon every other operation required in the undertaking. And, finally, he must have the will to stick to a task and work hard at it after the novelty and first enthusiasm have worn off, and it has become commonplace, and even discouraging; or to be able to back up and begin again and go at it as hard as ever, to profit by mistakes; and to stick to a job until finished. All these will help the pupil to meet the problems of life easier than any amount of memory work that may be given in a school course.

With these problems before our educators, an effort has been made to bridge the gulf between the facts learned in books and putting them in practice. The pupil starts this work in the primary room, where the forms of the square, rectangle, triangle, and circle are learned by outlining them with crayon or bright-colored yarns and by comparison with objects they can see. Idea of number is gained by counting objects they can see and hold. Control of the fingers is attained by cutting, folding and weaving paper and by making designs from blocks or other objects. When the boy reaches the 5th or 6th grade he is placed in a shop with a work-bench equipped with saws, hammers, chisels, bits and squares. Here he learns to make such articles as boxes, shelves, coat-hangers and flower stands. As he passes to higher grades his work becomes more difficult until he has made a Morris chair, library-table, or a writing-desk. If he continues this work through the high school he is taught more advanced work in cabinet making, wood-turning, blacksmithing and machine work. During all this time he takes work in mechanical drawing where he learns to place his ideas properly on paper. Girls have courses in sewing, cooking and economic buying outlined for them, which are as broad and useful for them as are the courses for the boys.

However, with an outline to follow, many of these things can be learned by boys and girls who are deprived of this privilege in their school course.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE RAISING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.

VERDI E. HARRIS (14 YEARS OLD).

THE first American flag was raised over Fort Stanwix (now Rome, N. Y.) on August 3, 1778. Congress had voted on June 14, 1777, that our national flag should consist of thirteen horizontal stripes (alternately red and white), seven red stripes and six white ones; while in the upper staff corner, there was to be a blue field containing thirteen white stars in a circle.

Having captured five British flags, the Americans at Fort Stanwix hoisted them upside down above the ramparts of the fort; while high above them all, they flung the American flag to the breeze for the first time. The men at the fort made this flag of some scraps of red flannel, an officer's white shirt, and Capt. Abraham Swartout's blue jacket.

The first time that the American flag was unfurled over a foreign land was when Capt. John Rathburne took possession of Fort Nassau, Providence Island.

The first truly American flag was raised by Paul Jones over the *Serapis,* an American man-of-war, in 1779 at Trexel. This flag was made by some Boston women.

The American flag was used for the first time by Washington at the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777.

Murdock, Kans.

THINGS THAT ENDURE.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

JUST at this time when we have broken many, if not all of our New Year resolutions, perhaps it would be wise for us to stop and consider, before becoming discouraged, just how many of them were worth keeping. For perhaps after all we have not *so many faults* that really count, but our chief concern should be the one or two real faults which overtop and control all others.

John Ruskin in his beautiful book, "Sesame and Lilies," tells us there are but two faults worthy of note and to be avoided and they are *idleness* and *cruelty* and that these are of real consequence, and whatever else we may be, we must not be *useless,* and we must not be *cruel.* And wise and good men and women have discovered by experience that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other, and that his two chief commands are, "Work while it is day" and, "Be merciful while you have mercy."

And if our time is well employed, and we are steadily and cheerfully doing our work each day and in so doing helping others to do theirs, we will have no time to dwell on our own faults, in fact they will crystallize and so also will the faults of others and we will become more merciful and less cruel in our judgments of others, always remembering that he who was greatest of all was merciful and gracious, in fact was "plenteous in mercy."

And so let us not be discouraged, even though our New Year resolutions are broken, but let us remember that every day is a fresh beginning and be thankful that another day has been given us for service, whether it be in the home, which perhaps constitutes our world, or in the busy tide of affairs of outside life let us steadily and surely overcome the one or two faults which really count and strive for those things which are noble, and true, and beautiful.

Let us then think carefully and bravely over these things, and we will find them true, and having found them true, they will fit us for our work and bring out those things which are strongest and deepest in us, the golden grain—the product of right living, which in the end will open for us "kings' treasuries."

THE BOTTOMLESS LAKE

Henry M. Spickler

THE armless man had not enjoyed the great advantages of a university education, but he did have an unusual amount of commonsense. He refused to believe everything that was told him until he had ample proof for believing. His neighbors believed that when the lightning struck in the ground or in a tree or in a house, a "bolt,"—an iron bolt,—shot down from the clouds and cleaved its irresistible way through whatever happened to be in its path. That was why, they said, the trees were all splintered and broken, and that is why the old barn had a hole right through the roof and floors big enough to put your hand through,—it was the "bolt,"—the bolt of iron or some other metal,—red hot,—that hurled itself from the clouds. These same people believed that "it rained" angle worms, snakes, fish and toads. After a summer rain they had often found these very things, some of them in great numbers crawling about right on the sidewalk. "Of course they rained down, else where did they come from?" they would say, and look wiser than Solomon as they said it. These same people, too, always believed that graveyards were fruitful of ghosts.

But the armless man refused to "take things for granted." He wished to know the truth. He was too honest to surrender his self-respect to such foolish conclusions. He went to the bottom of things. He meant to "go to the bottom" of the Bottomless Lake, or to know why he could not sound that wonderful and mysterious body of water.

When he reached the very edge of the water he paused and looked down into its clear, greenish-blue mirror that reflected his own form and that of the trees above him in perfect outline. In this respect the water of this Bottomless Lake was just like any other clean water. Besides this fact of its ability to reflect objects when brought before it at the right angle, the water had not harmed him. He saw no dreadful water sprites peering from below the surface at him, or lifting their venomous forms above the little lake.

He was ready to go a step farther in his adventure for the truth. He dared to touch the water with his foot.

With a little shriek of painful fright he withdrew his foot with nervous quickness of motion. But he was not hurt. It was just the risk he had taken that frightened him. He was afraid it *might* be unduly influenced by evil spirits. And he was acting against the best opinion of the whole country round about. Modesty in his own opinion rather than cowardice in his manhood, had brought on the nervous fright.

Next he stepped boldly into the water. Then he took another step, and another, and another, and another, until he was ten or fifteen feet away from the beach. For a moment he stood there, not knowing exactly whether to go forward or backward, to stand his ground or to run. Still he saw no cloven monsters. The water was warm and the bottom was pebbly. For he was evidently walking on the "bottom" of the *Bottomless Lake*. Then he waded out to the very center. He was still alive and feeling fine. Then he ran slowly, kicking the water about like a boy in swimming. The water was only a little above his waist. Then he walked on across and out on the other side! He had actually waded across the lake on a *bottom!* Then he walked along the beach a little distance and took another chance at finding "no bottom," and before he ended with his investigation he had walked here and there over practically the whole lake, finding no spot where the water was above his head, for the lake was unusually low, there having been no rain for many weeks. With nothing to feed it except a small spring, its evaporation in the dry and sultry air had lowered it many feet.

As he rushed out at last upon the beach where he had first stood a few hours before when his foot first

touched the "mysterious" water, he was wild with delight. In his mind there had come a secret that when given to his friends would bring him an honor that would more than repay him for the loss of his two arms. At first they would disbelieve him and mock him, but he believed he could endure this with quiet assurance and that before many days after he chose to reveal his discovery, every one would know his declaration concerning the Bottomless Lake to be correct. He had loved a girl in the community, but because he was poor and armless he had been unsuccessful in his wooing. He wondered what she would think of him now.

The more he thought about his discovery the more respect he had for himself for daring to challenge current opinion, and the faster he ran back to his home. Out of breath he rushed into the open door of the farm house where his mother was working up the dough for a big baking that was to be put into the big oven some time early the following day.

"I've been all over the Bottomless Lake, mother! Actually I have. I waded clear across it, and then crossed it twenty or thirty times in all directions. I didn't need any arms! I thought I'd have to swim, and I meant to gather up the clotheslines and try to sound for a bottom. But I didn't need them!"

Had his mother suffered as much from the superstitious beliefs flying through the community as did most mothers, she would have been frightened at her boy's actions. Open-minded, careful in her premises, fair in her conclusions and just in her verdict, Mrs. Brader her never seriously put very much faith in the superstitions of her neighbors. Busy with her domestic cares, the family of three children, two girls and a boy, had found in her the self-sacrificing delight of a mother-queen. She was usually too busy with household duties or too enthusiastic about the welfare of the neighborhood in which she was the recognized leader, to have very much time or desire to believe or to act directly against the consensus of the opinion of her neighbors.

"Why, Edward," she exclaimed, cleaning the dough from her shapely hands, "you surprise me!" adding, "Did you really wade into the bottomless lake?"

"Yes, mother, of course I did. You know I would not fool you like that, and you just ought to see the beautiful scenery all around the lake. Why, there are trees there over a hundred feet high, and the whole spot is like a paradise. You don't know how good I feel."

Just then his father came into the front door, closing it with a slam.

"Mother!" he cried out in anguish as if he already were a widower, "the emigrants are going to move on south in the morning. Jes like them and everybody else that comes here that's worth keepin',—they all leave us, sooner nor later."

For two days the twoscore of promising settlers had been camping on the bank of the Yellow Creek near their house. On the first day they had been told, by some one, about the Bottomless Lake. That night their children were restless and some of them, fearing that the goblins would get 'em, refused to remove their clothes at all and sat, dozing, around the big camp fire until daylight, when they too, fell off in a sleep while the grownups prepared a hasty breakfast so as to be ready to start on their pilgrimage away from the Bottomless Lake country.

It did not take Edward long to tell his father about the great discovery he had just made, and his father lost even less time in hurrying back to the camp, where the pilgrims had been persuaded to remain one day longer. He was followed by Edward, who in turn was followed by his mother, first to the camp, and then to each neighbor living close to the Braders.

The news was too good to keep. All that evening and throughout all that night the report kept spreading throughout the Bottomless Lake country that the lake was *not* bottomless; that the water was not dangerous, that its depths were not full of demons and ghouls, but that on the other hand, it was possessed of a fine pebbly bottom; that it was a magnificent spot of natural beauty, and that before many days its fame would attract thousands of pleasure-seekers and it would be the mecca for hunters in the winter and for those who love fishing, boating and swimming, in the summer. Its asset to the community would double the value of the land, bring hundreds of desirable settlers to live there with their families and bring happiness and contentment to the Bottomless Lake people.

Of course the emigrants unpacked their goods and remained in their newly-found home. Twelve of the best farms that had been abandoned by former settlers, became occupied with a kind of people that Mrs. Brader and her husband and family learned to like as their own. They visited with one another, held socials at each other's houses, and the two girls married two of their most handsome young men.

As for Edward, the armless boy, he asked again for the only girl he ever loved. She had always *liked* him, but now, proving himself a hero of real value, she was less distant than before. . . . *They* were the *first* to spend their *honeymoon* on the banks of the *Bottomless* Lake, and although you may never have heard of his name before, he was at that time and for a long time afterward, the hero of many stories.

Land around the lake was sold for a fabulous sum. A big hotel was erected on one side and about half of the wildest portion of the forest was left untouched, and the land made a perpetual park for the benefit of all the people. Every season finds on the banks of this

little lake scores of picnic parties, and the railroad that runs within a mile of its southern shore brings thousands of weary workers from the cities to regain here health and spirits lost in the daily grind of strenuous toil for a livelihood.

"They say" was wrong. The fallacy of preconceived opinion and unfounded circumstantial evidence had been disproven.

It was an armless man that trebled the value of the Bottomless Lake community. He *believed* in the imperial value of *his own* ideas.

Chicago, Illinois.

(Concluded.)

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter I. Marguerite of Angouleme. Born 1492, Died 1549.

WHEN Marguerite of Angouleme first appeared upon the stage of life, the event was not considered as a highly important one. Her father was a nominal count of France, though a banished one as well, holding a remote claim of heirship to the throne, though the claim might be a disputed one. If there were any particular prospects for the youthful Marguerite, they had certainly been forthcoming through the unprecedented talents and surpassing beauty of her mother, Louise of Savoy.

It was at least true that two young lives, with their possibilities of posterity, stood between her father, Charles of Angouleme, and the throne of France. One of these was Louis XII. with his youthful wife, and the other his brother-in-law, either of which personages had seemed an obstacle sufficient to bar the Count of Angouleme from the throne. But one cannot always trace correctly the lines of Fate.

It is true, the aquiline features of Louise of Savoy later sharpened somewhat into coarseness; but we had rather gaze upon her picture at this time. She must have been charming with her many talents; she certainly was exceedingly lovely. Years afterwards the violent passions and high ambitions could have hardly been acknowledged to have issued from this selfsame woman. But she was very unassuming, as well as very winning now, and the latent quality of her spirit was unguessed.

Years roll on, and despite the improbability of the event, we find Louise entertaining ideas of sovereignty. In the meantime a son is born to her, which fact augments this hope. But one memorable day Louise makes this sad entry in her journal: "My dear husband, Charles of Angouleme, is dead." This event is indeed a sad affliction to the loving woman, but it in no degree alters her aspirations. The rather, it strengthens them. And very confidently she tells her heart that Francis, her beolved son, shall one day sit upon the throne of France.

She designates him as her Cæsar. Her daughter is dear indeed, and very precious to her soul, but her Cæsar it is who is the centre of her highest ambition, and who eclipses every other love. He is the very apple of her eye.

The journal of Louise of Savoy is replete with the themes of mother-pride and mother-love. At the age of seven, the little prince was run away with by a mettlesome steed. Concerning this event Louise writes in her journal: "On Jan. 26, 1501, at about half past two in the afternoon, my king, my lord, my Cæsar and my son was run away with by a fractious horse. The danger was very great; nevertheless God, the protector of widows and defender of orphans, did not abandon me, knowing that if chance had deprived me of my love I had been too unfortunate." Later Louise lets us know through the same pages, that "My son's favorite dog, Hapegay, died Oct. 24, 1502." About this time she records the birth of Queen Anne's daughter, but attaches more importance to the dog's death than to the birth of a princess of the royal blood.

This princess became a matter of importance to her in another connection, however. She conceived the thought that through her Francis should attain unto the throne of France. He should wed the Princess Claude.

But in temperament and ambition Louise was matched by the little Breton queen. Anne had probed Louise's secret to the core, and had decided otherwise. She did not take well with the high notions of her cousin, and had much rather gratify her own vain ones. The match would indeed be a brilliant one enough for Louise, but for her own part, her opinion was that Claude's hand might be bestowed wherewith to gain more prestige for the throne of Louis XII.

But, unfortunate for Anne of Brittany, Louis XII. coincided with Louise; and after several heated disputes, which we had best pass over, it was accepted as a settled fact that Claude should become the wife of Francis, who, in default of a male heir in the King's family, should ascend the throne of France. As the years pass by only daughters are born to Louis XII., and Louise writes exultantly in her journal: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Years afterwards the nation was stirred by the foreshadowing of an event which thrilled the hearts of these two women to the uttermost. Half-savage hope

alternated with half-savage despair. Anne's joy was indeed supreme when the attendants announced that a prince was born; but witness this triumphant record of Louise: "He could not retard the exaltation of my Cæsar, for he had no life."

But events changed and brought with them the uncertainty which Louise's soul could but ill endure. When Louis XII. espoused the young princess, Mary of England, she chronicles this sentiment of irony and hate: "Behold the amorous marriage of the old king, Louis XII.!"

Nevertheless, three months later we find her striving, with one hand, to still the throbbings of her heart, while with the other she traces the triumphant words: *"My Cæsar is King of France."*

This, then, was the atmosphere in which Marguerite of Angouleme was reared, that sweet, mystical girl with soul of intense texture, that type of woman, who, having started upon life's highway can find no means of returning, that being with such passionate capacity for devotion. In all these partial outflowings of mother-pride and mother-love, no thorn pricks Marguerite. Nothing could be more entirely to her choice than that Francis should be exalted above herself. The fates decreed it, he was born for distinction, and besides, he deserved the dignity. Her only prayer was that she might be of service to him; and Francis himself answered this prayer of his devoted sister by ways and means which no mortal being could have contrived to ask.



Marguerite of Angouleme.

Love prevailed at the home Angouleme. The tastes of the trio blended exquisitely, and their home was pre-eminently a home of letters and the arts. In these tastes Marguerite excelled, in the technicalities of which she was considered the court of last resort. A literary genius she truly was, yet it is not as a pursuer of this talent that she has thus far lived, and because of which she shall indeed never die. Her literary achievements have been criticised, her genius has already faded away, but there remains somewhat of Marguerite that is immortal. It is her conception of truth and her personification of devotion which remain to all lovers of goodness.

Marguerite was superior to her age. She had received a classic and even a profound education. Inclining to the subject of divinity, seeking to sound the mysteries of death, as well as life, courteous of manner, liberal of opinion, yearning to bless with her heart's best treasure,—this is Marguerite. By her contemporaries she was termed the "Fourth Grace and the Tenth Muse." By the poet the "Pearl of Pearls" and "the Marguerite of Marguerites." We, for our part, prefer to dignify her by the broader and more endearing title of elect woman.

For this she truly was. Her reverence for the study of theology entitled her to liberal views and equipped her with an untrammeled judgment in matters of the Reformed Religion. And while she still, to a degree, adhered to the traditions of the papal faith, gradually, though surely, she became a patron of the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures as expounded by Calvin. She became more than that: she became protectress of those denounced by the Sorbonne, and influential in introducing the new learning even within the precincts of the ironclad institution. Slowly, though none the less surely, did she assume the position of mediator between man and king. The woes of the persecuted worshipers were a grievous thing to contemplate; and the sight of Christians chanting canticles amid the fires of martyrdom appalled her soul and moved her to this conclusion: that whether the Pope or Calvin was the messenger of heaven, the fact remained that God ruled over both Protestant and Catholic, and that his mandate was: "Peace on earth; good will to men." Marguerite's mind had reached a decision. She would intercede for the oppressed at all hazards.

And she did. And the hazard was indeed very great; for it threatened to abase her in the face of her idol. For influential personages of the Sorbonne had dared to complain of her procedure to Francis, denouncing his sister as "an heretic, an enemy of the king, and the despoiler of public good." What a misnomer for the woman whose motto was love and fidelity and whose only fault was generosity! Marguerite made her noble, though uncompromising defence before the King, full of pleading for the persecuted worshipers, overflowing with passionate love for the King, her brother, "who is so magnanimous that God could not give me such another." Let us add that the

most humane act of which we know that Francis ever did was to retain his sister in his good graces, and at her most earnest prayer, to stay the fires of martyrdom for a little space.

Afterwards, when she reigned in her own kingdom of Navarre, Marguerite's home became a veritable asylum for the persecuted and oppressed, and there did this queen of letters sacrifice both her love for art and her royal etiquette to become to them a guiding star as well as a protectress and bosom friend. But we are digressing from the events of her early life.

In her youth, Marguerite had devised a motto, expressive of her own personality, and typical of the high regard in which she held her brother Francis. It was the device of a sunflower turning to the sun, with the inscription: *"No other light will I follow."* It is an exact rendition. For never again in history, I think, do we come upon a devotion sustained so long and at so tense a pitch as that of Marguerite of Angouleme for her brother. Her capacity for devotion was unbounded, her ideal was sublime, her love most beautiful. We regret alone that the object of her passion was a creature so unworthy. She deserved a happier fate.

Francis turned no deaf ear to his sister's fervent prayer that she might be of use to him, and gave her early and abundant occasion to prove her sincerity. It was a critical day for poor Marguerite when he seized upon her baby girl and only surviving child, and placed her in a castle of her own which was, in fact, an imprisonment rather than an establishment, to offer her as an hostage, or give her to some enemy-prince, when the opportunity should come. This act must have caused an instinctive revolt within the soul of such a woman as Marguerite; and it may be, that for the moment, she regarded her brother as tyrannical. When her infant son and heir had died she had this passage from Job posted against the city walls: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." But in the matter of a brother seizing upon her child, it must be confessed that Marguerite's spirit was not so placidly submissive. But she did submit her opposing will, however, and rooted up the enmity if there was any, and schooled herself into patience and charity and exceeding longsuffering. And if there were times when she could scarcely see that sun of hers, for the blinding tears and the deadly pain within her heart, still the poor sunflower anon lifted its drooping head again, refusing, or unable it may be, to find guidance in any other light.

So, bereft of her own childling, Marguerite became indeed and in truth a mother to the five little children of Francis; for poor Claude, sick of the infidelities of her husband and weary of the world, had died at the age of twenty-five. Thus, leaving his entire domestic difficulties to his sister and half of his state cares to his mother, Francis abandoned himself to his own carnal pleasures, becoming at once a Venus worshiper and lady-killer, developing into such a creature of vice as we think was unprecedented by any European monarch, though paralleled perhaps, by that most dissolute of women, Catherine II. of Russia, and the profligate old king, Louis XV. of France. The picture of Francis I., with which we are all familiar, reveals a face which is the personification of evil tendencies and unscrupled vice. He had gallantly declared that a court without women was as a year without a springtime, and as a springtime without roses. So he filled his court with the women of his ideal, among whom were Madame Etampes, Diana of Portiers, and Anne Baylen. Ennobling types, truly!

Throughout Marguerite's life it remained her mission to befriend Francis,—to rejoice in his triumphs, to bewail his calamities, to rear his family, to regard his rights, to sacrifice for his ascendency, to abase herself for his exaltation, and at last to solace him whom his mistresses and his own evil devices could no longer cheer. In all these ministrations the similitude of "casting pearls before swine" apparently never crossed her mind. Her office was self-imposed and her watchword, ever, "Make me worthy." She loved her books and she loved her faithful Huguenots, but she dismissed them always in answer to the bugle call. To call this service sacrifice, or to grudge these ministrations, even when they ruptured her own happiness, was a thought as far from Marguerite as the east is from the west.

It is true, the fortressed castle and captive daughter, the youthful Jeanne de'Alberet, was a perpetual and ever bleeding wound to her mother-love, which kingly prestige could not suffice to heal. Who knows how often her heart yearned thither, and groaned in secret for the boon her lips dared not ask. Tidings had come that her daughter was drooping, and she bethought her of the captive maiden, and dreamed of sighs and lamentations which all the glittering splendor of the King's palace, and all the gay laughter of the royal children had not the power to banish. About this time the King confided to Marguerite that, for very urgent political reasons, he had betrothed Jeanne to Duke William of Cleves; and that for the reason that Jeanne despised the union and defied his purpose, his intention was to have the ceremony performed straightway. Poor Marguerite for the moment flinched. Her wonderfully glorious eyes sought those of her brother in an appeal of mute agony. Was she thinking of that other mother, concerning the sacrifice of whose child it had been foretold: "Yea, and a sword shall pierce thy own soul also"?

Every cause must have its martyrs. With Marguerite it became imperative that Jeanne should be sacrificed, and profound as was her heartache in laying her

daughter upon the altar, perhaps no pagan mother ever offered her child with a deeper sense of awe. Her own life was not hers to give, else she had willingly yielded it. The instinct of mother-love was verily strong in Marguerite, but that of sisterly devotion was even stronger. Francis was indeed her idol at whose feet she humbly laid her husband's interests, her daughter's happiness, and her own worldly ambitions. Perhaps it never occurred to her to consider of what stuff her idol was made.

But, if Marguerite was a sunflower unwilling to turn to any lesser light than that of her acknowledged sun, Jeanne, for her part, untrammelled by the fetters of idolatry, preferred to be guided by the safer light of common sense. The Cæsar whom her mother and grandmother worshiped, to her was but a personage of flesh and blood, and she recoiled from giving her hand to the man whom her soul abhorred. Persuasion and bribes, as well as imprisonment and threats and repeated floggings were alike of no avail. It was then that the King decided to wed her to Duke William by absolute force. Nevertheless, upon the eve of her marriage, she summoned these offices of her household, and fragile of form, though dauntless of spirit and defiant to the last degree, made this most solemn protest:

"I, Jeanne of Navarre, continuing the protest which I have made and in which I do persist, say and do declare and protest again that the marriage to be made between me and the Duke of Cleves is against my will: that I never have consented to it and never will consent, and in which dilemma I know of none who can succor me but God, seeing that my father and my mother have forsaken me, and left me at the disposal of the King. And these know well that I have said to them that I can never love the Duke of Cleves. For I protest, that should it come to pass that I be married to the Duke of Cleves in any sort or manner that may come about it will be and will have been against my heart and will. And unto this, before these present, do I call God to witness!"

The protest did not stay the marriage, however. At the command of the King Jeanne was arrayed in cloth of silver and gold so heavily bestudded with precious stones that the bride could not bear her weight beneath them, and was borne into the church upon the shoulders of the constable of France. The nation groaned and toiled to pay for the magnificent apparel; but it was even a greater price which Jeanne de' Alberet was paying. She was paying at the cost of a despair and humiliation, which only those who have sounded her chaste and inexorable soul, can fully appreciate. For three years she bore the hated title of Duchess of Cleves—a wife she was in name only—when for political reasons it suited the will of the despotic Francis to consider the marriage null and void, suddenly remembering that it was entered into against the bride's free will. Jeanne accepted this deliverance as a special dispensation of Providence. Later, of her own choice she wedded Antoine de' Bourbon and became the mother of Henri IV., the famous sovereign of the French.

We would fain follow Jeanne into her inheritance of Navarre, and there behold her in the varied glories of the combined office of Queen and elect lady. We see beauty and beneficence everywhere reflected in the dealings of this woman,—this Protestant queen whom the leanings of her mother had inclined to Calvinism. We cannot but think of the throne of God when we contemplate the combined justice and chastity of her court. We review her friendly intercourse with her subjects. We follow in her train when she visits the foul court of Charles IX. We voice the warning when she writes her son to beware of the corruption and ungodliness of the Court of France, and bow our head in shame while she declares that here it is not the men who entice the women, but the women who entice the men. We would fain avert the doom borne to her by the placidly serene and smiling Catherine de' Medici,—a doom as completely hidden and withal as deadly as Cleopatra's asp in the basket of flowers. We would fain kneel by her bedside and remain with her in her death agony; but we leave her to God's mercy, believing that her name is written in heaven and hasten to the drooping flower by the wayside—that Marguerite of Marguerites.

For the fair flower was indeed drooping. Already it had felt the chill of winter and was withdrawing into sweet story for the age to come. Far away, in the battle of Pavia, lies wounded the hero for whom she had shed her fragrance. The Madrid captivity has been to her as the mower's scythe! Alas, this noble woman, who is at once the embodiment of the towering sunflower and the significance of the modest Marguerite is fading, for her earthly sun is surely passing away. But lo, it is transcended by the greater light of eternity, which reveals in its fullness the omnipotent Creator of both hero and worshiper. Louise of Savoy, at rest from her ambition and her love, is sleeping in the tomb. Francis, upon his deathbed far away, is bidding farewell to human greatness and human woes. Marguerite is left alone. Alone truly? Nay; for though the "trinity of affection" which united mother, brother and sister is indeed disrupted, the trinity of the Godhead, which is Father, Son and Spirit, still remains. Henceforward Marguerite lives only for heaven.

Always visionary, she now, by fasting and continual prayers, became highly susceptible to spiritual impressions. We are told that in the Garden of Eden at close of day, God talked with Adam; and more than once, when all around her are sleeping, do we find Marguer-

ite in converse with beings of the unseen world. A messenger shining in white raiment, announced to her the death of her beloved Francis, then far removed from her, and the selfsame being appeared again two weeks before her own death, foretelling the event. "*A bientot*" were the sweet, soft words of the spiritual messenger. (Till very soon.) Marguerite died in her fifty-eighth year. Her last word was "Jesus!"

"The lamed and the great celebrated her in funeral orations, in sculpture and in poems. But the widows and the orphans, the aged whom she pensioned, the decrepit whom she nourished and the outcast whom she consoled wept at the tomb and wandered about as sheep without a shepherd, seeking succor and finding none." This is the tribute of Saint-Marthe.

The finger of the invisible has stilled the ardent pulse of Marguerite of Angouleme, Queen of Navarre, and though this model of true greatness and true goodness walked in their midst, the French nation and the world at large has not yet learned how to live. It is not alone in the office of defender of Francis I. that we extol her, nor yet in her classic love for art, nor what is greater still, her literary tastes and genius. But it is that higher quality of mind, that finer texture of soul, which deems self-abnegation alone ideal and all-sufficing, whose source and outlet is the compassionate and inexhaustible bosom of the eternal God.

PROHIBITION LEAGUE OF BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE.

FRED P. MYERS.

THE students and teachers of Bridgewater College have organized a local Prohibition League, as a branch of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, which is now being established in many of the best schools in the States of the East and the Middle West. The purpose of this organization is to promote among our schools a systematic and unbiased study of the prohibition problem. The problem is not solved; and not until under the leadership of educated men our superficial methods are supplemented by a proper comprehension of its relation to the social, political and economic aspects of our civilization, can we hope for an adequate and a permanent adjustment.

The Association is kept informed as to the general progress of the movement through its official organ, the *Intercollegiate Statesman*. It furnishes the most authentic information, works of the best thinkers on this subject, and provides a systematic course of study, where such courses are desired, as they are in some of our best colleges and universities. But one of the most interesting features for the immediate future is the provision for a contest in oratory. The orations must be written on some phase of the temperance issue, and the winner in the local contest is then sent to battle in the State contest to be held in April, at some central point, where the best schools of Virginia will be represented. The State winner is then sent to the grand National contest held every two years. This promises to create a lively interest among students and to lead to a profounder study of the temperance problem.

The Executive Board in direct charge of the local affairs is as follows: N. M. Albright, president; W. S. Thomas, vice-president; Miss Ella Miller, secretary; Miss Annie Zigler, treasurer, and Fred P. Myers, reporter.

Mr. Geo. W. Barnett, traveling secretary, was more than pleased with the prospects for some real work from our College.

Our membership record for the day of organization is said by Mr. H. S. Warner, General Secretary, to be the best made by any new school in any Southeastern State.

SUGAR CONSUMPTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

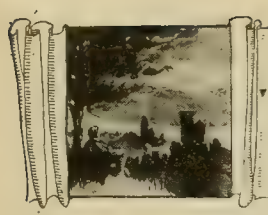
THE people of the United States consume half their own weight in sugar every year. This may seem a startling statement, but if we take the quantity of sugar produced in the United States and add to this the quantity brought from our islands and the quantity imported from foreign countries, and subtract therefrom the amount exported, we get a grand total of considerably more than 7 billion pounds consumed in the country; and by dividing the population into this grand total, we get an average of 81½ pounds per capita, speaking in round terms, for 1910, and about a like quantity for 1909. It is not assumed, of course, that each person necessarily consumes sugar equal to one-half his individual weight; but taking the total consumption and comparing it with the total population in the section known as continental United States, the average yearly consumption of sugar is found to be about 81½ pounds per capita.

In fact, the people of the United States are larger consumers of sugar per capita than those of any other country of the world except England, for which the latest figures show a consumption averaging 86 pounds per capita, against our own average of 81½ pounds per capita. The next largest per capita consumption is in Denmark, 77¾ pounds; followed by Switzerland, 64 pounds; Sweden, 54 pounds; and Germany and Holland, each about 43½ pounds.

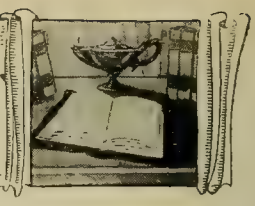
Not only is the United States the second largest sugar consumer per capita, but the total amount consumed annually is much greater than that of any other country, aggregating, as above indicated, more than 7 billion pounds per annum, against about 4 billion pounds in England and about 3 billion pounds in Germany.

About one-half of the sugar consumed in the United States is brought from foreign countries, about one-

(Continued on Page 109.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



ALL IS POSSIBLE WITH GOD.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark 9: 23.

WHAT joy these words must have brought to that father's heart, when, for their unfortunate child, they had exhausted every known human resource, but he had obtained no relief; and now in their awful extremity they had heard of this man Jesus and his disciples who could heal all manner of diseases. He first brought the child to the disciples, but they had failed to have any power over the dumb spirit. Doubtless he thought the last ray of hope was gone. Then Jesus said, "Bring him unto me." We can see the father, in his helplessness, telling Jesus in graphic detail of the awful disease, and then pleading, "But if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us."

Jesus knew the earnestness of the father,—he knew his heart, and answered him with the precious message, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And see the father, as with tears of joy, sorrow and penitence, he cries out, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Immediately Jesus had compassion on him, was pleased with his humble faith, and rebuked the dumb spirit so that it left the child, and he was cured. Truly, "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." What a blessing this one blessed promise was to this little family. How much brighter and happier life for them was afterwards. How often God has to bring us to the depths of sorrow, to bring us to a realization of our utter helplessness and unworthiness in his sight.

Not only is Christ able to heal the body, but "all things are possible." How many a weary hour do we use planning in our own strength and with our own narrow vision, when, if we would just allow Christ to take possession of our hearts and guide our lives, all would be well. His vision is infinitely broader than ours, he can see all future as present and knows all things, so how easily could he help us even when in the deepest trouble, were it not for our unbelief. Is there not an evil spirit lurking somewhere about our soul that implicit faith and confidence in God would banish? Have we any disease of the soul, as envy, hatred, discontent, pride, covetousness, or any other that only God can cure? The uncontrolled spirit, the unmanaged will, the sinful temper, the wicked power in the kingdom of sin,—these diseases are much worse than mere physical ailments, yet God is mighty to save.

True, Satan comes to us each day with new temptations. He knows the weak points in our character, and he also knows that sometimes, those points in which we consider ourselves the strongest, are, in reality, our weakest. There he attacks us. Yet we need not give up in despair, for God is ever at our side, ready to bear us up in every trial. He not only starts us in our spiritual life, but helps us all along the way.

Sometimes our plans are changed, our hopes blasted, and life may, for a time, look dark indeed, but what a blessed assurance is ours, that all things work together for good to them that love God; that though clouds may darken our way even for many years, after all, our all is in God's hands, and in his own good time we shall understand. How sweet to know, in all conditions of life, that "my Father knoweth best."

Syracuse, Indiana.

WORLDLINESS.

GREAT is the danger of worldliness. Almost as many are destroyed by the good things of this world as by evil things, for when good things are permitted to come between the soul and God, they become evil things. The guests invited to the supper in the parable were hindered by good things. One had bought a farm, another five yoke of oxen. All right and proper, but why should these good things make a man disloyal to his sovereign?

Farms, banks, studies, art and domestic cares often hinder men and women from entering into the kingdom of heaven. These things should have a subordinate place, and when they are permitted to take a supreme place, God is crowded down, his favor is sacrificed and life is lost. Let us beware of the evil things, and let us beware also of the wrong uses of good things.

For this reason Jesus warned men against the danger of laying up for themselves treasures on the earth—not that earthly treasure is an evil thing, but to set the affections on earthly treasure is to make a fatal mistake. "The love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted they have erred from the truth, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." As an antidote to this peril the counsel of the great Teacher is: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—*Christian Advocate.*

A PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

Lord, keep us kind.
When cruel words our spirits grieve;
When those we deem our friends, deceive;
When hands reached down with kind intent
Are spurned as tho' on mischief bent;
When motives of our kindliest deed
Are called in question—then we need
That gracious Spirit thou hast sent
To guide our very souls intent—
To keep us kind.

Lord, keep us kind.
What matter, tho' our footfalls beat
Beside the trap f'r unwary feet;
Tho' scandalmonger be received,
While souls with good intent are grieved;
That thorns beset the way untried—
If thy dear spirit doth abide,
To keep us in the narrow way
Until the close of life's short day—
To keep us kind.

Lord, keep us kind.
Tho' feet the way of malice press,
The bitter end none fail to guess!
His "Lo, I'm with you," rests, we know,
On what we carry as we "go."
The way of malice lies afar,
The feet of Christ go never there!
Who treads that path must walk alone,
And for a deadly sin atone.
Lord, keep us kind.

Lord, keep us kind.
Still thou didst speak the warning word,
Knowing by some 'twould not be heard,
Whom thou wouldst help, thy love hath spurned—
The fire of hate strong in them burned.
Humiliation filled thy cup,
How godlike thou didst drink it up!
Thy motives were impugned. Thy love
A pierced heart, henceforth, must prove,
Yet thou wert kind.

Lord, keep us kind.
Fair beacon-lights we fain would be,
Burned out in drawing men to thee.
But if this heart-wish be denied,
A warning-bell some rock beside,
In life's gray storm-swept sea, we'll ring
Humbly, through fog and storm, to bring
Safe home to thee, some soul undone,
Sheltered forever from the storm,
Where thou art kind.

—Ursula Wiles Errett, in Christian Standard.

WHY I GO TO CHURCH ON RAINY SUNDAYS.

I ATTEND church on rainy Sundays because—

1. God has blessed the Lord's day and hallowed it; making no exceptions for rainy Sundays.

2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he should stay at home on account of rainy weather.

3. If his hands fall through weakness, I shall have great reason to blame myself unless I sustain him by my prayers and my presence.

4. By staying away I may lose the prayers which bring God's blessings, and the sermon that would have done me great good.

5. My presence is more needful on Sundays when there are few than on those days when the church is crowded.

6. Whatever station I hold in the Church, my example must influence others. If I stay away, why may not they?

7. On any important business, rainy weather does not keep me at home; and church attendance is, in God's sight, very important.

8. Among the crowds of pleasure seekers, I see that no rainy weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, party or concert.

9. Among other blessings, such weather will show me on what foundation my faith is built. It will prove how much I love Christ. True love rarely fails to meet an appointment.

10. Those who stay away from church because it is too warm, or too cold, or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on fair Sundays.

11. Though my excuses satisfy myself, they must still undergo God's close examination and they must be well grounded to bear that (Luke 14: 18).

12. There is a special promise that where two or three meet together in God's name, he will be in the midst of them.

13. Absence from church, unless unavoidable, is certain proof of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then like Peter, do not know him.

14. My faith is to be shown by my self denying Christian life, and not by the rise and fall of the thermometer.

15. Such yielding to difficulties that may be overcome prepares us for yielding to those merely imaginary until thousands never enter a church, and yet they think they have good reasons for such neglect.

16. By a suitable arrangement on Saturday, I shall be able to attend church without exhaustion; otherwise, my late work on Saturday night must unfit me for the Sunday enjoyment of Christian privileges.

17. I do not know how many more Sundays God may give me; and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sunday in heaven to have been blighted by my last Sunday on earth.

18. When the weather is very dry and we pray for rain, and God sends us showers of rain to water the earth we should show our love to him by going to his house of worship, even though it does rain at that time, and be filled spiritually with showers of his blessings.—*Gospel Herald.*

"WHEN a net ceases to catch fish it is time either to mend the net or change the fisherman."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS.

There are few, if any, fields that afford richer prospects to the statistician and those who would trace conditions from their end to their beginning than the one embraced in our subject. Not only do the figures in dollars and cents and in people involved pile up in almost incredible numbers as the result of such study, but with it all there is the undercurrent of suffering and remorse that cannot be estimated by any human method of calculation.

Take, for instance, the business world where in almost every line of work a large allowance must be made for accidents. A great part of these accidents may be traced directly to carelessness and very many of those remaining may be charged up to contributory carelessness, where an order is not repeated in full or work is slighted and products pass into use that do not come up to the requirements that will be made of them.

Besides these, there are the accidents in the home, on the street and elsewhere that are not connected with any particular business, but are nevertheless so numerous and so costly that account must be taken of them. In these, too, carelessness is the chief cause. When we add to these the accidents and losses in the sporting world directly traceable to carelessness, we are shocked out of measure, for we make more allowance for even the accidents due to carelessness in the business world than we do for those that result in the course of mere play and pleasure. Last year men enjoyed the sport of hunting during the season at the cost of one hundred and fifteen lives, to say nothing of the eighty-three injured, the injuries of some of whom will likely terminate fatally. Is that not an awful price to pay for a little sport and the insignificant returns in game taken? And most of these accidents were due to carelessness and that, too, of the most flagrant kind.

Sometimes we are inclined to think there are different kinds of carelessness. For instance, we consider the man who "didn't think" not quite as bad as the one who did think but "didn't care." But really, are we justified in making such distinctions? Is it not the duty of every one to *think* and to live up to his highest conception of right? If we take this as our standard, every act of carelessness is a crime. No doubt if they were always dealt with in this light their number and cost would soon become insignificant. But it is not to our credit that we must be thus forced to adopt this standard. Will we not of ourselves give due attention to this matter as it concerns our own thoughts and actions and also help raise the standards of others? It is all right for us to condone the faults of others where certain human frailties must be reckoned with, but we doubt whether it is all right to consider carelessness one of these to be excused.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL PEACE LEAGUE.

In the January issue of the *Advocate of Peace* the Secretary of the American School Peace League gives an account of a very interesting and profitable season's work in the interest of peace and the growth of the peace sentiment in the public schools. Lectures were delivered and Peace Leagues were organized in a number of the States of the Middle West. As a rule these leagues have a meeting and program in connection with the meeting of the State Teachers' Association. This is an excellent plan, for thereby teachers not especially interested in the peace movement are brought into direct contact with it and may be led to become an earnest advocate and teacher of the principles of peace.

As the Secretary says: "One of the most important objects of the State Branches is to get the teachers to study the movement and to make appropriate applications to the specific work of the school. Nothing is more authoritative in the educational peace movement than the opinion of a fellow-teacher who has studied the subject both from the viewpoint of a world movement and the responsibility of the school to promote its development."

Of the peace prize contests the Secretary reports: "Many responses have come in from the Peace Prize Essay contest, and at the present time nearly every State in the Union has been heard from. Several high and normal school principals and a few superintendents write that their pupils will compete as a body."

We see no reason why every lover of peace may not join this movement and help to instruct the boys and girls in the principles of peace. There are so many influences at work to exalt in the minds of the children the glories of war and to make as attractive as possible the life of the man who bears arms, that we must double our diligence in the cause of peace if they are

not to grow up with the idea that might is right and that property may be destroyed and the lives of their fellow-men justly taken to prove this.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

Lovers of history and especially those who lean to biography will be highly pleased with the interesting articles beginning in this issue under the general title, "A Study of Royal Women." It will be a good thing for all of us, in the present strenuous life, to stop awhile and follow an account of the deeds of people who figured largely in the history of leading nations in bygone years. And when the material for a study of the women of those times is collected by a woman and stamped with her interpretation of their deeds, it becomes doubly interesting and worth while.

The lives of about a dozen women will be given in this series. The articles are somewhat lengthy, but we have decided that it will be better for the interest of the reader to have the whole of each biography appear in one issue, instead of having them divided into articles of the usual length.

OUR ARITHMETIC CLASS.

It seems there are not as many of our readers concerned about how the drug-store man comes out as were interested in the farmer's blacksmith bill. After an equal lapse of time from the mailing of the papers containing the problems, we had seven answers to the blacksmith problem to two answers to the drug problem. Many more answers came in later to the former problem, one from a little girl nine years old and one in which the worker gave the number of cars that would be required to haul the corn, how many times they would reach around the earth, etc.

We had intended to publish the answer to the drug problem in this issue, but at this writing (Jan. 20) we have received no answer approaching the correct one. Be sure to read the problem correctly. The druggist buys and sells at the same price *per ounce*. This is quite different from the same price *per pound*, as some have seemed to understand it.

Although we cannot now accept the work of the arithmetic class on this second lesson, we will assign the following for the third:

"What sum would you have if you had one of each of the different coins now issued by the United States Government?"

SUGAR CONSUMPTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued from Page 105.)

fourth from our own islands, and the remaining one-fourth produced in this country. The total production of sugar in the United States now amounts to 1¾ billion pounds a year, of which more than one billion pounds is beet sugar and about three-quarters of a billion cane sugar. It is only recently that the production of beet sugar in the United States has come to exceed that of cane sugar. In 1900 domestic production of cane sugar was twice as great as that of beet sugar, and twenty years ago was more than sixty times as great; but the growth of beet sugar production has been very rapid in recent years, and in 1907, for the first time, exceeded in quantity that produced from cane and has so continued since that time.

Of the sugar brought from other countries, nearly all is made from cane. While about half of the world's sugar is made from beets, most of it is produced in Europe and consumed in the country of production or in other parts of that grand division, while most of the world outside of Europe obtains its sugar supply from cane, grown of course, in the tropical and subtropical sections. Of the cane sugar which we consume, most of that coming from foreign countries is drawn from Cuba, the Dutch East Indies, and smaller amounts from the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America. All of that coming from our own islands—Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines—is cane sugar, while of the domestic product about 40 per cent is produced from cane. The beet sugar of the United States is grown chiefly in Colorado, California, and Michigan, and some in Utah, Idaho, and Wisconsin; while most of the cane sugar is produced in Louisiana, with smaller quantities in Texas, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina.

The sugar "habit" is evidently a growing one with the people of the United States and probably with those of other countries, since the total world production of sugar, including all countries for which statistics are available, has increased 50 per cent in the last decade and about doubled in fifteen years. In our own case the consumption has shown a rapid growth, the per capita consumption having been, in 1880, 40 pounds; in 1890, 51 pounds; in 1900, 59 pounds; and in 1910, approximately 81½ pounds.

What is the cost of this enormous quantity of sugar consumed in the United States? This is more difficult to answer. The valuation of that brought from foreign countries and our islands is set down at about 175 million dollars in 1910, and the stated value of that produced in the United States, at approximately 75 million dollars; though this comparatively high figure when considered by the price per pound, is due to the fact that the valuation is based upon the refined article, while that of the sugar from abroad is the value of the unrefined article in the country of production. If, however, we accept a general average of 5 cents per pound as the retail price paid by our people for the 7⅓ billion pounds of sugar consumed by them in 1910, we should get a total of $366,000,000, or an average of approximately $1,000,000 a day paid for sugar by the people of the United States.—*Department of Commerce and Labor.*



THE HOME WORLD



WHAT THE CLOCK IS SAYIN'.

"What's the clock a-sayin' while it ticks and ticks?
'Trouble's like a plaster—grab it and it sticks.'

"Ain't no use of whinin'
When you pound your thumb;
Sun keeps right on shinin'
Though your look is glum.

"What's the clock a-sayin' while it ticks away?
'Drop the grudge you've toted round since yesterday.'

"When you've had your lickin'
Brace up and fergit;
If you've sore spots, pickin'
Won't help them a bit."

—S. E. Kiser.

HOME-MADE CLOTHING AND FANCY WORK OF OTHER DAYS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago all the clothing worn by the average person was made in the home, from material grown on the farm; and our grandmothers indulged in fancy work with as much zest as do the women of today.

Every pioneer farmer raised flax and wool. It was the duty of the wife and daughters to take the raw material and make from it all the clothing and bedding the family required. After some twenty or more operations in which the women had taken part, the flax was ready to spin—the most particular process of all. Seated at a small wheel, with her foot upon the treadle, the spinner drew the flax fiber into a long even thread, which was wound on a bobbin as it was spun. When all the bobbins were filled the thread was wound on a reel, forty strands making a knot, and twenty knots a skein. The skeins of thread were bleached by repeated washings and soakings, sometimes by the use of ashes and hot water or with buttermilk and exposure to light and air.

The wool was picked, carded into light, fluffy rolls a little larger round than the finger, and spun on a wheel much larger than the flax wheel. "Dyed in the wool" meant what it said in those days, as the wool was generally dyed before it was spun. Blue in many shades was a favorite color, and was colored with indigo. Red was dyed with madder as the principal ingredient. The juice of the pokeberry boiled with alum to set the color gave a crimson dye. The flower of our common blue flag or iris colored a light purple. The bark of sassafras was used in dyeing yellow and orange; and fustic and copperas also produced yellow dyes. The inner bark of the soft maple colored flax a beautiful light purple, while all the shades of brown were obtained from the hulls and bark of the walnuts.

Every farmer's daughter knew how to weave as well as to spin. The hand loom with which the weaving was done is the one piece of machinery that has come down through the years to the present time practically unchanged. Those who have seen the process of weaving rag carpet will understand how the cloth was woven.

The linen cloth, when taken from the loom, was still of a light gray or brown color in spite of the many bleaching processes through which the thread had passed. It was spread on the grass for weeks, and was slightly sprinkled several time a day; but not made too wet else it would mildew. During the winter the fine white linen was made up into tablecloths, sheets, pillow-cases, bedhangings, valances, etc.

From the short coarse fiber, called tow, a cloth was woven from which men's shirts and summer trousers were made. This cloth never ceased from being prickly and rough because of the "shreds" still remaining in the threads, until repeated washings and ironings had reduced them to comparative comfort.

From cotton warp and wool filling was woven a favorite bed covering of our ancestors—the coverlet. These were made in ornamental patterns of wreaths of flowers, and geometrical designs. The patterns bore such fanciful names as "Baltimore Beauty," "Blazing Star," "Indian March," "Lady Washington's Delight," etc.

Jeans woven from cotton warp and wool filling, made a heavy cloth used for men's winter clothing, and flannel, woven from all wool, was made into garments for women and children. The thread woven into flannel was often of the brightest colors arranged in stripes and checks, many colors being combined in one piece of cloth.

Knitting was done in every family. Stockings, socks, and mittens were knit in great numbers. For winter wear the stockings and socks were knit from woolen yarn, while those worn in summer were made from flax or cotton yarn.

One form of fancy work was the bead bags and purses so generally used by women a century or more ago. Great ingenuity and variety were shown in knitting in these articles landscapes, figures and names. Netted fringes were used to decorate coverlets, curtains, and valances. And one piece of needlework each girl *must* do. She must make a sampler. These

were various kinds of pictures worked in different kinds of beautiful and difficult stitches in colored silks and wool on a strong loosely woven cloth or canvas. Figures of all kinds and even verses were embroidered on these samplers. One favorite rhyme was:

"When I was young and in my prime,
You see how well I spent my time.
And by my sampler you may see
What care my parents took of me."

Another, eloquent about the follies of a wife to be avoided, runs thus:

"She that is wise her time will prize,
She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,



Reading From Left to Right, 1, Lady Washington Coverlet. 2, Albion Quilt, and 3, Blazing Star Coverlet.

And spend all the morning in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
God in his mercy may do much to save her!
But what a case is he in who must have her!"

Our grandmothers fairly reveled in intricate and difficult patchwork; and they exchanged patterns with one another as we now exchange embroidery patterns. Calico was scarce and high priced, but every family had woolen pieces left from garments that made warm and heavy comforts. When calico became more common, beautiful designs were cut from brilliant red, green, blue, or yellow calico and basted on squares of white muslin, the raw edges turned under and carefully stitched down with the neatest of stitches. The "blocks" or squares were joined together making beautiful top covers. The quilt patterns bore distinguishing names as well as the coverlets. "Albion," "Gentleman's Fancy," "Cedar Branch," and "Lone Star," being names of patterns in common use.

Quite as much care and ingenuity were shown in the quilting as in the patchwork. A very common pattern for quilting was the "fan-pattern," also the "diamond," and "sun-flower" patterns. The most beautiful and elaborate one was called "feather work" and was so complicated that it required an expert to "lay off" the pattern ready for quilting.

"MANY a man has made himself a wretched miser to give his children an opportunity to become worthless spendthrifts."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

THE dearest spot on earth should be that place where members of the family reside. We call it home, although there are many such places that do not deserve the title. Homeless! The very word sounds sad, and how bitter must be the heart of the lone wanderer who feels there is no place that he can call his home. No wonder there are so many wrecks in the world—traveling here and there, begging from door to door. The hope of ever having a home has possibly died in their hearts and the love and emotion them is entirely obliterated. They have given themselves up to wandering from place to place; and are not satisfied in any place—wanderers.

But what makes the home circle? It is the individuals who compose the same, be there few or many. Two persons can constitute a home, but the home depends largely upon their disposition and desire to make themselves agreeable to each other, as well as to those who may cross the threshold. Home must first have order. A mansion may not be a home, but a cottage where order and cleanliness exist, may shelter a home.

It is always good to take two bears into the home—bear and forbear. The husband and wife who are willing to bear with each other when they see things diferently are good home-makers. They cannot possibly both have their way, and so they agree to disagree.

When the husband and wife can live together sweetly it is not likely there will be any trouble with the children not getting along pleasantly and so all work together quietly and peacefully. Then there is harmony in that home and it deserves the name and all who enter its precincts will feel the influence ex-

erted. It will be a good influence, and good influences are so much needed in the world.

A home is a great factor in moulding sentiment either for good or evil. Children who have been brought up in a Christian home are much better prepared to battle with the stern realities of life when they go out and are "knocked about" in the world. When the temptations are presented they remember the teaching in the early home, and have greater power to resist. The examples father and mother gave them will follow them down the cycle of time and they are doubly blessed thereby.

Newburg, Pa.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Elizabeth Ryerson wandered restlessly about the big, still house, watching the maddeningly deliberate clock and listening for her husband's step. How quiet it was—how breathlessly silent. But tomorrow at this time—perhaps—. She smiled happily, picturing to herself the brightness of a child's babbling voice, the music of a child's pattering feet. So many years she had longed for it; even John could not know how her heart and her arms had ached—she caught her breath in a sob. But she believed now that it was God's own good plan that gave her the mother longing with no child of her own to cherish—that she might bring a homeless child to the childless home.

The turning of John's key in the latch sent her running to the door.

"John," she cried, seizing his arm and giving it little shakes of joyful excitement, "she's such a dear. The matron showed me all the children, but there was one—I knew her for mine the minute I saw her."

"Where is she?" demanded Ryerson, looking anxiously about.

Elizabeth shook her head, smiling, the color dancing in her cheeks. "I didn't bring her. I shan't even tell you about her. I've a fancy to take you down to the home and see whom you would choose. Tomorrow is Sunday, so you can go. We'll go right after breakfast."

Ryerson looked at her sparkling face appreciatively. "If one poor little waif makes you look so well and happy," he laughed, "I'm ready to adopt the whole asylum if you want it."

Elizabeth waited anxiously in the bare little reception room of the home. John's absence seemed interminably long, though it was really only a few minutes till his returning step sounded in the corridor and his voice talking to a child. She turned breathlessly to the door. He was leading a tiny girl, a fairylike little creature with a sad, lovable little face and wonderful hair which rippled over her shoulders quite to her waist.

Elizabeth caught her in her arms. "I thought you would find her," she cried. She turned to the matron. "May we take her now? Tomorrow we will see about the papers."

"Keep her a week or so," suggested the matron, "and be sure you want her."

"Want her!" Elizabeth held the child closer. "She was meant for me—our little Dorothea. That is her name, John, Dorothea, the gift of God."

Even in that first short day the child wound herself around the heartstrings of the new father and mother.

"She is like my own, already," said the mother as she held the little maid in her arms in the twilight. "I could not bear it if we should ever have to give her up."

John carried her upstairs to bed and went back to his paper with a strange new warmth at his heart from the clasp of her arms on his neck and the touch of her childish lips on his.

Elizabeth pinned up the mass of beautiful hair and unfastened the child's dress. She started—looked at the little one closely for a moment—and with a low cry of anguish caught her to her heart. Underneath the sheltering curls a hopeless deformity had lain hidden. The fair child body would never be straight and strong. For the child's sake Elizabeth quickly controlled herself. She undressed her tenderly and held her in her arms till she slept.

John looked up startled at her white face when she reëntered the library.

"John—" she struggled to speak and broke down utterly. Sobbing, she told him the pitiful truth.

With a common impulse they went silently to the child's bedside.

"She needs us all the more," said the woman wistfully.

Dorothea stirred in her sleep and murmured the dear new words she had learned that day: "Mother—father."

"She loves us now," wept the mother. "Oh, how can we give her up!"

"We will not give her up," said the father, firmly. He drew the covers closer with clumsy tenderness. "We will love her all the more and stand between her and the world."

Day by day little Dorothea grew deeper into the hearts which had opened to her. Her sensitive little soul unfolded like a flower in the warmth of the affection lavished upon her. Everything that skill and love could devise was brought to the aid of her frail body.

"But, after all," said Elizabeth, "I believe that it is just being loved that helps her more than anything else."

There was little hope that she would ever be straight

and well; but a delicate flush of growing health bloomed in her soft cheeks. Her great dark eyes danced with happiness and her mouth lost its pitiful droop. All the wealth of love pent up in her ardent little heart, unexpressed through the four loveless years of her life, she poured out on the two who were her all. Every night she waited at the gate for "father's car" to round the corner. And John Ryerson, keen-eyed man of the world, was never so absorbed in business affairs, never so interested in animated discussion with other men, that he forgot to wave to the little waiting figure poised ready to dance away at his signal to meet him when he left the car.

"I am so proud," he told his wife, "when people say, 'Is that your little daughter?'"

Elizabeth noted with growing happiness that Dorothea never watched the corner in vain. Tensely anxious at first, she herself watched until the fleeting figure sped down the street. With her woman's wisdom she gave no sign; but as weeks went by and John was never late her heart warmed with a more assured joy. It seemed that the child's tiny hands were pushing back the temptation that had been eating its way into the heart of their home. Almost imperceptibly at first, it had wormed its insidious way into their happiness. But the last year it had grown to fearsome proportions. She had felt the weight of it crushing the love and happiness out of her burdened heart, as more and more frequently she choked over her solitary dinner and waited late for her husband's unsteady step and fumbling key.

"Dorothea," Elizabeth held the child close. "You must always love father a great deal—oh, a very great deal. He needs you."

Dorothea sobered anxiously. "Is father sick, mother?"

"No, dear, quite well. But his soul was sick and you are his gift of God sent to help him."

Dorothea shook her curls, uncomprehending. "You mean he needs his little girl to love him?"

"Yes, darling, to love him, always."

But the temptation was not gone. It was only stilled for a time. After many weeks it crept in again. Cautiously it came at first, feeling its way. Then with more assurance it marched boldly in and drove peace and happiness and even love before its relentless advance. More frequently as the weeks went by Dorothea waited at the gate till the incoming cars were nearly empty and the lights twinkled in the neighboring houses where happy families gathered at the end of a busy day, and still father had not come. Night after night she heard her mother say, "Come, Dorothea, to bed. Father will be late tonight. You can see him in the morning."

Dimly Dorothea comprehended that all was not well. She felt the tension of unhappiness and strained affection about her. Father and mother loved her as dearly as ever; and she loved them, oh, how dearly. She could not tell which one most dearly. But something was wrong. She pondered it deeply in her troubled, childish heart. Perhaps mother and father did not love each other any more. She could not understand how that could be possible. Surely everybody must love mother. Nobody could help loving her. And if something was the matter with father so he had to stay downtown late at nights, and looked so tired and worried in the mornings, surely mother would not stop loving him because he was sick or worried. And mother herself had told her she must always love him. Dorothea's heart ached with the sorrowful problem. She said nothing, even to her mother; but the old sad look came back to her eyes and her sensitive mouth drooped pitifully.

The breach between husband and wife widened hopelessly, until only Dorothea's baby hands held them together. But the time came when even they could span the gulf no longer.

"We can't live this way any longer," said Elizabeth dully.

"I know. I can't blame you." Ryerson paced the floor doggedly.

"I have tried," she went on quietly. "Since Dorothea came to us I have tried harder for her sake." Her voice quivered.

"So have I," muttered Ryerson under his breath, "and failed again."

He turned abruptly from the room and went upstairs to Dorothea's bedside. Elizabeth followed—hesitating.

Presently he spoke softly. "She goes with you, of course. She needs a mother's care. But I can see her sometimes?" His voice was wistful.

Dorothea stirred in her sleep. "Father," she murmured, "father, dear."

"She loves me, too." His voice broke in a sob.

"She would miss you," said the mother. "She would grieve. She could not understand and it would break her heart."

He nodded speechlessly, touching the soft curls.

"John," she touched his hand tremulously. "We cannot grieve her. She is not strong. She will have enough to bear. For her sake shall we try again?"

"Yes," he turned eagerly. "I will do better." He squared his shoulders determinedly and a new resolve blazed in his eyes.

"And I will do my part better," she said gently. "I will help you more."

"And Dorothea will help us both," he added softly. "Dorothea, our gift of God."—*Mercy Compton Marsh, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

No one can accomplish much in life who must have everything "just so" in order to do his best work. For, with most men and women, the greater part of their life has to be spent under circumstances which are not just as they would like to have them. If they do not even attempt to do their best work except under the most favorable circumstances, this means that the greater part of their life will slip by unimproved. Those workers whose output of large volume and high quality surprises everyone are persons who have rigorously schooled themselves to do their work under any and every condition. So it becomes true that the measure of one's efficiency is largely his ability to do good work under disadvantageous circumstances. The man who cannot work well under such difficulties is putting an enormous limitation upon his output. His life is not going to count for nearly as much as the man's who can marshal his best powers at any time and under any circumstances and put them to work; whose powers are like the horses of the fire station, ready to spring into place, let the harness drop down about them, and be off, at an instant's call. The "just so" type of worker wastes years, in a lifetime, that the disciplined, ready-for-harness worker utilizes. It is well to have everything at its best when we can; but it is better to be at our best when everything about us seems to be at its worst.—*Great Thoughts.*

AN INTERESTING EFFECT OF EXTREME COLD.

Delicate people who huddle over registers and steam radiators wonder how in the world people can stand exposure to icy winter gales. Some of them can hardly keep warm in a room where the temperature is at 70 degrees or more. They are cold and chilly most of the time and would give anything if they could be warm and comfortable.

To help them out of their difficulty it is only necessary to recall what it is which produces bodily heat. When there is a fire in the furnace the heat is produced by the fire. The fire is a combination of the carbon of the coal or wood with the oxygen of the air. The result of this combination is heat.

The body is a very finely constructed and delicately adjusted furnace. If a lot of oxygen is supplied with a reasonable amount of good food (fuel) a form of combustion is set up which makes heat.

When you wish to check the heat of the furnace you either stop putting on fuel or you cut off the air supply so as to shut out the oxygen. In either case the heat goes down.

Just so with the body. If the supply of oxygen is cut off the body heat is not readily maintained. This is just what happens with the person who hangs around the register breathing warm, enervating, indoor air. On the other hand, the person who goes outside and breathes the cold oxygen-laden air promotes the heat-making within the body. Cold air certainly increases this heat-producing power.

Some of the Arctic explorers speak of this particularly. One man, George Riley, in Kane's party, proved to have an unusual heat producing power, so that he slept on sledge journeys without a blanket or other covering save his fur walking suit, while the temperature was 30 degrees below outside.

Hartwig, discussing this point, writes: "After a few days in the extreme cold the body develops an increasing warmth as the thermometer descends; for the air being condensed by the cold the lungs inhale at every breath a greater quantity of oxygen, which, of course, accelerates the internal process of combustion; while at the same time an increasing appetite, gratified, enriches the blood and enables it to circulate more vigorously. Thus not only the hardy native of the North, but even the healthy traveler soon gets accustomed to bear without injury the rigors of the Arctic winter."

Chemists tell us that it is really the air that provides the warmth for the body and not so much the food eaten. Animal heat has been found not to depend upon the hotness of the food eaten but upon the latent and potential elements in the food which the oxygen of the air attacks and converts into heat.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the colder the surrounding atmosphere the warmer the temperature of the body inside. Experiments made upon Arctic animals disclose the interesting fact that whales and seals, in the coldest waters have an average temperature of 100 degrees, never less; Arctic hares, 100 to 104 degrees, and Esquimo dogs, 102 degrees of heat.

The practical suggestion from these facts is simply this—if you are inclined to be cold and chilly get out into the air and exercise. Shake down the ashes of your furnace and let in some oxygen. The chilly feeling will disappear and all the vital processes will be improved. Our cold and snowy winters will be turned into something to be courted instead of something to be dreaded.

The refrigerative value of cold weather is wonderful in relieving cases of nervous exhaustion, chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and other troubles.—*O. B. Knox, M. D., in the Healthy Home.*

"HEALTHGRAMS."

Dry dusting moves dust; it doesn't remove it.

Closed windows are open avenues to consumption.

If your milk is not safe your life is not safe.

Breathe fully and freely; the more you expand your chest the less you will contract colds.

The digestive tract is about thirty feet long. The combined length of the blood vessels of the body is

many miles. If you want your food to go a long way, chew it thoroughly.

Your lungs can't be washed but they can be aired.

You wouldn't offend your stomach with dirty water; then why offend your lungs with dirty air?

Too much fresh air is just enough.—*Bulletin of Dept. of Health, Chicago.*

The Children's Corner

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NUGGET.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

One day I was lying comfortably in a pile of gravel. Suddenly I found myself flying through the air. I lighted in a kind of pan and thought I was safe, when a gush of water came over me and pushed me down into another strange place. Then I heard something say, "Oh, look at that nice bright nugget! It is worth at least a dollar!" Then I heard something else say, "Sh-h-h! Don't talk so loud. Some one is liable to meddle." I found out afterward that it was a group of miners talking.

Soon they threw me into a bag and I was placed in a pocket of a coat worn by one of the miners. He also carried a bag of gold-dust. After I had traveled some distance in this way, I heard another voice—a rough ugly voice say, "Hand over your gold!" But the man with the strange voice did not get me nor the gold dust, the miner having given the intruder a sack of mica which the man took thinking he had received pure metal.

When the miners reached a big city by the sea-coast, they entered a room where a great deal of experimenting was done and I was laid out on a table.

"How much is it worth?" asked the miner who had carried me in his pocket.

The man who experimented with me, put me on something and I began to go up and down. When I found my balance he looked at me through a pair of spectacles.

"About a dollar," he replied. He threw me into a strong-box and locked it.

Afterwards, other nuggets were placed in the same box with me. In about a week the box was sent to a large building where great quantities of gold were waiting for purposes I knew not what. In a short time, however, I found out. They placed me, with my companions, into a kind of bowl and kept me there until I was melted. I became so hot that I thought I would die. I suffered so from the heat that I changed to a liquid, and when that change came over me, I was poured into a mould. When I had cooled off enough to be comfortable, I found I was one of the new gold coins they had just minted. They sent me to the treasury and from there to a bank. There I was thrown into a drawer with many other coins just like myself. I did not remain there long. One day a man called at the bank and I was handed to him. He placed me in a gold locket and gave me to his wife for a souvenir and there is where I am yet.

Tipton, Iowa.

SELECTED RECIPES.

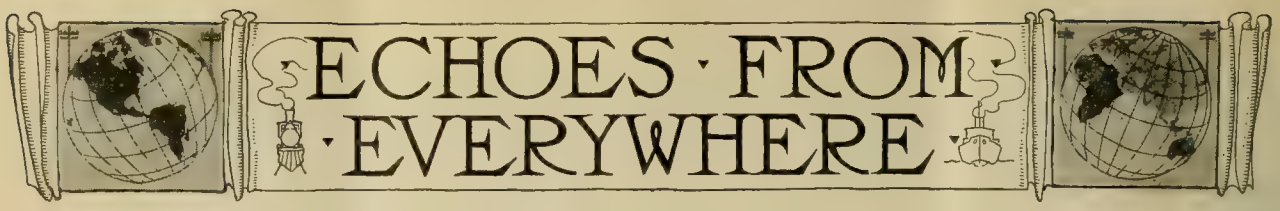
Fried Oysters.—Half a pint of nice oysters; two eggs, half pint of milk, sufficient flour to make batter, salt and pepper to taste. Barely scald the oysters in their own liquor, lift and lay them on a cloth to drain thoroughly. Break the eggs into a basin, mix the flour with them, add the milk gradually with seasoning, and put the oysters in the batter. Have deep fat in the skillet, and drop into this the oysters, one at a time, and when done—which will require but a very little cooking, lift each one with a sharp-pointed skewer and lay on a napkin, serving at once.

Kidney Beans a la Creole.—Soak over night a quart of kidney beans and cook until tender in boiling water, adding salt when half done. Drain. Put a layer in a baking dish with half a pound of bacon in one piece. (The bacon should have been boiled until tender and skinned.) Add also a chopped onion. Cover with the remainder of the beans, season with salt and red pepper; fill the baking dish with cold water, and bake slowly until the liquid has been nearly absorbed.

Good Dumplings.—I will send in recipe for good dumplings: Take some stale white bread and soak it in cream or milk (cream is better) and set it on the back of the stove where it will warm. Then add a little salt, one egg and flour enough to make a stiff dough, but not too stiff. Drop in boiling water and boil about twenty or thirty minutes. If milk is used add a little piece of butter, but don't use butter with the cream.

A Simple Marmalade.—One large grape fruit, one orange, one lemon. Cut up in small pieces, removing ends and pith, and put through the food-chopper. Then put three times as much water with it and let stand until the next day. Boil five minutes, take it off, and add five pounds of granulated sugar and let stand until the next day. Put over the fire and cook slowly for two hours. This will make from twelve to sixteen glasses, and is well worth trying.

Nut Butter.—One cup hickory nuts, or any other kind you like, run through meat chopper, add one-half cup oleomargarine. Salt to taste. Mix well.



Jan. 22 Phillip O. Parmalee set a new American endurance record for aeroplanes, at San Francisco, Cal., by remaining in the air 3 hours, 39 minutes and 49⅕ seconds. This record, however, is far behind the foreign endurance record which at present stands at 6 hours, 1 minute and 35 seconds and was made by Maurice Tabuteau at Etamps, France, Oct. 28, 1910.

Requesting that Congress provide additional funds for continuing the work of uncovering and raising the battleship Maine, in Havana Harbor, Secretary of War Dickinson has written a letter to Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate appropriations committee, calling attention to the fact that the appropriation of $300,000, made at the last session of Congress, will be exhausted in six weeks.

Thomas W. Knight, 90 years old, the last survivor of twelve charter members, who, with George Williams, organized the Y. M. C. A. in London, England, died at the home of his son, Dr. F. D. Knight, near Portage, Wood County, Ohio. Mr. Knight was a tea merchant in London at the time of the organization of the Y. M. C. A. in 1844.

The highest railway in the world, according to "Peru Today" is to be found on the Morococha branch of the Central Railway of Peru. The summit of this line, which is broad gage, is exactly 15,365 feet above sea level. To reach this point from the sea, the line passes through 57 tunnels, over a dozen important bridges and through 13 switchbacks. Although the grades are heavy, no rack propulsion is utilized.

The Oklahoma house committee on industrial arts and expositions will favorably report the bill introduced by Estepinal of Louisiana designating New Orleans as the site of the Panama exposition in 1915 and appropriating $1,000,000 for a government building and exhibit. San Francisco has no bill pending before the committee, the measure introduced by Representative Kahn a year ago appropriating $5,000,000 having been withdrawn.

The house by a vote of 95 to 1 passed the new prohibition bill as amended. The bill abolishes the dispensary system, does away with the State enforcement attorney and the special enforcement officers provided for by the old law, and provides for the destruction of confiscated liquor instead of selling it outside the State. Liquor can be secured legally only by shipping it in for personal use. The enforcement of the law is left entirely to the local authorities.

The arguments on the constitutionality of the income tax amendment to the tariff law have been resumed in the supreme court of the United States with the probability that they will be longer than those in the cases involving the oil and tobacco trusts. Business interests are watching the corporation tax case with the utmost interest and it is possible this will be decided before either of the others. There are eighteen of these cases to come up for argument before the court.

That the advantages of fuel oil in place of coal in the operation of railroad trains are coming into increasing recognition, is shown by the growing consumption on those railroads that are advantageously placed for the purchase of oil. The consumption on the railroads of the United States in 1909 amounted to 19,939,394 barrels, an increase of 18 per cent over the previous year.

The Panama Canal is partly responsible for an increase of more than 50 per cent in the price of glycerin, according to United States Consul Albert Halstead at Birmingham, England. In the last 18 months the price has been gradually advanced until it reached $24.33 per long ton, the highest price ever recorded. The great quantities of explosives required for the Panama Canal are partly responsible for the advance, although other great engineering works have had their influence.

For some time a movement has been on in San Antonio, Texas, against coeducation in all grades of the city schools above the eighth. Superintendent Lukin has given the matter much consideration, and at a recent meeting of the school board recommended that the boys and girls of the high school be separated. It is understood that definite action will be taken in this matter at a meeting of the school board in the near future and that arrangements will be made to separate the sexes at the beginning of the fall term next September.

Eugene B. Ely, a native Californian and one of the Curtiss school of aviators, proved that an aviator can make a safe descent on the deck of a warship by flying from Selfridge aviation field at south San Francisco and making a graceful landing on the jury deck of the cruiser Pennsylvania. He used a Curtiss biplane, which he has used in all his flights. Not only did Ely fly twelve miles from the shore to the deck of the cruiser, but after making a perfect landing on the warship he launched his ship in the air again and flew back to the starting point.

A statement embodying six reasons why the Panama canal should be neutralized, bearing the signatures of men and women, prominent in the United States and abroad, has been made public. Richard Olney, former secretary of state; David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; William Dean Howells, Charles P. Anderson, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Chicago; William H. P. Fauce, president of Brown university; Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; George B. Holt, justice of the United States district court, and George Foster Peabody, a New York banker, are among the sponsors of the document. The statement claims the canal should not be fortified, because, under the agreement signed by The Hague conference in 1907, unfortified coast places cannot be bombarded, and that in all its history the United States never has been attacked. It is claimed no nation would dare break its neutralization pledge with the combined powers. The matter of expense also enters into the argument of those opposing fortification. It is said the work will cost $50,000,000, and means an annual expenditure of $5,000,000.

The cost of snowstorms to a large town is illustrated by the accounts of the Corporation of Manchester (England), where it is stated that to clear away falls aggregating 15 inches in depth during the winter of 1909-10 entailed an expense of $29,705 and gave employment to no fewer than 15,640 men. To give an idea of the probably much greater expense of such work in our large American cities it may be stated that the average annual snowfall of New York is 37 inches, Boston 45 inches and Philadelphia 22 inches; that these cities cover a much larger area than Manchester, and that wages are higher here than in England.

One hundred dollars a day is the average of deposits in the postal savings bank at Manitowoc, Wis. The success of the scheme has been demonstrated, according to Postmaster H. G. Kress, beyond question, as far as Manitowoc is concerned. About seventy accounts have been opened, laboring men and working girls making up most of the depositors, the farmers not taking strongly to the bank. The beginning of many an account is seen in the cards and stamps which are bought by children in 5 and 10 cent lots. Many of the children who started in this manner have accumulated enough stamps to exchange their accounts for a regular deposit account, started with $1.

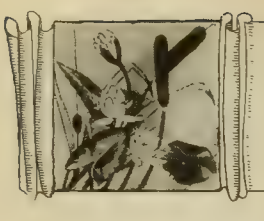
Government and other scientists are in receipt of advices regarding a recent private exhibition given at Paris by Prof. Cerebotani, an Italian inventor, before a number of celebrated scientists and members of the French cabinet, showing several marvelous wireless discoveries. Among the apparatus employed was a pocket wireless machine, a wireless telegraph printer, by means of which messages are sent as readily as if written on a typewriter, and a wireless teleautograph, which enables persons to sign their names as far as the wireless waves reach. The dispatch states that the pocket apparatus is little larger than a pair of field glasses, and it is operated by attaching the antennae to a post or tree at a height of fifty feet. It insures communication within a radius of two or three miles.

The Russian ministry of agriculture has established 14 schools in different parts of the country for the training of instructors in the "koustarni," or peasant industries. These lines include weaving, carpentry, cooperage, wood carving, sculpture, pottery, tanning, fur dressing, making agricultural implements and carriages, metal working, varnishing, etc. In Vladimir province a school has been established for instruction in toy making, and in Kazan for making musical instruments. The work of the "koustari" is rapidly attracting attention abroad because of its cheapness, and in many cases because of its surprising excellence. The Orenburg shawls, the silk and cotton laces and embroideries, the work in hammered brass and copper, and especially the Russian enameled jewelry and ornaments, are among the products.

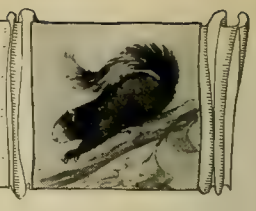
Officers of Canadian and American express companies, in conference have announced a reduction in through rates soon to take effect between all offices of the United States and many of Canada. It is explained that several of the Canadian companies have held back up to the present, because the customs regulations at the Canadian border necessitate so much extra work that a reduction in existing rates would in many cases work a hardship. The interstate commerce commission is to begin an investigation of the reasonableness of express rates throughout the country. More than 200 commercial organizations have complained to the commission concerning the high rates. The fact that the principal express companies operating in the United States and Canada have agreed to lower their rates, may have the effect of delaying a decision until after March 15.

Director L. W. Page of the United States office and public roads estimates "our yearly loss to be $40,000,000 on account of incorrect and inadequate methods in the construction, maintenance and administration of our public roads, while the burden which bad roads annually impose on us through excessive cost of transportation reaches the impressive total of $250,000,000." It is for the purpose of remedying such intolerable and costly conditions that the recently formed American Association for Highway Improvement was organized with Director Page as its president, and with men prominent in public life as its officers and directors. In brief, the main objects of the association are: To arouse and stimulate public sentiment for road improvement. To strive for wise, equitable and uniform road legislation in every State. To aid in bringing about efficient road administration in the States and their subdivisions, involving the introduction of skilled supervision and the elimination of politics from the management of the public roads. To seek continuous and systematic maintenance of all roads, the classification of all roads according to traffic requirements, payment of road taxes in cash, and the adoption of the principle of State aid and State supervision. To advocate the co-relation of all road construction so that the important roads of each county shall connect with those of the adjoining counties, and the important roads of each State shall connect with those of adjoining States.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, government food and drug expert, says: "Unless something is speedily done to stop the growth of the drug habit the United States will become a nation of weak-minded and befuddled people. Its alarming growth is one of the gravest questions that confront the nation today. Every year sees thousands of people added to the already appalling list of habitual drug users. Once a drug slave, always a drug slave. The large number of dope fiends is due to doctors prescribing harmful drugs when not at all necessary. A physician should never prescribe opium or morphine unless it is for the purpose of saving a life. Then, and then only is it permissible. When a drug is given for some trivial illness, the odds are strong that the patient will continue to take the drug, and will finally become a slave to the habit. A physician who thus puts a patient in the grip of this terrible habit has no right to practice his profession." There is a bill now before Congress, which, if passed, will go a long way toward stopping the habit. It requires all druggists to keep a record of drugs sold, which shall be made public. Once the amount sold is determined, with the use to which the drugs are put, Dr. Wiley believes the government will be in a position to fight this menace to the welfare of the nation. "One of the chief reasons," he says, "for the spread of the drug habit is the fact that the gravity of the situation is kept secret. It is like carrying concealed weapons. I believe that if light is thrown on the conditions, public sentiment will be so aroused that steps will be taken to wipe out the traffic. Some of the druggists oppose a law providing publicity on the ground that it would be too much trouble to keep the records, but, I believe that, after a short time, the records would not be as long as they are now."



NATURE STUDIES



THE RABBIT.

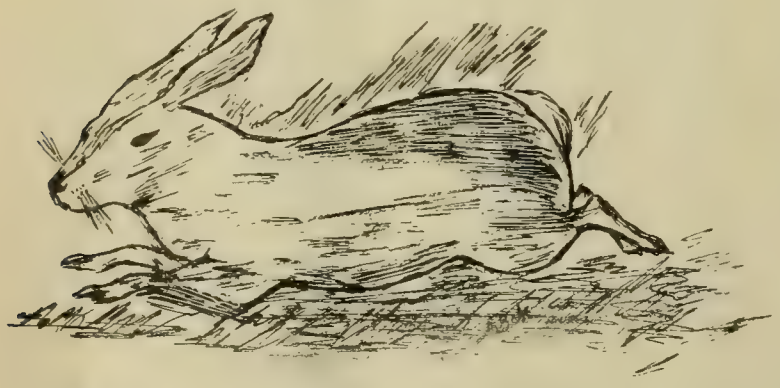
GERTRUDE NEWCOMER.

THE rabbit, in its wild state, is an intelligent and amusing creature, full of odd tricks, as it roams about the fields and woods. It has no speech but has a way of conveying ideas by sounds, signs, scents and movements that answer the purpose of speech.

Rabbits are more easily scared than any other animal, as their enemies are so numerous that they must be on the lookout constantly, and even the domestic cat is apt to turn poacher, if there happen to be many within easy reach of her home, and she is especially fond of the young ones.

Rabbits are very destructive animals, as they go in young orchards and strip the trees of their bark as far as they can reach while standing on their hind feet. Sometimes they do it merely to exercise their teeth. They are a clean animal, as they eat nothing but clover, grass, vegetables and other green stuff of the woods and fields.

The rabbit's home, or burrow, as it is called, is very



irregular in construction and often they communicate with each other to a remarkable extent.

These ordinary burrows are vacated by the female rabbit when she is about to become a mother. She digs a tunnel for the special purpose of sheltering her young family. At the far end of this tunnel she places a large quantity of dried grass, lined with the soft fur which she pulls from her own body, so as to make a soft, warm bed for her young ones, as they are born into the world without the soft fur to keep them warm, and with their eyes closed. The young rabbits are unable to open their eyes until they are about ten or twelve days old.

When domesticated the female rabbit is apt to eat her own young, as she does not have the required amount of liquid nourishment which prompts her to eat them. A rabbit, which had already killed and begun to eat one of her offspring, has been known to leave the half-eaten body, and eagerly run to a pan of water which was placed in her hutch.

It is said the wild rabbit never drinks but obtains the needful moisture from the green stuff on which it feeds, as it always eats while the dew lies heavy upon every blade, which is never the case with the green food with which our domestic rabbits are supplied.

The rabbit is of nearly uniform brown in its wild state, but when domesticated, its coat assumes a variety of colors, such as pure white, jetty black, dun, slaty gray and many other tints.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

THE MOLE-CRICKET.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE cricket is a common insect, and most people are acquainted with more than one variety. There is the common field cricket, which by the way does not by any means confine its activities to the fields, but will take up its abode in barns or houses. Sometimes a specimen will inhabit a house and live through the winter. Then when the wind is howling outside it will make the evening merry with its shrill, cheery chirp.

Another, called by some the clothes cricket, also dwells in the abode of man, but is not as welcome a guest as the other, as it seems to have a fondness for lace curtains and other starched fabrics. This little fellow is not nearly so large as the other, being only about one half inch long, and with wings longer than the body.

Both of these, as is common with their tribe, make their call by rasping the large hind legs against the wings—in other words they are "fiddlers," not vocalists.

There is another cricket that is not so often seen, because he is a retiring sort of fellow; that is the one known as the mole cricket.

This one lives in damp, sandy soil where its mole-like burrows may be seen running long distances in all directions.

It is the largest cricket found in Southern Illinois,

being sometimes as large as a man's finger and almost as long. It cannot jump, for its rear legs instead of being large and strong as with its cousins, are puny, almost useless members. Neither can it chirp, for besides the shortness of its legs it is hampered also by the lack of wings to rub its legs against; they are reduced to mere rudimentary pads, incapable of sustaining flight. But its front legs! These are its glory. Developed to a great degree, they furnish it with a means of progress through the earth, similar in action to those of a mole.

Place one on the ground and in a short time it will disappear, throwing the earth to either side with quick strokes.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

A RARE and most remarkable bird, practically new to the eyes of the American public, is the Secretary Bird (*Serpentarius serpentarius,* Miller) from South Africa, of which a pair were recently received at the



From Scientific American.
He Is Really a Long-legged Hawk, Is the Secretary Bird.

New York Zoölogical Park. Few visitors, however, who view the stately, long legged creatures stalking about in their outside run or in the inclosure of the ostrich house hardly realize that these queer birds with beautiful plumage and tail feathers two feet long are the famed snake killers. Yet such is the case. As a slayer of serpents the Secretary has gained his greatest reputation.

To the casual observer the bird appears as a long-winged, long-tailed, bluish-gray hawk, mounted upon very long legs. In fact, the bird is considered by ornithologists as a long-legged hawk, highly specialized and adapted for ground hunting. The zoölogical status of the Secretary Bird has occasioned a good deal of controversy, but most modern authorities admit its affinities with the Accipitrine birds, and place it in a separate sub-order of that group.

The male bird stands four feet high, the greater part of the body being made up of legs and neck. The bird has derived its odd and significant name from the crest of long dark plumes rising from the back of its head; for it looks somewhat like a secretary of comical aspect with quill pen stuck behind his ears. In general color the bird is a bluish-gray, with long unfeathered legs, the wings, thighs, and abdomen black, the breast white. In the male, the naked skin of the face is yellow, with long heavy eye-lashes and large fine gray eyes. The feet are formidable weapons used in attack; the beak, which is short, strong and greatly arched, is never used until after the victim is dead. Each foot is equipped with a sharpened, raised, inner talon, which specialized claw assists in holding the prey during the process of tearing it with the bill. The public, however, is not treated to perhaps the most interesting and exciting performance of the Secretary Bird, namely, that of making a realistic attack upon a snake.

Through the courtesy of Director W. T. Hornaday the writer was given a special opportunity of making some characteristic photographs in the outside run of the ostrich house, showing how this curious and wiry bird attacks and quickly makes away with his victim. All food must be alive. A garter snake was thrown some distance from the male Secretary Bird on the ground. Unlike hawks and vultures, he did not dart upon the prey at once, but cautiously approached the snake with wings partly outspread, so as to be ready to fly out of the way and escape any sudden lunge of the combative serpent. Still watching its movements, the Secretary slowly circled around his antagonist, looking for an opening to strike, but keeping well out of danger. Suddenly, like a flash, the bird raised and shot out one of his powerful feet, armed with huge claws and talons, and struck the snake fairly on the head, stunning it. This was quickly followed by another crushing blow, which proved a death blow. The prey was then quickly swallowed. One of the peculiar battle tactics observed was that the Secretary always aimed its blows at the victim's head. The fighting and killing power of the Secretary is all done by the long, powerful muscular legs. The bird strikes a terrific blow by raising either foot to a position at right angles to the thigh, and bringing it down with great velocity on the head of the victim, which receives not only the

force of the blow, but also the effect of the piercing sharp nails of the talons.

In South Africa, their favorite haunts, the Secretaries are said to be of great use to the community as destroyers of venomous pests that infest the country, for they quickly wipe out of existence great numbers of cobras, vipers, and other poisonous reptiles that make constant raids upon the farmers' poultry, young pigs, etc. In Cape Colony the birds are protected by sportsmen and hunters on account of the effective warfare which they wage against serpents, and a fine is inflicted for shooting them. Its extreme agility enables the bird in a short time to baffle and overcome a snake four or five feet long. It is said that one of the adroit fighting methods employed by the wiry male bird in a combat with a big five or six-foot reptile, which has given him a game fight on the ground and has proved a stubborn antagonist to subdue, is to watch the opportunity, when he springs and seizes his adversary close to the head, and flying several hundred feet up in the air, letting the snake drop to the hard ground below. The blow is usually fatal and sufficient to prepare the prey for the final ceremony of swallowing.

The secretaries travel in pairs, male and female. If disturbed or pursued their pace is about as fast as that of a running horse.

They seldom use their wings, and if compelled to do so, can soar to a considerable height. They build bulky nests, and where trees are to be had, they select one fifty to one hundred feet above the ground. Their nests are built of sticks, sods, lined with grass, and measure as much as five feet in diameter and three feet in thickness. As a rule only two eggs are laid. Incubation takes six weeks, which is done by the female. The young have to remain in their nests several months before they can stand on their long, slender legs, which are very weak and brittle. The young easily break their legs if disturbed.

Good specimens of secretaries are difficult to secure and are worth about one hundred dollars each.—*Walter L. Beasley, in Scientific American.*

STORAGE METHODS.

Fruit or vegetables to be preserved sound and whole through the winter must be sound and whole at the start. They should have no insect injuries that cause decay, and this generally means that trees and plants shall be sprayed to destroy injurious insects; they should not be bruised when gathered, and when stored they should be kept at a low temperature; they should be kept dry in a cellar or storage house where there is a free circulation of air, especially until hard, freezing weather, and we think it better to exclude air from most fruit, also light, if fully ripened.

We believe that nearly all fruit and vegetables should be well matured and ripened before gathering, with a few exceptions, and only in this way will they have their true flavor. Among fruits pears are the most obvious exceptions to this rule, as they are generally picked before they are fully ripe, but for immediate use we would not pick any fruit until it is so ripe as to be about ready to drop.

For the last two or three years we have been trying the plan of winter keeping, which gives such good results that we submit it for consideration of your readers. We are not advising every one to abandon other methods which have proved satisfactory for this one, but to try it in a small way.

When apples are gathered see that the cellar is clean and so well ventilated that there is free circulation of air through it and the drainage is good. Cover the bottom, or a portion of it, with clean, dry sand.

We have fine, dry garden soil. After covering the bottom it is well to place a quantity in a pile for covering the fruit and vegetables and for other uses. This same fresh garden soil may be used for hotbeds and window boxes in the spring.

We picked the winter apples and spread them perhaps six inches deep on this soil or sand, all that are perfectly sound. In the same way we store potatoes and those vegetables that need to be kept dry.

We keep the windows all out of the cellar until freezing weather. Then we put them in, and, after removing all fruits and vegetables that show signs of decay, partially or wholly cover them with soil or sand.

They will not freeze enough to injure them in a cellar kept at a lower temperature than is needed for keeping them in bins; they are dark, cool and dry, and all this is accomplished in the simplest and easiest way.

Wrapping Apples in Paper.—This plan should keep apples well all through the winter, but we like apples that are not wilted and have the fresh, natural flavor late in the spring. To insure this simple supply take the best keepers, as russets, and wrap them in tissue paper, pack them in a barrel or box, and cover each layer with dry sand. Some use sawdust. Then cover the package to make it as nearly airtight as possible. This is a good way to put up pears if packed when nearly ripe.

Fall pears, like Bartlett, do not keep well in the cellar unless stored in this way. Grapes will keep longer in the cellar if ripe, sound clusters are placed in heavy paper bags and tied tightly.

We prefer not to store celery and cabbage in the same cellar or division of it, where we store the apples and potatoes. We try to have the roots planted in moist earth and leave them out of doors as long as the weather permits, then lift them with a spade, preserving the roots as well as possible; plant them in soil on the cellar bottom and keep this soil so moist that there will be a slight growth.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. February 7, 1911. No. 6.

"The Greatest of American Editors"

Dallas B. Kirk

HORACE GREELEY was born in Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811. At six years of age, he had read the entire Bible. His fondness for books increased as he grew older. While he was yet quite young he decided to become a printer, and when he was only fifteen years old he started to work in a printing office at East Poultney, Vt., where the *Northern Spectator* was published. Young Greeley received only forty dollars a year, but somehow he managed to save the most of it, sending it to his father who was in very poor circumstances on a farm in Pennsylvania.

The *Spectator* failed in 1831 and Greeley, then a young man of twenty, Franklin-like landed in New York, with about ten dollars, and his scanty wardrobe tied up in a handkerchief. He appeared on the streets of New York in short linen pants, without stockings and with a drooping hat, while his shirt sleeves at the wrists were fastened with twine. At last he found work, and applied himself honestly to each task.

He tried to start the *Morning Post* (the first penny paper), but he did not succeed. His next attempt was more fruitful, for when he started to issue the *Weekly New Yorker*, it lived for seven years. He established the *Log Cabin* in 1840, which reached a circulation of 80,000. This was a campaign paper and supported Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, for President.

The reputation thus gained was a great help to him when he started the *Daily Tribune* in 1841, with Thomas McElrath as the business manager. The Bruce Type Foundry in New York had confidence enough in Greeley to supply him with the first outfit, for printing the daily *Tribune*, on credit. And ever after, during the life of Greeley, he always brought his supplies from this type foundry, which had been so good to him.

Greeley's editorials in the *Tribune* were probably the clearest of any in the United States. Personal journalism was then in style in American newspaperdom. In that age an editor was quoted and not his paper, which he personally edited.

A few of the contemporary papers of Horace Greeley's time were: the *Sun* edited by Dana; the *Boston Post* edited by Greene; the *Richmond Inquirer* edited by Ritchie; the *New Orleans Picayune* edited by Kendall; and the *Cincinnati Commercial* edited by Halstead.

Once an article appeared in the *Tribune* against the abuse of the mileage system. This was timely, as many of the congressmen were drawing in excess of their lawful compensation. He believed in honesty in all things, whether large or small. When he discussed public questions, he was always noted for his fairness for the opposite side of the subject. He was one of the strongest writers of editorial leaders of his day.

The *Tribune* was a firm supporter of Henry Clay, the peacemaker, who was nominated for President in 1844.

In 1848 General Taylor, of the Mexican War, ran for President. Near the close of this campaign the *Tribune* supported Taylor; and it makes us think of the old proverb by Matthew Prior, "Of two evils I have chose the least," when we note Greeley's attitude toward this campaign.

He served in Congress 1848-49, but was very unpopular there on account of his views on the mileage system.

Horace Greeley, Wm. H. Seward and Thurlow Weed were an active trio in the political circles of the State and nation; however, this friendship did not last many years.

Mr. Greeley visited Europe in 1851, and while there he was one of the jurors in the Great Exhibition; as a result of his trip, he wrote, "Glances at Europe."

Mr. Greeley was one of the founders of the Republican party. While he was opposed to the Civil War, yet he firmly supported Lincoln after he became President, as well as upheld the union. When this great rebellion was over, it was Horace Greeley who advocated a general amnesty; while he was also in favor of universal suffrage.

It was the late Col. Alexander K. McClure who called him "the greatest of American editors." Colo-

nel McClure was a close friend of Horace Greeley ever since 1848, when they met at a Whig Convention in Philadelphia.

Greeley became one of Jefferson Davis' bondsmen in May, 1867, which restored him to liberty after an imprisonment in Fort Monroe for two years.

Greeley's leisure days, which were not many, were spent on his farm at Chappagua.

We now come to the saddest chapter in the life of Horace Greeley. In May, 1872, he was nominated for President as a Liberal Republican against U. S. Grant, who was out for a second term on the Republican ticket.

It is thought that there never was a man more anxious for the presidency than Mr. Greeley, who claimed that the office should seek the man, not the man the office.

His first formal speech in this campaign was delivered at Portland, Maine, August 14, 1872. In part we quote as follows:

"It is certain that throughout the course of my life, as far as I have been connected with public affairs, I have struggled with such capacity as God has given me, for: first, impartial and universal liberty; secondly, for the unity and greatness of our common country; thirdly and by no means the last, when the former end was attained, for an early and hearty reconciliation and peace among our countrymen. For these great ends I have struggled, and I hope the issue is not doubtful. . . . From those who support me in the South I have heard but one demand—justice; but one desire—reconciliation. . . . They desire a rule which, alike for white and black shall encourage industry and thrift and discourage rapacity and villainy." This shows what Greeley thought, hoped for, yes, more—worked hard and earnestly for—honest rule for black as well as white.

During the close of his presidential campaign his wife died and from this grief he never fully recovered. Even some of his friends deserted him, and at this time of multiplied sorrows, he lost the contest for President. Therefore we can honestly say that Greeley was also, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." All this wore so upon his mind, that he was taken to the Bloomingdale Asylum and November 29, 1872, he died.

As an author Horace Greeley was not noted, nevertheless he is favorably known as the author of "The American Conflict" published in 1864 and "Recollections of a Busy Life," issued in 1869. He also wrote "Hints toward Reform," "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension," and "What I Know About Farming."

Horace Greeley carefully and honestly edited the *Tribune* until his death. He was a pure minded man, he believed in simplicity and was very conscientious. In dress he was careless, and in no way was he guided by stylish society, often dressing in a peculiar way; while many times he seemed forgetful of not only himself, but of his family as well.



Horace Greeley.

While he made a first-class journalist, he was very unpopular as a Congressman. His faults were never hidden and his critics could thus easily use them against him. He always tried to help the man who was down. His only value of money was for the good it could do. His conversational talent was large and from his heart outward he was genuinely honest.

Our admiration for Horace Greeley in the working out of his principles of honesty and right is unbounded. Our nation is always in need of more honest editors and statesmen who will work for their country's good as did Horace Greeley.

Rockton, Pa.

DETERMINING POLICY.

CLYDE E. NIHART.

MANY lives have gone into history as lives of vulgar aims. The beautiful and elevating were forgotten in the press after wealth and honor and fame. Success to them meant the accomplishment of aims. The methods were entirely unthought of. They imagined blame to come upon the one who did not come up to this, their standard. They did not fully realize that honesty is always the best policy.

Policy determines whether "a wreck must mark the end of each and all." These lives have been recorded as wrecks. Selfish ambition does not scruple to use illegitimate ways. Selfishness is the parent of dishonesty. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of those who sought to sail life's wild and dangerous sea, guided by mistaken policies. They heard the siren sing, and following after, were wrecked by their folly.

Nestled back in the hills of Wisconsin was a little village. The forest clad hills, the valley at their feet, the village in the midst with an air of peace and tranquillity seem a twentieth century Eden. Happy must the inhabitants have been in this place favored so highly of heaven. However, good is not present, but evil is there present also. The arch-enemy, having put on his modern mask, hid himself within the leaves of a magazine to seduce by fair words the unsuspecting. A youth listened with rapt attention to the glowing words telling of wealth that only waited for some one to pick it up, of honor and fame that might be his for the asking. Enthused by these wonderful words, he resolved to go and taste these unknown pleasures. So he leaves the known for the unknown—the metropolis of the Middle West—Chicago.

It seemed as though the vision presented to his eyes was fulfilled. Soon, from natural ability, money was coming in on every hand. But the dollar became his guiding star. All other motives, all other pleasures, all other ambitions were sacrificed for this one aim. Dollars were not satisfied except with more dollars and the more gained the more demanded. As the money-perverted mind outgrew the natural the unnatural was substituted to satisfy an insatiable longing. Thus his income was doubled and trebled. The end of the dollar was gained; the beautiful and elevating were crushed out of existence in his life. Though called a success, he hung, a wreck, on the rock of his own creation.

Then sought he other fields of activity. The financial world had given him wealth. To make his joy complete, he wished his name to be on every lip, and himself to be spoken of in the councils of the leaders. And what field offers greater reward in this coin than politics? He had nothing to merit approbation, or that he should be a ruler over men, but he had money and

> "Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried;
> * * *
> But he I sing of well has known and felt
> That money hath a power and a dominion,"

and politics were no exception. Money in guilty hands swayed the masses, the masses in turn seated them on a throne built on a tottering foundation and only upheld by the substantial prop of dollars. By skillful manipulation the holding of the prop was shifted to the people's hands and instead of ruling they were ruled by an iron hand. They discovered, but too late, that they had placed themselves in bondage; the door was closed and no deliverer appeared. Honor and a fair name and wealth were sacrificed for preferment before men. Although called a success, he hangs, a wreck, on the rock of his own creation.

With shattered financial prospects and despairing the people's favor, he sought to retrieve the day. There was but one role left for him to play—reformer. Thieves and robbers and men of evil reputation take to this when all other means have failed to bring their name before the public eye. It was known that graft and bribery did exist. But where? It could not be found, for all were interested. So when he fell from favor, what would be more natural for him to do? It took a thief to catch a thief and the people were so blinded by the sudden turn of affairs that they did not see the motive. A thorough housecleaning took place. But before he had an opportunity to test a fickle good will, he revealed, unwittingly, the baser nature. Today he languishes behind the prison bars. Now they call him a failure, for he hangs, a wreck, on the rock of his own creation.

In every case of departure from the Royal Road something was gained, but was it worth the cost? If a ruined life could be measured in finite things, the world has not enough to redeem it from its curse. The silver and gold and everything of value cannot be compared to the soul of man. The possibilities for good cannot be comprehended. Within each are boundless stores of energy—an immeasurable future. The end of every life rests with the use of the present and policies for the future. "Saddest of all words" written as our epitaph, "saddest of these, 'It might have been.'"

Lake Arthur, N. M.

THE SEA OF TIME.

NAN REISE.

FAR on the southern slope of the Pacific Coast there is a beautiful deserted beach. It was not always so. Men came and built their homes and lived within sound and sight of the sea. Roads they built and so made of it a little world, all their own. But man may not claim aught that is the sea's. Though he may

wrest it from her, sooner or later she will take it all to her own again.

Rocky cliffs rise steeply from the water and beneath them winds what once was a beautiful boulevard, but which is now only a crumbling footpath. Made of the white sand of the ocean, little by little it has gone back to its own.

Green foam crested waves dash high upon the beach and as they sullenly roll back, the white gulls hurry forward to dig in the wet sand, only to run back and away from each incoming breaker.

On the great rocks with rise from out the sea, the water breaks with a roar, but in the little crevices below, filled with dark crabs and the clinging sea flower called anemone, the water murmurs gently and trickles out to join its more boisterous fellows.

At high tide the path is almost lost beneath the green waves; some day the work will be completed and Mother Ocean shall have taken back all that was hers.

So with the lives God gave to you and me. The waves of time shall wash against them and little by little take from us the broad fair life of ours, leaving only a few short years between us and Eternity. When we shall have gone down beneath the floods of Time, can we give back to him who gave all and asked so little, an accounting as pure, as white, as the ocean sand? The sea has her own again, washed white and pure. So Jesus can wash and make us pure. Let us try to live that it may not be in vain.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter II. Catherine de' Medici, Born 1519, Died 1589.

ONE who has been addicted to fairy lore had perhaps believed that it was a magic vessel which the signals of the towners of the city of Marseille were announcing on that beautiful morning of October 12, 1533. But no, it is not a fairy vessel which is approaching but the pontifical fleet instead, with Pope Clement VII. and his young niece, Catherine de'Medici on board. The latter is the betrothed of the King's son, the future Henry II. of France. We imagine we hear the salvos of the three hundred pieces of artillery which rent the air, we seem to see the populace of Marseille upon their knees and dream we are among that great company of musicians and nobles who set forth in boats to meet the august voyagers. At the head of the fleet advances the majestic galley containing the Blessed Sacrament, immediately after which follows the papal yacht which carries the Pope and his youthful niece,—the ambitious Pope, who is intoxicated with the thought that a descendant of the mere bankers of Medici is to be exalted to the throne of Charlemagne! Though unpossessed of pronounced beauty, the bride-elect was well featured, nevertheless, and only a close observer had perceived the glint of the serpent's eye.

We gaze upon Catherine at this time, which was perhaps the purest epoch of her life, regarding her various excellent traits which certainly exist, yet shuddering at the evil tendencies which are speedily evinced, and which cannot but make her name odious in history. We grieve to see her make her advance upon French soil, this innocent Florentine, and would fain grasp her from the society of the very affable, though extremely corrupt Francis I., who incited the gentlemen of his realm to immorality "under penalty of him regarding them as dolts and blockheads." It were indeed vain for us to hold up this woman as an example for admiration or emulation; nor could we wish to do it. A character in which selfishness stands paramount, and which is capable of a creation such as the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, merits not only criticism but ostracism as well. Yet, remembering both virtues and faults of Catherine, we say this, and say it impartially: that had environments been other than they were, she had perhaps lived out her days at least blameless, if not indeed praiseworthy.

Scarcely had the solemn entrance into Marseille been made and the nuptials concluded, than Catherine, ever quick-sighted, began to perceive what sort of soil her feet had stepped upon, and a faculty hitherto dormant was called into action, which ever afterwards characterized her career. That Catherine was a schemer, emphatically, there was no mistake. With the persistent assiduity which she was capable of, she wound herself into the good graces of Francis I., an accomplishment which secured for her every present benefit and stood her in good stead a few years later, when the grace of bearing children was apparently denied her, and in consequence of which a divorce seemed imminent. Her keen insight proved her faithful monitor and helped her over many difficult and even dangerous places. She was very careful, however, not to be designated as a political woman, and her passion for ruling, if it existed prior to this (which we have reason to believe that it did), was completely veiled until after the accession of Francis II.

Meanwhile, nothing of a reproachful nature can be said of Catherine. She strove to exalt the office of wifehood and patiently endeavored to install herself

into the affection of her husband, who is now Henry II., though we find him to be of a very profligate character and utterly untrue to his marriage vow. When Catherine, after a period of nine years of married life, found herself the proud mother of a little prince, her joy was beyond confines. She withdrew from the court as much as possible, establishing herself in the nursery, where in their turn she welcomed the troop of princes and princesses which came afterwards. It is sad to record that this woman, who was now famous for her wifely duty and maternal solicitude, should have eventually developed into the foul creature of political crime. Perhaps her angel of destruction was Diana of Poitiers.



Catherine de' Medici.

As to this creature, the relationship which existed between her and the King was ground sufficient for the change in attitude of any loyal wife. Had Catherine more often prayed: "Lead us not into temptation," she might have gone into history as merely a martyr queen; for truly, to have retained her integrity in face of the intrigues she was insulted with by the King and Diana, could have been nothing short of martyrdom. But the endurance of Catherine was not equal to this task.

Not that they had open brawls, nor that we ever find her pulling Diana's hair, nor even so much as ever speaking a word against her. Not she! This course, which could not have helped matters, might have made them a great deal worse, and besides interfered with her policy. Catherine told her heart that it was best to wait, and consequently she waited.

So while designs, the depth and circumference which God only knows, were revolving in the brain of Catherine, we find Diana head lady of the palace, suggesting diversion for the court and deciding all matters pertaining to Catherine and her children. The assumption of this bold creature was extreme and her authority over the wife most galling. It is pathetic to recall the letter written by Catherine to her daughter Elizabeth, then Queen of Spain, in which she bewails her one great sorrow: "that of not holding the first place in the love of the King, your father." This sorrow reached its climax when the King had paintings executed of the beautiful Diana, and dithyrambs sung throughout the realm extoling her. "The goddess Diana" was now everywhere adored, her fairy-like abode "hidden by a veritable wall of stone lace" is the constant resort of Henry II., and the proscribed wife still utters not a word. As we have said, her policy was to wait. We find her studying events, for the most part unnoticed, yet with cat-like sagacity, allowing no matter to pass her unobserved. The triumphant Diana of Poitiers might yet pay a just and expensive retribution for her presumption, but it was state matters, rather than the fate of Diana which concerned her more closely now.

About this time Henry II. died from the effects of a lance wound. We are not told whether Diana was inconsolate, but history does record that about the first thing Francis II. did upon ascending the throne was to command her to immediately yield up the family jewels and restore to his mother the fairy-like abode. Thus do we behold the goddess Diana hurled, a glowing spark from the burning volcano, and at last appearing the dirty cinder that she was, within the mire.

Henceforth the scene is changed and it is Mary Stuart who is Catherine's rival. It is at this period that Catherine's trait for governing asserts itself. The weak-minded Francis II., himself incapable of ruling a great nation, is swayed by the young Queen of Scots, whom he loves ardently, and who in reality governs France. This is a new and continuous occasion for schemes and intrigues on the part of Catherine, and there ensued family broils and disruptions such as were unknown in the time of the former rival, Diana of Poitiers. Once in a dispute concerning a matter of precedence, Mary remarked that she, herself, came in line of a hundred kings, whereas Catherine descended from a family of mere merchants. This exasperated Catherine to the last possible degree, for she now loved rank and power above all things else, and she never forgave Mary the affront. I think it had something to do with Mary's prompt quitting of France upon the death of Francis II. But this would more properly come under the study of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Who would have thought that the young Florentine girl who came to France under the chaperonage of

Pope Clement VII. was destined to become the wife of a king, the mother of three kings, also two queens, and herself twice queen regent?—for at the time of her marriage Henry was not heir to the crown. But so it proved.

Upon the death of Francis II. she grasped the reins of government, and during the minority of Charles IX. ruled France with an iron hand. The pit was now opened and the ferment of her secret plottings boiled forth and all France was unspared. Her will was imperious, her love for grandeur limitless, her passion for power supreme. The national funds were squandered to gratify her lavish taste, the national peace mutilated, and national honor set at naught. Troublous times prevailed, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was near at hand, and this great dissembler smiled and chatted and made overtures to her enemies, gently saying to them that there was nothing to fear. It is almost sickening to recall with what serenity she traced her steps to that chamber where the bloody death was plotted! With what politeness, what composure and what smiles she gave forth the death-dealing edicts. History has plainly the right to be severe toward this woman. She was suspected of having been an accomplice in the death of her own son, the Duke of Alencon, but let us hope that in the sight of God she has not been found guilty of so gross a sin.

Upon her deathbed Queen Catherine had ample time to review the whole panorama. It unrolled before her as a scroll, unfolded by the judgment of God, and lo, its colorings were intensified in the sure light of approaching eternity. The siren music of her "beautiful white squadron" could neither enchant nor soothe her then. The "red nuptials," though concluded by her own cunning, could bring no peace nor satisfaction to her mind. It may be, that like her son, Charles IX., in recalling the horrors of Saint Bartholomew, she shuddered at the sight of blood. Perhaps, in her death agony, she echoed his last prayer: "O God, pardon me, if it please thee!" We do not know. But of this we are quite certain: Catherine passed from this world branded by her contemporaries, unlamented by her subjects, leaving a blot upon history which time never can efface.

WRECKS.

H. D. MICHAEL.

THE large newspaper headlines telling of another shipwreck cause one to shudder when it is known that it often means from twenty to two or three hundred people that have gone down in the depths of the ocean.

When such headlines are seen a picture passes before the mind's eye of one acquainted with what it means in full. There on the beach the wreckage is washing ashore by carloads. The beach is strewn with timbers for miles and an occasional body found adds horror to the gruesome scene.

Those who have lost loved ones often reach the scene as soon as possible and tramp the beach many a weary hour, thinking that perhaps it may be possible for their looked for and longed for one to be found floating ashore numbed by the cold but still clinging to some drifting timber.

Often large parts of the vessel drift ashore intact and sometimes some much-treasured relics of those that were lost.

Let us notice a few of the things that cause wrecks. They are numerous, it is true, and here we will be able to notice them only in a general way. The accompanying cuts show to some extent what causes some of the trouble. Out in the ocean where one might expect clear sailing is often a rock jutting up out of the water near one of the oft-traveled routes. Those are somewhat dangerous but not as much so as the things that take one unawares, for every dangerous rock, or so nearly all that seldom a new one is found, has been located and marked upon the charts in its exact location. Other things cause more wrecks than these. To clearly show how, let me give an instance of one wreck that occurred near the Oregon Coast. The bay was fairly smooth and the day for sailing had come. The vessel was loaded so the captain decided to put out for the bar, which is the place where the bay and ocean meet, and see if it were possible to effect a crossing. Upon reaching there the white caps looked furious as they lashed in against the rocks and the waves, seemingly a height of some thirty to forty feet, looked quite formidable; but the captain decided that if it was no worse a little farther out they could easily get through to the calmer water a few miles from land.

Into the waves he headed his vessel against the protests of his subordinates, but on getting a little way across the bar it seems there was a cross storm which, when it struck the vessel, broke the rudder, leaving them with no possible way of guiding the vessel. It was then whipped about by the storm until by striking a rock the propeller screw was broken and the waves rolling in upon her with more fury than ever, beat over the top of the smoke stack, which was at least sixty feet high and flooded the fires, putting them out and leaving the vessel at the mercy of the waves. Of course the hatches were closed so that the water could not flood the boat. Had not nature, or God's providence, interfered causing the storm to veer and drift them out of danger of rocks that were near, there would surely have been the loss of the vessel and the entire list of the passengers which was a very large one. By the change, however, they were carried away from the rocks into a deep expanse of the great Pacific

where they drifted around until towed into harbor by another vessel.

In this instance you can see that it was not the rocks that caused the danger, but the daring spirit of the captain that caused him to put out when he could see that it was a dangerous undertaking.

Other instances show that the captain or pilot were to blame, while some seem unavoidable. But one wreck, some years ago, off the Columbia River bar, has often caused me to think. The captain was a very careful man and under his care the large list of passengers felt safe, but when in a heavy sea fog and nearly to their journey's end, a heavy crash came.

travel, for a smaller per cent of the passengers are killed or maimed, considering the number of passengers and distances traveled.

But when a scene like this is called to mind another picture follows which the poet's verse so ably introduces:

"Life is like a mighty river,
Rolling on from day to day;
Men are vessels launched upon it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away."

For truly life can be compared to a river or ocean and we as vessels upon it. See the shoals, the dance halls, saloons, poolrooms, theaters, Sunday ball games,



Jake's Cove Near Coos Bay.

No one could hardly believe that their boat was wrecked, but slowly it began to go down.

The captain was almost dumbfounded, but as his vessel was beginning to sink he left the manning of the lifeboats to the crew while he hastily looked for the cause of the misguidance. There was the chart, showing his route and plainly pointing out this very rock, there was as fine a compass as could be procured. His calculations he again summed up and found them correct, but noticing a steel framed umbrella that some one had left near the compass, he knew that to be the cause. His compass, so sensitive and true when undisturbed, was just as sensitive to wrong influences and had yielded a point which had caused the wreck. In it, according to the report, about two hundred lives were lost because of the heavy storm which hindered the lifeboats from saving many.

But to go on enumerating wrecks and their causes I fear would give one a horror of ocean travel that it does not deserve. It is less dangerous than railroad prizefights and many others along the much traveled routes, but remember that the shoals are not the only cause of danger. It matters not how safe and secure we may feel, we are rapidly drifting toward a rock that will cause a terrible wreck if our compass,—or conscience,—yields one point to the bad because of the influences that bear upon it.

Then let us get the right Captain, an ever sure and safe Pilot at the helm and follow his guidance, to be sure that we do not become wrecks along the way.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

MOUNTAINS UNDER THE SEA.

It was at the captain's table on an Atlantic liner that a young woman idly inquired just how far the ship was from the nearest land. Several passengers would have said offhand, "About eight hundred miles." But the captain referred the question to a quiet gentleman, who looked at his watch and a chart, and amazed

his hearers by answering, "Just about seventy yards."

"The land I speak of," continued the captain's friend, who was an expert oceanographer, "is just thirty-six fathoms beneath this ship. It is the summit of the Laura Ethel Mountain, which is twenty thousand feet above the lowest level of the Atlantic basin. If it were some two hundred feet higher, or the sea were two hundred feet lower, you would call it an island."

In effect, the Atlantic is a huge continent boasting a superficial area of twenty-five million square miles. It is nine thousand miles long and two thousand seven hundred broad. The depth of the water that covers it is by no means so considerable as people used to imagine. Oceanography as a science may be said to date from only about 1850; but, thanks chiefly to the labors of the cable-laying and cable-repairing ships, our knowledge of the configuration of the bed of the ocean grows greater every year.

The Laura Ethel Mountain, discovered in 1878, is the uppermost peak of one of the most celebrated of the submarine elevations in the Atlantic. Mount Chaucer, at the eastward of it, was revealed to oceanographers in 1850. Sainthill, which is westward of both, has the honor to be the first mountain discovered in the Atlantic. It became known to science in 1832.

Prior to the laying of the first Atlantic cable, Lieut. Maury, U. S. N., made it known that a wide plateau exists beneath the ocean, running from Ireland to Newfoundland. It seemed so admirably suited to the purpose of cable laying that he modestly called it Telegraphic Plateau; but in the newest charts it bears the discoverer's name.

The location of "Davy Jones' locker" might be said to have been established with the discovery of Sainthill. It has been estimated that at the base of this eminence the relics of not fewer than five thousand wrecks lie scattered. Or one might ascribe that gruesome distinction to the Faraday Hills, discovered in 1883, and lying between Mount Chaucer and Laura Ethel Mountain. These hills are noted among oceanographers for the amount of wreckage of which they are the mountains.

There are cavernous depths, of course, in the Atlantic, as well as majestic heights. Four miles and a half may be taken to be the greatest. The average is probably about two English miles. Heights and depths alike are merely hidden land, which may some day be exposed by the mighty workings of nature.

Meantime comparatively few changes go on. Beneath the ocean there are no frosts, no lightnings, no glaciers, no meteorological agents at work. If it were not for the eddies, and the destruction and accumulation of animal life, these Atlantic hills and vales might rest as immutable as the "peaks and craters of the moon," where there is no atmosphere to cause decay.—*Scientific American.*

FROM McPHERSON COLLEGE.

B. S. Trostle, class of '10, has gone in company with his brother to Argentine, South America, to "spy out the land" for an industrial colony. Mr. Trostle has cherished this plan for several years, and has interested several of our people in it. He will go en route through the Panama Canal country and will land on the western coast of our sister continent.

The seniors' theses outlines were due at the end of the semester. There are four candidates for the A. B. degree and one for the A. M.

Prof. J. J. Yoder was in Elgin, Ill., during a part of the vacation, attending the meeting of the General Mission Board.

To enable the graduates to do more original work in the preparation of their theses, Prof. C. J. Shirk has been taking the candidates out on trips to various high schools and colleges to investigate methods. The departments of Chemistry and Mathematics have been the special fields of inquiry. It is felt that the modern college must refute the argument that "collegiate education is a failure," and that encouragement is needful to lead the students to exercise originality and prosecute current issues and problems to successful solution.

A plan is being pushed to offer work in a class in the study of the liquor traffic, taking up the subject in its social and economic phases. Many of the leading colleges and universities are offering such courses and are giving college credit for the work. Last year Prof. Harnly had an enthusiastic class and it was a good feeder for the annual contest.

Prof. Harnly is improving his year's leave of absence by taking some stiff courses in Leland Stanford, Jr. University. One of his courses falls in the department of Prof. Angell and another in that of Dr. David Starr Jordan. The professor reports a great gain physically. Just recently he took a forty mile spin on his bike to San Francisco to see the air ship meet, and arriving early was accorded the privilege of inspecting the machines. Nothing preventing, he expects to spend a few weeks immediately before returning in the study of marine life on the Pacific Coast.

The missionary department of the local Young Women's Christian Association shows a sustained interest in the work. At present there are five classes conducted by student leaders, and enrolling forty-three girls. The courses offered are: The Call of the Homeland (two classes), Protestant Missions in South America, Healing of the Nations, and Religions of the World. Once a month the classes unite for a special address usually given by some minister. Two strong addresses have been given within the last two months by Elder Galen B. Royer, and Rev. G. G. Ross of the city.

John P. St. John, formerly governor of Kansas and later candidate for president of the United States on the Prohibition ticket, is one of the judges on thought and composition in our local oratorical contest. We deem ourselves fortunate to be in touch with such a distinguished and able man. He is a pioneer in the prohibition movement. The other judges are Judge F. P. Hettinger of Hutchinson and Prof. B. E. Ebel of Hillsboro.

Our honored president, Edward Frantz, who has been on the Pacific Coast for some few months, has purchased a residence in Lordsburg, California, and will henceforth make that place his home.

McPherson College has taken into consideration the great movement for civic righteousness, recognizing the ripeness of the time for research courses to prepare students for an able and active use of the franchise. Accordingly, Prof. Kochenderfer is offering advanced courses in economics, government, and politics, seeking to make a college education a practical acquisition and a solution to the defects which are so obvious to some in our higher courses of instruction. This year our college offers the following advanced courses: American Government and Politics, Political Science, Economics and Industrial History of the United States, Industrial History of England, Municipal Government in Europe and the United States, Labor and Trust Problems.

TEACHING AGRICULTURE AT MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE.

CHARLES H. KELTNER.

THE teaching of Agriculture is a pleasant and interesting line of work. All teachers who appreciate a public interest in the subjects which they discuss in the lecture room find the public with them when they are teaching Agriculture.

The farmer was the first citizen to become interested in agricultural education; he wanted the young men from the farm to learn at school those arts and sciences which would best fit them for successful farm life. Today, with the great tendency towards what has been called *vacational education,* the pedagogical world as well is interested in this subject.

In the oldest of agricultural colleges the work is but new; both the materials which shall be taught and the manner of presenting them are a subject of debate and experimental consideration. The newness, however, has not been detrimental and the most satisfactory results are already attained, so that at present the demand for well-trained scientific agriculturalists is much greater than the supply.

To the author it seems that the work of teaching agriculture in one of the colleges of the Church of the Brethren is distinctly unique. A century and a quarter of life in the country, away from the weakening influences of the city, and the influence of an ever firm religious conviction on all great moral issues have made the communicants of our church a remarkably successful, frugal, careful people, who raise better crops, save more money per capita, live in better homes and wear better clothes than the members of any other similar organization. Country life and sturdy parentage are factors which have made our young men and women of a superior type. That these are not empty statements is demonstrated to every careful observer. Teachers who have been trained in the largest educational institutions in this country and have come into one of our schools to teach as well as our own students who go elsewhere to complete their education are greatly impressed with the remarkable superiority of our students who were reared in rural homes. Of the many who have gone from Mount Morris College to the great universities only two have been conditioned and both of these parties were conditioned at Mount Morris College while taking work in the academy; and neither of these parties came from country homes or were of Brethren parentage.

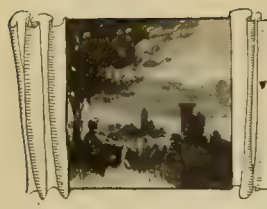
The fact that the young people of our church are of this class and that they have been thoroughly trained on the farm in all the arts of Agriculture by careful, devoted parents makes the teaching of this subject in our schools a very unique and exceedingly interesting proposition; especially so, since the relation of agricultural education to the future of our country churches is probably very close.

At Mount Morris College attempts are being made along some definite lines of this subject. The citizens of Mount Morris and the friends of the college have furnished the funds for the purchase of twenty acres of land adjoining town. This land is now under the control of the Experiment Station of the University of Illinois and a series of experiments in Soil Fertility is being started. Adjoining this tract is another which is held by a friend of the college and will be used for work in crop production. It is hoped that in the near future considerable attention can be given to dairy work also and that a sanitary dairy may be established. Poultry work will also be taken up.

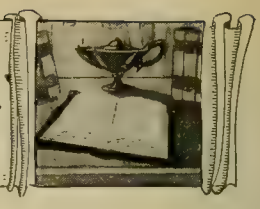
While the above advantages are not absolutely essential to successful teaching of agriculture to young men of the class which comes to Mount Morris College, as believed to be by some, yet all are decidedly helpful and, as time goes on, will add to the interest in the work.

At the opening of school last fall two classes were organized, viz., a class in Introduction to Agriculture and class in Soils. The work in Soils consisted of a careful study of the origin of our Soils, their classification and the factors which are effective in enriching or

(Continued on Page 133.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



MY PRAYER.

SELECTED BY NETTIE WEYBRIGHT.

Correct thou me, dear Lord,
Whene'er my footsteps wander,
Speak to my heart thy word—
Thy loving ways I ponder,
When, in proud perversity, my footsteps roam,
Stop me in the way—make me look toward home—
Remember me up yonder.

Thy still, small voice I love;
I seek thy guidance daily;
With wisdom from above,
Oh, guide me, Lord, I pray thee.
But when I heedless grow—do not stop to hear—
But seeds of sorrow sow; Lord, do thou appear,
Nor let me disobey thee.

How oft I make mistakes,
Repent with shame and sorrow;
Thy tender heart oft breaks—
Thy mercy, still we borrow.
O Lord, do not from us thy grace withhold,
Nor let us wander from thy precious fold;
We may not live tomorrow.

So keep us pure today,
Forgive our past sad error,
Nor let us from thee stray
In blind self-will or terror.
Make us crucify the Ego—bury "I;"
Ere thou cans't live within us, self must die,
Let our hearts be thy mirror.

Syracuse, Indiana.

A LESSON FROM THE ANT.

A. G. CROSSWHITE.

I HAD been worrying over a suitable text for my Sunday sermon all week, and nothing had, so far, especially appealed to me although the shadows were lengthening on Saturday afternoon, and the next day I must preach whether prepared or unprepared. The main thing that had engrossed my mind during those six days was the thought of getting my crop of corn clean and in proper condition for the rain which was sure to come before I was ready for it. In my desperation I sat down in the friendly shade of a fine old pear tree and began to think. The first scripture that came to mind was Prov. 6:6,—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." This, then, shall be my text, thought I, but is it not more of a reproof to *me* than a lesson for my congregation?

For once I was reduced to "*Nature Study*," and, such a little, diminutive object it was, that I was heartily ashamed of my former researches among the giants' treasures and theological mysteries. But how shall I study the ways of these little folks that were always regarded as pests, and without one single redeeming feature?

Just then I turned my eyes toward the board fence and discovered an orderly procession of Solomon's subjects hustling along on top of the ground board which was partially buried in the earth, both going and coming, somewhere; and, at a nice little pace too. Where were they going? Evidently to market for in one direction they were loaded—the other they were empty-handed. The loads they carried were heavy, some of them as large as the ants themselves. It must have been difficult for them to see over them. To make their treasures more secure they carried them in front and thus avoided an attack from behind. The day was exceedingly warm but that only increased their speed. They were making hay while the sun was shining.

Another lesson.—As fast as they were going, they took time to exchange salutations and report, in their language, their progress. I watched them a long ways but never saw one turn back or drop his burden.

Another lesson, and the one which impressed me most, was their persistence and resolution. I placed a clod across their track and carefully watched the results. It soon produced a complete blockade from both sides, but it was only of short duration. I could watch their actions definitely only from one side. The first ones to discover the blockade seemed to be puzzled for a moment, then placing their feet against it tried hard to remove it. Failing in this they scuddled back and brought reinforcements, but the load was too much for their united efforts and the next move was to go *over* it, which a few did; but that seemed impracticable and the whole force was led *around* it, thus forming a new route. I now removed the barrier and they moved on as before over the old trail.

How unlike human beings, thought I, for we would rather suffer some inconvenience than to forgive and forget an injury. There were many other things that I might have learned from these little insects but it was growing late and I had enough of data, when collected together, for one of my very best efforts the following day.

Flora, Ind.

AMEN.

A PECULIAR trait of the deep lives I have met has been this—freedom in prayer to supplement and amen the leaders' prayers. Now it is not said that all holy

people do this, nor vice-versa, for God's Word says nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, among all of my experience, the hearts that have escaped the bondage of sin and the formality of great education, and gained that childlike freedom and simplicity of complete trust that makes their fellowship so deeply helpful and their knowledge of the Word so clear have been people possessing this trait. Let us consider this trait from two view points. First, from that of those who denounce it as distracting to their worship. Matt. 6:6 tells us that when we pray we should enter into our inner chamber and shut the doors. Now it is reasonable to believe that our public worship must be the same,—namely withdrawing to our inner selves, closing our eyes, ears, etc., and becoming oblivious to our surroundings and entirely concentrated upon God. Then if we are distracted we need only to close our doors more closely, stop looking to the people and look to Jesus only.

Second, let us look at the trait itself. Just imagine yourself the father of a family of healthy, natural children, who having a common desire, as for a lawn swing, come into your presence en masse and request you to give them their desire. Now if they have not been tied already to forms they will obey their instincts and probably all try to speak at once. But waiving this result and allowing that they have become systematic enough to elect a spokesman how far do you suppose the spokesman would get before such expressions as, "Oh, do papa!" "Yes, yes, please do," "Now won't you papa?" would burst from the lips of the whole group of eager and expectant hearts? Why, it is just like children to be free and unfettered in their family relations. And how you as their father would enjoy and appreciate their freedom, their eagerness, their happy faces, and their blending of voices.

But now for the contrast. Suppose your children would have entered your presence, hid their faces, and diligently held the form of one at a time, in an awe struck, subjected manner!

What father is there who would not much rather have his children come to him in the former manner, free, frank, happy, confident and brimming over with eagerness?

No father wants to be regarded in awe and severity as a king, no, far from it, but he wants to be treated as a father. God has taught us to call him "Father."—Let's be children.—*H. D. Yoder, in the Mennonite.*

THE BIBLE—ITS VERIFICATION IN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Those best entitled to form an opinion on the question are most confident that the sum total of the biblical criticism of the last half century has only vindicated the Christian revelation and given it greater authority than ever. And experience continues to approve it. Assailed by adverse criticism, it is confirmed by experience; impugned in theory, it is verified in practice; depreciated by those with whom familiarity is ever furnishing fresh proofs that in comparison with the ethnic scriptures it contains the most satisfactory solutions of the grave problems which perplex us. All practically enlightened and seriously-minded persons are persuaded that the Bible is the one sovereign luminary of the moral sky, and that the hope of the race is in its light and influence. It alone deals effectually with the question of our relation to God, with the sin that disturbs and the grace that restores that relation. It remains our one great stay amid mystery and temptation, sorrow and death, and as such has no serious rival whatever to dispute its supremacy and permanence.—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

This is one of the strongest and most convincing proofs of the divine reality and authority of the Bible—its verification in personal experience.—*Life of Faith.*

THE LIFE OF A CHURCH.

A local church is an organization. It is a growth. It lives an open life. It stands for the things of supreme value. It takes hold of the unseen and the eternal.

Many people hold the Church too cheaply. They have no proper estimate of its significance and value. They are held all too closely to its fellowship and in its service.

The life of a church is a wonderful thing. It is impossible to write it out. We can not gather up into statistics or into reminiscent story the sum total of the secret springs of its beginning; of its varied and manifold labors; of its toils, trials and sacrifices; of its gifts of money and service; of its teachings, its Christian nurture, its guardianship; of its sweet fellowship and its uplifting, comforting power; of its gracious preserving influence in the community; of its prayers already answered, or yet laid up in heaven; of the souls sought, won, saved, built up into holy character; of the suffering, sorrowing, helped, comforted, cheered.

The Church that stands for God, for truth, for righteousness in any community, no matter how poor, how small, how weak, is needed there. To share its fellowship is a privilege, an honor, and it may be a duty. Let none despise it in its day of small things.—*The Evangelical.*

I will not endeavor to forget my sorrow by belittling it. Let my sorrow remain what it is, but oh, lift me up to mightier proportions!—*Muriel Strode.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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THE COST OF OUR WAR DEFENSE.

In the Inglenook of Jan. 17 we said something about the recent war scare and how difficult it has become for the alarmists to make any real impression on the people with all their talk of war and the need of preparation. A few days ago when the army appropriation bill was before the House, Representative J. A. Tawney gave some figures and made some statements with reference to the war scare that are of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Tawney who as chairman of the House committee on appropriations is called the watchdog of the treasury and who is an "implacable foe to military expansion," is acquainted with the subject of military appropriations and may be considered an authority.

In the course of his speech Mr. Tawney made the startling statement that the "aggregate expenditures of the United States on account of preparation for war in the last ten years have been $2,192,036,580." To give us some idea of this enormous sum he says further: "The amount we have expended in preparation for war during the past ten years, including the current fiscal year, is almost within $400,000,000 of as much as was the bonded indebtedness of the United States on the 15th of August, 1865, at the close of the Civil War. It is four times the aggregate loss to the people of the United States and Canada on account of all the great fires between 1820 and 1905, or during a period of eighty-five years.

"The amount we have expended during the last ten years in preparation for war alone would build more than five Panama canals, which is the greatest undertaking that any nation in the world has ever embarked upon, and as to the cost of the Spanish-American war, we have expended in preparation for war during the last ten years more than four times the amount expended on account of that war."

Speaking of the recent reports of the military experts as to the deplorable condition of our defenses, Mr. Tawney says the statements of these men presuppose one of three things: "Either that these men do not know what they are talking about when they say 'Our means of defense are virtually nil,' or that the money we have appropriated and expended since 1902 in preparation for war has been squandered; or it means that to place our country in such a condition of preparedness for war as these men advocate would absolutely bankrupt the nation."

Representative Tawney has reduced the matter to pretty close quarters, but no closer than reason and common sense warrant. We are wondering which of the three classes these military experts and alarmists will choose as defining the present condition in our military affairs. It will not be to their credit to decide on any one of them and it is not probable that they will do so. Some fertile mind among them will be able to explain matters to their satisfaction, at least, and they will go on working on the people's fear and love of prestige, to their own material gain and aggrandizement. But to fool all the people all the time is considered among the impossible things, and we are counting on an increasingly large number who will be able to keep their heads whenever a war alarmist cries out and who will set their hearts on "the things which make for peace and things wherewith one may edify another."

THE OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN.

A writer of the home department in "Kitchen Reflections" is not sure in the discussion of the ideal kitchen whether we are talking about the kitchen where all things are possible or the kitchen of the average home where ingenuity must take the place of money, in great measure, if the kitchen is to approach the ideal. For the benefit of this writer as well as our readers in general we will say that we had in mind the kitchen of the average home. We believe this class is in the majority among our readers and, as the writer above says, it is the one that so often falls far short of the ideal. Its mistress does not have at her command the means to secure every modern convenience and it therefore often happens that she does not have even those in her reach and her kitchen is indeed a cheerless, makeshift compared to the homey, convenient place it might be. It is to the end that these kitchens may be transformed that we are encouraging a discussion of the ideal kitchen.

We are glad the writer of "Kitchen Reflections" gave us a picture of her ideal kitchen. While we no doubt have many average kitchens and some with every modern convenience, we are sure that we also have some of the old-fashioned kitchens also, where the greatest opportunities are afforded for social inter-

course and the various members of the family may become really acquainted with each other. While there may be good argument against the old-fashioned kitchen, there is also good argument in favor of it, especially if it is a roomy, well-lighted place, and we shall be sorry to see them pass away, because with them will pass some things we cannot afford to lose.

WRITING FOR PUBLICATION.

For some time we have had it in mind to say something on this subject directed especially to those who write for publications of the House. We shall not discuss the subject exhaustively, but wish at present to mention only one point. We are sure that it will be to the interest of some of our readers to note what is said.

Few days go by here at the office when a piece of manuscript is not passed from the editor of one paper to the editor of another with something like the following directions from the writer: "For one of our publications;" or, "For ——," naming one of the publications, and adding, "but if not suitable, hand to ——," naming another paper published by the House.

Now we believe we can truthfully speak for our brother editors as for ourselves when we say that we are *always glad* to see manuscript brought to our desk that was written especially for the readers of the paper we edit. It would be more difficult to describe our feelings when manuscript is handed us bearing the above directions. For one thing, it puts an editor in an embarrassing position. Suppose such manuscript reaches his desk directly from the mail and is very suitable for his publication. Is he going to be selfish and keep it when it might be just as suitable for some department of another paper? He does not want to be convicted of the sin of selfishness and so he passes it on with the result that very often the article lands in a wastebasket on its rounds.

In the first place a writer should know the fields covered by each publication of the House. Then he should decide which one he wishes to address and keep that circle of readers in mind as he writes. This one point will help him not a little in giving expression to his ideas. Lastly, he should put the name of the paper for which he is writing at the top of the first page of the manuscript and also *include it in the address on the envelope*. Then the clerk who distributes the mail will not be puzzled as to which tray he shall put the manuscript in and the editor will not have the trouble of trying to decide whether he should keep it or not.

THE DRUG PROBLEM.

Since our last word on this subject we have received several more answers but among the whole number there is only one correct answer. The others are altogether wrong, the workers evidently having a wrong understanding of the problem.

In the first place the problem is somewhat misleading in asking for the druggist's profit. Then, as we said last week, some made the mistake of reading *pounds* where the problem reads "ounces." Suppose it read pounds. The druggist would then get 7,000 troy grains in every pound of drugs bought, while he would have to sell only 5,760 grains to make an apothecary pound, and his "profit" would be clear. But he buys and sells at the same price per *ounce*. In buying an ounce avoirdupois he gets 437½ grains while in selling an ounce he must sell 480 grains. His "profit," therefore is clear loss.

Martin E. Stauffer, Smithboro, Ill., has handled the problem in this way and his answer is 8.8+ per cent loss.

TEACHING AGRICULTURE AT MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE.

(Continued from Page 129.)

depleting them. At the opening of the winter term this class was enlarged by the enrollment of students from other departments of the college as well as new students who came only for the winter. The remainder of the year will be devoted to a study of Farm Animals and Crops. Indications are that the enrollment in this work will be especially large. The work promises to be very interesting, for all of it is a study of subjects which are directly related to farm practice. Live stock will be judged, methods of feeding studied, grain graded, seed tested and treated for the prevention of fungus pests and a careful study of the principles, variation and heredity as applied to the improvement of farm animals and crops.

Many valuable supplementary helps have been made available for use by friends of the school and this kind, liberal help is greatly appreciated. The leading agricultural weeklies and monthlies of the Middle West reach our reading room, a liberal amount of galvanized iron ware for the Soils laboratory came from a friend in Iowa, a model of a wooden silo from an Iowa firm, a Babcock tester and a milk cooler from a Chicago firm, a cream separator from a Chicago factory, a soil-compacting apparatus from a brother who is an expert technical mechanic, and a gasoline engine is promised for use in farm mechanics when that course is given.

To the many friends and alumni of Mount Morris College who are readers of the Inglenook and who are watching the progress of this department of our college with interest, it is a pleasure to report that the outlook is very bright for work which will be of intense interest to the future of our country churches.



THE HOME WORLD



A LITTLE BOY FOR SALE.

SELECTED BY JOHN E. METZGER.

A mother was busy at work one day,
When her dear little boy,—her joy,—
Came in from his play
As bright as May,
With all his traps and toys.
"You make such a din,"
She said to him,
As he worked with his toys,—his joys.
"I'll put you to bed;
Or I'll sell you," she said,
'To the man who buys little boys."

Chorus.

A little boy for sale.
A little boy for sale.
The price is so low,
You can buy him, I know.
A little boy for sale.

The dear little boy was quiet one day;
He had laid his toys aside.
The mother had ceased her work to pray,
O Lord, with me abide!
As she sits by the bed of her curly head,
A soft, sweet song she sings;
When out of the room,—of the quiet room,—
Came the rustle of angel wings.

Chorus.

There's no little boy for sale.
There's no little boy for sale.
He's bought by the love
Of the Father above.
There is no little boy for sale.

KITCHEN REFLECTIONS.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

I AM very sure we have all been interested and instructed by the articles on the kitchen which have appeared in the NOOK, but of course the circumstances in the home control the kitchen in a marked degree.

For instance, in the home of wealth, where all things are possible, the kitchen may be ideally convenient. It should be done in hardwood always for cleanliness' sake, and nothing could be better for the floor than inlaid linoleum; there should also be a kitchen cabinet, a marble basin and hot and cold water, and a fireless cooker, and many other modern conveniences too numerous to mention, and last but not least the kitchen must be clean—spotlessly clean, which is always the chief requirement in any room.

For the kitchen where genius and not money prevails, and in which the housewife must necessarily spend most of her time, I would suggest, make it as attractive and comfortable as possible; with very little work or expense it may be made really artistic, for it is a fact beyond all dispute that our surroundings do influence us to a larger extent perhaps than we know or even think.

A pretty home-made linoleum for the floor can be easily and cheaply made as follows: Have the floor perfectly clean and select a large design of wall paper with a border to match. Fill in all the cracks with putty and cut paper enough to form a square of desired length, having it large enough so that the border will lap an inch or two. Cut the border so it will match at the corners. Then make a paste of sufficient flour and water, mix smoothly and allow to boil. Stir the paste often in order that it does not get lumpy or gummy. Commence on one side of the room to lay the paper, applying the paste to the floor for only one width at a time and placing the paper smoothly. Continue until the square is completed. This should be allowed to dry perfectly and should then be given two coats of floor varnish, the last coat being put on after the first is dry. This varnish should be allowed to dry before the border is put on, and then it can be finished by the same method. This home-made linoleum will last for several years if washed with tepid water.

But I do not know whether we are discussing the kitchen where all things are possible, or the kitchen of the average home which as a rule is the most neglected room in the house, and the room of least importance, or at least so considered.

The kitchen I have in mind is neither of these, but is kitchen, dining room, and living room, all three in one, and a successful trio—a perfect harmony.

I cannot tell you the color of the paper or paint, or perhaps the window shades; I did not even think of looking at them. The whole scheme was so restful and pleasing that I sat down in a comfortable chair and swung lazily while the kettle sang cheerily on the stove, and the mother prepared the noonday meal.

There was not only one, but *three* comfortable chairs, and a table also with some papers and good periodicals on it, and when the sons came in, one from work, and one from school, the events of the day were read and discussed; so it was also study and library and I was sure that in a home where one room could be made to contain so many good things, something would be sure to go out to bless the world and make it a better place in which to live.

This is an old-fashioned picture, perhaps, but of all the kitchens I have seen this has impressed me as being the ideal one.

POINTS SOMETIMES NEGLECTED.

GRACE WOOD CASTLE.

An intelligent, conscientious person, who has the care and training of a little child is sometimes appalled when she realizes the extent of her influence in shaping its character. Especially is this true when the child in question is of a sensitive and highly organized nature. The very qualities which, directed rightly, will make of it a superior man or woman, are the qualities that, perverted, will make their possessor a scourge to society.

I see every day and often have the care of, a beautiful little girl of two and one-half years. She has a very strong will but has been taught obedience—a lesson that should be well begun during the first two years. She has a very retentive memory and promises made to her are never broken. If you do not keep your word to your child, do not expect him to keep his word to you. She has a vivid imagination, always—when not perverted—a priceless treasure to its possessor.

With the child thus endowed, the child who passionately loves pictures and stories, it seems best to avoid those calculated to stimulate the already too active imagination, keeping to those which tell of everyday things and happenings. Let the pictures be good ones and do not risk vulgarizing the taste by familiarity with comic supplements and the like.

Many persons live to old age without any adequate appreciation of the beauties of the world about them. This little lassie is taught to notice and love the blue of the sky and the crimson and gold of the sunset; the wayside flowers in the grass and the dancing of the green leaves in the wind; birds and flowers and insects; the surpassing purity of the newly-fallen snow when—

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wears ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Is ridged inch deep with pearl."

Elgin, Ill.

MOTTOES IN THE KITCHEN.

N. D. UNDERHILL.

As our editor has invited us to offer suggestions along the line of "the ideal kitchen," I venture to add a few to those previously published. Where the walls are plain, and the woman who does the kitchen work must be there much of her time, some have found it very helpful to have a few good mottoes hung where the eye will often rest upon them.

If these mottoes are selected with care and are just the right kind, they have much influence upon the disposition of the cook, as well as upon the character of the young who are often there. Bible mottoes are helpful, while there are others also very good. One of the latter is "Do ye next thynge." (Reminding us not to waste time in brooding over past mistakes or failures, but to go right ahead doing our duty.)

One convenient article for kitchen use is a receptacle of some kind for waste paper. This comes handy many times every day. To wipe out a greasy vessel before washing, to rub the stove clean sometimes instead of polishing, to polish the windows, the spoons and cutlery, to wrap loaves of bread or cake and other articles the old papers are very useful.

Another thing is a bag in which to keep old rags; not whole garments but pieces of old cloth suitable for wash rags, dish rags, dust cloths, or to tie up a hurt finger. Everything should be arranged for the greatest convenience, and cleanliness as well as orderliness.

Another convenience for the kitchen wall is a slate, or tab, (with pencil attached by a string) upon which to jot down things which we wish to remember.

A small corner-cupboard (with doors) in which to keep a few simple household remedies, is also a good thing to have in a kitchen.

THE OLD RAG CARPET.

Well, yes—it's a plain rag carpet, the kind called "hit-or-miss":
Aunt Nancy Cubberly wove it, she and her girl, Meliss.
It's wore and faded and frazzled; reckon it's had it's day,
But makes me feel like cryin' to see it bundled away.

My, but we thought 'twas pretty, the mornin' we tacked it down—
The colors clean and cheerful, the chain a yallowish-brown;
That was the very first carpet we'd had to kiver the floor
Since Jim and I'd been married, a couple o' years or more.

'Twas 'most like one o' the fambly; I'd saved the rags from the start,
And not a scrap of the fillin' I didn't know by heart;
Cotton and wool and linen, there wasn't a single thread
I couldn't told how it come there—purple or blue or red.

And talk about things a-lastin' and holdin' out to the end!
I tell you that old rag carpet has been a faithful friend.
Aunt Nancy said when she fetched it: "Cynthy, I've wove it fair,
And the stuff is good that's in it; it'll stand a heap o' wear."

'Twas common enough, I reckon—jest plain and every day,
And mebby I'm sort o' foolish, takin' on this-a-way;
But still there's a streak of somethin' wove in with the carpet chain
That's sweet as the smell of roses a-drippin' with summer rain.

There's homey kind of memories: my old wide rockin' chair—
How many a time of evenin's, as I'd be rockin' there,

I'd think how well the carpet looked, so cheerful-like and neat,
And how it stood the stiddy strain of little rompin' feet.
But Time kep' trackin' right along; the years went joggin' fast;
The warp and fillin' frazzled thin, and faded out at last.
And now the children wonder why I ain't as glad as they
To see a thing so out o' date tuck up and hauled away.

They've bought me a bran-new Brussels; it's mighty good and fine;
Of course it's more befittin' than that "hit-or-miss" of mine,
But still there's a streak of somethin' wove in with the old brown chain
That's sweet as the smell of roses a-drippin' with summer rain.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

IS THE GRANDFATHER RIGHT?

While visiting my grandparents a few days ago I read to them several of the letters that have been appearing in *The Fruit-Grower* about making farm life more desirable. The reading was usually followed by a discussion, and this ended in most interesting reminiscences of their early life in Minnesota.

From what I heard there seems to have been no complaint among the farmers of those days of lack of amusement. They amused themselves, and to such good purpose that all who recall those days seem to consider them better worth living than any they have since known. My grandfather, who is a very observing man, declares that the complaints we hear are due to the training given our parents and by them passed on, with trimmings, to the young people of today. He said the grandparents made the mistake of striving to save their children from the hardships they themselves had undergone, and so had given an impetus to selfishness that is bound to kill the home if not recognized and stamped out very soon. Our methods of child culture are giving us what he calls "nincompoops." He says they have robbed us of self-dependence, initiative, courage and some other sterling qualities that were characteristic of the pioneer of seventy years ago. Instead of amusing ourselves, we are taught from babyhood to expect to be amused. Instead of helping others, we spend our energies in looking for easy places for ourselves. Instead of entertaining, we are fishing for invitations. In those days the aim was to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; today the great cry is "how to get a great deal for nothing." Today, he says, there is very little true hospitality. Few householders have a welcome for anyone who comes without an invitation, and where the written invitation becomes a social law, hospitality soon dies out. There seems to be no good reason why it should be so; but I believe it is a fact. So do many others with whom I have talked since my visit to grandfather's. There are many who would like to entertain informally today; but the written invitation frightens them. It seems to mean a more formal entertainment than they care to attempt. And one's friends no longer feel sure of a welcome unless especially invited, so they do not come even when they would like to.

Grandfather says that, to remedy present conditions, a beginning must be made in the homes of our young married people. If there are to be but one or two children born to these young home makers, then two or three more must be adopted. We must get back to the large families if we would raise sturdy, self-reliant, helpful, unselfish men and women. There must be too many to coddle and help over the hard places. There must be so many that they will be forced to divide things, forced to amuse themselves, forced to make the things they want and have no money to buy.

Next, grandfather would abolish kindergarten methods of teaching. He declares that there are almost no good students today. He believes that it is with education as with everything else, one must work hard for it in order to make good use of it. He would put a premium upon evidences of original thought. In this connection he made a curious statement that I have not had time to verify. He said that in communities where there were free public libraries there were fewer really well read young people than in neighborhoods where books must be purchased. In the latter case the books selected were worth reading, and, since not many could be afforded, they were read and reread. Where free public libraries were at hand, a poorer class of books were read, and these were usually skimmed through at a rate that left nothing worth having.

Grandfather would like to bring back the old idea which he once held—that a man was honored in being permitted to wait upon a lady. He has little patience with the modern girl who seems to be willing to do anything that will entertain men—even to issuing the invitations and paying for the entertainment. He has no patience whatever with men who accept such attentions, knowing that they have no intention of giving anything, even politeness, in return. Real good times are not to be had in that way, for the principle of the thing is wrong, and the effects are deplorable in the city as well as in the country. There must be reciprocity in entertaining for the spirit of good times to thrive.

Grandfather declares that the good times of the old days had two enemies. First, the big farm that could not be properly worked, hence failed to pay a proper rate of interest on the money invested. This brought so much work, worry and poverty that there was neither time nor inclination for sociability. Second, the discouragement consequent upon this condition caused the American farmer to sell and move into the

city, where he hoped to find easier conditions. His farm was bought by a foreigner; so was his neighbor's. Now while these men made good citizens and were usually good farmers, they seldom fitted into the social life of the community. When they had purchased a number of the farms they built up a social life of their own, and were not particularly anxious to welcome their American neighbors, whose customs were not like theirs.

The first of these enemies to social life can be routed by building up a farming community where the small farm, well tilled, is the rule. The second is no longer an enemy when he flocks to himself. Let American farmers go into neighborhoods where only Americans are allowed. When Germans seek Germans, Irish seek Irish, and Scandinavians seek Scandinavians, they can all make laws for themselves, both socially and otherwise, and each can enjoy himself in his own way.

If a man is progressive it is hard for him to live in a neighborhood where progression is frowned upon. On the other hand, it is irritating to the non-progressive man to be obliged to help pay for improvements for which he cares nothing. Two men having ideas so radically different can never hope to have very good times together.

In most cities one may find residence sections where there are building restrictions, and here the particular man may get away from the annoyances to which he would be subjected by non-progressive neighbors. It should be so in farming communities. The little up-to-date farm in a neighborhood of up-to-date farmers, who have subscribed to restrictions that must tend to keep out the other kind. Is that not a solution to the question, "How may farm life be made more desirable?"—*John Doe, in The Fruit Grower.*

HOW BOYS GET INTO TROUBLE.

"Often when a boy gets into court, his mother comes before me to plead for him. The very trouble with the boy is that his mother has been pleading with him and for him all his life—instead of spanking him," says Judge William C. Wait, of the Superior Court of Boston.

"That mother," continued the judge, "has never made her boy mind. She has been doing what he told her all his life. Some people think whipping a child is degrading, and perhaps it is, *but it's not more degrading than having the child brought into court for larceny.*

"American fathers and mothers are too weak. Most of the boys that come into court are the sons of respectable parents. Only, they've been loosely brought up. That is, they got 'out with the gang,' and their parents—like many American parents—don't bring them round sharply. The boys get to drinking, and then into the courts. In a great many cases it is the respectable, but weak parents who are really responsible for the downfall of their children.

"Since October there have been about 1500 cases on the list, and I think not less than 1000 of these are of young people under 20. An astonishingly large number are seventeen, eighteen or nineteen.

"I do not know positively, but my belief is that the boys of Boston are getting worse instead of better. This is because there is less chance for them to work. Lack of work is the whole root of the 'bad boy' problem. If society could inspire boys with a desire to work and give them the opportunity to work the puzzle would be solved. But the boy goes out on street corners and gets fond of loafing. Recently the labor unions passed a set of resolutions because I said they were taking away the boys' chances of starting in to learn a trade. But labor unions, whatever good they may accomplish, do shut out beginners and so lessen the boys' opportunities for employment.

"Seventeen out of twenty boys who come before me are not really bad, and society could save them. But society doesn't save them. A boy pleads guilty to some offense. What has society for that boy? Well, it's got prisons and reformatories.

"I should like to see a system of farms for the boys that are brought into court. I don't mean places where a lot of these boys are sent all together; but a list of farms to which a judge could send a boy and be sure he would receive good and wise treatment. He ought to be entirely separated from boys of his own kind, and there shouldn't be more than two or three other boys on the farm, if there are any others. The farmer who took charge of the boy would have to feel a true affection for him, or the work wouldn't help much. Affection is what a boy of that sort needs, provided it is the right kind of affection.

"Then, out in the country, far removed from old companions and old temptations, let the boy set to work. You ask, 'Could society provide the inspiration to employment?'

"Well, we all enjoy loafing, just as the boy enjoys it. Any one who lacks the play spirit is mentally deficient. But there comes a time when each of us is willing to work, would a little rather work than not. There is the 'inspiration.' The boy will get that desire for work, if the work is such as will appeal to him. He will enjoy it, and perform it, if it is not presented to him as mere punishment or 'reform.' If he sees that he gets something in return for it, some strengthening of character, for example, he will work willingly.

"A boy seems to look on a policeman as a natural enemy. This feeling is not lessened when the boy commits larceny or some other offense and an officer takes him into court. In the court room it is extremely hard to convince him that the judge and the officers and

everyone else are not his sworn foes. So of course when the judge sends him to a reformatory, that boy is generally not in a mood to be reformed. It is extremely hard to combat this feeling of his and convince him that you are trying to give him aid.

"It isn't natural, either, for a police officer to feel much love for a gang of boys that has made his life a torment for months. Oh, there's a deal to be said on the officer's side! I asked one policeman if he felt any resentment toward a certain offender whom I intended to put on probation. The officer said he had not, and added: 'He will probably keep straight, but if he doesn't we'll soon have him back here again.' I said: 'Well, don't *tell* him that, or it will spoil everything. If you're looking at it that way you're going to have the boy back here awfully soon.' When a boy is put on probation he feels every officer's eye is on him, and every officer is waiting to catch him in a misdemeanor and bring him into court again. So if I could only have some place—a quiet farm, for instance—to send such a boy it would probably be the saving of him.

"There are fewer women offenders than men. But it is unfortunately true that women and girls who come into court are less corrigible than men and boys. There are more men seeking to ruin women than men. Then, too, officers are more apt to deal more leniently with women than with men, and so the women and girls don't get into court until they have gone a little farther downward than most of the men and boys who get into court. A woman has a harder time of it when she tries to reform than a man has. Society looks on man as a fallible article, at best, that may improve, but it looks on a woman as a perfect article in the beginning that will grow worse if damaged. It is terribly hard for a woman to struggle against this attitude of society."

The judge was asked to tell Boston parents how to keep their children out of court.

"They need only a good, solid affection for their children," said His Honor, "and the ability to set them a good example."—*The Common People.*

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE: PRENATAL AND SUBNATAL.

It is sometimes said that the girls of a family are like their father and the boys like the mother. If this is so it doesn't necessarily follow that girls are masculine or the boys feminine.

One mother who had seen a boy of much more than ordinary brilliance fall into moral desuetude through the lack of perseverance, or possibly strength of character, determined if possible to print upon her unborn child a sterling stick-to-ativeness that the waves and billows of existence should not find a house of sand to wash away. Whether or not she accomplished this, or whether the child would have the same disposition or character or temperament, whatever you call it, is a question, but it is an absolute fact that the child is never feazed by obstacles.

This mother, before the birth of the child, made it a point never to begin anything without finishing it, without sticking to it, no matter what interfered or how much she disliked doing the thing in question; she persevered steadily, conscientiously, persistently to the end, to the full, complete and perfect finishing, the gaining of the object in view. This sometimes was distasteful to her, in fact often was, for she was a woman who had many duties and some that seemed to collide with others, still she persevered in working to the end.

The child born from this prenatal training is now at maturity, and from the earliest known record has been zealous to overcome obstacles. When another child would say, "I can't do that, it is too hard, I don't know how," and so on with sundry excuses, the prenatally trained child simply found ways and means for accomplishing the end.

The perseverance was but one trait transmitted, but it is a trait that is very important in the making of a character of sterling tenacity. The training was excellent for all concerned, and it means much to the child, to the family and to the world at large.

This prenatal training may be supplemented by subnatal training. If the child is vacillating and easily discouraged from doing things teach it to stick to things. When a child begins to play with blocks do not distract its attention with something else, keep it at the blocks until their possibilities for holding its attention are exhausted. Do not tumble the little builded structure down. This teaches destructiveness. When one building is done and must be demolished, let it be done by either building another from the blocks, or by placing them neatly in the proper receptacle. Do not call a child from its play until that play is finished, completed, unless there is some very good reason therefor. Try and have the children play the same thing for as long a time as possible without their tiring of it. This teaches steadfastness and perseverance, continuousity.

Too many playthings distract the babe. Give few playthings to the little children, and let them develop ways and means for playing with these. The child with endless playthings is rarely amused; he is always wanting something new and something different when he has not half learned the possibilities of his present possessions.

It is much better to let children judiciously alone than to be constantly seeking to amuse them. They will never learn to depend upon their own resources or to develop thought and their own capacity for creating pleasures for themslves otherwise.—*Rose Seelye-Miller, in American Motherhood.*

The Children's Corner

TOLD IN THE DARK.

Leo was in bed. He had said, "Now I lay me," then he had asked his mother to turn down the light.

Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.

Mother knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way:

"Tell mother all about it."

Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:

"P'r'aps you'll think 'twasan't so—an' I don't know as I'd b'lieve it myself, only I saw them with my own eyes—I did, mother! an' you'll say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it, really I couldn't—an' she's down in the kitchen!"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist. She spoke gently.

"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"

"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' the fellows snow-balled her—I did, too, mother—an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through or back, either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington.

"Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine woods—this is true, mother, 'tis; I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like I was so sorry—an'—a little bit, afraid too—an' I just started and run."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?" asked mother.

"I didn't run home—I—run back the road where we snow-balled the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an' brought her home, an'—an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully: "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother?—I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked:

"But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied: "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"—*Little Men and Women.*

PASTE THESE IN YOUR NEW COOK BOOK.

Cheat Oyster Soup.—Take of tomatoes 1 pint, canned or fresh; take a large teacup of nice white codfish, picked up fine; add to this 3 pints water. Boil 15 or 20 minutes. Then add ½ teaspoon baking soda. When done foaming, strain and add one pint of milk, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Serve immediately with crisp oyster crackers. The taste is similar to oysters or lobsters; all taste of tomatoes and fish is gone.

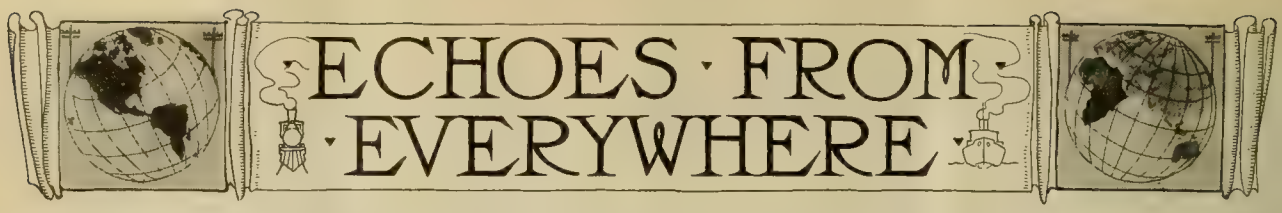
Buns.—Take 1 pint of liquid bread sponge, 2 tablespoons of sugar, scant ¼ cup butter, 1 egg, ½ cup warm water, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix stiff and let rise. Work down, let rise again, then mould into buns and when light bake in a quick oven.

Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce.—Pick over and put to soak in cold water the evening before, 1 quart of navy beans. Next morning parboil beans in fresh water till tender but not broken. Drain, pour through them cold water, then place in bean pot with lid. Cut rind of 1 pound of salt pork down 1 inch and ½ inch apart, imbed it with the beans, leaving the rind up. Season with 1 cup of strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoons of molasses, enough brown sugar to taste, salt and pepper. Cover with hot water and bake in a moderate oven from 3 to 5 hours. Keep covered with hot water until the last hour. Then let brown on top. Do not stir or you will break the beans. When warming over either return beans to bean pot with a little hot water and let bake for an hour or so, or brown in a pan with some of the pork.

Chocolate Rice Cream.—Put 4 cups of milk in a double boiler, when boiling hot, add ½ cup of washed rice, ⅓ teaspoon of salt, 5 tablespoons of sugar, 1 tablespoon of butter, 3 tablespoons of grated chocolate and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Steam one hour and serve ice cold.

Five-egg Angel Food.—Take 5 eggs, beat separately, add together and beat again thoroughly; add 1 cup of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful at a time; 1 cup of sifted flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together three times; mix all together. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven.

—*Sister Eda Senger Flory, Twin Falls, Idaho.*



The lower house of the legislature of Washington has passed a bill making women eligible for jury duty by striking the word "male" from the present statute.

The Diario de Noticias announces the Portuguese government has decided to pay a monthly pension of $3,300 to the deposed King Manuel. A check for the months of October, November and December has been sent to him.

Baron Kuno von Eltz, nephew of the prime minister of Hungary, is working nine hours a day in a worsted mill at Lawrence, Mass., preparing himself to superintend the construction of factories for worsted manufacturing in his native land.

The committee on churches, working for the New York Child Welfare exhibit, has revealed the astonishing fact that of the 1,000,000 school children in Greater New York, only 350,000 attend any Sunday-school—Protestant, Catholic or Jewish.

Leadville Colo., is celebrating the discovery of millions of tons of what, since the days when gold and silver brought wealth to the camp, has been regarded as waste, but in reality is carbonate of zinc of a high grade. It is expected that enough of this ore is in sight in the big, privately owned mines, to produce more in money than the district has hitherto given in gold and silver.

The resolution introduced by Senator McAllister, urging Congress to amend the constitution with a provision to elect members of the United States senate by a direct vote of the people, was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Missouri senate. The resolution is being presented to every State legislature, and in nearly every instance has met with approval. Should two-thirds of the States ratify the amendment, it will be adopted by Congress.

In a recent lecture, William H. Stuart, Jr., showed how largely the fuel economy of an automobile depends on the skill of the driver. He instanced a consumption test made by him over a measured course. In the first test the machine was driven by a driver thoroughly conversant with the mechanism of an automobile. The second test was made with a novice, who was shown only a few of the points of operation, such as are given to a man when he buys a car. The results showed that 34.7 more fuel was used by the inexperienced driver.

All the different wireless companies of Germany, as well as the Belgian Wireless Company of Brussels, have combined and formed what is known as the "German Operating Company for Wireless Telegraphy." The Telefunken and Braun patents belong to this organization. Stations on the North German Lloyd, Hamburg American, and other German lines have heretofore been operated by the Marconi and Telefunken companies jointly, but now they will be in the hands of the new organization, because of the Marconi rights owned by the Belgian company.

At the close of last year, 41,000,000 cubic yards of excavation had been done on the New York State Barge Canal, and 1,100,000 cubic yards of concrete had been laid. Each of these quantities is about 40 per cent of the total amount required for the finished project.

State department dispatches from Alexandria say that the movement for closing stores and industrial establishments on Sunday, which in the past few years has extended throughout southern Europe and is now enforced in Italy, France, Spain and Greece; is being vigorously agitated in Egypt. The campaign is being carried on by the International Employes' association.

Dispatches to the state department from London show that the weekly wages of agricultural laborers in the United Kingdom are lower by far than members of the American Federation of Labor were led to believe from unofficial statements made to them by British visitors. The British board of trade has made exhaustive inquiries on the subject, and it presents a report based upon returns from 15,000 farmers employing no less than 78,000 agricultural laborers, showing that for all classes of laborers combined the average yearly earnings and the corresponding weekly amounts were as follows: England, $232.37 a year, $4.46 weekly; Wales and Monmouthshire, $227.75 a year, $4.38 weekly; Scotland, $247.94 a year, $4.75 weekly; and Ireland, $142.10 a year, $2.74 weekly.

A government investigation is now afoot, started by the discovery of physicians that cases of copper poisoning which came under their care were traceable to impure oysters. Dr. George W. Stiles, a specialist of the United States bureau of chemistry, under Dr. Harvey Wiley, has found that almost every one of the specimens submitted for analysis contains sulphates of copper in large quantities. The oysters were traced to their beds to discover the source of the copper, and it was found that many of the poisoned oysters had been infected by their proximity to large copper mines, and that waste matter from those mines had been dumped into the streams in which the oysters were dredged. In other cases, as in the Chesapeake Bay, it was found that the copper had been washed down tributary streams from a great distance.

Despite the number of Chinese deaths at Dairen and other points along the railroad line, the efficiency of the medical department of the Japanese railway administration is such that only two Japanese deaths are recorded in all Manchuria, one physician and one woman at Harbin. Responding to a request for the opinion of Japanese physicians on the spot, Zeko Nakamura, president of the South Manchurian Railway, telegraphs as follows: "Transmission of the plague through the air is not established, but rapid infection from intimate contact has been observed. No infected rats have been discovered. No recoveries are reported. Physicians are investigating the technical phases of the epidemic, but no complete verdict has been reached."

A new aeroplane record was set at Paris, France, when Roger Sommer carried five passengers from Douzy to Romily and returned with them successfully. The total distance covered was about 15 miles. This is the first time in the history of aviation that six persons have been carried in an aeroplane. Two of them were compelled to stride the skids. The biplane used by Sommer carried a total weight of about 1,000 pounds, including a supply of petrol. The flight was made at an average height of 150 feet from the ground, the aviator never arising over 200 feet.

One certain and queer effect of the old age pensions in England, says a dispatch, has been to increase the consumption of tea in Great Britain, and the tea market shows a remarkable state of affairs. The consumption of Indian tea, which is the staple in that country, amounted to 14,880,778 pounds last month, an increase of 1,077,209 over the same month of last year. During the eleven months just ended, the consumption totaled 148,339,152 pounds, an average of 447,278 pounds a day and an increase on the whole of 2,066,332 pounds over a corresponding period last year.

The American Red Cross has requested the solicitor general of the United States to advise it as to the proper steps for the enforcement of that section of its federal charter relative to the use of its emblem and name for advertising purposes by manufacturers, retailers, physicians, charitable organizations, barbers, and others. It is believed that many persons who use the emblem or the name of the Red Cross for advertising purposes do so in ignorance of the fact that such use is forbidden by law with penalties for violation which, in aggravated cases, may be a fine of $500 and imprisonment for one year.

On January 17, Henry Weymann, the young American aviator who has made many records in France, flew from Rheims to Mourmelon and back, a total distance of about 40 miles, with two passengers. He made the outward trip in the morning in an hour and a quarter, but the return journey in the afternoon was covered in 29 minutes. This is a record flight with three men in a machine. Weymann used a Farman biplane with which he has made most of his other notable passenger-carrying flights, the chief of which are the flight from Mourmelon to Paris (105 miles) last September and his cross-country flight for the Michelin Trophy from Paris to Puy-de-Dome Mountain, in which he flew 280 miles with a passenger. He almost reached the goal, but was compelled to descend within a few miles of his destination because of a dense fog.

During the past two years the Weather Bureau has been experimenting with various devices for measuring the seasonal snowfall in regions remote from human habitation, where it is impossible to make daily observations. This problem is most important in the western States, where the water used for irrigation in summer depends upon the snowfall of the neighboring mountains during the winter. The most satisfactory results have been obtained with what is known as a "snowbin"—a cubical box five feet on a side, standing on a frame so that the top is ten feet above the ground. The bin is fitted with a system of louvers on the inside to prevent the wind from blowing out the snow and to insure a level deposit within.

It is believed that the present Morse instruments will soon be replaced on all railroads throughout the country by telephones which Thomas A. Edison is constructing. The telephone which Edison has promised for use on railroads will have a receiver of such construction that a voice speaking at the sending end can be heard all through the room at the receiving end. The proposed telephone is termed a "loud sounding telephone." According to Chenery, the association is endeavoring to accomplish a change in the system of dispatching trains and communication between stations of the various railroads which will be more accurate and quicker than the present system.

The general education board established by John D. Rockfeller to handle a fund of $10,000,000 from which to assist universities and colleges and pension teachers has made the following awards of money to colleges and universities: Brown university, $100,000; Carleton college, Northfield, Minn., $100,000; Mount Holyoke college, South Hadley, Mass, $100,000; Dakota Wesleyan university, Mitchell, S. D., $50,000; Denison university, Granville, Ohio, $75,000; Fisk university, Nashville, Tenn., $60,000; Randolph-Macon college, Ashland, Va., $50,000; Swarthmore college, $75,000; Colorado college, Colorado Springs, and Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio, $50,000 each.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has taken steps to bring about the negotiation of an international parcels post convention with the French postal authorities. There now exists a limited parcels post convention with France, under which packages weighing not more than 4 pounds and 6 ounces and valued at not more than $50 may be sent through the mails. The French authorities have lately displayed a disposition to increase the weight limit to 11 pounds and raise the valuation to $80, which is the standard international parcels post in operation between the United States and all European countries, except Greece, Spain and Russia. During the last fiscal year 521,486 packages were mailed in the United States in the initial parcels post conventions. The total weight of the packages was 1,490,718 pounds, an increase of 354,028 pounds, or 31 per cent over the preceding year. Incoming packages aggregated 350,465, weighing 1,446,307 pounds, a gain of 321,497 pounds, or 28 per cent over the preceding year.

A country-wide investigation which the treasury department has started has disclosed discrepancies in the wrapper and filler statistics of tobacco imported from Cuba, which have deprived the government of between $3,000,000 and $5,000,000 annually for the last five years. Tobacco trade statistics show that cigarmakers who turn out pure Havana cigars must have 6 per cent of their stock in "wrapper," while the statistics of the treasury department show a fraction under one-fifth of 1 per cent of the Cuban importations classified as, and paying duties as "wrapper." Advance reports on this investigation show, it is said, that the Cuban importations have been admitted under a classification which, in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, deprived the customs house of between $3,000,000 and $5,000,000. It was said by treasury department officials that approximately the same sum had been lost to the government annually for at least five years past. From the investigation thus far, however, it was the belief this loss was more in matter of long-established trade custom than fraud.



SONNET TO FEBRUARY.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

The snow still lingers round thy opening door,
And ice upon thy ponds and streams is found.
Youth dances, till thy ides, a merry round,
Then Lent will for religious rites implore,
Thou art a month which now, as I think o'er,
We know not with what will thy winds abound,
Sometimes they freeze the slowly thawing ground
And other times they warm and thaw it more.
Ah! surely! an uncertain month, thou art,
Some years, thou fleest, forgetting a day,
Then each four years dost claim it as thy part,
And to thy claim, all other months say yea,
So soon, with thee are many loath to part,
They dread the tune, the March winds next may play.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Toad

Armelia L. Colwell

THE toad is a very familiar figure to most of us, but many false ideas have somehow crept in concerning the toad. The first of these is that handling the toad causes warts upon the hands. Nothing could be more absurd than this notion. Another false idea is that toads are rained down. This is probably due to the fact that small toads, soon after they leave the water, hide under stones or in crevices or under leaves, wherever dampness is found, and when the rain comes splashing down they all come out to enjoy the shower. Toads especially enjoy having water sprinkled over them gently; some pet toads we have had in our Nature Club did some every queer and amusing things. The toad can go without food for a long time, but air and dampness are absolutely necessary to its life. So this proves the story that they are found alive in the bedrock of quarries untrue.

I am glad the children all over the land are being taught how harmless the toad is and how many harmful insects and flies it catches in the garden. When I was a child it seems to me the only thing that often saved the poor toad's life was the saying, which every country boy and girl knew, that if you stone or hurt the toad, your cows would give bloody milk.

The eggs of toads and frogs are to be found in ponds, usually attached to some water weed, during the months of May and June and sometimes earlier. The eggs in the long strings of jelly-like substance are those of the the toad, while those in the jelly-like masses are those of the frog, and are usually laid in deeper water than are those of the toad. When the eggs are first laid the jelly-like substance is clear and the eggs imbedded in it may be seen perfectly, but after a day or two, bits of dirt accumulate on the jelly and the eggs become obscured. When the eggs are first laid they are quite round, but as they begin to develop they grow longer and finally a tadpole may be seen wriggling around in the jelly mass. In four or five days after the eggs are laid, if the conditions are favorable, the tadpoles will work out of the jelly mass which is their first food, and swim away in the water.

Although you may not be able to distinguish the head from the tail when the tadpole first hatches, unless looked at through a lens, the tadpole swims always head first and the head end is the larger.

At first the tiny tadpole has no mouth, but where we should expect the mouth to be is a v-shaped elevation, called the " sucker."

In this sucker is secreted a sticky substance by means of which the tadpoles attach themselves to objects. At this stage they rest head up attached to water weeds. When two or three days old there may be seen, with the aid of a lens, a little tassel on either side the neck. These are the gills by which the little tadpole breathes. The blood passes through these gills and comes in contact with the air in the water and is thus purified. Ten days after they are hatched these gills disappear under a membrane which grows down over them, but the tadpole still breathes through gills which are situated at the sides of the throat. The water enters the nostrils and the mouth, passes through the opening in the throat and passes over the gills and out through a little opening at the left side of the body. In the larger tadpoles this breathing pore on the left side can be easily seen. When the arms develop the left arm is pushed out through this breathing pore.

When about ten days old the tadpoles have developed small round mouths, which are constantly in search of something to eat, and at the same time constantly opening and shutting to take in air for the gills. Their mouths have horny jaws for biting off pieces of plants. The tail of the tadpole is long and flat, surrounded by a fin, and is the swimming organ.

Watch and see how it uses its tail to push itself through the water. When the tadpole is a month or two old, depending on the species, its hind legs begin to show; they first appear as mere buds, but finally come out completely. The feet are long, have five toes, of which the fourth toe is the longest, and are webbed,

so they may be used to help in swimming. In about two weeks the arms begin to appear, the left one pushing out through the breathing pore, as mentioned above. The "hands" have but four fingers and are not webbed. They are used in the water for balancing, while the hind legs are used for pushing.

After both pairs of legs are developed, the tail becomes smaller. There is a superstition that the tadpole eats its tail, which is not true, but the material that is in the tail, is absorbed into the body. At first tadpoles' eyes are even with the surface of the head but as the tail is absorbed and the legs grow the eyes begin to bulge and grow more prominent, and look much more like toad's eyes. As the tadpole develops, its mouth grows larger and wider, extending back under the eyes, and its actions are decidedly different from what they were during its earlier life. It now comes often to the surface, and this is because the true air-breathing lungs are being developed, and the little creature is breathing the air of the atmosphere with its new lungs instead of the air in the water by means of the gills which have now disappeared.

You can easily tell the difference between the toad tadpole and the frog tadpole. The toad tadpole is usually black while the frog may be colored otherwise. Visit the pond the last week in June or first of July and see the tiny toads hopping from the water, with as much eagerness as if full grown.

The color of the American toad is variable. It may be a yellowish-brown with spots and bands of a lighter color, and the warts may be reddish or yellow. There are likely to be four irregular spots of dark color along each side of the middle of the back. The under parts are light colored and may be somewhat spotted. The throat of the male toad is black; the female is much brighter in color than the male. The skin above is covered with warts which are glands; these glands secrete a substance which is disagreeable for the animal that tries to eat it. This is especially true of the glands in the large swelling behind and above the ear. The toad's skin is dry; it feels cold to the hand because it is a cold-blooded animal.

The toad's eyes are elevated and are very pretty. The pupil is oval, and the iris which surrounds it is yellow, shining like gold. The toad winks in a very peculiar way. The eyes seem to be pulled down into the head during this process; the toad has the nictitating lid, which rises to cover the eye, similar to that found in birds. When a toad is sleeping its eyes are not bulging but are even with the surface of the head. The two nostrils are black and every easily seen; the ear is a flat, oval spot behind the eye and a little lower down. It is not quite so large as the eye; it is really the ear drum, as the toad does not have external ears like ours. The swelling or elongated wart above and back of the ear is called the parotoid gland; the glands which open on this wart give forth a milky substance when the toad is seized by an enemy, and the substance is poisonous. However, the snakes do not seem to mind it.

The toad's mouth is wide and its jaws are horny; it does not need teeth since it swallows its prey whole. The arms are shorter than the legs. When the toad is resting, its fingers "toe in." The legs are long and strong, and it is because of their length and strength that the toad is enabled to hop. Of the five toes on the feet, the fourth toe is the longest. Although the hind feet are webbed to enable the toad to swim, this web is not as complete as that of the frog.

The toad prefers a cold, damp place in which to live. This is likely to be under sidewalks, or boards, or piazza; they often get in cellars or under outside steps. It is also found in the gardens under clumps of broad-leafed plants, and the warty upper surface and its brown color make it resemble very much the surrounding earth and in this way protects it from observation. When the toad is disturbed it will hop off, taking long leaps and act frightened, but if much frightened it will flatten out on the ground. When thus flattened out it looks so nearly like a clod of earth you are not apt to see it. If seized by an enemy it will sometimes "play 'possum," and act as if it were dead, but when actually in the mouth of the enemy it will give a most terrific and heart-rending cry.

A friend and I were riding along a country road when we heard that peculiar cry near by. She said, "What is that?" I replied, "There must be a toad near in great trouble; you hold the horse while I get out and investigate." I soon found a large snake, with one leg of a toad in its mouth trying to swallow it alive. I took my umbrella and tried to make the snake give it up by lifting them up, and turning them over, without hurting either. The snake had no idea of giving up a good meal so easy, but I finally succeeded in getting the toad free and gave him a fling across the road and down a bank. Just then my friend gave a scream and I looked quickly, just in time to see the snake come flying through the air at me. It struck my skirt in spite of the few rapid motions I tried to make to get away from it and fell to the ground and coiled for another spring at me. That was too much for human nature, so I dispatched his highness in short order. Usually I do not kill snakes. I had a teacher many years ago who taught me I must not take the life of any of God's creatures. She said he made them all, and cared for them, and if they troubled us we should put them to one side, for the world was large enough for them and us, and that has surely saved the lives of many snakes, wasps, and spiders, at least that have come in my way.

The toad's tongue is attached to the lower jaw at the front edge of the mouth. This tongue can be thrust far out of the mouth, and it has a sticky substance on it

to which the insect if touched must adhere and is then drawn back into the mouth and swallowed. It should be noted that while the tadpole eats vegetable matter, as soon as the toad is fully developed it lives entirely upon small animals, usually insects; it eats almost any kind of insect. When a toad attempts to swallow an earthworm it will walk around the squirming creature until it can seize it by the head. The probable reason for this is that the horny hooks extending backward from the segments of the worm are not pleasant when they rasp the toad's throat. If the toad has a large mouthful it will use its hands to help in stuffing it down the throat; this is a very comical sight.

The toad never drinks by taking in water through the mouth, but absorbs water through the skin. When a toad wishes to drink it will stretch out in shallow water and in that way satisfy its thirst. It will waste away and die in a very short time if kept in a dry atmosphere.

The toad makes its home by burrowing in the earth. It has a peculiar method of kicking its way backwards into the earth until nothing but its head shows. Then if an enemy comes along, back goes the head, the earth caves in around it, and no toad is to be seen. It remains in its burrow or hiding place during the day and at night comes out to feed. This may be an advantage, as the snakes, crows and other birds of prey are then asleep, and they are the toad's worst enemies, and too there are many insects out at night. A good place to find toads in the city is near the street lights where they catch the insects that swarm there. In winter the toad buries itself deeply in the ground and goes to sleep, remaining in this dormant state until the warmth of spring wakes it up, and then it comes out and goes back to its native pond, there to lay eggs for the coming generation.

The song of the toad is a pleasing, crooning sound, a sort of a gutteral trill, sounding something like k'dunk, k'dunk. When singing the throat is puffed out; this extension of the throat is called a vocal sac. It is filled with air which is drawn in through the mouth and it acts as a resonator. The sound is caused by the passing of air through the vocal chords in the throat; the air is drawn in at the nostrils and is passed back and forth from the lungs to the mouth over the vocal chords. It has no ribs by which it can inflate the chest, so is obliged to force the air into the lungs by swallowing it.

As the toad grows it sheds its horny skin which it swallows. Watch one in your garden; it will pay you well.

SEEN THROUGH THE ICE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE wind had been blowing from the northwest and the mercury in the thermometer was playing hide and seek with the zero mark when the Junior Naturalist came in and reported an interesting find. He had been skating on the pond and on going to it here is what we saw: The pond is in a sheltered place and the ice which was about four inches thick was as smooth and transparent as glass. Along the edge where the water was shallow larvæ of the dragonfly were to be seen. Not two or three, nor even to be numbered by the dozen, but hundreds of them. They were crawling around in the sunlight as unconcerned as if it were a bright June day instead of six months later.

While we were watching them, along came a number of water beetles, each carrying one or more little bubbles of air with it. They were circling around the same as in the bright summer days, and when the ice was struck dived and came up in a distant place. Their name, *dytiscus*, is from a Greek word meaning diver.

Numbers of boat-flies also were clinging to the ice and darted away as we approached. These are interesting fellows at any season of the year, swimming along on their backs and striking with their long hind legs in a manner to give them their name. Their bodies are also boat-shaped.

Several crayfish and one large green frog quickly sought shelter in the deeper water, but what was the most surprising was to see a large number of tadpoles darting away and burrowing in the mud to conceal themselves. We had long been aware that if kept from the light they would fail to develop into frogs, but here was a case of retarded development in the sunlight. May it be that they were hatched late in the summer, and the weather was too cool for development?

Between Whiles

In Kansas City, Mo., a little boy four years old, with his father and grandfather was on the street car going to visit a relative. The grandfather had some candy which the little fellow wanted. His father told him that sometimes people got sick at their stomach on the street cars, and they needed to keep the candy, so if they got sick they could eat some to make them well. This explanation seemed to be satisfactory, but in a few minutes the little fellow looked up longingly at his father and said, "Papa, papa, I am just about to vomit."—Contributed.

Heard aboard ship:

She—"Shall I have your lunch brought up to you here, dear?"

He (feebly)—"No, love; have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time—and trouble."—London Sketch.

Not Exactly as He Meant.—An enthusiastic suburbanite was showing a guest about his domain, dilating on its joys and comforts as they walked. The guest ventured:

"Yes, but I don't think there's much money in it."

"Great guns, man! Money in it? Every cent I've got and all I can borrow is in it."—February Lippincott's.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. February 14, 1911. No. 7.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Armelia L. Colwell

BACK in the pre-revolutionary days in western Virginia two of the comely Shipley girls married young farmers. Mary married Abraham Lincoln whose father had emigrated from Berks County, Pa., about 1758, and Nancy married Joe Hanks whose father had come up from eastern Virginia about the same time. It meant something in those days to marry a farmer, for they usually "pioneered," but the Shipley girls were sturdy and not afraid. Abraham stayed in Virginia until he had five children, then he moved to Kentucky where he took up 1,700 acres of land and began to clear up a farm. This was not far from where Louisville now stands.

It was about 1789, when Joe Hanks and Nancy with their family moved out and settled near them, but they found the family of Abraham Lincoln in sad trouble; some Indians had fired on the farmer while at work clearing his fields and killed him. After his death Mary and the children sold their claim, and moved to a nearby county. The youngest of Abraham's children was Thomas, a boy of six who seems to have fared but ill after his father's tragic and untimely death, for he could get no education and had to do the best he could to earn a living in the wilderness. In 1806 Thomas Lincoln married his cousin Nancy Hanks. Nancy was the youngest of the children of Joe Hanks and Nancy Shipley, and she had been an orphan since she was ten years old and like Thomas had been a waif these many years and "lived around," now with this relative, now with that. Thomas built a log cabin for Nancy in Elizabethtown and in it they set up their home, which must have been a home indeed to them both after years of "edging in," at other people's hearths.

In this first home little Sarah was born and soon after they moved out in the country on a farm and there built a one-room log house, with an outside chimney, a single window and a rude door. It was a plain home but not squalid. There were hardships to be endured, but not more than most people had in those times and localities. It was into this cabin that Thomas and Nancy's second child came Feb. 12, 1809. It was a boy this time, and they named him after his grandfather—he whom the Indians shot—Abraham Lincoln.

In 1816 Thomas Lincoln again moved, this time to Indiana into a wilderness where life was far more primitive than in Kentucky. Nancy, like the true Christian pioneer woman that she was, went without a murmur. And not Thomas, but only little Sarah and Abe saw her tears fall like rain on the wee grave where her youngest born lay buried, and when she climbed into the wagon beside Thomas she smiled bravely and would not allow herself to look back, although she knew she was leaving it forever. That was one of the hard things about those pioneer movings,—they were nearly always forever. Few were ever permitted to go "back home" and revisit dear, familiar places.

Abe was seven years old at this time, but he was given an axe and set to work to help in clearing, and helped his father make the rude furniture out of unplaned slabs. He also helped his mother and cared for his brother Dennis. And when tired from a hard day's work, he would climb up by pegs driven in the log walls to his bed of dried leaves in the loft.

The Lincolns, both father and mother, were religious, but religious services were rare; meetings were held sometimes at the homes, or in the schoolhouses. A Baptist minister, Parson Elkin, sometimes visited the Lincolns' home and at an early age aroused Abraham's interest in public speaking. Years afterwards when Mr. Lincoln was President he referred to Parson Elkin as being the most remarkable man whom he knew in his boyhood.

Lincoln was an apt pupil and his mother took great pains to teach her children what she knew. From her they learned much of Bible lore and through all his life Lincoln was wonderfully familiar with the facts and with the language of the Bible. No doubt this came from his mother's early training as perhaps did

also his love for story telling. In the Lincoln Museum at Washington can be seen at present the old Lincoln Bible and the name of Abraham Lincoln written when he was only ten years old. Abraham now commenced to go to school when possible, but the schools of that time were not like ours of today. The only thing required of the teacher was to be able to manage the older boys, read, write, and cipher up to long division. Teachers could not always be found, so there was no regular times for the sessions, and the schoolhouses were rude log huts, furnished with rough benches, and fireplace, and the pupils had few books. Sarah and little Abe had to walk four miles to this school. They were dressed in homespun cloth, cowhide shoes and deerskin leggins. Lincoln never wore stockings until he was a man.

In 1818 Nancy Lincoln died of what is now thought to have been quick consumption. There was no doctor in that wilderness to care for her, the nearest being thirty-five miles away. Soon after the death of his mother Abe wrote what he said was his first letter,—a letter asking his old friend Parson Elkin to come and preach a memorial sermon for his mother, which the parson did. It was a memorable occasion to little Abe and one he never forgot. In after life he often said, "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

Thomas Lincoln was left with the care of his three children,—Sarah twelve, Abraham nine, and Dennis seven. It was a sad year for them all and especially for the children. One year later Thomas Lincoln went to Kentucky and married Mrs. Sally Johnston, a widow with three children. The new mother brought furnishings unknown in the Lincoln cabin; there were tables, chairs, a bureau, clothing, crockery, bedding, knives, forks, and many other comforts which were new to the Lincoln family. Abraham was ten years old when his new mother came. They were good friends at once. Years afterwards she said of him: "He never gave me a cross word, or look, and never refused to do anything I requested him to do. He was always a good boy," and when they told her he was President she said, "Nothing is too good for Abe." He said of her. "She was a noble woman, affectionate, good and kind." From the time he was ten until he was twenty-one Abe worked hard and he learned to do all kinds of farm work; he also learned carpentry and cabinet-making in a crude way. He became one of the strongest, most popular, "hands," in the vicinity. Most of the time he worked as hired boy on some neighbor's farm for twenty-five cents a day, the wages to be paid to his father.

His stepmother, Sally Lincoln, encouraged his love of reading and always managed in the crowded cabin to keep the other children from disturbing him while he studied the books he had tramped miles to borrow and return. He told a friend he had read every book that he heard of in a circle of fifty miles from his home. He read nights, his only light the blaze of the pine knot on the hearth; his hunger for books was truly pathetic. He had few books, but good ones, such as the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "History of United States," "Weem's Life of Washington," and the "Statutes of Indiana."

Lincoln was fond of athletic sports, excelling any boy of his age; he was six feet four inches tall and very strong. He enjoyed most the things that brought men together, the raising, the husking bee, the spelling schools and debates. At all these he was very popular. He could never be satisfied on any question until he understood it thoroughly, nor give up a difficult problem until he had mastered it.

When Abraham was twenty-one his father again moved his family, this time to Sangamon County, Illinois. After again helping his father build another log cabin, and get things in good condition, he started out to make a living for himself. He did not even have a decent suit of clothes and the first work he did was to split rails in payment for cloth to make a pair of pants, splitting four hundred rails for each yard of cloth. In 1831 he made a trip to New Orleans. It was here that he first saw the horrible side of slavery—the negroes in chains, the whippings and scourgings, and saw a slave auction which so revolted him that he said, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." Little did he dream then that it would be his hand that would free 4,000,000 slaves.

After his return from New Orleans he became a clerk in a store. It was at this time that he was given the name of Honest Abe, for his honesty in all things great or small. Once a customer had paid him six cents too much and he walked three miles to pay it back to her. He was strictly temperate, honest and always stood for the right. As a lawyer he would never take a case unless it was right. He worked hard and thus step by step advanced until in 1860 he was elected President of the United States.

While drinking whiskey was the fashion all around him, Abraham Lincoln never forgot his promise to his mother, to close his lips against all intoxicants, tobacco and other vices. Once when he was a member of Congress he was criticised for his seeming rudeness to his host. "There is certainly no danger of your becoming adicted to drink now," said the latter. "I mean no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it." "But there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers, and a man in a home of refinement," insisted John. "But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when

made to a mother is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln. On another occasion he said, "You may burn my body to ashes, and scatter them to the winds of heaven; you may drag down my soul to darkness and despair, but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although my doing so may accomplish that which I believe to be right."

As a lawyer he was a peacemaker and tried to settle all cases that came before him in a Bible way. Many incidents are told of his great kindness to birds and animals, all showing what a kind, tender heart he had. His great love for children brought him many happy hours. Even when in the White House and with the many cares of state pressing him so heavily he always had time to listen to his little son, Tad, as he was familiarly known, and help him out of his troubles and through him many a little street waif was made happy.

It was Abraham Lincoln who said, "God must have loved the common people, because he made so many of them." He never forgot he was one of the people and of humble birth. He said: "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything."

There are many names in the list of the world's heroes, but surely Abraham Lincoln's is one of them. His patience, wisdom, and courage, his lofty ideals, and unerring judgment, his great kindness of heart, all prove his great worth. He thought no act of kindness too small for his attention. In one of his temperance lectures he said, "And when victory shall be complete.—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth,—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory."

Wellsburg, N. Y.

KEEP TAB.

H. D. MICHAEL.

"WHATEVER is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and though that is an old saying, it is as true today as it ever was and will hold good on keeping tab as well as in other things. And as we tried in a former article to show that it was worth while to keep tab, the object of this one will be to show that it is worth doing well.

No set rule need be used, but any one of a number of systems will do and it need not be any expensive or laborious one. The more condensed and simple the better. But keep in view at all times the thought of keeping such data as will be of benefit later as well as something to give interest at present.

For instance, the figures kept by one while making a pull to become free to take up a *higher call* show that he worked eleven miles from home and made the trip to work and back each day which made a twenty-two mile trip per day of which one and one-half miles and return he walked, then rode with a neighbor the remaining nine and one-half miles and return. By figuring this we find that in about four months' work he had traveled over two thousand four hundred miles, beside his hard labor and doing his housework at home and caring for his chickens and garden.

Another part of his data shows that while living there he had walked to attend Sunday-school and preaching, a distance of several hundred miles. These facts are now an inspiration to him and may be to others to stir them to greater action, for, "What man has done, man may do." Not that the same need be repeated by another, but the effort put forth may cause another to give more diligence to a worthy cause.

Then let us notice the keeping tab on household expenditures. To make it a benefit, one can keep data on how much flour is used per year, how much sugar is used per year or even during fruit canning season. Then one can watch the market prices and get the year's flour supply at a nice saving per barrel or can have his sugar for fruit canning and preserving on hand before the rise in sugar that almost always comes at that season. Of course this would be impractical for some but will apply with a saving of several dollars per year and other things can be treated the same.

A look at the farming line shows that there is a great opportunity to help one's self here also financially by a good system of data keeping. To keep an account of what each crop yields per acre, vs. what its cost of production has been for three or four succeeding years, then averaged, will show the most paying crop for that particular locality. Then the data of stock feeding with different rations will help one see what it is to their advantage to raise for feed, though of course one can get such information by taking an agricultural school course if it can be afforded. But the needs of your own stock in your own certain locality fed on what crops can be raised successfully at that place, can best be determined by a good system of keeping tab.

You may now see of what benefit keeping tab can be made in the financial way and it can do as much for us spiritually if we will use it that way as well.

Let me suggest that each one who reads this, at any rate if you are ever subject to the "blues," keep a little tab on the blessings you receive each day of this New Year. I assure you that to look back over it and thus take a fair-sized dose when the first symptoms of "blues" appear, they will fade away into the brightest of a heavenly sunshine and repay you the principal and with compound interest for all the trouble your keeping tab has been.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter III. Mary Tudor. Born 1516, Died 1558.

THERE are lives which are predestined by other lives. This is conspicuously true of Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII.

There was so little apparent good in this unfortunate queen as to render her biographers both sparing in their praise and lavish in their censure; and one can scarcely think of her except under the epithet of Bloody Mary. If she had but possessed more beauty of face or charm of manner, we might enlarge upon these, and strive to divert the reader in a small degree, at least. But alas! history denies her even these attractions.

We can view Queen Mary from a correct historical standpoint only, which is at once repelling and calamitous. Therefore, we behold her a woman sour of temperament, selfish of disposition, cold of manners and cruel by nature, envious, despotic and calculating ever. The reader can indulge in his own personal feelings, and give vent alternately to sympathy and disgust; but he will not be able to gainsay history or to change the truth. He may wish (and who would not wish?) that the stigma might be obliterated from her character, but who shall arise that will be able to obliterate it?

It is true, Mary I. was the first queen-regnant of England, but her vainglory over the fact could not constitute her a desired sovereign, nevertheless, and though she styled herself "unprecedentede," and declared that "the regall power of this realme is in the queene's majestie as fully and absolutely as ever it was in any of her most noble progenitor kings of this realme," the proclamation did not cast a halo of glory over the lordly assemblage, nor did her subjects add Amen.

Let us venture one plea, at least, for this queen of lurid memory, namely, that she was loyal to her mother's cause. This one virtue should move us to be more charitable toward her faults. The wrongs and sorrows of Catherine of Aragon indeed found lodgment in her breast, and if vengeance could at all ennoble a human soul, Mary's had shone forth as truly noble. Alas! was not Queen Catherine, her mother, atrociously defamed? Could Mary ever forget the noble defense in the Chamber of Peers, nor how the repudiated queen of Henry VIII. prostrated herself before him and plead: "Sir, have I ever been famous for aught save wifely duty, and did not I come to your embrace a virgin undefiled? Answer for yourself, and if I have been guilty of any misdemeanor, let just judgment take its course; but if I am innocent, save me by your royal clemency!" Could the remembrance of what followed move Mary to examples of gentleness? And remembering, could she develop into aught else than the thing she became,—a human demon? This was perhaps the apology which the defenders of Bloody Mary might offer to sympathetic mortals. But would it prove any reason at all in the judgment of a righteous God? It is not for us to decide.

Her betrothal to the emperor, Charles V., which was effected in her babyhood was now broken off by the Spanish monarch himself, and Mary immediately became the victim of a series of matrimonial negotiations. Having no personal charms to commend her, royal title was her only prerogative, and when her mother's misfortunes made her claims to the throne a matter of question, Mary's chances for matrimony became shallow, indeed. Her cunning father sought to wed her to Francis I. of France, but failing in this he tried to palm her off to his second son, Henry, which attempt proved likewise futile. A number of similar schemes were entered into by Henry VIII. to marry off his daughter to some royal aristocrat, all of which proved abortive. The fate of the royal spouses of the English king did not sit well with the sovereigns of the continent, and the princes shied clear of a court where the guillotine was now the fashion and where the uncomeliness of the princess Mary was a common jest. About this time the life of Mary was in imminent jeopardy because of her adherence to her mother's cause, to which she remained steadfast until the death of that hapless lady in 1536.

It might not be amiss to refer more minutely to this famous and truly good woman, Catherine of Aragon, who was the innocent victim of that apparently everlasting controversy betwixt Church and State. She occupies a conspicuous place in English history, not so much for what she herself was, but that which she was the occasion of,—the Reformation. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, she was endowed, not only with prestige but rare accomplishments as well. When scarcely sixteen she was married to the eldest son of Henry VII., Arthur, Prince of Wales, who died within the year. This event placed Catherine in an exceedingly embarrassing condition, as her parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, demanded that the large dower with which they enriched their daughter, when she was the presumptive queer consort of England, be immediately returned. This Henry VII. absolutely refused to agree to. After much quibbling upon this point, which inexpressibly humiliated the sensitive soul of Catherine, it was finally arranged that Catherine should wed the second son, Henry, who was now Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the throne. The parties most inti-

mately concerned, had no voice whatever in the matter, merely yielding to what the parents on both sides proposed and sanctioned. In fact, it was the only thing left for them to do. So the wedding was celebrated with great pomp.

It seems incredible to us who are acquainted with subsequent events, that that Bluebeard of real life, Henry VIII., should have ever bathed his heart in the finer sentiments, but history records this to be a fact. Not only was he the possessor of a tender heart, but also of most polished manners. We are not ready, however, to accept the sanguine views of those biographers who incline to the belief that his morals, even at this early period, were beyond reproach.



Mary Tudor.

Nevertheless, he appeared to love his young wife very much, and she bore him a number of children and was happy enough until Anne Boleyn crossed her path. Then the fires of her soul were indeed kindled, and she endured that intensity of suffering which few beings have perhaps experienced. It is too pathetic to dwell upon the theme of this sweet woman's domestic misery, and altogether too horrible. Through all this scene of humiliation and outrage, she was compelled to live under the same roof with Anne Boleyn, whose taunts and hauteur were beyond measurement; yet notwithstanding all this, Catherine treated her very kindly, never upbraiding her in word or deed. But after Catherine had drunk the bitter cup to the dregs did Anne receive her just deserts.

But to return to Queen Mary. Catherine of Aragon had inculcated within her a passion for the Roman Catholic religion which did not cease at her mother's death. Partly for this reason, and partly for others, Mary was unpopular throughout her father's reign. Upon the accession of Edward VI. her unpopularity was augmented and she was kept under rigorous restraint, a party adhering to her rights in the succession, yet even to them proving herself detestable.

Upon the death of her brother, Edward VI., she ascended the throne and celebrated the event by the beheading of Lady Jane Grey. Having gotten rid of this rival and her accessories, she directed her wrath against the Protestant religion, starting up such a conflagration as to startle all Europe, and which the world at large will never forget. In this exalted frame of mind we find her negotiating for a union with Philip II. of Spain, to whose father she had been betrothed so many years before. The marriage England opposed and Parliament took occasion to advise against; but she interrupted the speaker by declaring that in such a matter she would take counsel of God and her own heart alone. She was determined not to yield as her father had yielded to the will of Cromwell who had decided that the king should wed the uncomely German, Anne of Cleves. "But her form is so unwieldly," protested Henry, after the first interview with his elect. "Yet you must wed her, notwithstanding so slight a matter," quoth the imperious Cromwell, which statement settled the affair.

The choice of Philip was indeed the counsel of her own heart, but not so certainly that of God. All the world knew that Philip's will was to effect a wholesale slaughter of the Protestants, and England, for her part, felt there was enough of this spirit demonstrated in Mary alone, and trembled to conjecture to what ends the combined power of the two might lead. This gentleman has also been distinguished by the reputation of having poisoned his third wife, Elizabeth, the beloved of Spain, of whom the French embassador wrote to Catherine de' Medici: "At Elizabeth's death the sunshine all went out, and the gloomy palace of Philip of Spain was all darkness again." History has failed to prove, however, that this accusation is just.

But certain it is that Philip's soul was of sombre hue, any if any had doubted it they had not long remained in error after his career had begun in England; for soon after his alliance with Mary his evil influence asserted itself, both in politics and in his relation with the queen, whom he detested, perhaps, as none of her subjects did.

This wounded the queen's pride and stung her to the heart, for she loved Philip as much, perhaps, as her nature was capable of. Whereupon, she took this in-

dignity as a fresh outlet of her wrath against the Protestants, and the fires of martyrdom leaped higher and higher.. She brooded afresh over the sorrows of her mother and grew sick in mind and body because of the insolent treatment of her husband; while speedily one poor "heretic" after another was bound to the stake, as though the burning of Cranmer could atone for her mother's wrongs, or Latimer's death agony gain Philip's love for her, which, if it were even gained, was not worth having.

The union of Mary and Philip was plainly a case of two tyrants being yoked together, and the only consolation for the English people was the fact that Philip, at last, set sail for Spain, never to return, and the sure knowledge that Mary's death was not far hence. She was steadily pining away, and though she told her people, that, if after her death, they opened her heart, they should find "Calais" written there, we, for our own part, are disposed to think that her death was caused more properly from the effect of wrath and the disappointment of an unrequited love.

THE TEACHER'S RETROSPECT.

D. D. THOMAS.

The sunlight goes away in the west,
My tired nerves are seeking a rest
By the stillness after the din,—
By the somber stillness coming in
Over my heart and all.
The noise of life the battle is,
The ca'm of the eve a rest of bliss,
Only to think of the morrow's fray
That is up and on in the morning gray,
At the lark and linnet's call.

The path of life to be sunny still
Must ever be a gentle up hill.
Just enough for the strength we have,
Just to reach the goal that we love
Over the brow of the hill.
Not like Sisyphus lose the grasp
And fruitless be the toil and the task
When the burden brings us low,
When the burden weighs us down we go,
Lower and lower still.

May be the imps that bother us now,
That worry the life and furrow the brow
By the rustle and din of the school,
Who mind not caution and mind not rule,
The weakness of childish delight;
Some celestial Genie may take it in hand
At the potent lamp or ring's command
Work over the color, work over the shade
Into the sunshine out of the glade,
Transformed to an angel of light.

The treetops wave in the gentle air,
The fleecy clouds are shading them fair,
So the soul is glad for the tasks we have
And serenely moves, though we long to give
A lesson of life and love;
A lesson of life and truth and love,
The teachings of Nature and the God above,
The growth of the living soul in view
And the growth of the mind to guard it too
Into the Eden above.

The sense of my will was lost today
In a moment disturbed to do and to say
The hasty words and actions that kill,—
The hasty words in a life that fill
With daggers and demons and dread.
By that vital concern was lost control
That care of love had moved the soul
To fidget and fret and do the thing
That wrought against the heart's wishing
By a spirit of evil led.

From weakness arises strength some day,
To those who trust and wait and pray;
To those who labor on and prove
Their mission is of God and love
To do and die for right.
Tho' ashes be the final doom,
The fires kindled to the tomb
Cease not with closing of the day,
But burn the wrongs of men away
Out of the heart and life.

The sunlight goes away in the west,
My tired nerves are seeking a rest,
By the stillness after the din
By the somber stillness coming in
Over my heart and all.
The noise of life the battle is,
The calm of the eve a rest of bliss.
In the morning light we soar away
Into the sunshine, into the day,
At the lover of Victor's call.

FROM LORDSBURG COLLEGE.

W. F. ENGLAND.

LORDSBURG COLLEGE is just entering upon the second semester of the year 1910-11. The semester just closed has been the most successful one in the history of the school both in the character of the work done and in the number of students enrolled. The enrollment for the past semester reached one hundred and five and with a few exceptions all staid by the work until the end and *will continue* through this semester. The Faculty is made up of strong characters in each department, competent, conscientious, noble men and women who feel their responsibility to each individual student, and who accept of every opportunity to help the student develop intellectually, physically and spiritually. The school is so organized that the teacher and student are brought in close touch with each other and become not only friends, but personal associates and in this way the teacher weaves into the warp and woof of the student's life the strong moral and religious fiber so necessary to the upbuilding of the Church, the State and the nation.

The Special Bible Term just closed was the best and most helpful Bible Institute ever held on the Pacific Coast by our people. Brethren Dickey and Yoder in the regular Bible work of the school proved to all who

came in touch with the work that we have efficient workmen, approved of God, to lead our young men and women into a clear, satisfactory and helpful understanding of God's Word. Brethren Geo. F. Chemberlen, J. W. Cline, M. M. Eshelman and W. E. Trostle, each having a place on the program, responded to the call of the committee of arrangements and gave helpful instruction and encouragement to the work.

Professors R. W. Detter, V. H. Dredge and Mary D. Brubaker added to the interest of the work by giving special instruction in their several lines of work, while our college lecturer, Bro. J. Z. Gilbert, contributed largely to the success of the term by giving four splendid, soul-stirring lectures on the subject of "The Fundamentals of the Christian Home." During Bro. Gilbert's lectures the regular class periods were dropped and the whole school was permitted not only to enjoy but receive the benefits of his much appreciated instruction.

The attendance, as is usual on such occasions, was not what it should have been from adjoining churches; yet we notice an increase over last year. The enrollment at the Special Bible Term last year was one hundred and fifty-nine while this year it was one hundred and sixty-five. (This does not include the students who are regularly enrolled in the school.)

Lordsburg College is so situated that she is practically without a competitor within the church, being the only college of the Church of the Brethren on the coast. Many of the Brethren are locating in the Coast Districts, especially in northern and southern California, and the church owes it to her young men and women to provide a school for them in which they may secure an education equal to that of other schools and yet free from many of the wordly influences that blight Christian character; and since the school stands for the principles of the church and endeavors to maintain the "simple life" which is so commendable and which is respected by all good thinking people, it does seem that the membership owes it to the school to give it their most hearty support.

Financial support is needed and in this respect Lordsburg College is not different from the schools of the church in the East; they all need financial aid and must have it and are in the field to get it, and unless the school of the Church of the Brethren on the Pacific coast is substantially supported financially she cannot compete with other institutions of learning which are supported by taxation; these schools are well organized, finely equipped and have competent teachers, but it may be said of them "One thing thou lackest," and this one thing is of great importance to us as a church; we need to shield our children from the influence of the evil one who is making inroads into the social fabric and eating out the very vitals of our national institutions. As evidence of this truth one needs but open his eyes and ears and see and hear the earnest, awakened ones crying aloud for civic righteousness. for moral and social reform, for purer and cleaner manhood and womanhood all of which is made necessary because the common enemy of our race, the devil, is given quarter and his alluring, yet deceptive ways are often welcomed by the very ones who lead many a young person innocently into unhappy experiences. Because of this condition we as a people ought to awaken to the best interests of our children and prove that we are awake by supporting the institutions of the church which stand for true spiritual development and by throwing around our young people the safeguards they need so much while securing intellectual and physical development. Think on these things. Ask God to guide you and follow his leading. Pray for the schools of the Brotherhood. Come to their aid financially that they may be a power in the hands of God doing their part in preparing the world for the coming of our Lord.

Jan. 25, 1911.

OLIVES.

W. E. WHITCHER.

After the frosts have come in abundance, then we "Mud Diggers" (California's nickname) fix our mouths for olives. It may be of interest to many of our 'Nookers to learn more of olives, their growth and the method of preparing them for the table.

Many of our eastern readers consider olives only as a luxury for Christmas or an outing tour. Not so with us in California. They are "bread and meat" or largely take the place of each. The oil in them supplies the meat, while the flesh is very crisp and nourishing.

The olive tree will grow under irrigation in nearly all the valleys up to 1,500 feet elevation. Our valley cities and towns have nearly as many olive trees as there are orange trees for ornament. The foliage is a shade darker green than that of the orange. The tree resembles a willow very much, though it is an evergreen. The bark is smooth and the leaves are very hard to pull off. To gather the fruit one strips the long slender limbs, the olives loosening before the leaves will.

The fruit turns from light green to dark purple when ripe, much resembling the larger varieties of cherries. So much do they resemble cherries that though warned the easterner just *must* taste. Oh, how bitter! Ere the taste is entirely gone he finds an extra large, luscious one,—looks so good,—but that taste usually satisfies—just as bitter as quinine. Even hogs must be starved to learn to eat them, though they will thrive fairly well when fed on them.

To get the bitter out the olives are soaked in concentrated lye water (one pound lye to six to eight gallons water) for seven to ten days. As soon the lye water

has penetrated to the seed, they are put in fresh water with a little salt added. This water is changed every day for six to eight days, adding enough salt to the last water to make olives rather salty. Now they are ready to tickle the palate.

Instead of using them as a relish we use them as a real food. We can get them at $1 per gallon. A person can eat as many as he can swallow, as the saying goes, without evil effects. One seldom likes the taste of them at first, but, once a person learns to eat them, the desire for them never fails.

The process of extracting the oil differs some from the usual, no fire being used. When the olives are crushed they are placed in large vats where the oil rises and is skimmed off and is reset to rise again. The pulp is reground and set in vats again also. This process is gone through three of four times until the oil is all taken. Different grades require more or less operations.

Many of us "Mud Diggers" use the oil instead of lard and it is much better for the digestive organs. We can buy it at about $3 per gallon.

Considering the olive from its varied uses, it fills a very unique place in California.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY, BROTHER.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

Vote as you pray, brother!
Vote as you pray!
Say not, "Thy Kingdom come,"
Say not, "Thy will be done,"
Then cast your vote for rum.

Vote as you pray, brother!
Vote as you pray!
Say not, "Protect and bless
And comfort in distress,"
Then vote for wretchedness.

Vote as you pray, brother!
Vote as you pray!
Ask not for peace to reign
Throughout this broad domain,
Then cast your vote for Cain.

Vote as you pray, brother!
Vote as you pray!
God's kingdom cannot come,
God's will can ne'er be done
While brothers vote for rum.

THE NEW TARIFF COMMISSION.

THROUGH the recent campaign, stand-pat Republicans, in self-defense, and insurgents, because they had instigated it, held out a lot of hope and assurance to the people, through the new tariff commission; claiming that all future revisions would be non-partisan, non-political, unprejudiced, impartial, and all that, because the commission was to study every schedule, know the exact cost of every article of foreign product laid down in our markets, and the cost of the same when home-produced, enabling Congress immediately to adjust all rates on scientific principles, according to the rule so emphatically laid down in the last national campaign—but so beautifully ignored by the entire Congress, during the last extra session revision—to wit, that the tariff should cover the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, with a reasonable margin of profit for the home producer.

Now, while it is never well to be pessimistic, neither is it always safe to be blindly optimistic. *If* the new tariff commission can accomplish all that has been promised—or even a small part of it; if it can do away with tariff tinkering and take the tariff out of politics, it is the most invaluable adjunct which has ever been added to our Government. It seems so simple, so easy of accomplishment—just finding out the difference in cost of home and foreign products in our markets, and telling an eagerly waiting Congress the exact price of reasonable protection to be put upon each and every little item, and the whole disrupting torment of tariff revision is instantly and forever adjusted. But before we rest from our efforts to force Congress to some more honest measure—to get our tariff off the bargain counter—we should seriously ask ourselves, Is it really possible for the new tariff commission, along the lines of investigation laid down for it, to accomplish—not everything, but much of anything? Will manufacturers all over America, and all over the world, graciously volunteer true statements as to the exact cost of producing their wares? It is the one thing they will never do. If they did, it would be found that the cost of production in Germany differed from the cost of production in Japan, for example: that the freight rates from the same place, even, differed materially and rapidly, and that the cost in various parts of America, and internal transportation, differed as much. And even if all of this could be scientifically scheduled, what shall be the point of adjustment? Would it be fair to make it the cost of foreign products laid down in New York, a market close to the north Atlantic coast producers, while the Middle West has heavy additional freights to pay? Shall it be somewhere in the centre of the country—unjust to every one but the manufacturers right there? Shall we rate the price of lemons, for example, at the cost of the California or of the Florida product; and shall it be laid down in New York, or in Boston, or in New Orleans? It would make a very great difference both to importers and home producers. In any case, sufficient ground for argument would still remain to render tariff revision just as complicated and political and partisan as it is today. Even if the facts could be scientifically secured, they could never

be scientifically adjusted. A single State might arrange a local tariff with comparative satisfaction, but the whole country is too large for the system, and the system too arrogant for hope of coöperation. As a sentiment, the clause in the Republican platform of 1908 is ideal. The end in view is a reform more and more necessary to our national prosperity and integrity. But as a means to that end, the new tariff commission is a farce, and we who are doing our little best toward real tariff reform should realize it, and refuse to remit our efforts, which must finally succeed in taking the tariff really out of politics and away from the control of extortionate monopolies. It can be done and it must be done. We can do it, but not through the new tariff commission.—*Willard French in February Lippincott's.*

WORLD POWER VS. WORLD POVERTY.

THE "increased cost of living" is being discussed at this time by all classes and conditions of men, economists, philosophers, statesmen, politicians, demagogues and doctrinaires—all are writing and talking, more or less convincingly on this vital topic.

To the writer, one of the plain people, it seems strange that none of these "most potent and grave seigniors" have spoken a word, or written a line, on what to him seems the keystone of this arch on which the cost of reasonable and comfortable living has been raised beyond the reach of the mechanic and the laborer.

In arguing whether or not the trusts, the labor unions, the over-production of gold, or any one of the several other factors which enter into the increased cost of conducting our twentieth century life, is the crux of the matter, the unanticipated enlargement of taxation for, and extraordinary waste of, armament expenditures seems to have been wholly overlooked.

The student of political economy is taught, as a fundamental, that whatever is not usefully expended, is wasted. Consider then the prodigal waste of the world-wide preparation for war which, with the right kind of statesmanship, need never come.

Twelve years ago our American Commonwealth stepped from the small circle of isolated friendship into the great arena of the world's armed peace. No good American citizen can fail to be proud of her influential position in the world today, but no Christian citizen can fail to condemn the poor use that is being made of her splendid opportunity.

We have, during the last twenty years, increased our naval expenditures alone, over 600 per cent; while in the same period the population has increased but 35 per cent.

At the present time 72 per cent of our total revenues is used for war purposes—and this in time of peace—and apparently we have by no means reached the limit, for each year this insatiable Oliver is calling for more.

The citizens of "this enlightened Democracy of Freedom" are beginning to question if they are much better off than the bureaucratic bond slaves of the old world; both are being slowly crushed to death or desperation by this ever-increasing burden of phantom war.

We are building a fleet of "Dreadnoughts" which cost $10,000,000 each, and at the same time are condemning to the junk heap, $50,000,000 worth of vessels which were, less than two decades ago, "Dreadnoughts" of that period

A workman labors three years to earn as much money as it costs to load and fire once, one big gun. The second time it is fired, sufficient money goes up in smoke to build this same workman a house, which under present conditions he could not hope to acquire until after years of penurious saving and self-sacrificing denial. The third time the war dragon belches forth its death-dealing breath, the workman's ambitious son's four years' college course is dissipated into thin air.

A "Dreadnought" is built, and the value of all the land and buildings that Harvard University has acquired in two hundred and fifty years, with Hampton and Tuskegee thrown in, is incorporated with a floating machine which, in fifteen years, may go on the scrap heap, if it does not go to the bottom of the sea meanwhile. Expensive junk this.

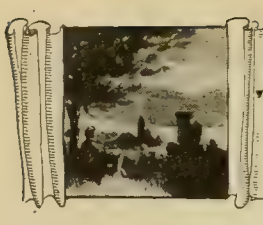
Panama Canal, a work of world-wide beneficence, will cost, when completed, $300,000,000—a staggering sum to contemplate—but, if present plans are carried out, this nation will spend nearly four times that amount, in the next ten years, for construction and maintenance of the Navy alone.

The increase in appropriation for the Army and Navy by our government since the Spanish war,—the *increase* notice—would, if it had been spent for such purposes, have completed all the river and harbor improvements at present contemplated; or, if used in drainage, irrigation, reforesting, road-building, inland water-ways, or any one or several of the plans which would redound to the credit of the nation and the prosperity of the people, would have accomplished so much that one might well have thought the millennium at hand.

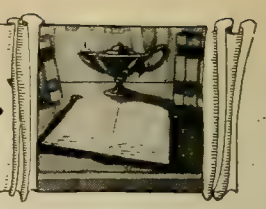
This feverish preparation for war is world-wide, which is a strong proof that it is the cause of the world-wide increase in living costs. Ours are not the only "statesmen" in the world.

The yearly expenditure of seven of the European governments for war insurance (or assurance) is sufficient to teach every child, under fourteen years of age in those countries, a trade, and give every man over sixty-five a pension. Let English governmental

(Continued on Page 168.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



UNCERTAINTY BUT NEARNESS OF THAT DAY.

ELGIN S. MOYER.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven but my Father only." Matt. 24: 36; "Neither the Son." Mark 13: 32.

If Christ himself knows not the hour of his coming, how dare we poor, weak, fallible creatures attempt to prophesy the time? And yet we hear again and again of people who have set definitely the day of Christ's coming; and as sure as some one is presumptuous enough to announce a day as the last, hundreds of people are ready to take the idea and become wretchedly excited over the matter. Some even attempt to escape witnessing that awful day by committing suicide; others do everything in their power to get ready for the end. It is said that a certain man was so sure of the time which had been set that when the appointed hour had come he dressed in his shroud and mounted to the top of one of his buildings and at the final instant leaped off, expecting to meet his Lord in the air. Of course we know the result. We can not vouch for the truth of this incident, but we do know that people act just that foolish where if they would sanely use their Bibles, much of this needless excitement would be averted.

Luke 21: 34 says: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Here it is hinted that that day will come upon us, especially the ungodly, unawares. But yet many people, both ungodly and professed Christians known (?) when the end is to be. The scripture says it is to come unawares, but many individuals are sure of the day.

If these same persons knew just when a thief was to break into their houses and just what day to set for the coming of the thief, they would have at least one scripture to bear them out in their views. Even if they could carry their point in this respect, it would be necessary to set aside in some way or other Matt. 24: 36 and Mark 13: 32.

One strange thing about it is that often when these prophecies are made, they are done, ignoring the divine Scriptures. Yet it may not be so strange after all, for the Scriptures say there shall rise up false prophets and false Christs; and as these false teachers go forth proclaiming their doctrines and teachings, they will be accepted by many. But if all had studied carefully and prayerfully the Scriptures before accepting and proclaiming some new teachings there would be few such prophecies.

One thing we can be sure of is that the day is near at hand. But how do we know that more than we know the exact time? Let us look first at Matt. 24: 37-39: "For as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." The scripture further says that before the flood the people were eating and drinking, marrying and given in marriage. When have people taken a greater delight in eating and drinking and the pleasures of life than at present? Anything for a good time seems to please the people. Does this not show that the end draweth nigh?

Again, Noah spent years and years—a life service, preaching to the people, warning them of the reward of their wickedness, yet an exceedingly small number heeded the warning. How is it today? Is not the Gospel being preached in almost every nation and to millions and millions of people, but look at the result—what a few true followers. How like the time of Noah before the flood. The people scorned and sneered at God's good old servant and what less are they doing today? But we learn as they were reveling in their wickedness, growing worse and worse, the flood came upon them and cut them off in their sins. The above-named scripture says, "And knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

Another indication of the nearness of Christ's coming is the lack and falling away of faith. See 1 Tim. 4: 1 and Luke 18: 8. We are the salt of the earth (Matt. 5: 13), but if we lose our savor, we then lose our preserving qualities, hence we can no longer preserve the world, and Christ will come for his own and allow the rest to be destroyed. This age is surely one of little unfeigned faith and continually some seem to be falling away. Does this not point to the final day? The fulfillment of nearly all the events to take place prior to Christ's coming have come to pass. Yet there is one prophecy to be fulfilled, namely, the return of the Jews to Palestine. Jer. 23: 1-8; Hosea 3: 5; Amos 9: 11-15; Micah 5: 3. We know not how soon this will reach fulfilment. We learn that the Israelites are daily returning to their forsaken, native land.

In time past individuals have prophesied the time for the end of the world, but all have failed; and today there are dates set for the event. But the divine prophecies are mostly fulfilled. When they are once fulfilled we may look at any unexpected moment for the end of time. If we hope to be anxiously looking for

his coming, our only safe way is to heed Mark 13:33 which says, "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."

Alvordton, Ohio.

THE BOOK.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

"BRING me the Book," said Sir Walter Scott when about to die. "What book?" asked Lockhart. "The Book—the Bible; there is only one."

The Bible is the only book in the world worthy of being called the Book. It is derived from the Greek word "biblos" which means "book."

It is divided into two parts called the Old Testament and the New Testament. These are then divided into sixty-six books; the Old Testament contains thirty-nine books, which consist of law, history, devotion and prophecy.

The number of books may easily be remembered by counting the number of letters in "old," which is three, and the number of letters in "testament," which is nine, and placing them together, making thirty-nine books.

The New Testament contains twenty-seven books, which consist of biography, history, letters, and prophecy. The number of books may be remembered by multiplying the number of letters in "new" which is three by the number of letters in "testament," which is nine, making 3x9=27 books.

The Bible contains 1,189 chapters and to read it through in one year, it is necessary to read five chapters the first day of the week (Sunday), and three chapters a day for the remaining 6 days of the week, which would be 23 chapters a week or 1,196 a year which would be 7 chapters over the number required to read.

I will now give a few curiosities of the Bible, as found in the back of my book: The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters; 773,746 words; 31,173 verses; and as before stated 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, the word "reverend" but once, which is in Psa. 111: 9: "Holy and reverend is his name." The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "J."

The shortest verse is John 11: 35. The longest verse is Esther 8: 9.

Why study the Bible? Jesus said, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

Reasons for believing the Bible is the word of God: Its wonderful unity. It was written by some forty men widely separated by time, culture, training and language.

Superior to all other books. It is the oldest book in the world but is still of vital interest to each generation. Its influence upon the world,—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Reveals the way of salvation,—"What must I do to be saved?" Man alone or unaided could not have produced the Bible.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

Greenville, Ill.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

THE secret of happiness is not complicated; it is simple. It consists in living as near to God as we can every day, in talking with him in familiar communion when we are in trouble and when we are in joy; in realizing that the earthly history is but a part of the great life which men shall always live; in the knowledge that the ills of the flesh, and the weaknesses and disappointments of the mind, are but as broken playthings to the grown-up man or woman, because there is a heaven above us and an immortality within us.

"If God, the future life, and deathless souls,
Are not the most tremendous facts to me,
What matters it that now the great earth rolls
Through space with all its freight unceasingly?
We are but victims of a senseless fate,
We are but crumbling fragments of a clod,
Unless we see in man the image great
Of more than chance—the image of his God."

—*Charles M. Sheldon.*

HOW MUCH CHRIST HAS DONE FOR US.

I HAD a Bible Class experience last Sunday which will interest you because it is significant. In studying "Prayer" with a class of young Christians, mostly converted in this settlement, some questions in relation to Christ's prayer in Gethsemane came up. The fact was brought out that it *could not* have been fear of physical suffering but the spiritual agony connected with being accounted a sinner in being "made sin" for us. The thought was an entirely new one to *every* member of the class. Some were at first unwilling to accept the idea until convinced by Scripture, and finally one said, "I don't see why the ministers do not tell us this. They just dwell upon the pain of crucifixion and the nails and the crown of thorns until everyone cries. Why don't they tell us how *much* Christ has done for us?"—*Bible Record.*

"THE greatest missionary need is not men nor money, but spiritual power."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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Strange that so many people are averse to work. It is an essential thing to real life as planned by the Creator and happiness and contentment are found in it as in no other thing.

Because some of us do not have money and cannot give it or its equivalent, we do not give anything at all—not even the things with which we have been richly endowed. And so even the things we have dwindle away and after awhile if riches do come, we never share them because we have lost the spirit of giving.

To the boy and girl in school, there is no time like the present for doing things thoroughly. You not only have the time to study things out, but you have a fresh, keen memory that will help you to keep these things for future use. More than that, the habit of mastering things is one of the best you can form for future success.

It requires no effort for one to be merely the expression of the physical conditions surrounding him. To be morose and gloomy when the skies are lowering and be able to look up when the sun shines brightly is what any animal in normal condition can do. If we want to be more than an ordinary animal we must rise above these physical influences.

The ideal kitchen continues to receive some attention from the interested ones of our circle and we are indeed grateful for all they have said on the subject. However, there is still much yet to be said. Why not take the kitchen you now have to begin with? It must possess some of the things belonging to your ideal kitchen. Then tell us what in the present one you would have changed and what the improvements should be.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

We are not sure that it is any longer the proper thing, or rather, the truthful thing, to describe our progress at present as a march. If we try to keep track of affairs at all, their swift pace will more likely remind us of a mad gallop or a race for life. One improvement follows so rapidly on the heels of another that we have hardly time to adjust ourselves to one until it is snatched away and another given us in its stead.

Sometimes we think the acme of perfection has been reached, but we soon find ourselves mistaken, and after awhile we conclude that it is unsafe to make any predictions as to the limit of man's achievement. Just now we have in mind the modern steamship—a part of the field of travel in which man's inventive genius so often finds expression.

We have often likened the modern steamship to a floating city. The comparison is a good one, but it is becoming more and more fitting as the later ones not only appear with larger dimensions and consequently greater carrying power, like the ever-growing city, but they have additional conveniences and pleasure features such as the growing modern city affords. There are now being built for the White Star line two monster steamships, the *Olympic* and the *Titanic,* the former of which will sail on her maiden voyage June 14, which in the minds of laymen have reached the limit in steamship building. But even before they are ready for service the Hamburg-American line announces that it has laid the keel for a ship that will be "twenty-one feet longer, four feet wider, have a larger tonnage by 5,000 tons and a horsepower greater by 10,000 than the *Olympic* or *Titanic,* and will be able to carry one thousand passengers *more* than either of them or anything that floats."

And so the race goes on. Thinking that it may be of interest to our readers to know something in particular of this leviathan which is to be called the *Europa,* we quote from a description of it written by W. E. Curtis for the Chicago *Record-Herald:*

"The bridge of the new steamer, where the navigator will stand, will be seventy-seven feet above the water when she is loaded to her full capacity and her flag will float 208 feet above the level of the water. Her beam is ninety-six feet, which makes her as wide as Broadway at its widest point, and her nine decks above the water line will bring her up to the average height of the cornices of the mercantile establishments between the City Hall Park and Madison Square, New York City. She will be a nine-story traveling hotel. The lowest promenade deck will be four stories above the level of the sea.

"She will have cabins for 4,250 passengers, more than the combined capacity of the Waldorf, the Manhattan, the Belmont and the Astor, the largest four hotels in the City of New York.

"The *Europa* will have a displacement of 70,000 tons—that is, she will displace that amount of water when she is launched into the sea, and the material used in her construction will weigh 140,000,000 pounds, without counting furniture, fixtures, china, silver, glass, bedding and other loose articles about the ship, or the weight of her passengers. Four thousand passengers at an average of 150 pounds each will be 600,000 pounds additional.

"It is estimated that if the material used in her construction were loaded upon the largest American freight cars they would make a train forty-four miles long, which is the length of the Panama Canal.

"Two million feet of Oregon fir have been purchased to be used for the decks alone. For several months this lumber has been being seasoned in the open air near Portland, Oregon, before being shipped on sailing vessels to Hamburg. The greatest care has been taken in its selection and every board has clear vertical grain.

"The *Europa* will be 160 feet longer than the capitol at Washington; she will be 326 feet longer than the Washington monument is high, and if set up on her stern her bow would reach higher than the lantern on the tower of the Metropolitan Insurance Building in New York, which is the tallest object created by human hands.

"The *Europa* will be the most expensive boat ever built, the contract cost being approximately $7,500,000. The *Mauretania* cost $7,000,000; the *Lusitania,* which is not so expensively decorated or furnished, cost $6,640,000, or about $360,000 less than her sister ship. The *Europa* will not be built for show nor for speed, but for comfort and smooth sailing. The *Mauretania* can make twenty-six knots an hour, which is about thirty miles an hour, the speed of an ordinary express train on our railroads. The *Olympic* of the White Star Line and the *Europa* will make about twenty-one knots."

To carry out the aim of the builders for comfort and smooth sailing they have adopted the invention of Herr Frahm of Hamburg to prevent the rolling of the hull as it passes through the troughs of the sea in stormy weather. "This device consists of a row of enormous tanks shaped like the letter U, extending from port to starboard the entire length of the hold. The water in these tanks rises and falls as the ship rolls, conteracting the motion of the vessel and almost neutralizing it." This invention has been in use two years on two vessels sailing between Hamburg and Argentine Republic. The log books of these vessels show that the arc described by them in rolling has been reduced nine degrees, or so as to be scarcely perceptible, with the installing of the tanks.

Just what our children will be able to see and enjoy in the way of traveling conveniences, for crossing either ocean or land, the most futile imagination can hardly conceive. And their enjoyment of improvements in other lines will be in keeping with these. Over and over again, as we study the product of some ingenious mind, we think of the first telegraph message, "What hath God wrought!" The endowment of his creatures can produce marvelous things, but what of the Master Worker's work? We are only beginning to understand the least of its marvels.

OUR ARITHMETIC CLASS.

THE class finally got their thinking caps on and more correct answers to the drug problem have reached us since publishing the one in last week's issue. Now we pass to the problem appearing in the issue of January 31, calling for the sum of the different coins now issued by the United States government. Several answers to this have been received, but so far only two correct ones. Since these came in the same mail we will give the names and addresses of the two sending them:

Banks A. Myers, McVeytown, Pa., $39.41.

H. B. Shellabarger, New Weston, Ohio, $39.41.

The following is assigned for the next lesson:

"A man with $100 goes to market, buying cows at $10, hogs at $3 and sheep at 50 cts. each. Arriving home he has one hundred animals. How many did he have of each?"

(You will understand, farmers, that the above figures were not taken from yesterday's market report. This farmer lived in "the good old times.")

No other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thought as agriculture. (This is a good pun and a good platitude.) Ere long the most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

I THINK that the reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils among mankind.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE one great living principle of all democratic government is that the representative is bound to carry out the known will of his constituents.—*Abraham Lincoln.*



THE HOME WORLD



The Best Fortune-Teller

Hattie Preston Rider

"DO you believe in fate?" Mabel asked. She laughed as she spoke, but there was a serious look in her eyes as she leaned toward her companions. "I think Anna Hendricks would never in the world have married John Sauer, if a fortune-teller had not told her that her future husband was tall and dark, and came from the West. I used to consider such things ridiculous as could be; but it makes me shivery to think of them, with two or three others I've heard, lately." She laughed again, but her eyes belied the lightness of her tone.

Gertrude and Clara looked at her curiously.

"I know a lot of girls that do believe in fortune-telling," admitted the latter. "It seems to me rather silly; but it is a fact some of the things come true. A woman told Mrs. West that she would inherit valuable property, and less than a month later her uncle died in Nevada and left her a thousand dollars."

"Oh! Wouldn't that be fine,—if only one wouldn't mind losing the uncle!" laughed Gertrude.

"She never saw him; but she was named for his wife," Clara explained. "As for me, I haven't any uncles to spare, even at a thousand dollars apiece."

"Nor I!"—"Nor I!" the other two declared.

Then Gertrude added: "I don't see what difference the fortune-telling made, as to that. Mrs. West would have received the money anyway; and probably she did not believe a word about it, till the news came."

"Very likely," Mabel conceded. "Still, it would be nice to know when good things are coming."

"Or bad ones?" Gertrude asked, teasingly. Mabel colored.

"You needn't make fun," Clara pretended to scold the jester. "If Mabel wishes to investigate this matter of fortune-telling, what's the harm? Mama says,"—glancing over at that lady sewing quietly in the bay window—"that it is a good idea to look carefully and honestly and prayerfully into anything that puzzles us. She says what is true *is true,* and the more light let upon it the better. Then what is false shows up its falseness, too, so nobody need be afraid. Yet, as to looking into the future, or trying to do so, how are we to know surely whether a thing is coming, until it comes? I should say the effort was a mere waste of time. We would do better to just work away at our regular tasks, using our best judgment as we go."

"But," Mabel insisted, "there are some questions that one could hardly decide wisely, unless one could look into the future, and see what—how—"

She broke off, stammering and blushing. Gertrude began to laugh mischievously again.

"Mabel!" she exclaimed, "I do believe you have something serious on your mind! Now tell us all about it. Clara and I are the best confidantes you could possibly have, and we are just brimming with good advice!"

"I don't care for advice from people that know nothing more on the subject than I do," Mabel retorted, good naturedly but pointedly. "What do you know about being married, or even engaged?"

"Oh-h-!" breathed her hearers, in astonished unison. Mabel glanced at Clara, and then deprecatingly toward the figure in the bay window.

"Your mother will think we are silly," she said.

"I certainly will not," that person responded, promptly. "It is not in the least silly for girls to discuss whatever interests them, provided the subject is honest and pure. And it is one of the wisest wishes in the world to desire wisdom to choose a husband who will prove the right one."

"That is how it seemed to me," Mabel hesitated. "I have seen so many elderly couples unsympathetic and unhappy, and so many younger ones who seemed tired of each other! How is one to be sure of avoiding a like experience?"

"Not by going to the fortune-teller, dear," Clara's mother answered, kindly. "Even if she were honest, she doesn't know half as much as the girl's own heart and common sense can teach. First of all, we must seek an honest answer to the question: 'Is the one I would choose a manly man?' If his associates and habits are pure and desirable now, they are very likely to continue so. But there is another phase of the question which we women are too apt to overlook, and which results in more married unhappiness than almost any other cause. We look for perfection in the husband we choose, without trying to bring ourselves up to the same standard. Though unconsciously so, it is selfishness at bottom; dishonesty, even; for we are seek-

ing to get more out of the transaction than we give."

"It is natural, though, and in a way right, to have a high ideal of a husband," Clara said. "What we love, we like to see at its best."

"Helping another to realize an ideal is quite different from demanding it of him," her mother answered, quickly. "Much happier results are obtained from bravely lending encouragement than from criticising failures or grieving over them. A woman's faults are no doubt just as annoying to her husband as his are to her."

"That's so!" Gertrude nodded, with the irrepressible twinkle in her eyes. "I heard of a woman who took her Bible into the field to read to her husband when he got angry, and let his dinner burn to a crisp in the oven."

Even serious Mabel laughed.

"That illustrates the idea, though," Clara's mother insisted. "The way to be sure of a happy married life is to set a high ideal for one's husband,—and a much higher for one's self. The best fortune-teller is the heart to choose, the head to pass judgment and the soul to take up its unselfish work. The three will never make mistakes or fail, working together."

Gertrude sprang to her feet, with a merry movement catching both of Mabel's hands in her own.

"I see by your enlightened countenance that we are to congratulate you, or rather some fortunate young man," she said. "Now, who is he?"

Mabel looked up with sudden bright freedom.

"I thought—*nobody,*" she laughed; "for I told him last night I was afraid we might not be happy together. But I was—just—thinking—"

The girls decided that it was safe to congratulate.

* * *

The Ideal Kitchen

Lanah E. Shidler

TO have a comfortable kitchen we must begin with the building of it, for we cannot arrange it right unless it is built right, and in this as well as all other building we must begin with a good foundation. Now let us not pile up a few old rocks or perhaps a few old chunks of hard wood for butments, then build on that, but let us have a good solid wall of stone or concrete to build on. It may cost more in the beginning but will pay for itself during the first winter months in the saving of fuel and in keeping the kitchen warm and comfortable for those who must occupy it the most of their time.

And let us build on the sunny side of the house, I would say the east side, for several reasons of which I will mention only a few. The first reason is because we all like the bright sunshine on a cold winter morning. What can cheer us more than sunshine? We need it for cheer, warmth, health, and happiness. Did you ever notice how much quicker a room is warmed if the sun shines into it? My second reason is, if the kitchen is built on the east it is protected from the cold west winter winds. My third reason for preferring the kitchen on the east side is this: In the summer time we get all the sunshine in the morning before the sun gets so hot, and when the sun gets the hottest we are protected from it by the main part of the house.

The ideal kitchen should have plenty of windows for ventilation and light and plenty of doors for convenience and to save steps for those who work in the kitchen. The furniture for the kitchen should be simple and durable and such as is easily kept clean and neat. If you can not afford all expensive furniture, have it all plain, for a fifty dollar sideboard does not look well beside a broken table and scratched chairs and a stove that has not been introduced to a coat of blacking for a year or more. Do not have more furniture than is needed and have it arranged so as to save steps. Above all do not fill the kitchen with bric-a-brac and unnecessary trash hung on the walls only to catch and hold dust and smoke. Have a shelf large enough for a clock, a lamp and a Bible, and around it have a lambrequin that can be easily laundered. For the walls, have a calendar with large figures, and a few pictures with fine sceneries to cheer mother when everything goes wrong.

We must not forget in the building of this kitchen to try to have at least one window with a good view to the road, for what cheers mother more than to see father or the children returning home, or perhaps the unexpected landing of some visitors, and perhaps those who occupy the kitchen most of the time like to know who is going by in a new auto and do not have time to go to the sitting-room windows.

For a floor covering I would suggest an inlaid linoleum as it wears best and is easily kept clean and need not be taken up several times a year to be cleaned, and consequently the men will be in a better humor, for who of the best of them likes to be stopped from their work to shake carpet? I would also advise a few rugs to be laid where the floor is likely to be used most, as they will save the linoleum from the wear and are more restful to the feet.

Have the woodwork grained in light oak. Have a place for everything and put everything in its place. Teach the children this rule also, by precept and by example. Put several hooks low enough so the small children can reach them and train them to hang away their wraps like big people do. Chil-

dren always like to do as big people do. If it is possible have a small cupboard especially for the children's books and playthings.

Be sure not to forget an easy chair for the kitchen, for if mother is too busy to use it, perhaps father or some other member of the family would like to sit in the kitchen to keep mother company or ask advice of her, or perhaps give her a few words of praise and encouragement.

Now for the outside of the kitchen, let us have a porch, for a great deal of the work can be done on the porch in the open air and away from the hot cook stove, such as cleaning vegetables and preparing them to cook. Then plant some kind of a vine to shade the porch. If you have no other, try wild cucumber vine and also plant some sweet-smelling flowers near the porch and around in the back yard such as four o'clocks, cosmos and a few rose bushes or a mock orange.

Above all let us not forget the things most needful to make an ideal kitchen are kind words, kind acts, sociability, pleasantness, smiling faces, politeness, peace and happiness. And teach the daughters cleanliness and economy, for some day you may visit their kitchens and see the fruits of the seed you have sown. Let us make our kitchens as cosy and pleasant as we can, for in them the boys and girls for the next generation are reared, and will be mostly what we make them.

I have only described the ideal kitchen which we can all afford to have. We all know that time and money will give conveniences which the poor cannot share, such as a furnace and a gas plant and arrangements for hot and cold water to all parts of the house. To my mind an ideal kitchen is not so much what it is as what we make it.

Lanark, Ill.

BOYS—AND MOTHER.

Will you stop your play and listen a minute while I tell you about Ned Taylor and Billy James? Yes? All right. Then sit down here on the step with me and get your breath; I'll not take long, for I know your time is valuable.

Well, you see, it was this way: Ned's mother was an all-right one; there wasn't anything she wouldn't do for him, for he was all she had in the world, and she just thought of him most of the time, what would give him pleasure and help him to grow up to be the right stuff, brave, strong and reliable, like our president. Well, when a mother loves a fellow like that she likes to kiss him when he goes to school, and when she watches for him to come to lunch, and he runs in with his cheeks all red and fresh, she naturally likes to kiss him again. Then at night after a game or a good old talk of course she kisses him once more. Also she enjoys having him sit on her lap, no matter how far his legs hang over or how heavy and sharp his bones are growing; and if he'll just rub his cheek again hers, why, she's tickled to death! Think how small a thing it is which gives so much pleasure and makes her smile while she is mending holes in stockings, or making beds, or washing spots out of suits, or cooking something good by the hot stove, instead of going out to have a jolly time like you. Now just think of it a minute! Would *you* do all that for just a few kisses and thank yous?

Well, about Ned Taylor. He took Billy James home to lunch with him one day, and there stood his mother looking out of the front window for him with that same bright smile of welcome on her face. And Billy James says as he sees her, "Ain't mothers the limit? Always pesterin' a feller and lookin' after him and wantin' to mush over him the whole time!" And Ned nods his head and says, "Yes, they're awful softies, aren't they? It's all right when a chap's small, but when he gets as big and husky as we are, it's time to call a halt, I say."

By that time they were up the steps, and Ned's mother threw open the door and cried, "Why, how are you, Billy? Come right in," then turned to kiss Ned as usual, but he ducked his head and made a bolt for the stairs with Billy close behind.

Ned's mother looked after them in a queer, dazed sort of way and put her hand up to her mouth where a warm live kiss had just died. Then she turned away to the dining room and winked the tears back from her pretty brown eyes.

When the boys came down to lunch, it was all ready, and Ned's mother was as bright and smiling as ever as she faced them at the table. "Now here are some waffles and maple syrup, Billy. I wonder if you like them as well as Ned and I. Just try some." But while she talked and kept their plates filled, she herself could not swallow a morsel, for her throat seemed to have a big lump in it, and there was *such* an ache in her heart!

After a while she said, "Have you boys studied yet about James A. Garfield?"

"Sure," answered the boys together. "We have him this afternoon in our history." "He was great," added Billy. "He was every inch a man all right," seconded Ned.

Ned's mother laughed. "Now isn't that funny, that you are studying about him today. And I was about to tell you a little anecdote of him myself."

"Oh do, mother," cried Ned, "it may help us out."

"Well, it's not much in one sense, and yet it shows what sort of a man Garfield really was. It is sometimes easier to be a great hero than a truly

fine man. But to be both, ah, that is really worth while! Now take out your notebooks and write down these two sayings of his first so you can memorize them. Ready? Now—'I would rather be beaten in the right than succeed in the wrong.'"

The boys wrote it down and were silent as they read it over and took in the meaning, while Ned's mother looked out of the window with a wistful expression in her eyes.

"Next," said Ned after a few moments, and his voice was very grave.

"'A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck,'" she quoted.

"That's a dandy," exclaimed Billy as he wrote it down, "I'll get that off this afternoon."

"I think I like the first better," remarked Ned thoughtfully, as he pushed his chair from the table.

"And now the anecdote before you start," said Ned's mother. "It is a riddle for you." The boys were all interest. "Immediately after Garfield had taken his oath of office in Washington which made him President of the United States, before a great gathering of people, what do you think he did?

"Made a speech?" questioned Ned.

"Thanked the people?" suggested Billy.

"No," answered Ned's mother, "he turned to his dear old mother by his side and *kissed her!* Every body loved him the better for that, because it showed that he realized that he never would have become the man he had if his mother had not helped him. That sweet act of his will always be remembered."

The eyes of the two listeners sought the carpet, while their faces went red to the roots of their hair. For a moment no one moved or spoke, then Ned suddenly raised his head, squared his shoulders, and, stepping quickly around the table, threw his arms about his mother and kissed her, not only once, but many times.

Billy wondered, as he walked quietly out of the room, why his eyes were wet and what gave him the sniffles. The house did not seem chilly to him; he could scarcely have caught cold. He felt very queer, and he thought of his mother and what he would do the very first thing on reaching home after school.—*May Peirce Gestefeld.*

THE MOTHER AT THE TABLE.

Stop a moment and think what a large part of the day is spent at the table. Then think how that time is spent. Too many times it seems as if everyone were in a hurry to get through with the meal just as quickly as possible. The father may have already had his breakfast and gone out. The midday meal he may take away from home; so that supper is the only meal he eats with his family, and far too often he does not even come home to that till the rest are done.

There are studies for the children and the work of the household for the mother. How many times we have seen mothers who do not even sit down at the table one single meal through! They are up and down, out in the kitchen and all around the house, doing some little thing which happens to come into their mind. All the time they may be chewing some bit of food, while the children—well, what are they not doing?

Whoever says to the boys and girls as they come around the table, "Now, little folks, we have plenty of time to eat as we should. Let's not be in a hurry. Chew every mouthful well. Think of all the pleasant things you can. Be what you would like to be away from home right here, every time!"

And if anything like this is said, with what manner of words is it spoken? How often the meal is made the time for critcising and faultfinding, which sends everyone away feeling out of sorts—a bad start indeed toward a well-digested meal. Let me make the assertion here that more misery of body and sorrow of soul, with all its power to make and establish character, comes from the half hour we spend at the table than from any similar period of time during the day.

And it ought to be right the other way. If there is ever a time when the family should be happy and thoughtful of each other, any time when everyone should be in the best of spirits and yet on his manners, it is at the table. If we are not gentlemen and ladies at the table, we are nowhere.

Now, what can the mother do toward making the various meals of the day a means of education? Surely not by commanding in a stern, rock-bound tone how the boys and girls shall act; not by swallowing her own food as if she were waiting for a train she expected to hear thundering into the kitchen any minute; not by talking all the time about the shortcomings of someone, either in her own home or elsewhere; surely not by permitting herself to sit in a slouchy, careless way.

On the other hand, the mother at the table may be always at her best, a perfect queen. Why sit like a lady in the parlor and lop about like a barroom loafer at the table? Then, maintain a dignified position at the table. Be in no hurry and help the children to know that they need make no haste. Teach the value of thorough mastication. Then is the time to establish good habits in this respect. Get the art of mastication early and Fletcher will not need to write books on the subject. Show the young folks the value of a proper carriage. Study the splendid art of combining foods to build up

strong and healthy bodies, instead of doing your best to tickle the palate and spur the appetite to take things which are not needed.

Above all, think your best thoughts at the table. Say only the things which will tend to help and cheer and strengthen all through the day. Let all go away from the table feeling that life is worth living, and by every means in your power direct the thought of the young folks in the same channel you have marked out for yourself. Finally draw the line on anything which will not tend toward the building up of a better character.

Do this, and mealtime will become the brightest spot in the whole day. It will help to make good healthful bodies. It will be an educatory force that will carry weight all through the lives of those you love.—*Edgar L. Vincent.*

The Children's Corner

UNCLE NED.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"We are going to have an entertainment, Uncle, and we are intending to light the room with candles, to make it look like old times. Did you ever see a room lighted with candles?"

"Many a time, Harry, and I have helped make the candles, too."

"Tell me about how they are made, please."

"Candles are made of wax or fatty matter moulded around a wick. The principal material used was tallow but now most of them are made of paraffine. The wick is put in a round tube, called a mould, and the melted tallow is poured around it. This tube comes to a point at the lower end and a knot in the wick keeps the tallow from running through. When the tallow is cold this knot is cut off and the candle taken from the mould by pulling on the other end of the wick which is usually left doubled in a loop. Paraffine is much used now to make candles. That large candle in the oil collection which I showed you the other day is made of paraffine."

"That was a large one, larger than most spools of thread. Do they ever make them any larger?"

"Oh, yes, Harry. I have seen them two or three feet long, and as large as a man's wrist."

"Where did they use such large ones?"

"At a funeral in a Catholic church. I was teaching school in a Catholic town and one of my pupils, a boy of nine years, died."

"What use was made of the candles?"

"They were lighted and placed on either side of the coffin when it was in the church; I think three on a side."

"What was the use of them?"

"I asked a member that question and he told me that they represented the light of faith to light the soul through the valley of death."

"It seems to me that they would be a poor light."

"People in the past thought they were a great improvement over the old lard lamp. That was a vessel of iron looking somewhat like a small flat-topped tea kettle. It was filled with lard and a wick placed in the spout. In my boyhood days, we had one hanging in our cellar. When a candle has burned for a little while a coal forms on the wick and the candle must be snuffed. Sometimes the coal was pinched off with the fingers, and at other times snuffers, which looked somewhat like a pair of scissors were used.

"Later when people took to using whale oil in lamps, candles were not used so much. Now in these days of kerosene, gasoline, acetylene, and electric lights, candle sticks and lard lamps are not often seen.'

"How did they light the candles? Teacher told us the other day that matches are a recent invention."

"A spark was struck by means of a flint and steel. It was caught on tinder, which was some very dry material, as for instance a piece of charred cloth. Sometimes a blaze was started by blowing, or later pieces of wood, the ends of which had been dipped into melted sulphur, were used. An experimenter found that phosphorus takes fire on being rubbed, and he made a composition which was fastened to the end of the sulphur matches. There are many kinds of matches; one called the safety match will not ignite by friction unless rubbed on a certain part of the box in which it is packed."

"Why is that?"

"Because part of the chemicals needed to make the blaze are on the box. In the early days if the fire went out and the tinder would not catch, the next best thing to do was to go to a neighbor's and get a firebrand."

"Couldn't they shut the stove up so that the fire would keep over night?"

"They had no stoves, only fireplaces, usually of stone with a stick top."

"How could they keep them from burning?"

"The sticks were placed as I have seen you build houses with cobs and soft clay smeared over the inside to keep it from burning."

"Are any of them in use in this country now?"

"Not many, but in some places they are. I made a trip to the south part of the State this fall and saw one."

"Who made the first stove?"

"So far as I am able to learn Franklin was the inventor of the stove."

"How are stoves made?"

"They are cast; that is, the iron is melted and poured into moulds. Iron when heated in a furnace will run like the sealing wax your mama uses to seal her fruit cans with. A pattern is made and this is pressed into damp sand to make a mould. The melted iron is poured into this mould, and when cool enough the pieces are put together to make the stove."

"But, Uncle, I have tried to make balls of sand and I can't make it stick together. Where do they find sand that will stick?"

"Moulder's sand is really a kind of clay and is sometimes called moulder's clay. There are several large beds of it in this and the next county. From one of them several car loads are shipped every week. There is also a small deposit of it on this place, but not large enough to pay for working. I have samples of the different kinds in that soil collection which you have seen. Your grandfather learned the moulder's trade before he came to America, but he never followed it here."

"Are all stoves made that way?"

"No, some are made of sheet iron."

"How is sheet iron made?"

"We may discuss that some other time, but not now. I wanted to tell you about fuel, but it is too late."

DROP DUMPLINGS AND OTHER KINDS.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

Now that the intense heat of summer is over and the body needs warm dishes because the weather is cold, what could be more desirable than the delectable dumpling? Here are a few *just like mother used to make them.* In point of economy they must appeal to the housewife, in these days of the trusts and high living and other bugbears which mar our hearthstone happiness.

In order to make drop dumplings, allow one cupful of sour milk to each well beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful soda and as much flour as batter will take. Drop from spoon into boiling broth and boil steadily for twenty-five minutes.

Farina Dumplings are made as follows: Put one-half cupful each of water and milk in a sauce pan, when boiling stir in gradually one-fourth cup of farina, cook until thick, stirring constantly, then add a scant teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a half teaspoonful of pepper and remove to back of range to cool slightly; then stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. When cool drop from a teaspoon into boiling broth; boil five minutes.

Potato Dumplings.—To three cups of cold mashed potatoes, seasoned, add one cup of bread crumbs (which have browned in the oven in butter then crumbled), two well-beaten eggs and three gratings of nutmeg. The mixture should be very stiff; mold into small balls and drop into salted boiling water and boil twenty minutes.

Noodles.—Two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls water and as much flour as can be kneaded into it; make a firm dough, roll as thin as possible and dry over stove for ten or fifteen minutes, roll up tightly and cut from end into very thin strips. These are good with chicken or beef.

Quaker Noodles.—Two pints flour, three teaspoonfuls lard, level tablespoonful of salt; mix as for biscuit with water; roll very thin on well-floured moulding board and cut strips any desired length. These are especially good with vegetable stews, such as beans and potatoes where little or no meat is used.

FISH HINTS.

FRESHEN fish in salt water.

If you cook fish often, keep a grater or curry-comb to scale them.

If fish is to be kept over night, wrap in a cloth wrung out of vinegar.

Mustard, vinegar or ammonia water will remove odors of fish from the hands and utensils.

If you wish to skin fish, dip in scalding water, then in cold, and the skin will come off easily.

Before scaling fish, let them lie in cold water for half an hour, then scale them by holding under the water, to prevent the scales flying.

A few slices of salt pork laid in the baking pan before the fish is placed in it will keep it from sticking, and add a pleasant flavor; but if this is not liked, butter the pan and cover the bottom with waxed paper. When the fish is done, lift out the paper and all. This not only keeps it from sticking, but helps to preserve the shape.—*Household Journal.*

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

AN old remedy for stomach troubles where there is an excess of acid, is a tea made of soot and ashes. A quart of boiling water is poured onto a half pint of clean hardwood ashes mixed with a tablespoonful of soot, well stirred. Let this stand over night, then pour off the clear liquid and bottle. A tablespoonful is to be taken in a glass of hot water after meals, or whenever acidity is felt.

Soot is a valuable medicine, containing potash, lime and magnesia, ammonia and creosote.—*The Commoner.*



July 22 has been designated as the day on which the voters of Texas will pass upon statewide prohibition. So far as the west and southwest sections of the State are concerned, it is generally conceded that the verdict will be "wet." In east Texas, however, the "dry" element is strong.

According to the calculations of Edmond Théry, the French economist, the cost of maintaining the armed peace of Europe during the last twenty-five years was about thirty billion dollars. During this time there has been constantly withdrawn from productive industry an average total of about four million men.

Abdul Hamid, former sultan of Turkey, has gone violently insane, has killed two of his wives and is now confined in irons. According to the men who have been guarding the deposed ruler at the villa where he is spending his last days, the ex-sultan was subdued only after a fierce struggle, in which he himself was severely injured.

New customs regulations to govern the importation of works of art were issued by Secretary MacVeagh. They are intended to establish precisely, once and for all, what "works of art are free of duty" under the customs rule. It is said the government probably has lost much in duties which could not be collected on account of indefinite regulations.

Two million dollars for the support of superannuated ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church was decided on by the board of conference of the national body, which met in Chicago. Of this, $1,000,000 will be distributed next year to worn-out ministers the widows of deceased pastors and dependent children. The other $1,000,000 is to be raised for a permanent fund to be invested for future use.

Corporation tax returns for the fiscal year 1911 are beginning to arrive at the treasury. During March the statements of more than 263,000 corporations liable to the tax will be assembled. Commissioner Cabell of the internal revenue bureau estimates the government will receive about $25,000,000 from that source. Corporation tax returns for 1910 were only $21,000,000, strictly speaking, although about $27,000,000 was collected during the year.

The prominence given to the pink socked athlete at the University of Texas came to the surface in the most pronounced manner when the university appropriation bill came before the members of the legislature. It was maintained by a number of the leading legislators that attention is given to athletic training to the detriment of mental improvement. Representative Stamps' contention is that the farmers object to paying taxes that so-called athletes might get muscular training at the expense of the State. The bill brought on the greatest talk-fest so far during the present term and also brought out the fact that legislators do not take kindly to so much athletics.

The Republicans of the House, in caucus, have decided to allow the membership of that body to remain at 391, its present number. It was thought for a time that the proposition of the Missourians for 402 members might be adopted as a fair compromise, but the resolution of Representative Campbell of Kansas, which does not disturb the present membership, was adopted after having been once voted down.

The Thunderer, the seventeenth British dreadnaught and the fourth of the superdreadnaught type, was launched from the yards of the Thames Iron Works Company at Canning Town. The Thunderer has a displacement of 22,680 tons and will be equipped with turbines with a total of 27,000 horsepower. She is expected to make a speed of twenty-one knots an hour. The vessel is 584 feet in length and is armed with ten 13.5-inch guns and twenty-four 4-inch guns.

The new highway and railroad bridge to be built across the Willamette River, Portland, Oregon, which will weigh ten tons to the foot, will carry highway and street car tracks on the upper deck, and the Harriman railroad lines on the lower deck. The latter will normally remain in a raised position for the passage of smaller shipping, and will be lowered only for railroad trains. When lofty sailing vessels pass through, the entire draw span will be raised on towers to the necessary height.

Secretary Nagel has formed a plan to accomplish a more healthy distribution of immigrants to the country districts and prevent further congestion of the cities. A system of coöperation with the State immigration authorities is hoped for as one of the results of the effort, and J. L. McGrew, chief of the information division of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has been sent to visit the immigration authorities of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Michigan to learn if those States desire immigrants, and how many are needed.

In order to extend the postal savings bank system, after the test made in connection with the depositories established at one postoffice in each State, the immediate appropriation of $1,000,000 will be urged. Postmaster General Hitchcock has announced that reports thus far received from the postal savings depositories covering business of the system during January, the first month of its operation, showed most gratifying results. If the necessary appropriations were available, he says, the department would immediately establish banks in 500 cities. Deposits for January probably will amount to $60,000, and if this average is maintained, the year's aggregate for the forty-eight initial depositories will be close to three-quarters of a million. This indicates what can be expected of the system with the establishment of many additional offices. The average amount of deposits being received per postoffice, as indicated by the January returns is larger than the corresponding average for the most successful year in the history of the British system.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley was celebrated Feb. 3 in New York City, in Amherst, N. H., his birthplace, and in Chappaqua, N. Y., the location of the old Greeley farm. Twelve residents of Chappaqua who voted for Greeley for President dined together at the old homestead that evening and the Chappaqua Historical Society dedicated the site for a $16,000 Greeley monument. Greeley, Colo., named after Horace Greeley, suspended business on this date to observe the one hundredth anniversary of Greeley's birth.

Humanitarians and mental alienists are discussing the suggestion of Gov. Crothers, of Maryland, that patients in hospitals for the insane who are capable of outdoor labor be employed in growing improved farm and garden seeds, and in raising improved breeds of poultry. He feels that there is a universal demand for better grades of seeds, as well as for better poultry and live stock. His suggestion is supplemented with the idea that the patients shall work under the direction of capable and expert farmers, who are familiar with the problem to be worked out and who know how to do the work. "Such a plan as I suggest," says Gov. Crothers, "will not only furnish work for the dependent insane and thus add to their happiness and contentment, but it will also prove a source of profit to the institutions."

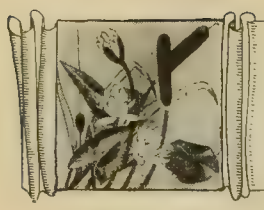
Opponents of the ship subsidy bill, which has been passed by the senate, declare that it will be defeated in the house of representatives. The measure was saved from defeat in the senate by Vice-President Sherman, who, when the vote stood a tie—39 to 39—cast the deciding ballot in its favor. As passed, the bill authorizes the postmaster general to enter into contracts for carrying mails to South American, Philippine, Japanese, Chinese and Australian ports at the rate of $4 a mile on the outward voyage, to vessels of the second class, and at the rate of $2 a mile on the outward voyage of vessels of the third class. The amount of subsidy which shall be paid in any one year is limited to $4,000,000 and there is a further provision to the effect that the amount paid in subsidies shall not exceed the amount of money received on account of foreign mails.

The eruption of the volcano Mayon, on Mt. Taal, P. I., has been renewed with terrific fury and lava and mud have been scattered over the surrounding country for a distance of twenty miles. Some of the natives who were fleeing from the devastated section were overwhelmed and suffocated or burned to death. The eruption was accompanied by violent earthquake shocks which were felt as far as Manila, although no damage was done in that city. Latest reports of investigators throughout the zone of the volcano and earthquake indicate that fully 2,500 persons have probably been killed. The earthquake shocks recorded at Manila were less severe than those felt at the time of the first eruption and so the belief was expressed that the eruption would abate from this time. American soldiers are now in control of the country around Mt. Taal and the burial of the dead is well under way.

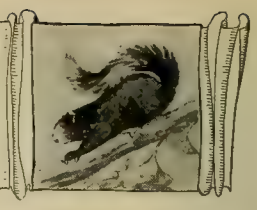
Monday, Feb. 6, saw the beginning of the return of the garment strikers in Chicago to their work. The strike is ended by unanimous consent of the leaders and of the workers, who, fearful lest their places in the shops be filled and the union destroyed, have agreed to return to work. Every demand of the strikers, except that for the closed shop, has been granted. The strike lasted 133 days and cost the workers something like $3,000,000 in wages, and cost the employers $4,000,000. The average number of men and women out during the entire strike was about 35,000, although at one time 45,000 were out. So far the strike has cost four lives and 876 members of the garment workers' union have been arrested for rioting. The struggle with the employers was marked by daily scenes of violence which were prolonged until the State senate took a hand in the matter and sent an investigating committee to Chicago to look into the causes.

The most important session of parliament since the granting of the magna charta, the second of King George's reign and the first inaugurated by King George and Queen Mary in person, has been opened with medieval pomp. All of the old traditions and rites were observed. The king and queen rode through the streets in the old coach of gold and glass. The processional display of nobility and military was one of magnificence. The government program for this session of parliament is one of vast and far-reaching importance. It includes legislation on the veto bill, state insurance, home rule for Ireland, sickness invalidity, a pension bill and the unemployment bill. The first is by far the most important, and the government hopes to get it through the house of commons by Easter. Its reception in the house of peers is problematical. The question of home rule will be urged as an instrument in the commons to swing sentiment, it being the intention of John Redmond, it is declared, to secure if possible, Irish home rule by holding up the veto bill.

England is quite likely to revive its oldtime apprenticeship system, because it has been found by dear practical experience that the abolition of apprenticeship, with nothing to take its place, is a fertile source of unemployment, and the present idea is that employers shall indenture youths, take a personal interest in their welfare, and maintain a supervision equal to that of a parent. For employers to provide board and lodging as in the old days would be impracticable, as would every detail of the old system which worked so well under then existing circumstances. State department dispatches say that in England many firms have given attention to the close relationship between workshop and technical school training, and have brought their apprentices more into touch with the various polytechnics and the government science and art classes. Several large firms have provided the so-called sandwich system of time off during the winter months for their apprentices, to enable them to receive an adequate amount of technical training, or education. The system of several years ago involving an ordinary school course under 14 years of age, with 4 years at a high school and 4 years at a technical college, which gave industrial and no academic training, followed by two years in a workshop was seriously objectionable, because an apprentice would be 25 years old before he earned his own living. However, the system which leaves a boy to himself with a workshop training in the daytime and with the supposition that he attended technical classes in the evening is held to be open to greater objections, because so few apprentices take advantage of the evening teaching. Then, though technical schools have lately increased in number, the training is comparatively short, lasting usually only for three years, and results are said to be disappointing because students on admission are found not to have received a sound general education.



NATURE STUDIES



The Mulberry Family

M. E. S. Charles

DIFFERENT species of the mulberry family are quite generally distributed throughout the world. Some of them are natives of the eastern half of North America, Central America, South America, and Europe; but they grow most abundantly in Asia. These trees are of considerable economic value and importance on account of their edible fruits, and as the favorite tree upon which the silkworm feeds. The tough inner bark is made into mats and cordage, and the yellow bark and roots of some species are used in dyestuffs. The wood is not strong, but is tough and compact and is durable when used in contact with the soil. In the North it is largely used in fencing and cooperage, while in the South it is quite frequently employed in boat and ship building.

In this part of the country we have but one native species of this family—the red mulberry. It is the largest member of the family and reaches its best development in the woods along river valleys and on moist hillsides. The trunk is short and rather stout; the lower limbs are spreading and when a tree grows in the open, a round-topped crown is developed. The bark is thick and deeply furrowed or broken up into long plates of a dark reddish brown color. The leaves are large and often palmately lobed and heart-shaped at the base. They turn a bright yellow before falling in the early autumn. The fruit begins to ripen by mid-summer, is bright red, becoming nearly black, is sweet and juicy, and is greatly enjoyed by the birds. The fruit varies on different trees; some bearing larger and more juicy fruit than others growing in the same vicinity.

The rapid growing white mulberry is a native of Asia and has come to us by way of Europe where it has become generally naturalized. In southern Indiana this species has escaped from cultivation where, years ago, large orchards were planted when an attempt was made to establish silk culture. The industry did not thrive, but the trees have held their own and have scattered somewhat from their original stations.

The trunk of the white mulberry is very similar to that of the red species. The bark is thick and broadly furrowed into light brown ridges. The fruit varies in size and quality, and is never as juicy and palatable as the red. In color it is white or pinkish, and is relished by the birds. The wood is made into wine casks in France; and the leaves, besides being the chief food of the silkworms, are used as fodder for goats and sheep. The inner bark is used as a coarse fiber, while the root-bark yields a medicine and a dye. In Turkestan the dried fruit of this species is said to be ground into meal and used for food.

The black mulberry is supposed to have come originally from Persia, but has been naturalized in Europe for ages. It has been introduced into parts of this country on account of its fruit, and has escaped from cultivation and become naturalized along roadsides and waste places in the South and also on the Pacific coast. The tree is so similar to the white mulberry that it is difficult to distinguish it when not in fruit. The juice of its fruit is used extensively in medicine in the Old World, and the wood is used like that of the white mulberry.

One native mulberry is a shrub found in the Southwestern States, extending into Mexico. The fruit ripens in May and June, but it is acid and not very palatable. The Indians of the Southwest used to make their bows of this species.

The Russian varieties of the mulberry have proven excellent shade trees for city streets. They are rapid growing trees, and support a dense growth of foliage which is not subject to the attacks of insects. The fruit is a great attraction to the birds, and if horticulturists would plant a few of these or our native species, they would have but little reason to complain of the birds eating their cherries and other fruits. It is a noteworthy fact that birds will eat native fruits when accessible in preference to cultivated sorts.

Many trees have legends clustering around their origin, and the mulberry is not without its myth. In the long ago when the earth was young, the legend says all mulberries were white; and the two lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, are responsible for their changed color.

"Pyramus was the handsomest youth and Thisbe the loveliest maiden in all Babylonia, and as children they pledged themselves to each other. The parents, however, were not pleased with the state of affairs, and the young people were forbidden to

speak to each other. But they met at the wall that separated the two estates, and through a friendly fissure renewed their vows.

"Finally they arranged to meet under a certain mulberry tree at the tomb of Ninus at twilight. Thisbe was the first at the trysting place. At the same time a lioness approached the spring to get a drink, her jaws dripping with blood from some recent slaughter. Thisbe fled in terror, dropping her veil as she ran. The lioness tore the veil into shreds, leaving it mangled and blood-stained. Pyramus now reached the place, and seeing the footprints of the lioness and the torn and blood-stained veil, he believed Thisbe had met with a terrible death. In despair he drew his sword and ended his own life. Just at this time Thisbe overcame her fear and returned to the tree. The changed color of the berries made her doubt the place, until she saw that it was the blood spurting from the wounds of Pyramus that covered them. In an agony of grief she prayed that the mulberry tree should always bear the marks of slaughter; and the trees have ever since borne red berries."

WATCHING PLANTS GROW.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

This is a splendid time to plant some seeds and watch them sprout and grow. It should be done so that every process can be studied easily. This can be done by taking a small box and sawing out a part of the side and placing a piece of glass where the part was sawed out. Now fill the box with earth and plant corn, beans, wheat, etc., along the side of the glass. You can now see when the seed begins to sprout. It is of interest to notice whether root or stem grows first. The seed that is planted becomes the cotyledon. The corn has one cotyledon and remains in the ground, but the bean has two cotyledons and both come above the ground. It is also interesting to observe how the roots develop and how soon a mass of roots have matted themselves together.

Of course, this box must be placed on the window where it is warm and light. Sufficient water must be poured on to supply the seeds with moisture. After the plant is up, measure it carefully so that you can tell how much it grows in a day. You will be surprised, I am certain. If you think it too much trouble to prepare a box you can use a glass jar or anything of that nature. If you have children in the home, or if you are teaching school, you can arouse in the children a great deal of interest in this line of study.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

A DAY'S FISHING IN WINTER.

Of course, there is no use of my telling our boys anything about fishing in summer, for you all know more or less about that; but perhaps there are many of you who have never fished "through the ice." You who live in the maritime provinces, or in some parts of Quebec, may be familiar with the methods of "ice-fishing," but Ontario boys do not lay claim to this as a winter sport.

A few years ago the writer was teaching in one of the schools in the city of Concord, which, as you know, is the capital of New Hampshire. One Friday in January, Leo G——, an intimate friend, said to me: "You have been waiting for an opportunity to go fishing in winter, and as George S——, one of my chums, and I are going tomorrow, I would like to have you join us. George has caught all the minnows we want for bait down by the dam this afternoon, so that all we will have to do is to drive out to Turkey Pond in the morning and perhaps we can get a good bag of pickerel and perch." "All right!" said I. "I should certainly enjoy going."

When we awoke on Saturday morning the moon was still shining in the western sky, and it was very, very cold. As we were to drive six or seven miles out to the pond, we had planned on starting at seven o'clock, and it was now a few minutes past five. I did not see the use of starting so early, but I was to learn the reason later on. The mistress of the house assisted us in preparing our lunches and we then took a hasty breakfast. After eating we clad ourselves very warmly, and gathering up our bundle of thirty lines, an ax and a "spud," we started out in an open sleigh for the day's sport. The thermometer beside the house registered twenty-four degrees below zero, and it seemed even colder, for there was a dense fog. However, this disappeared as the sun rose, and although we ran behind the sleigh at intervals, in order to keep our blood circulating, still, by the time we reached the pond we were not so cold.

After unhitching the horse and putting him in a shed, we blanketed him, gave him some hay which we had brought with us, and started for the central part of the pond. The snow was about two feet deep, on the level, over the entire surface of the ice, which fact was not a pleasant feature. However, we got out where the water was deepest under the ice, and while Leo and George went to cut some wood for a fire, I went to work digging the "holes" with the spud. We were to dig thirty of these holes about fifty feet apart in a circle, so that by having our fire in the center, we could more easily keep watch of them.

When the boys returned, dragging brush and small logs to the spot where our fire was to be, I

was still digging the first hole. The ice was about fifteen inches thick, and it was no easy task to break up ice of that thickness. When they saw the hole I had dug they began to laugh, and George said, "Do you expect to pull alligators through that hole?"

I had made an opening two feet or more in diameter, but it was the last one that was so large. The others we made about eight or ten inches across. We soon finished that part of the work, and then we set and baited our lines. For each line we placed upright, beside the hole, a flat stick about two feet long and two inches wide, and at the top of each stick was fastened a piece of flat steel wire, to which was attached a little, red flag. Our lines were about twenty-five or thirty feet in length. The hooks we baited with the minnows George had brought, and after letting the lines down to a depth of eight or ten feet, we looped them over the wires in such a way that when a fish should take the hook and start off, the jerk would pull the line off the wire and the flag would pop up. This would be a signal to us as we stood or sat about the fire, and we could thus keep tab on our lines.

It was about eleven o'clock when we got ready for fishing, and the sun was shining brilliantly, for which we were very glad. We then made paths from the fire to each line as well as the circular one connecting the lines. The whole fishing ground resembled the course mapped out by schoolboys for a "fox-and-goose" game. We then sat down by the fire and waited for the fun to begin. We had not long to wait. First one flag and then another shot up, and as fast as they rose, we raced to the holes. Of course, we did not always land a prize. Sometimes we found that our minnows had been devoured by some clever fish, and we were obliged to rebait the hooks. Again, we would become too eager and pull up on the lines too quickly. Quite often, however, by keeping ourselves under control, and giving Mr. Pickerel or Perch a good deal of line, we landed some fine specimens.

About one o'clock George prepared our meal of fried potatoes, eggs, buns, and coffee. Although we were interrupted occasionally by the popping up of the flags, we certainly enjoyed that "feast," and it was one of the best features of the day's sport.

After dinner we resumed our fishing in earnest, and by three o'clock we had bagged forty-three perch and eight large pickerel. Then the fish ceased biting, and I now learned why we had started so early in the morning. Had we not gotten our lines baited as early as we did, we would have had a very short day's fishing, for neither pickerel nor perch are in the humor to bite after three or four o'clock.

We were well satisfied with our day's catch, however, and enjoyed very much an eight-o'clock dinner, consisting of fish and other delicious viands prepared by our kind mistress.—*Pleasant Hours.*

WORLD POWER VS. WORLD POVERTY.

(Continued from Page 153.)

officials who are struggling with the problems of the unemployed, and old-age pensions, think on these things.

J. J. Hill's advice to build one battleship less each year and establish one hundred agricultural colleges if acted on, would send more men back to the soil and give us once more the abundance of food which Old Mother Earth has so bountifully provided in the past, and can easily provide again. Fewer human beings would delve in darkness to find the black metal of brutal war and more could live and labor in the light of God's sunshine, with the honest sweat sparkling on their foreheads, in place of the grimy damp of death foreboding war.

Sir Edward Gray said, in the House of Commons some time ago, that all thinking men recognize the fact that the enormous expenditures on armaments are "a satire on modern civilization." Let those who have been placed in the seats of the mighty in this country where civilization has farthest advanced in governmental affairs, take warning. The giant is arousing from his lethargy; his awakening breathing is already portentous of tumult and turmoil, of turnouts and turnovers. This democracy, to live, must be "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." The people are fast coming to see that it has a God-given mission to promulgate peace, not to foster war.

No further analysis is needed, but what could not a logician prove with a few of these figures, if he should consider in addition the number of men who are segregated from all useful employment, many of them lured from the farm, by highly-colored lithographs, and tempting tales of foreign travel! Thousands of these sturdy workers fed and clothed from the public treasury, but adding nothing to it! Of the enormous waste of precious fuel, while the poor dwellers of our urban centers are shivering for lack of the God-given but man-monopolized carbon! And again if the trained machinists and unskilled sailors were being utilized to build labor-saving machinery, instead of labor destroyers; and if the trained engineers and line officers were using their nation-given education in constructing roads, bridges and canals, or

"Harnessing all the rivers above the cataracts' brink,"

and thus "unharnessing man"—then indeed we might talk of "brotherhood" as nearer a reality, and not theorize so much about the brotherhood of the dim and distant future.—*Arthur W. Glines, in Our Dumb Animals.*

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. February 21, 1911. No. 8.

JOHN MARSHALL

William L. Judy

TO few men is given the choice of the two highest honors in a great nation. A public man but recently passed by a promising opportunity to become President of the United States, accepting instead a position on the bench of the Supreme Court.

Political scientists are unanimous in declaring the federal judiciary the most admirable part of all our governmental machinery. Its growth forms one of the most interesting chapters of American history—from a judicial body little heeded and yet to show its reason for existence, it has advanced to a court whose every word is received with the utmost attention. Not allowing itself to be disturbed by political passion or influenced by popular prejudice, it has done its work, expounding our laws according to the fundamental concepts of right and justice. Today it wields a power greater than ever before vested in any judicial body. It changes the very foundations of our political system; it overthrows laws, rules presidents and congresses. Industry waits on its decisions, for they mean panic or prosperity; and none desire or have the daring to defy its judgments. Such is its power and it has been wisely employed. We give it reverence, we heed its judgments, we repose in it great trust, we rejoice in its glorious past, we wish for it a still more glorious future.

One hundred and nine years ago a Virginian barrister, John Marshall by name, took the required oath of office and quietly entered upon the duties of chief justice of the United States. The remorseless oblivion of Time deals cruelly with most men. Not so John Marshall. Entering upon what proved to be his life work, almost unknown, he left it one of the most brilliant lights in all the galaxy of names that illume the annals of English law. Posterity continues inceasingly to laud his praises, and well so, for it is not exaggerating to say that, making no exception, no other man of our nation has so affected his own age and succeeding generations.

From the same section of the Old Dominion State that gave to the country Washington, Madison and Monroe, came the great jurist and expounder of the Constitution. He was born in Fauquier County, September 24, 1755, of a long line of sturdy English stock. He spent his youth, as was then customary, in private tutoring and much outdoor life. The "times that tried men's souls" were just beginning when he attained his majority. With his father and two brothers, he endured the hardships of Valley Forge, aided in the daring assault on Stony Point, saw Cornwallis surrender his sword to the victorious revolutionists, and retired with the compliments of General Washington for his bravery.

The practice of law immediately received his entire attention. Nature could not have better endowed him with the abilities requisite for success in this profession. A keen legal mind, buttressed with natural intuition of the basic principles of justice, made him a successful advocate from the start and soon brought him to the leadership of the most brilliant bar of the time, which included among others, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Edmund Randolph.

He was often honored with public office by his admiring fellow-citizens. Several terms were spent in the State assembly. As a delegate to the Constitutional Convention he found excellent opportunity to exercise his constructive genius. His own State was bitterly opposed to its adoption and only by the sheer force of his character did he succeed in lining up his native State. He distinguished himself as an envoy to France when that nation was trying hard to stir up a quarrel. At Washington's urgent request, he served a term in Congress. Party spirit ran high but he held himself aloof. A few simple principles guided his life and nothing could swerve him from their pursuit. He held the portfolio of state in Adams' cabinet for one year, resigning to accept the chief justiceship. This position he graced for thirty-four years—and when on July 6, 1835, the old Liberty Bell in tolling his death broke its iron tongue and forever became silent, men of every creed and party united to mourn his departure at a ripe old age.

In establishing a judicial department such as we have today, our forefathers struck out on untrodden ground. No precedent could be found to serve as their guide. But they builded better than they knew. How John Marshall raised the supreme court from an unknown body to one of power and respect shall always remain as the greatest achievement in our constitutional annals.

Though he had never yet graced any judicial station, he proved the ideal man for the place. The legal habit of thought and the ability to construct in sympathy with the spirit of the English system were perfectly combined in him. Lawyer, soldier, diplomat, statesman—he was great in all of them, but greatest as a jurist.

Time forbids even the mere enumeration of the several decisions which have played and continue to play a leading part in our governmental life. One great principle ran through all of them—that the United States should be a nation, united and powerful, not a confederation of small and warring republics, weak and vacillating. This same principle has served as the keynote of all our later history, and was finally settled at Appomattox, but not until both North and South had sacrificed to the demon of civil feud thousands of their noblest sons.

It was fortunate that such a man should have lived in the early days. His masterly mind, backed by an unsullied character, afforded a safe protection for the young republic. The great majority of those about him believed in strict construction; he boldly blazed the way for supreme nationalism and to him is due all the credit of a pioneer. He breathed life into the dead bones of the Constitution and forthwith sprang a mighty nation, united and inseparable. Posterity is but beginning to rightly value his work; oblivion shall not dim his fame; future generations shall rise up to call him blessed, he who was a nation-builder, whose monument is this mighty republic.

Students of the history of nations assert that every government is destined to decline and finally fall. Their constitutions stand still while civilization moves on. Civilization itself is an evolution and laws, which are its product, must likewise be an evolution. "New wine cannot be put into old bottles;" first discontent, then revolt, and lastly destruction; revolution is but forced evolution. The lesson of the past is obvious—conservatism is its own ruin. When a government fails to serve its purpose any longer, it must change, else its subjects will surely rise up and overthrow it. The old must give way to the new.

History can not point to a happier childhood of a nation than that of our own republic. Our forefathers established a government which was the ideal of its age. But they were mortal and could not provide for all time. From a weak nation of thirteen colonies, the laughing stock of other nations, we have become a mighty nation among nations. Changed conditions have brought new and undreamed-of problems. We now have on our hands almost all the problems of and Old World country. It is idle to say that all is well. Forces within threaten our existence as a free and self-governing people. The idea of an inviolable constitution, sacred and unchangeable, was good for its day. But the nation at present faces a serious crisis. The times demand a reconstruction of past principles, a new application of old ideas. The governmental framework has been outgrown and the people fret and chafe under a system that has failed to keep pace with progress. Is not this the real cause of the rapid advance of socialism and the wide spread of present discontent?

The American people must drop their characteristic easy optimism that things will work out all right. America is no exception to that law of nations so well expressed by the English poet:

> "This is the moral of all human tales—
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past—
> First freedom, then glory; when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;
> And history, with all its pages vast,
> Hath but one volume."

Too late they may realize that another tennis court oath has been taken, another Bastile stormed, another Marseillaise sung.

We await the coming of another John Marshall who, like the first, shall adapt the governmental machinery to the needs of present-day society; who, like the first, shall again establish the republic on a firm basis and map out the path which it shall tread in the future, glorious and triumphant,—and posterity shall rise up and call the second John Marshall thrice blessed,—he who will be a nation-preserver, whose monument is also this mighty republic.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

HOW DO WE MEASURE UP.

M. M. WINESBURG.

THERE are but few people who do not have some kind of a standard of life, some ideal which they usually judge others by: for we generally think that others should come up to the ideal we deem the mark that makes a man or woman, and we sometimes feel a contempt for those who do not measure up to our standard.

Now, the question is, Do we measure up to the standard ourselves? Are our own lives reaching out after that high ideal we admire? Are we moulding our own clay into shape as well as wanting others to fashion after our model? Are we honestly trying to keep out of our own lives the things which we dislike

in others, and trying to make ourselves fit to walk side by side with the ideal we consider the best?

Every young man sets up an ideal woman, the kind of a woman he would wish for a helpmate through life. And now, I would ask, is he trying to build his own life up so that it will not mar the ideal? A piece of spotless white linen does not look well beside a piece which is soiled and blotched with all kinds of stains and mud from the gutters. No, young man; if you want to mate with an ideal girl, make your own life as clean as you would have hers to be.

And you, young lady; how are you building? Are you trying to mould your mind and nature to equal the ideal you have set up as the standard of perfection?

And now, fathers and mothers; are you trying to live up to the ideal of what a father and mother should be? Do you realize that when a child is small it thinks papa is a wonderful man, but that it will also in later years discover that papa is only common clay, if he does not try to live up to its childish ideas? And it's the same way with the mother; and if she tries to fill the ideal place she is the right kind of a mother.

And business man, how is it with you, about your ideal of a square deal? Do you carry the square deal into your own business methods? or is it just the other fellow you expect to measure up to the square deal mark? If it's only the other fellow, why, then first measure your own methods and then measure his. You will then find out to an inch how much difference there is between his methods and yours.

But at the same time I would suggest that you should be very careful in your measurements. You should measure every way, for where you measure up all right, he may be lacking, and where he holds out good, you may be deficient. For I suppose the most of us human beings shrink a little in some portion of our mental or moral make-up. Some shrink in length and others in breadth; while I'm sorry to say that some people act as if they had shrunk both ways and they won't hold out, whichever way one trys to measure them. But then, they may belong to a class which has no standard at all.

And then again there is another class of people who, when setting up their standard of perfection, forget to prop it up with the right kind of material and the first tiny wind that sweeps over it tumbles it to the ground. Then they never try to set it up again, but promptly discard it and set up another entirely different from what the first one was. For one can often hear such remarks as this:

"Oh, yes, I used to think all people were honest, and I had some mighty fine ideas, but I got all of that knocked out of my head years ago, and I don't let any fine sentiments stand in my business deals now, I can tell you."

These people didn't have the backbone to hold their ideal up in the adverse winds, so when it got a little shaking they just let go of it altogether and let it fall to the ground, and they turned around and set up some kind of a hideous, twisted object, which they measure every other person by. I wonder if they ever stop to think that they might measure out about as crooked as they measure others.

It is well that we should all set up a high standard, but at the same time we should set that ideal on a strong foundation, so that we might add to it from time to time. And when we measure others by our standard, let us take our own measurement once in a while to see if we measure up anything near to what our ideal is. And I would also suggest that in all of our measuring we had better use square measure.

IMMORTELLES

L. U. Hulin

No kind thought is ever lost,
For it makes a brighter soul,
And the light that from it shines
Tints the ages as they roll.

No kind word is ever lost,
'Twill some saddened heart console.
And the Angel with God's pen,
Writes it on the Judgment scroll.

No kind deed is ever lost,
Each lifts nearer to the goal
That is only reached when love
In our life has full control.

No kind life is ever lost,
Here its worth can not be told,
But when face to face we see
Every beauty will unfold.

Damascus, Ohio.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter IV. Mary Queen of Scots. Born 1542, Died 1587.

IF, in these latter days, a man is remembered and his deeds celebrated a generation after his decease, we consider that man to have had a prominent record. But here we find a woman who lived and died, and after generation has succeeded generation and centuries passed away, her beauty and charms, aye, and her deeds as well, are remembered minutely, and shall be told over and over again throughout the ages.

That woman is Mary Queen of Scots. Though she ended her sufferings upon the scaffold nearly four hundred years ago, and her bones have crumbled to dust in the royal vault in Westminster Abbey, the veneration for her memory is augmented with the passing of the years. In the portrayal of her charms, men find it difficult to record her errors; and while there are diversities of opinion concerning the latter, upon the former all writers unitedly agree.

From the time that Scotland received her, a babe, for a queen, until that moment when she knelt before the guillotine and prayed: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" the life of Mary Stuart is most pathetic. Let us hastily review the various phases of her career, shedding a tear where compassionate sorrow cannot help weeping, blaming as gently as may be the errors we would fain pass over, and shuddering at the fate of this fair woman which is universally deplored.

We might say that her misfortunes began with her birth, or rather, that her birth was the first of the long series of misfortunes. Her dying father, James V., received the tidings of her advent as an evil omen, feeling that it required the masculine type of energy to cope with the affairs of Scotland at that time. It proved indeed a perilous period for the Highlanders, who, with their queen in a cradle, knew not where to look for help, but who happily found succor in the young queen's mother, Mary of Guise.

As a truce offering Mary had been promised to Henry VIII. of England, to be the wife of Edward VI. This was when the young queen still lay in her cradle. The imperious Henry demanded, as a hostage, that she should immediately be surrendered to his care, to be educated in England, and in conjunction that he should share in the Scotch government. This, Scotland rose up as one man and opposed, promptly notifying Henry VIII. that the engagement was broken off. Only those who are acquainted with the headstrong temper of that proud monarch, can appreciate the nature of this offense, whereupon he declared that Queen Mary should become the wife of his son Edward, if not by peaceful negotiations, then by the sword; yet Edward's wife nevertheless she should become. He therefore immediately declared war against Scotland. The advancing troops sent a thrill of apprehension amongst the Scots, who quickly appealed to the king of France, promising that if he would combine with them against England Queen Mary should be given him for the wife of his young son, the dauphin Francis. This exalted the vanity of Henry of France, and he promptly sent them a troop of six thousand men.

We soon find Queen Mary surrounded by lavish splendor at the French court, under the chaperonage of the wily Catherine de' Medici, her future mother-in-law. Very careful of everything relating to her daughter's happiness, Mary of Guise did not forget that the little queen would need playmates, and used great precaution in selecting, from amongst the Scotch nobles, four little girls to accompany her. It is remarkable that the name of each of them was Mary. They have been designated as the four Marys. Through all the varied vicissitudes of the unfortunate queen, they remained her staunch and bosom friends, following whithersoever she went, until that day came when they could follow her no further.

As the years wore on, we find Queen Catherine frowning upon poor Mary, because her beauty and charm surpassed that of her own fair daughters, even, who were famed for their loveliness, and because her popularity was more pronounced than theirs. Catherine became exceedingly jealous of Mary, disliked the prospect of her becoming the wife of her son, and withal making her residence at the Louvre an unhappy existence. For this reason, and others, it was decided that she should be sent to a convent to be educated. Here her charm of manner was such as to captivate all hearts; while the influence of the nuns upon her was so profound as to incline her to the desire for the austere life and the seclusion incumbent upon it. This forecast filled the court with alarm, and the forebodings of Henry caused him to have her removed from the convent and placed in scenes of excessive gayety, which were calculated to distract her mind from the life of the recluse, which she coveted, and the influence of the nuns whom she loved profoundly, and with whom she parted only after many protests and unaffected tears.

But scarcely had she been established in court life, than the overbearing attitude of Catherine well-nigh crushed her spirit; and Mary sought solace as much as might be, in the companionship of Francis, her betrothed, whom she now loved most dearly. As for

Francis, his love was greater than his intellect—he was completely entranced by the thought of Mary—and this, his first passion, proved to be his last. They laid bare their hearts to each other and looked eagerly forward to the time which etiquette had decreed for them to become husband and wife.

This time was the year 1558. The great wedding was celebrated with universal pomp and a short period of uninterrupted bliss began for Mary. The intrigues of Catherine were all lost upon Francis, for he ever decided in favor of his wife. But the young husband, who was of a feeble constitution, showed symptoms of decline, and about a year after his accession to the throne, he died, his last thought being of Mary. He begged his mother to be very kind to her when he was gone, and Catherine solemnly promised to do so. How faithfully she kept her vow all the world knows.



Mary Queen of Scots.

Mary, who was inconsolable in her loss, and whose treatment at the Louvre was now unendurable, betook herself to the convent of sacred memory, and there mourned where the world could neither see nor censure her. With pity we recall the circumstance of the seal which she devised with this inscription: *"My treasure lies under the ground."* Gifted with poetic taste, she breathed forth these beautiful lines, which translation, unhappily, has shorn of a degree of their sweetness:

"If in some place I stay,
In forest, or in fell,
Whether at break of day,
Or at the vesper bell,
Still, still my heart is sore
For him who comes no more.

"If I am in repose
Dreaming upon my bed,
There is, who cometh close,
Whose hand on me is laid.
In toil or thought I see
Him who is near to me."

Upon Francis' death, Mary was urgently pressed by her Scottish subjects to return to her native country. The plea was now repeated, Queen Catherine joining her voice to theirs. Her desire to be quit of the young queen became, indeed, most urgent. Her reason was obvious, and no cunning of this double-dealer could hide the fact that she feared a union between her and her young son, Charles IX.

Mary set sail from France Aug. 14, 1561. As she gazed at the receding shore, her farewell was pathetic. "Adieu, France! Land of my happiness and love, I shall never see thee more. Fair land, adieu, adieu!" She was received by her subjects with the greatest demonstrations, and everywhere the young queen was applauded and adored. She was, at this time about twenty years of age.

We find Scotland at this period to be a country of factions and strifes, the greater party, however, being Protestants. Mary herself was a devout Catholic and this fact made her career as a political woman extremely hazardous. She was not violent nor domineering on this point, however, allowing great charity of opinion, in fact acceding to her subjects their preference of religion, even yielding points which strengthened the influence of the Reformed religion, yet emphatically stating that she, herself, should adhere to the faith of her fathers and remain a Catholic. In succeeding events she retained her unimpeachable fame, until her marriage with Lord Darnley, which occurred about five years after her landing in Scotland.

But if Mary's misfortunes began with her birth, her calamities only became imminent in her alliance with Lord Darnley. This creature, with whom Mary generously shared the government, in opposition to the will of her subjects, became wholly presumptuous and was guilty of improprieties in court, which often forced tears from the beautiful queen, and private offenses which we refrain from mentioning. Mary truly loved her husband and patiently endured his evil treatment, eagerly looking forward to the advent of the child which she hoped should bring her her heart's desire.

After the birth of this prince, who afterwards became James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, Lord Darnley's bearing became insupportable, and led to

denunciations which caused his complete withdrawal from court. In the meantime the Earl of Bothwell had risen high in the queen's esteem and had become her chief minister. The character of this rogue was as designing as it was culpable, and he became organizer of a plot for Lord Darnley's murder, which was effected in 1567. Three months later Queen Mary became Bothwell's wife. Here suspicion attached itself to Mary and she was openly accused of conspiracy in the affair. Her popularity immediately declined, a civil war ensued, the insurgents drove Bothwell from the country and imprisoned their beautiful queen within Loch Leven Castle, where she remained in captivity for the space of a year. Here it was that she was forced to abdicate in favor of her infant son, James VI., whom she never saw again.

During this captivity Mary contrived a means of escape which reads like a fairy tale. Comprehending the situation of affairs in Scotland, which were chaotic of aspect, Mary decided to flee to England and throw herself under the protection of Elizabeth. She forthwith made her escape, and Elizabeth indeed ended the troubles of the beautiful queen of Scotland. But it was through the instrument of the guillotine.

Let us presage the culmination of this event by stating that through her father, James V., who was a grandson of Henry VII., Mary came in line of English succession, and if Elizabeth's illegitimacy as royal claimant were sustained, would be heiress to the throne of England. Elizabeth had now been queen of England for ten years and was generally popular, though there were many, as she well knew, who would espouse Mary's cause. So, ostensibly because she believed Mary to be guilty of Lord Darnley's murder, though truthfully because she feared she would usurp her and claim her throne, Elizabeth had Mary detained at Carlisle Castle under a strong guard, with the pretense of shielding her from her enemies, but in fact to make her imprisonment secure. We lose patience with the equivocal nature of Queen Elizabeth, ever feigning excuses for a fair meeting with Mary, having her removed from one castle to another, always to make her captivity all the surer, and at last holding her guilty of plotting against her (Elizabeth's) life. It was because of this alleged crime that Elizabeth signed the warrant for her execution.

But Elizabeth's cruel treatment of Mary could not rob her of the charms of which the English sovereign was so jealous, nor could prison walls subdue the abiding sweetness of a gentle heart, which was of a truth, her birthright. It is recorded of her that during those long and many years of captivity she never suffered a resentful word to escape her lips, and that her greatest agony upon the scaffold was not in anticipation of her cruel death but in witnessing the lamentations of her ladies and servants, which were indeed heart-rending, whom she strove, but vainly, to console. As she was ascending the scaffold, Sir Andrew Melville clung to her robe and cried: "This is the saddest hour of my life!" "Dear friend," she answered, "say not so; but be glad, the rather, that I die innocent and that I have never disgraced Scotland." The executioner beckoned to her that the time was at hand, upon which she prayed for her soul, and that she might have comfort from heaven in the agony of death. "She then implored God's blessing upon Scotland, upon France, upon Queen Elizabeth; but more than all, upon her son. During this time she held the ivory crucifix in her hands, clasping it and raising it from time to time, toward heaven."

What could be sadder than the life of this unfortunate woman during her long captivity of almost nineteen years? "Many a heart will take sides with Mary Stuart," quoth Sir Walter Scott, "even though all they say about her should be true." But let us thank God that the charges brought against her were at least not all true. To the last moment she declared her innocence of Lord Darnley's death as she also protested her innocence of any conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth. That she made blunders, it is certain. But in our opinion the worst coloring she gave her character was her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell. But had she been guilty of even grosser crime, let us hope that her sweet and forgiving spirit during the long captivity, and her sublime death upon the scaffold, expiated her sin.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Not born of passion and of pain
Are these, the children of her brain
And heart and soul and inmost core
Of life. No carnal rite has o'er
Her life and theirs a sweet spell cast.
No birthpang suffered she; nor passed
Near to the gates of Death to bring
These babes to life; nor felt them cling
With moist lips to her breast; nor long
Nursed them in pain, and with a song
Lulled them to sleep. No ties like these
Bind flesh to flesh her life, and ease
The work her hands and heart must do
To bring their lives the Good and True.

And yet, her woman's heart goes out
To them in love, as pure, devout,
And tender, as one human heart
Can to another love impart.
Affections from the source divine
Of perfect motherhood refine
Her nurture. No mere dam is she,
That loves unwisely. But to be,
Through weary travail of the soul,
The mother pure of beings whole,
Is hers. Than this no greater crown
On mortals can the gods bring down.

—M. Jay, in Ohio Teacher.

THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

Dr. O. H. Yereman

Number I.

WHEN as a boy I studied geography, I often wished that I were born in Portugal; for *portukal,* as the country was named in our geographies, meant orange in the Turkish language (with which I was conversant), and I imagined that the land must be full of the delicious fruit of which I was so fond.

But our geographies told no more about Portugal in those days than they do today; and after school days I almost forgot that such a people existed, until the recent revolution, reported by the newspapers, aroused my interest and desire to know more about them.



The City of Lisbon, Showing the Royal Palace, on the Hill, Which Was Bombarded by Revolutionary Warships on Oct. 4.

There are very few tourists who visit Portugal, and fewer who write about her. The country seems to be out of the beaten path of travel both for steamships and railways, and few are the globe-trotters who take the time to visit it. But although difficult of access, when you get there you will feel well repaid for all your trouble; for Portugal presents a peculiarly pleasing admixture of the Orient and Occident.

The country itself it not a large one, being only a trifle larger than the State of Maine, and with a population near that of New York City. But it is full of contrasts, having barren rocky mountains, deep gorges and moorlands, sand dunes, windswept plains and rugged highlands, with rich valleys and productive hillsides. It is the land of the grapevine, the orange, lemon, olive, chestnut, corkwood, oak and eucalyptus tree. On one side of you will be the bleak, barren rocky mountain, with bunches of cactus peeping out from between the ledges of rock; on the opposite side you will see the vineclad hillside, while at your feet will stretch the ripening fields of grain, waving with the cool winds of the ocean.

But let me not get ahead of my story. Let us look at Portugal as we see her on landing at the seaport. The sight is an imposing one as you look at the capital city throned on seven hills, with its dazzling white overhanging houses, with red roofs and variegated balconies, looking down in calm dignity on the blue waters of the Tagus, which hurry along to reach the ocean.

The river is full of shipping, from the full-rigged ocean-going merchantmen to the dugouts shaped from a single tree. There are broad-beamed boats with graceful sails, and narrow boats with high peaks at bow and stern; flat-bottomed wine boats, rowing boats, sailing boats—and boats of all sizes, shapes and colors.

The shore is full of people hard at work, loading and unloading cargo. Women pass up and down on narrow planks from shore to ship with baskets full of coal balanced on their heads.

Yonder are some fisherwomen unloading a fishing smack. They are dressed with gaudy handkerchiefs tied around their heads, beneath "pork-pie" felt hats. Their sleeves are turned up above the elbows, and their bare feet show below full, short, brightly-colored petticoats. See them helping one of their number lift up a huge dripping basket full of fish onto her head; and see her walk off with it at a sprightly gait. Indeed the load is so heavy that she has to travel rapidly. Another woman hangs two baskets, one at either end of a long pole, which she carries over her shoulder, and thus peddles her fish along the streets.

Here are a group of boys playing cards, throwing dice, and gambling with buttons right out on the public street. There is the girl selling fruit, and the vender of chestnuts, with his little charcoal stove on which he roasts those fine big chestnuts at the street corner. Strings of pack mules traverse the streets, and numer-

ous ox-carts keep up a continual rumble, as their solid wooden wheels rattle on the cobblestones. The streets are narrow and the houses built hard up against each other with no porch or lawn, some of them not even having a doorstep. The walls are plastered white on the outside and dazzle the eyes in the bright sunlight. Many of them have large balconies overhanging the streets. All the roofs are red, being covered with tile of that color.

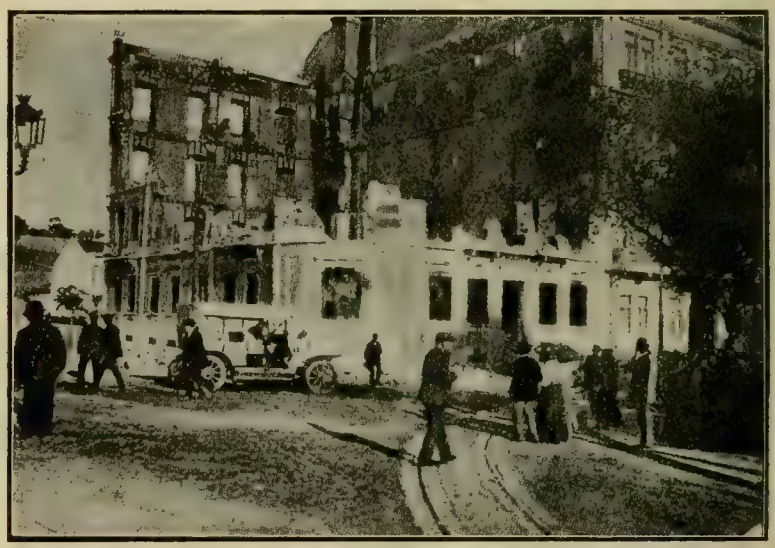
In the morning you will be awakened by the tinkling of the cowbells and goatbells. Do not imagine that you are in the country. No, you are in the very heart of the city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. But push open your venetian window shutters and look out. Instead of milk carts and milk cans, you will see cows and goats being slowly driven through the streets,—even the busiest streets of the city,—and milked as required at people's doors.

But let us hasten out to sight-seeing again, for this is a most interesting country. Here comes a man. He is rather short and dark, as the people of the country all are. He wears tight trousers, a white shirt, a bright red sash around his waist, broad-brimmed felt hat, and a much-tagged and braided short coat, which looks more like a waistcoat than anything else.

The ladies' dress is also very interesting. They wear snowy-white blouses, with blue, orange or red silk handkerchiefs crossed over their breasts, tightly-fitting bodices, and thickly-pleated skirts of every conceivable color, cut short at the ankles. They have bright, embroidered aprons, and a sort of a pocket hanging around the waist elaborately ornamented with beads or sequins. They cover their heads with embroidered handkerchiefs, surmounted by round black hats, edged with floss silk, made to curl and look like ostrich feathers. They are very fond of jewelry and wear many gold ornaments, such as necklaces, heavy earrings, lockets, etc. The peasant women are particularly fond of them, and they are sometimes seen wearing as high as three pairs of golden earrings at the same time.

An English lady is authority for saying that these women delight in possessing a great many petticoats. The more they have the more important they consider themselves, for it shows how wealthy they must be; and on such an occasion as a pilgrimage they don them all, sixteen or eighteen on one woman! Imagine how it must feel in warm weather. On festive occasions a rich peasant woman will be so be-petticoated that she can scarcely walk, and will have to move slowly along in a rolling, ungainly manner; but she will be a proud woman, and will gladly endure the discomfort for the sake of the importance and dignity conferred upon her by her many skirts.

As we go along the street we come to an old stone watering place, where out of the mouth of a quaintly carved stone head, a fresh stream of water, cool and clear from the mountains, is ever flowing. All over the land at street corners in the towns and villages are found these public fountains and watering places for man and beast. And as in the days of Abraham and Isaac, so in this our twentieth century the brightly-dressed and barefooted women of Portugal come to these fountains daily, fill their pitchers and earthen jars, and carry them away balanced on their heads, just as their Jewish sisters did some four thousand years ago in Palestine. It is here that all the gossip of the community is heard, where the lads and maidens wrangle good-humoredly over whose turn it is next, and the children play and dabble in the water.



Work of Shells from the Warships in Lisbon.

The stores seem strange to us. No plateglass windows or modern glass fronts, but the entire front is open like one huge door. But stranger still is the fact that you will find these storekeepers to be very polite and genteel. In fact, every one is expected to be polite at all times, and if you conform to this rule, you will receive politeness in return. As you enter the store you are expected to bid the shopkeeper "Good-day," and if you are a man, to bow and raise your hat. Even if you turn out half the shop and then go away without buying anything at all, the attendant shows no sign of annoyance, but on the contrary, is sometimes even profuse in his apologies for not having that which the *signor* is in search of. If, however, you enter in a lofty way—"as I am sorry to say I have sometimes seen travelers do" (says an English writer),—and, omitting all form of greeting demand this article or that, it is quite possible that even should the shopkeeper have

exactly what you want, he may tell you he does not stock it and bow you out of the door.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.

THE FAILURE OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

It is not that they do not provide a high-class, up-to-date secular education for their scholars; most of them do that. It is not that the teaching force is not, as a rule, intelligent, well trained, moral and effective; it would be an injustice and an untruth to assert the contrary. It is not that the material environments are not usually of the best; beautiful buildings, perfect sanitations, adequate apparatus are all provided at the cost of the State and in abundance. Nor is it that the social life of the students, their deportment, their health and even their pleasures are not often carefully provided for and watched over. Nor even is it that school boards and trustees are not customarily composed of some of our best and most intelligent citizens and that the public interest in the education of the young is not keen and continuous and its support of the school liberal almost to prodigality.

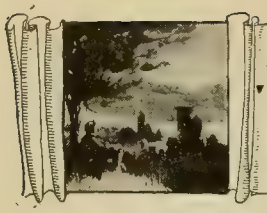
Wherein then is the failure of our common schools? With all the above counts in their favor what is the indictment against them? Simply this: That they have almost wholly neglected the most important third of the child nature committed to their care. They have nurtured the body with care and cultivated the mind with zeal, but the soul, which gives the key of good or evil to all the thought of the mind has been left to develop itself, and like weeds in a beautiful garden to make ugly the otherwise attractive scenes and to rob the soil of its strength and fertility.

In the beginning it was not so, the fathers saw with a clearer vision than their sons have seen. Theirs was not a theory but a well understood fact that the true basis of character, the foundation on which to rear noble manhood and winsome womanhood and wise and honest citizens was not alone the strong and well developed body or the keen and well informed mind, but that only from the moral and spiritual nature, which held as its highest duty the knowledge of and obedience to the will of God, and as its supreme privilege of service not of self but of others, can be produced those men and women upon whom the state and society may safely depend for their well being and its permanency. Events have proven the accuracy of their knowledge. For a hundred years in our schools, our colleges and our universities religion, if not the formal basis, was at least the actual inspiration of the education of our youth. Not only the arts and sciences and letters of their age but the never dying principles of the knowledge of God, the love of truth, the hatred of a lie whether spoken, acted or lived, the exaltation of purity in all the relationship of life, the insistence upon honor and honesty as a cardinal necessity of society—all these and many more "old-fashioned virtues" were inculcated. Not perhaps with textbook and ferule or the simpler tasks of the copybook, or the reader or the arithmetic, but in many other ways did the teachers impress their own convictions and experiences upon the tender minds and hearts of the children. Christian men were not then forbidden by law to read the Bible to their scholars, to pray with them for God's guidance and blessing and to sing praise to the Creator and Benefactor of mankind.

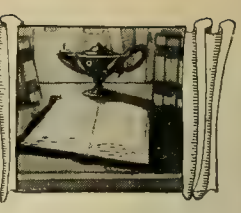
Now all this in the wisdom of men who know not God is changed. So far as our children's schools are concerned the Bible is a forbidden book, prayer is stifled or reduced to barest formalities, hymns are replaced by patriotic songs, and the craze for religious liberty has produced as its fruit irreligious license. For a generation we have been thus sowing the wind and we are now beginning to reap the whirlwind. Public life has so degenerated as to alarm even the easy-going moralists. Far-sighted public men of the class in which Mr. Roosevelt is a conspicuous leader are striving earnestly to counteract the tide of public irresponsiveness to the highest ideals of public duty, and are endeavoring to arouse the public conscience drugged and stupefied by the pleasant but deadly advice of "laissez faire." Many wonder at the lack of public responsiveness to such appeals, are indignant that public servants still continue to view office and opportunity not as a trust, but as a chance for personal gain and profit, and mourn sincerely the lapses of social morality. But it is no wonder that we are facing these things. The generation at present in control is a generation that, in the impressible years of its youth, has not been influenced as it should have been by the changeless power of a religion and ethics founded on revealed truth. Its training of body and mind has been well-nigh faultless, but it has also been a spineless education, crumpling up as a withered reed when confronted by the storm-blast of temptation. In this respect and therefore very largely in every respect our boasted educational system, to which millions of dollars and thousands of finely trained minds have been devoted, is a failure! It has not and it cannot make good in answer to the demand now made upon it for the production of high-minded, clean and clear spirited and strong-souled men and women. It has cleansed the outside of the cup and the platter, but within——.

Does this indictment seem too sweeping? Then

(Continued on Page 181.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



BUT I CAN PRAY.

PAUL MOHLER.

THERE are so many things I'd like to do; so many things that need to be done, and I am not able to do them. Last night I spent some time with a gallant band of street-mission workers, standing on the pavement in the cold, pleading with men to turn from sin. All around us were the gilded palaces of sin, the strongholds of the white-slaver. Up and down those streets coursed a multitude of strong, intelligent young men, many of them from the best families of the city. And there were all those mouths of hell ready to swallow them down, and how many thousands indeed are they turning into hell each year! Outlawed by the State according to the statutes, yet these resorts enjoy the protection of the officers of the law. The best element of the city frowns upon them, but greed and lust uphold them. Only a handful of men and women are really giving their lives to thwart their hellish purposes. Oh, how I'd like to help that band of workers! But how much can I do? I am not a good street preacher; not many men will stop to listen to me. But even if I were, I haven't time to do so very much; and the number that will stop to listen to the best of preachers is but a speck in the multitude. But still I want to help that work; I know God wants those young men saved, I know he wants Chicago cleansed of every vice, of every evil thing, and Christian men must do these things.

Around us live a multitude of children, the hope (and fear) of the nation. Unmeasured power for good or evil dwells within those little breasts. Oh, how I'd like to start those children right! I'd like to teach them of the love and purity and presence and power of the blessed Savior before they fall within the deadly grasp of sin. I'd like to keep them for the Kingdom of Heaven. But they live in homes where God is but a name, they go to schools from which the Bible has been expelled, they spend their evenings at the nickel show, their playtime (often) playing marbles for "keeps"; what little can I do? Open a Sunday-school? But how shall I get them into it? What do they care about the things of the past? It is the present that interests them. What do they care for the things of the spirit? It is the mental and physical that appeal to them. And yet God wants those children; he expects to reach them through human means, through humble, Christian workers. Well could I spend my life in working with these children as some are doing. How glad I am that the old Bethany building has been turned into a children's mission! That boys and girls can learn to work with tools and materials that interest them and keep them from the evils of the neighborhood and hold them through the week under the influences of the Sunday-school! Wouldn't I like to help in that? Yes, but I have other duties that take my time. Besides, I am not apparently well fitted for such work. And yet God wants those children saved and wants my help in doing it.

I know a church some eighty-thousand strong that has unmeasured opportunities, incalculable resources. It has for its creed the whole Gospel of Christ. It has money, lands and men enough to stir the whole inhabited world. But it is doing very little. It is a sleeping giant waiting to be aroused. I cannot help but think that God has formed that church for some great destiny, has guarded it in purity and strength of character to show the world in these late days "the perfect will of God." But something is holding her back from her great destiny. Her young men are drawn away from God by worldly pleasures, from his service by the love of money and worldly honors. Her money is wasted on expensive foods, fine furniture and houses, pianos and automobiles. What is not spent for "comforts" and their attendant doctor bills, for various forms of pleasure, is invested in profit-promising enterprises and insurances rather than the securities of heaven. All this must be changed before this church can do God's will upon the earth. What can I do to change it? I can preach you say? But the church doesn't call for that kind of preaching nor listen to it very well. And yet God wants this church aroused; he wants some fruitage from it for all his years of fostering care. And he has chosen to arouse it by the help of consecrated men and women that see the need and opportunity. Shall I not do my part?

And so it goes through the whole list of things I'd like to do, and wish to help in doing, but cannot do because of natural limitations. I wish there was a button I could press that would turn on the great electric power of God to do these things that must be done if God is to have his way with us. I cannot press the button that would turn on Niagara's tremendous power; but I can PRAY! And prayer is turning on God's power!

Yes, praying is just turning on the power of God to make things move. Perhaps it is God's plan that I should use this power and recognize the Source of Power in all I do. Perhaps it is necessary to keep me

weak that I may turn to him to do the work through me or others. Like Paul, my strength may be made perfect in weakness.

But I can pray; is that a little thing to do? No, it is the greatest thing that I can do, to pray successfully. Just as it is a greater thing to control the current that moves a mighty engine than it is to move by hand a wheelbarrow, so is it a greater thing to control great moral forces that move the human race than it is to do some little temporary thing by strength of personal influence. But is it sure to work? Listen to what the apostle says: "And this is the boldness which we have toward him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."

Prayer is God's way for me to do the things I cannot do without, to be sure of doing the small things right, to help the other workers whom I cannot see or aid in any other way, to put into effect the will of God upon the earth, to glorify the name of Christ, and to keep myself within the circle of his providence.

When shall I know how to pray? When I have honestly given myself to him to be used in prayer; when I have received the power of the Spirit that enables us to pray, and when I have taken his will to be my own, no matter what it costs; then and not till then can I expect to really succeed in prayer. But I can do all that, and so can you.

3435 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

BELIEVING IN GOD.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what he has said, is our faith strong or weak. Faith has nothing to do with feelings or with impressions, with improbabilities or with outward appearances. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting on the Word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind. Faith rests on the naked Word of God. When we take him at his word, the heart is at peace.

God delights to exercise our faith, first, for blessing in our own souls, then for blessing in the Church at large, and also for those without. But this exercise we shrink from instead of welcoming.

When trials come, we should say, "My heavenly Father puts this cup of trial into my hands that I may have something sweet afterwards." Trial is the food of faith. Oh, let us leave ourselves in the hands of our heavenly Father! It is the joy of his heart to do good to all his children.

But trials and difficulties are not the only means by which faith is exercised, and thereby increased. There is the reading of the Scriptures, that we may by them acquaint ourselves with God as he has revealed himself in his Word. And what shall we find? That he not only is God Almighty, and a righteous God, but we shall find how gracious he is, how gentle, how kind, how beautiful he is—in a word, what a lovely being God is.

Are you able to say from the acquaintance you have made with God that he is a lovely Being? If not, let me affectionately entreat you to ask God to bring you to this, that you may admire his gentleness and his kindness, that you may be able to say how good he is, and what a delight it is to the heart of God to do good to his children.

Now, the nearer we come to this in our inmost souls, the more ready are we to leave ourselves in his hands, satisfied with all his dealings with us. And when trial comes we shall say, "I will wait and see what good God will do to me by it," assured he will do it. Thus we shall bear an honorable testimony before the world, and thus shall we strengethen the hands of others.—*George Muller.*

SCAN ALL STATEMENTS CONCERNING CHRIST.

Statements about Christ, regarding what he did and what he said, which are not true, are floating about in the religious and other papers. For instance, it is said (Christ) "gave no *explicit* rules to these first ministers and members of the Church as to either the form the Church was to assume or the tests of membership she should impose."

Let us see about that. We subjoin some cases: First, he told his disciples to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees" (Matt. 16: 11); second, "Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican" (Matt. 18: 15-17).

Third, he also told his disciples to eat the bread and drink the wine in remembrance of him (Luke 22: 19); fourth, he thus commanded his disciples: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. 28: 19); fifth, he declared to his apostles that "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and *bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you*" (John 14: 26).—*Exchange.*

Missions are the truest exponent of the Spirit of Christ, the best proof that the church is truly Christian.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

OUR GREAT MEN.

The anniversary of Lincoln's birth which comes in this month, as well as that of Washington, both of which are given special attention, brings to our mind with particular force the wonderful influence of a great and good life. It is true that sometimes in our enthusiasm we give our great men credit for virtues which they did not possess, but even when we are only just and look upon them as "men of like passions as we are," we must accord them honor and praise, and their inspiring influence still wields a power that cannot be measured.

Sometimes we think that because we do not occupy public positions it is not important for us to be careful how we live and what our influence may be. But, supposing our actions do not react with double force on our own characters, who knows the bounds of the sphere of our influence? Lincoln did not know, as he toiled through the early years of his life, that in after years every little incident of that period, showing his uprightness, his faithfulness, his honesty, would be published abroad and become guideposts in the lives of thousands of other boys. Washington did not know, as he painstakingly followed the rigid rules of conduct he had laid down for himself that thousands after him would attempt to follow these same rules. They did not known what great issues hung on their personal conduct in early life, and yet they were true to the best in them. That is why they became great.

And here is our greatest inspiration; to be true to our highest ideals, however circumscribed our sphere of life may appear to be. The result will bring us greater strength of character, greater power to accomplish a full life's work, and when we pass on to that future world our influence will continue until—who shall say?—we may fill out the measure of true greatness.

THE NEW COOK BOOK.

By this time most of our readers who are entitled to the Revised Cook Book will have received a copy and had some time to examine it. It is possible, however, that some have failed to get the book. This may be due to one of a number of causes, but without stopping to enumerate these, we say to all such: Let us know if you have not received the copy to which you are entitled by new or renewal subscription to the Inglenook for one year. In doing this if you will tear off the bill number and your address which are stamped on your Inglenook and enclose with your letter, it will aid the business department in recognizing your claim and satisfying the same.

As we said in a former communication, the Revised Cook Book does not fully come up to what we should have liked to have it be had we been able to give our time to it alone instead of doing it in connection with our regular work. But of course if we had been able to do this, the House could hardly have afforded to give the book to our subscribers without a cent of extra cost to them. As it is, many here who have examined the book consider it a very valuable premium and one that will be highly satisfactory to our readers, unless we have among us those who are hopelessly obsessed with the idea of getting something for nothing. Of course it would be impossible to satisfy this class, no matter what was given as a premium, but we are sure we do not have many such people among us.

It may be that a good many will be disappointed in the size of the book—its bulk—before they have examined it closely. There is nothing gained in having a *big* book if you have no more pages and no more matter on the pages than in a book of smaller size. The revised book lacks less than nine pages of containing twice as many as the old book. Then the lines are one-third of an inch longer than in the old book; this taken with the greater compactness of the matter due to omitting the extra lines containing the names of the recipes, will more than make up for the blank pages inserted and give us a book containing fully twice as much matter as the old one. But in getting out the book we had no intention of trying to make up for the blank pages following each department. We are proud of this feature, and the suggestion to have such pages was heartily approved by many of our cooks. Our one regret is that we could not have more of these blank pages.

Another feature that should commend the book to every cook is the arrangement of the recipes so that it is not necessary to turn a leaf after the book has been opened for a certain recipe. This rule has been followed throughout the book with only one exception (page 407), where it was impossible to shift the recipes so as to avoid running over. In some cases we have had to break into our alphabetical arrangement in

order to have a recipe end with the open pages, but we have considered the latter much more important than the former. This idea came to us after the matter was all in type and we were talking to the foreman of the composing room about the make-up of the pages. It is possible that other cook books contain this feature, but we have never seen them and never thought of it before; the idea is as much ours as if it had never been thought of before by any one, and we are indeed glad to give the users of our cook book the benefit of it.

As we said in a former communication and as the book itself shows, we have had much able and willing help in this work from our housekeepers. To them belongs the greater praise for what has been accomplished, and since we cannot write each one personally to give some expression of our gratitude for the assistance given, we are taking this opportunity of thanking all for their help. Our own labor has been made a pleasure by the thought of the pains others have taken to make the work a success.

And now we want to ask another special favor of *all* our readers. We feel that the INGLENOOK should be in the homes of many, many people who are not now receiving it and we believe the cook book in your hands will open the way so that it may get into some of these homes. Many are speaking to us of the merits of the INGLENOOK and its growing value, but if your neighbors and friends do not recognize these or do not take the time to give the magazine a fair trial, perhaps the cook book may form an entering wedge by which we can gain their interest and attention and finally their loyal coöperation. Will you not show the cook book to your neighbors and friends, telling them how the book may be secured, and thus help in spreading the influence of our magazine?

VALUE OF OLD COINS.

IN the INGLENOOK of January 24 we asked about the value of several old coins. A number of readers have kindly given us information on the subject, though the prices quoted are not exactly the same. This is likely due to a difference in the prices offered by different collectors.

We quote the following from the lists submitted:

Half-cent piece	Good	Fine
1804	$.10	0.20

(The above is taken from the price list of the Stamp and Coin Exchange, 65 Nassau St., New York City.)

Large One-cent pieces, Uncirculated		Fine	Good
1817, thirteen stars, ...	$ .50	$.02	$.01
1817, fifteen stars, ...	1.00	.10	.05
1822, either wide or compact date, ...	1.00	.05	.01
1843, head upright over date, ...	.50	.02	.01
1843, type of 1842, ...	.50	.02	.01
1843, obverse like 1842 R. large letters type 1844	.50	.02	.01

We heartily thank those who have so kindly and promptly given us this information.

Our readers respond so readily to any call like the above that we feel to urge any one, desiring information or help of this kind on any subject coming within the field of the INGLENOOK, to make known their wants to us and let us pass them out to the readers.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE.

IT would be well if we should all be familiar with Washington's words to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, in a letter written in 1783.

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, that it is not every one that asketh that deserveth charity; all however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer. Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."—*Exchange.*

THE FAILURE OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

(Continued from Page 177.)

let it be remembered that it is brought against the American system of education as a whole, not against every individual or institution included in it. And let us be thankful that there is still time for the nation to redeem itself and by its acknowledgment of God in the fundamentals as well as the formalities of its life to "return unto the Lord who will have mercy; and to our God who will abundantly pardon."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Do you want to help your boy to turn his face toward the penitentiary? Here are some directions that will help:

Take his part in every misunderstanding he may have with his teacher. Let him loaf when school doest't suit him. Tell him that the teacher has no real right to punish him. Curse the neighbor who reports his misdemeanors to you. Laugh when you should grieve over his conduct. Give him leave to be on the streets at night as much and often as he pleases. These things will make him a promising candidate.—*Interstate Schoolman.*

"BLESSED is the teacher who is not wasteful of words, who is not wasteful of time, who is not wasteful of opportunities, but who is wasteful of smiles."



THE HOME WORLD



WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

NORA E. BERKEBILE.

WHAT means this clamoring for power, this fighting to gain entrance into legislative halls, this rudeness, absolute rudeness, of women in both England and America, as they try to force men in high office to give them the suffrage they demand!

What is woman coming to when she neglects her home, her children and her husband and goes about the streets carrying banners, yelling for power, forcing men to stop and listen to what she says?

See how the suffragettes made a raid on the house of Mr. Asquith in England, smashed windows and tried to force him to give them a hearing. Equal rights, equal power with men, they say.

Poor deluded women! They do not seem to know that their power, if they keep their place, is far above the power man can wield. But by doing as the new woman is doing today she is fast losing her power, for she is losing the respect, the reverence, the love man gave her dear sweet grandmother and great grandmother in the past. She is losing her sweet, quiet, womanly ways and growing coarse and masculine. She is getting loud voiced and angular instead of sweet voiced and petite. She is forgetting or never learning to be a keeper at home and the light of the household as her grandmother was in the olden days.

She wants no children, for they hinder her in her work and the bearing of them spoils her form. She prefers rather to carry a dirty little cur around in a blanket and lavishes on him what spark of maternal love still remains, instead of bringing into the world a man child who could go forth with power and strength and fight the evils she sees on every hand. Oh, how she could train that child to be a power! She, the trainer, would be the "power behind the throne;" but no, she quenches the impulse that arises in every woman's breast sometime or other, sooner or later—the longing to know what motherhood means. Do not tell me even the new woman never has nor never will for one moment have this longing. Why then does she carry around the pet dog or the doll as the later fad seems to be? She must lavish her mother love on something.

Oh, she is so blind! so blind! and is missing so much when she gives up the very purpose for which she was created which is to be a helpmate, a keeper of the home.

Nowhere in the world, I believe, has woman fewer rights than in India, and yet it is said, "Convert the wives and mothers of India and India will be a Christian land."

How can it be? The Indian woman is a keeper of home, and she wields a power, a hidden power over husband and son that they are unconscious of and yet it is a power that is felt. We as missionaries feel it when the men wish to become Christians and the bitter opposition of the wife or mother binds them so firmly that it is almost impossible in many cases to break it.

We hear much of the cruelty to Indian women, but I have never been insulted by an Indian. He respects the European lady if she keeps her place and he will sit and talk with her on the topics of the hour and respect her opinions if she does not give them in an arrogant way. He does not like to see her talk so much and dispute with her husband; that is bad form. He does not care to hear her preach but will sit and listen to her as she tries to make things clear on some question that may arise about the Scriptures or on other subjects. In fact, he wants her to keep her place and he realizes her place is somewhat above the place his women folks occupy and his respect for the European woman makes him long that his wife or his sister might become like her.

But let the woman get out of her place and usurp authority over the man, then the Indian gentleman has no respect for her whatever.

If the Indian woman in her ignorance wields such a power, what can the European woman do with her advantages of a good education and the place she occupies in the home if she stays there?

Instead of going out as a unit, and a very small one at that, to fight the evils, let her train up some noble boys and some sweet yet strong girls for wives of other mothers' boys and then she goes not as one but as many to fight the wrong. If she has no children of her own there are brothers or other people's brothers whom she can inspire with noble sentiments and they will vote for her.

Back to the old days of our mothers and grandmothers and what a power we can wield in the world, for we have educational advantages they did not have, and we should be even better mothers and better sisters than the women of the past, for we have been given such great privileges.

Let the women chloroform their useless pets and take in an orphan child if they have none of their own.

I love dogs but I love to see them with children and not with the childless mothers.

I am not like the old deacon who said, "Paul says Let the woman keep shet in church." Paul no doubt had some of the things to meet that the Premier of England is meeting today with Mrs. Pankhurst and her band. She is disorderly and it is with difficulty the suffragettes can be kept out of Parliament with their noisy appeals.

Woman can sing, and pray, and teach in Sunday-school and Christian Workers' meetings, but she has no authority to be a preacher, an elder, etc. God did not mean it so.

Talk about emancipation of woman. When she gets to have equal rights (but she never will) she is not emancipated; she is just heaping upon herself added burdens. Women have more than they can do if they do well what comes to their hands to do in the home and in the church, doing woman's work. Why do they want man's work?

Is this suffrage question at work in the church? Is it possible women want to supersede man? Oh, let us use the power God has given us, but let us use it in the right place!

Notice what some of the noted American women say of woman suffrage:

Why She Forsakes Woman Suffrage.

(After Twenty-five Years of Active Participation and Earnest Belief in the Reformatory Influences of the Ballot for Women.)

My conversion is not of rapid transition, nor the change of heart of sudden denial. A careful study of conditions throughout a period of many years, devoted not only to public discussion but to the holding of important offices—some of them unusual, as was my position of United States Marshal, giving me varied opportunities and a clearer survey of the field than falls to the experience of most women—led me step by step to a final decision against woman's entrance into the political arena.

It is impracticable; of a temporary value to the wife and mother and of no permanent use to women of the outside world. Phœbe W. Couzins.

We complain that under the system of Universal Suffrage for men our government is built up with untempered mortar, yet by admitting women to the polls we would double the quantity, without bettering the quality of material. Marion Harland.

I am opposed to women voting because I not only think it unnecessary but also harmful for them.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor.

I do not desire to vote. Women have sufficient influence if they use this influence rightly and wisely.

Mabel T. Boardman.

An Authoritative Voice From Colorado.

I have voted since 1893: I have been a delegate to the city and State conventions, and a member of the Republican State Committee from my county: I have been a deputy sheriff and a watcher at the polls: for twenty-three years I have been in the midst of the woman-suffrage movement in Colorado. For years I believed in woman suffrage and have worked day in and day out for it—I now see my mistake and would abolish it tomorrow if I could.

No law has been put on the statute book of Colorado for the benefit of women and children that has been put there by the women. The Child Labor Law went through independently of the woman's vote. The hours of working-women have not been shortened; the wages of school-teachers have not been raised: the type of men that got into office has not improved a bit.

As for the effect of the vote on women personally, I have known scores of women who worked for the Republican party one year and worked for the Democrat party next year, telling me frankly that "the Democrats gave us more money."

Frankly, the experiment is a failure. It has done Colorado no good: it has done woman no good. The best thing for both would be if tomorrow the ballot for women could be abolished. Mrs. Francis W. Goddard.

President of the Colonial Dames of Colorado.

Those who call themselves suffragettes are making such a noise that I fear there is danger that the public may forget that opposed to these few is the great majority of womankind, proud of being women, and who glory in doing well those things which an All-Wise Creator assigned as woman's part in life. Louise Homer.

—From Ladies' Home Journal for January.

Did you ever hear of a happy wife and mother or of a busy sister wanting to preach or go to Congress? They have all they can do in their own field of labor. I believe we have equal rights if we look them up and look for them in the right place.

Man supports, protects and cherishes the womanly woman; but will he do it when once she refuses to do her part and the part God gave her to do? He will despise and cast her down and she will be where she will have no rights at all.

KINDNESS.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

BINDING this universe together, is a golden chain, made of many beautiful links, each of which represents some kind action, deed, or thought.

One may be kind in many ways, for in this busy world, one can always find a place for the extending of a helping hand, a kind word, a loving gesture, or a sweet smile.

There are, each day, at command, ways and means of being kind. There are vast opportunities all around.

This kindness is, to the giver, very cheap, yet by the recipient it is held very priceless and dear.

What is it, save the gentle spring rain, that melts the earth's ice-covering so that the sunbeams can woo back the flowers that disappeared at the icy breath of frost? What is it, save gentle feelings, caused by kindness that can melt the proud, stern nature brought on by a buffeting world?

Kindness wins and preserves affection in the intercourse of social life. Consider that opportunity lost

in which you failed to send a loving greeting, the flower that would have been so much appreciated, the diffusing of sunshine, or saying a kind word.

A congenial coworker is always looked for, a sympathetic friend is always highly estimated, a benevolent person always respected, and a generous playmate always wanted.

Roanoke, La.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

When Grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that Grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to Grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To Grandma's heart tonight—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," Grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear:
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in Grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

—Author Unknown.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BEING very restless, and feeling the emptiness of her life like an actual illness, Mrs. Stanton went to call upon her physician, Dr. Mary Hill. She always said that the beauty of Mary Hill was that she could be friend, and mother confessor, and doctor all in one.

"And she never gentles you and soothes you down and makes light of your troubles as a man would do," she would explain. "But she listens to you hard and she scolds you hard, too, when you need it. And you go away from her feeling braced up and ready to meet whatever comes."

Mrs. Stanton's complaint was a purely feminine one: she didn't know what to do with herself! Her husband had sufficient means to make it unnecessary for her to do her own housework, and anyhow, she didn't like that form of activity; nor was she at all clever at it. When she had finished setting her own room in order, dusting the parlor and giving the maid directions for the day, she called up the market and grocery by telephone and turned at about half past nine o'clock to face long hours of uselessness.

"If you had a few children," said Dr. Mary for the thousandth time, "this problem would not trouble you—at least not until they grew old enough to take care of themselves."

Mrs. Stanton replied only by an eloquent look.

"I know," said Dr. Mary, "but I'm thinking that you might adopt a few."

"A few!" said Mrs. Stanton, sitting up very straight. "I could never get up my courage to adopt *one*—that is, not unless I knew that it was all right. I would have to know all about the father and mother, know something of the heredity. I have heard such terrible stories of adopted children that have turned out all wrong."

"The trouble is sometimes with the adopted mothers," said Dr. Mary.

"Yes, I suppose it is. But why might not the trouble be with me? I have never been trained to bring up children."

"I'm not sure you would make a very good mother," said Dr. Mary, slowly. "But I think you would be well up to the average, and if you really tried I think you would be far above the average. Let me tell you a story: I have another patient who is in many respects a very good mother. She has two children, but she is a widow and obliged to support herself. One of these children is a little girl four years old, but the other is a baby of only six months. They are beautiful children. The baby is a boy, and Mrs. Clifford loves him with her whole heart. But she simply can not keep him. She is obliged to be at her work all day long. She is cashier in a big restaurant downtown. She can leave the little girl at the Kindergarten in the morning, for she doesn't have to go to her work very early, and

n the afternoon the landlady of the house where she oards is willing to look after her. In the last two ears she has grown to love the little thing very much. That landlady is a good kind soul, but it is more than he can do to take care also of the baby boy.

"Since her husband's death Mrs. Clifford's sister as been staying with them, helping along. It was hile she was there that Mrs. Clifford obtained her osition as cashier. But now the sister has to go back o her own children, and my poor patient is fairly esperate. Now, why don't you take that baby?"

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Stanton, "I am not eady. I haven't thought about it."

"Such chances do not come every day," Dr. Mary eminded her, "and the situation at Mrs. Clifford's ouse is one that must be relieved very shortly. If you on't take that baby I shall see to it that some one else oes."

"But my husband!" cried Mrs. Stanton, grasping n all directions for excuses.

"He is a good American husband. You know he ill not object if he sees that you really want the baby. ou must have talked this over before."

"Yes, we have; and he did say that I could do as I iked. But don't you think he ought to be prepared, or omething?"

"I think you are the one who needs to be prepared. ut come and see the baby. That will be preparation nough."

The doctor had been pinning on her hat while she poke, and now she stood with her hand upon the latch f the door in a most business-like way. Unable to esist the confident onward movement of her friend nd physician, Mrs. Stanton went with her.

As they reached the door of the respectable but unpretentious house where Mrs. Clifford boarded, Helen Stanton got courage to grasp the doctor by the arm.

"One thing I must say before you ring that door ell," she gasped. "If I do take the baby, it must be egally adopted. The mother must never see him gain. If would be terrible if, after I had learned to ove him, she should find her own foothold financially nd come and take him away from me. I should want o feel that he was my very own; that no one had a laim upon him any more than if I had borne him." The doctor's face was inscrutable. The look about the orners of her mouth was a little severe.

"You shall make your own terms," she said, briefly. You and Mrs. Clifford, I mean."

She rang the door bell; and when the door was pened, "Go into the parlor and wait a minute," she aid. Helen went into the darkened room and sat own upon the first chair which she saw. She waited hat seemed to her a long time, and became so famil- ar with the many photographs ranged upon the mantel nd upon the old-fashioned square piano that she thought if she saw any of the originals upon the street she would be almost sure to bow to them as if they were actual acquaintances. There was a black enameled clock upon the mantelpiece, and she consulted it again and again to measure her wait, but the hands were still. It was long since that clock had served any other use than that of a mantel ornament.

At length she heard steps upon the stairs. There were many steps, among them the uncertain tripping gallop of a child coming down always on the same foot first. At the bottom of the stairs there was a pause.

"Come," she heard Dr. Mary's clear, firm voice, "come right in! There is nothing here to hurt you."

And then Helen saw the woman who was so rich where she was poor, and yet poor where she was rich. She was a pale woman, dressed in black, with a white apron tied decently over her gown to keep it fresh. Her face was very sad and drawn, her black hair knotted on the top of her head with neatness, but without any evidence of vanity. She had large dark eyes which looked at Helen Stanton with a sort of pleading terror. By the right hand she led a little girl; on her left arm she carried, cuddled close against her, a beautiful baby boy.

He hid his face in her neck in sudden fear of the stranger, and all Helen could see was a big loose curl of fine golden hair, slightly wet from recent brushing, which decorated the top of his little pink scalp.

"Oh!" cried Helen involuntarily, as she met the mother's frightened eyes. "Don't look at me like that! I haven't come to hurt you. I wouldn't take your baby away from you for the world." Mrs. Clifford sat down suddenly, as if her knees gave way beneath her. She took the baby out of her neck and set him down upon her lap, and let the tears fall quietly down her cheeks.

Full of sympathy, Helen ran across the room, and kneeling before the young widow, began to praise the baby.

He was well worth her praises—the rosiest, sweetest, cleanest, brightest little chap that ever gladdened a mother's heart. In two minutes he was grasping Helen's cheek with his soft pink palms, and at the delicious contact she felt thrills run all through her. In three minutes he let her kiss him. In five minutes she had him in her arms and was walking about the room with him, showing him the "pretty pictures."

"Oh, you're a blessed woman!" said she at last, with a choke in her voice. "You may think that you have heavy burdens, but you're a blessed woman to have a little son like this. I would give almost anything for such a child."

"Yes, but I can't keep him!" cried out Alice Clifford. Her voice was sharp with pain. "Would you think you were a blessed woman if you had a son like that and loved him with your whole heart and had to

give him up?" Helen stood still, in the middle of the floor as the shock of this idea reached her. The baby's warm body cuddled against her. She loved the weight of it.

"No, I should not," she answered at length, slowly. "I should feel that I was in a very tragic place. If he were my baby I would not give him up."

"Dr. Hill," cried Alice, "you see what she says? I feel that way myself. But what can I do?" Turning toward the little Alice by her side she dropped her head into the child's arms, upraised as if to receive a familiar burden, and burst into uncontrolled crying.

"There isn't a bit of need of this," said Dr. Hill, briskly. She looked as if she were about to offer a solution. Her eyes, alight and eager with the zeal of the born helper, looked intently at Helen. But then, suddenly, she shut her lips firmly and walked out of the room.

Well, of course, the minute she was gone Helen let the full tide of her warm awakened nature find expression. She went over to that weeping mother, and setting the baby boy in her lap, kneeled down, put her arms about both of them and began to pour forth loving words full of comprehending sympathy.

"I, for one, shall never take your baby away from you," she said. "But you might perhaps let me help you bring him up? I shall not be so very far away, right here in the same city, and you can come and see us every day if you like; and anyway, always on Sunday. I shall be glad to tell you what I am doing for him, glad to ask your advice about him. I will be, if you like, only his nurse." At this Alice aroused herself and looked searchingly into Helen's face.

"That would not be fair," she said. "It would not be fair either to you or to him. He needs a mother, a mother who will take care of him every day, and all the day; who will love him at night; who will be responsible for him. I can not be that mother because so little is my power that I can earn only for myself and my little girl. But you can be that mother, and now that I begin to know you I am glad—or—" she choked "I think that by and by I shall learn to bear it. If you take him you must really take him. You must legally adopt him, be responsible for him, devote yourself to him with your whole heart and soul; feel that whether he turns out right or wrong you are his mother. I could not let him go to a nurse. I can only let him go to another mother, a real one, one who will stand by him to the very end of his life."

"I will be such a mother to him," said Helen, slowly and solemnly, "so help me God." She felt as she had done on the night when she took her marriage vows.

Then followed all the heart-breaking details of gathering his wardrobe together, the mother's explanations about his food, and the final parting—a kiss so long and so passionate, a clasp so close that it wrung from the astonished baby a querulous cry of protest.

Helen's heart ached for the bereft mother, left behind, but she could nevertheless not conceal the throb of joy which overtook her when in the carriage outside she realized that that beautiful baby was really hers, her very own, not to be taken away from her by anyone. She kissed him until he utterly rebelled, and then to quiet him she showed him things out of the window and trotted him a little, gently, as if her knee had always known that form of maternal agitation.

When she reached home it was already twilight, and the baby was beginning to fret because of hunger and sleepiness. She would not give him over to the astonished maid who opened the door for her, but told her instead where to find his bottle in the bag she had brought with her, and went herself, carrying him capably on one hip, into the kitchen to see his food prepared. She even sucked a little of it out of the bottle to make sure that it was just the right temperature. Oh, you would have supposed that she had brought up an orphan asylum full of babies!

Undressing him was lively work, for she knew enough not to feed him until he was ready for bed, and the hungry child, who had watched with knowing eyes the preparation of his bottle, had no mind at all to be kept waiting. Swiftly, almost frantically she unbuttoned the little clothes, rolling the crying child over on his stomach while she did so, and dropping them recklessly on the floor beside her as she got them off of his rebellious and heaving pink body. She had intended to give him a bath, although the mother told her that his bath hour was always about nine o'clock in the morning. But when she saw the state of mind he was in she concluded to omit this extra performance. By the time she had got him into his flannel gown she was all in a perspiration. The floor was strewn untidily with his things. She had not yet taken off her hat, and it tilted so far on one side that the hat pins pulled uncomfortably at her hair. But what of that? The baby was undressed and could now have his bottle.

Had she been a forewarned mother, having read books on the subject and got her mind made up as to the most approved methods of dealing with babies, she would probably now have laid him on the bed, given him his bottle and left him to fall off to sleep in unshared bliss. But she was acting rather from loving impulse, and she cuddled him up in her arms, thrust the bottle into his obstreperous mouth and began to rock back and forth in the sudden peace.

Every gurgling swallow was a joy to her ear. The push of his little pink feet against her encircling arm was rapture. She put her lips against his downy hair and loved the sweet taste and feel and smell of it. It was only after some minutes that it occurred to her that there was something uncomfortable about her

head, and then she pulled out the offending hat pins and let her precious new spring bonnet drop unheeded to the floor among the baby's clothes.

Perhaps there was something strange about the bottle or about the house. At any rate, something kept him, tired as he was, from falling to sleep immediately, and so she lifted him to her shoulder, and patting him gently with one hand, rocked to and fro in the twilight, singing to him as she had heard other mothers sing. Out of the past, scraps of unnoticed and forgotten mother lullabies came drifting back to her, and as she sat rocking and singing in the twilight she knew her kinship with those sister women who, like her, were singing their babies to sleep.

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In the house whence the baby had come, Alice Clifford, her throat swelling, her eyes smarting, was putting her little daughter to bed. At every turn she expected to see or hear the baby and the constant disappointment was a recurrent pang. She lavished her care upon the little Alice, showing her now again the full attentive tenderness which latterly had been less her share than her brother's.

Alice in return, with baby wisdom, showed to her mother the utmost gentleness and tenderness.

"Don't cry, mother," she said, touching her mother's face gently. "You have your own little girl, and I'll love you for two." Her mother put her into the waiting bed and kneeled there, looking up at her daughter with tragic eyes.

"I did it because I love you so much, my little girl," she said, "because I love you and little brother, too. If little brother should ever come to think that it was for anything else than love, you will tell him, won't you?"

"Why, of course, mother, I will," little Alice cried. "But he would never think such a thing! He is a very little baby, but I'm sure he knows better than *that!*"—*Marion Foster Washburne, in American Motherhood.*

The Children's Corner

McKINLEY'S TWO "ACORN GIRLS."

THIS is a true story about the "Sad Acorn Girl" and the "Glad Acorn Girl," both of whom belonged to a gray kitten, named McKinley. The owner of the three was a small girl named Bess. Bess was fond of making her own dolls.

But Bess had never thought of acorn dolls until, one day, her father came in from his chopping to get a key he wanted.

Bess stood beside the table while her father drew out of an old coat-pocket such treasures as a knife, a few buttons and acorns, until he finally found the missing key. "Oh, oh, mayn't I have these?" Bess cried. "Why, certainly," said her father.

Bess went to the big family pin-cushion and took out some long pins with broad heads. Then she sat down in the sunny window, and went to work to make some new dolls.

First she took a big brown acorn and pushed one of the sharp pins down through the stem of the cup. After she had pushed it through as far as it would go, she stuck it into the small end of a cork. She pushed a toothpick through the cork for arms, and two pieces into the bottom of the cork for legs.

With the other acorn and cork, a similar doll was made, only that the pin was pushed down through the tip of the acorn, making a round, merry face in a peaked cap instead of a long, sad face in a round cap. When she showed the two to her Cousin William, he took pen and ink and drew doll faces upon the acorns. "Here are your dolls," said he. "No," cried Bess, "I made these for McKinley to play with."

The cat was delighted with them. They were just little and live-looking enough to please his fancy.

He would carry them about in his little pink mouth and toss them into the air, then catch them with his paws and toss them again. He never tired of them.

What finally became of the two little Acorn Girls, only McKinley himself ever knew.—*Effie Stevens.*

SUET PUDDING.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

3 cups of flour.
1 heaping cup of suet, chopped fine.
1 scant cup of currants or raisins.
½ teaspoonful salt.

Mix ingredients with just enough cold water to make them stick together; put all into a floured cloth, tie the edges firmly together and drop into a kettle of boiling water, having a perforated lid or pan beneath the pudding to keep it from sticking to bottom of kettle. Boil rapidly two or three hours. (Some like it boiled longer.) Serve hot with sauce made as follows:

Sauce for Pudding.

Rub together, one coffee cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and butter size of a hickorynut. Stir this into a scant pint of boiling water; boil a few minutes (until it thickens), pour into a bowl, flavor with lemon or vanilla (½ teaspoonful) and serve hot.

"Preparing Cocoanuts.—Open the eye and let the milk out. Place the nut in a hot oven until it is hot, when the shell will crack open, and be easy to remove. While the cocoanut is still warm peel with a sharp knife, then grate."



The per capita wealth of the United States, as based upon the new census, is $34.43. Under the census of 1900 it was computed by the treasury department as $35.10. According to the latest estimate, the total estimate of money now in circulation is $3,211,550,465, as against $3,125,586,720 a year ago.

A bill providing for the submission of a State-wide prohibition amendment to the constitution of the State of West Virginia to popular vote, the election to be held this year and the law to go into effect July 1, 1914, if approved, was passed last week by the State Senate, 23 to 7. The House has passed a similar measure.

The number of revenue freight cars owned in the United States and Canada per mile of road, according to the latest statistics compiled by the American Railway Association, is 9.7, compared with 9.3 a year ago, or a normal increase. This means that the railroads, having purchased fewer new cars than usual last year, must have scrapped less than usual.

A new record for the carrying power of the wireless has been established by the operator in San Francisco who held conversation with the operator at Chosi Shimosa on the coast of Japan, 5,700 miles away, with only one relay. The operator picked up the Pacific mail steamer Manchuria, 3,297 miles away, and the ship transferred the message to Chosi Shimosa.

The bill to legalize saloons in the larger cities of Tennessee under an excise commission and rigid restrictions has been withdrawn from the lower house of the legislature. The plans of those backing this proposed bill have not been made clear, but it is thought that this means abandonment of any effort to change the liquor laws at this session, because of its apparent hopelessness.

Baron Paul Henry Benjamin d'Estournelles de Constant, president of the French parliamentary group for international arbitration, who is soon to leave France for another visit to the United States, where he will deliver a series of addresses, was recently made the recipient of a gold medal commemorating the bestowal upon him and M. Beernaert of Belgium of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1909. In America the baron will make forty speeches for peace.

Formal organization of the recently created commerce court was effected in the conference room of the court of customs appeals at Washington, Feb. 9. Martin A. Knapp, presiding judge of the court, acted as chairman. In addition to Judge Knapp, the other members of the court, Judges John E. Garland, Robert W. Archbald, William H. Hunt and Julian W. Mack, were present. An order was entered that the court would open for business at noon Wednesday, February 15, when cases now pending in other courts that properly are to be adjudicated before the new court were to be automatically transferred.

The traffic figures of the Public Service Commission show that 1,526,966,988 passengers rode on the various transportation lines in Greater New York during the year ending June 30, 1910. The total for the previous twelve months was 1,396,086,252. The fares collected during the last year by the railroad companies reached the great total of over $76,000,000, while the operating expenses were over $43,250,000.

Without debate, the Texas Senate has passed the House "daylight" saloon bill by a vote of 15 to 11. The bill carries a senate amendment forbidding those engaged in the saloon business from making contributions to election campaign funds of any officer or for any proposition voted on by the people. It prohibits them from contributing to the State-wide election to be held next July. The bill will be returned to the House for concurrence in this amendment.

The Third Avenue Railroad of New York City is about to install a number of coasting clocks on the cars of the Broadway-Forty-second Street line. The purpose of these clocks is to encourage motormen to economize current by permitting their cars to coast as much as possible. It is believed that a saving of ten to fifteen per cent may be effected in this way. It is proposed to offer a reward for motormen who make the best records, as registered by these clocks.

The rejuvenating qualities in radium have been discovered by Prof. Gabriel Petit of the veterinary school at Alfort, France. He injected two milligrams of a solution in the jugular vein of an old horse with surprising effect. The animal seemed immediately to gain a new lease of life. It put on flesh and became frisky. Considerable traces of sulphate of radium appeared in the blood. The red globules increased in number. The injection, Dr. Petit said, produced a lasting radioactivity of the system. He thinks it highly probable that a radioactive serum may be obtained in this manner which will arrest to a certain extent the advances of physical decay in human beings. In other words, radium may be made the basis of real elixir of life.

That land grabbing corporations have stolen from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000 from the State of Illinois, is the gist of the report of the Chiperfield committee appointed by the last legislature to investigate submerged lands. "And these lands," the report says, "most of which lie within the city of Chicago and rightfully should be occupied by playgrounds, bathing beaches, parks and the like, can be recovered." The Illinois Central Railroad is the biggest offender. The report estimates that it has grabbed millions of dollars' worth of land on the lake front of Chicago and has thwarted lake transportation. The report suggests that the charter of the Illinois Central be revoked. The committee, with the aid of expert lawyers, has made out a case which it expects to take to the courts for the recovery of the lost lands.

In an endeavor to stimulate interest in the good roads movement in the States through which it operates, the Pennsylvania Railroad has issued a pamphlet entitled "Good Roads at Low Cost." The booklet describes the split-log drag, a device which can be made by any farmer who follows the directions given in the pamphlet, and which has been used with telling effect upon country roads. Several of these devices have been placed at various Pennsylvania Railroad stations throughout the State of Pennsylvania.

It is perhaps not generally known that one of the most important properties of metals employed in striking coins and medals and stamping and shaping articles of jewelry, is that of flowing under pressure. Standard silver is remarkable for this property, which precisely resembles the flowing of a viscous fluid. The flow takes place when the metal is subjected to rolling, stamping, or hammering, and the particles of the metal are thus carried into the sunken parts of the die without fracturing, and a perfect impression is produced.

The House recently passed many bills under unanimous consent arrangement. Among them were measures providing that the Commission on Universal Peace report to Congress by the first Monday in February, 1912; a plan for the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the treaty of Ghent; modifying and amending the mining laws in their application to Alaska; for the levy of taxes by the officers of Arizona; providing for the loading or unloading of vessels at night; the preliminary entry of vessels, and for entry under bond of exhibits, arts, sciences and industries for merchant and miners' expositions at New York City in 1911 and 1912.

A strict quarantine of all persons arriving in Pekin, no matter from what quarter, has been established by the imperial government, following the discovery that five persons infected by the bubonic plague had made their way into the city from Tien-Tsin and that three of them have since died. Reports from Tien-Tsin state that the conditions are becoming critical there; that scores have perished and that no organized methods have been adopted to fight the ravaging disease. The report comes from London that news agency dispatches received from Pekin say that there have been 5,000 deaths from the plague in Manchuria and China. It is learned at the foreign office that code dispatches have been received giving the number of deaths as more than 30,000. This indicates that the Chinese government is censoring press dispatches.

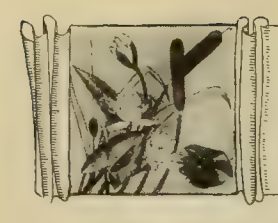
Opposition to the fortification of the Panama Canal as unnecessary was expressed by Rear Admiral Thomas Holdup Stevens, United States navy, retired, of San Francisco, who has arrived with his wife from Colon. The admiral believes that the best solution of the problem is to make the canal a neutral zone. He says, however, that there should be a strong fleet on either side of the isthmus to protect the interests of the United States from attack by any hostile power. Admiral Stevens said: "It does not seem to me that there is any necessity of going to the expense of fortifying the canal. If it is made neutral ground that will settle that question forever, for no nation will have the temerity to go against the will of all the powers. That would be equivalent to making all allies against the offending nation, and the contest would be too unequal to contemplate."

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has forwarded to Congress a recommendation for the repeal of all existing laws requiring the establishment and maintenance of a sinking fund for the reduction of the United States debt and substitution of discretionary authority to use the surplus moneys in the treasury from time to time in the purchase or redemption of outstanding interest-bearing obligations.

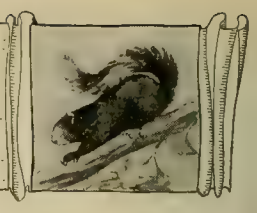
Sir Alfred Fripp, Surgeon in Ordinary to the King of England, and some other equally eminent British medical authorities, have issued a jointly signed statement in which they express the opinion that there is a national necessity for the fixing of the nutritive value of what is sold as bread. They argue that milk must conform with a certain standard, and there seems to be no reason why bread, which is equally important as a food, should not be made the subject of governmental control. Indeed, the standardization of bread is somewhat more important, since it constitutes about two-fifths of the weight of the food of the working classes. To quote the statement: "In view of the inferior nourishing qualities of the white bread commonly sold we urge legislation making it compulsory that all bread sold as such should be made of unadulterated wheat flour, containing at least eight per cent of whole wheat, including the germ and semolina."

Since President Lincoln was called 50 years ago to preside over the destinies of a disrupted country, ten other men have occupied the presidential chair. The tenth, President Taft, will, on March 10, spend the entire day in Atlanta, Ga., as the guest of the Southern Commercial congress and there take part in meetings that, by reason of their contrast with conditions of 1861, will be historic in their setting and historic in their effects. One of the features of the conference will be the presentation to President Taft of a gavel made of sixteen pieces of wood, each piece of wood contributed by the commissioner of agriculture of the sixteen States affected by the work of the Southern Commercial congress. The handle of the gavel will be made from an elm planted in the White House grounds by John Quincy Adams, thus uniting New England, Washington and all the Southern States in an emblem whose taps will be heard in a constructive union of the States in direct antithesis to the line up of 50 years ago.

Postmaster General Hitchcock states that the parcels post experiment will be entered upon a much larger scale than the postal savings banks. The machinery is already at hand in the rural routes and no specific appropriation is necessary, as in the case of the banks. The experiment will, therefore, be inaugurated upon many routes in all of the States. The provision for an investigation of this subject with a view to a general extension to take in urban as well as rural sections is also provided for. Several important features were added to the postoffice appropriation bill by the Senate postoffice committee, which reported the measure to the Senate. The last of these was the increasing of the postage rate on the advertising sections of magazines and periodicals from 1 to 4 cents per pound, applying to publications mailing 4,000 pounds and over in a single edition. The increased rate does not apply to the reading matter sections of the magazine which will still be admitted to the mails at the 1-cent a pound rate. The 4,000-pound rate will also exempt fraternal, scientific and similar publications which carry advertising.



NATURE STUDIES



THE HUNTED DEER AND HIS ENEMIES.

MARY E. CANODE.

THE deer is hunted successfully in most of the thinly-settled regions of our Northern and Western States, especially where there are hills and timber that afford a reasonable amount of shelter, food and protection from his destroyers.

Taking into consideration the rapid devastation of our forests which are so necessary to the livelihood of the beautiful animal and added to this the natural enemies in the form of man and beast that prey upon him, it is surprising that the deer, like the western bison, has not become more nearly extinct.

While the law aims to protect from hunters during the greater part of the year, the poor beast never knows much of real comfort or safety. During the warm seasons of spring and summer, thousands of tormenting insects harass them, the worst of which is perhaps the large, fierce deer fly that attacks horse and deer in swarms and leaves in its wake, streams of blood running down the face or flank of the tortured animal. A swim in lake or river is the only means it has of ridding itself of the pest.

As the cooler weather approaches and its warm season enemies disappear, then the poacher resumes his quest and the nervous animal soon learns that a more formidable enemy seeks its life. This illicit hunting is carried on to an extent sufficient to cause the hunted animal to become more and more wary. But food is plentiful for him so long as snow has not fallen and except where his natural forest and swamp protection has been devastated by the woodsman or even more destructive forest fires, he may be reasonably safe. But the poacher keeps the animal nervous, so much so that by the time the legal hunting season arrives his alertness is a proposition upon which the professional hunter must needs reckon. Then, indeed, the northern forest assures safety to neither deer nor man. Hunters flock in from all directions. Long range guns are used and the excited, would-be deerslayer shoots at anything he sees moving in the distance. For this reason it is quite necessary for hunters and often for those who have occasion to pass along or through groves to wear a bright red coat, scarf or hat band to proclaim to the hunting world that they are not deer. Even this precaution does not always insure perfect safety, for a deer-hunter often becomes irresponsible for his acts under the excitement of the moment when he thinks there is something to shoot.

As the hunting season continues the early snows commence to fall. Then the deer may be tracked more easily. His runways from hill to hill are watched. He must seek the denser groves and make his way through swampy grounds, over windfallen trees and under low hanging boughs that strike his horns and interfere with his progress. He knows little rest, for it is equally dangerous to be on the run or lying in ambush.

Deeper snows cover the long deer grass and with its packing and freezing makes browzing on the tender pine branches necessary. He must needs eat when and where he can and at all times be ready to start at the first alarm and flee for his life. But nowhere is he safe. His very flight from one threatened danger may but bring him in range of the gun of another enemy. He has no safe retreat where he may go, feeling assured of protection. When the hunting season ends and the spoils are brought in, dozens of carcasses of the beautiful animal are taken from the hunting camps to be shipped, sold or consumed.

After the hunting season the deer is not greatly harassed by poachers because of the deep snows that make hunting difficult. But with the deep, frozen snows another and even greater enemy starts in his quest. The fierce timber wolf becomes ravenously hungry. The deer is its easiest prey. The crust on the snow will not sustain the weight of the heavier animals while the wolf in packs can travel swiftly over the surface. Both deer and wolf have a keen sense of smell. The wolf pursues the deer, which laboriously plows or plunges through the snow, panic-stricken often even seeking the very edge of the habitation of his lesser enemy, man, in pitiful appeal for mercy and safety. When the wolf once starts on his trail, except in rare cases of human protection, the inevitable fate of the animal must be that of being run down and devoured by this terror of the northern woods. In this way more deer are slain through the long winter seasons than through the combined efforts of all the poachers and hunters of the year.

Skibo, Minnesota.

HOW TO ENJOY NATURE.

J. HENRY NOWLAN.

NATURE has many charms for the person who will but look for them. The best way to study nature is to have your eyes open wherever you go. If you should happen to find a strange or unknown animal or bird when you are driving along the road, fishing

walking or strolling in the woods, study its build, color and habits, and try to learn what it is.

If your find be a plant, study the surroundings, character of the soil where found, shape of the stem, make-up of the leaves, roots, blossoms, seeds, and pods. Then the best thing to do is to take a portion of the plant along, get a good botany and classify it as to its general make-up and thus learn its name.

If only for your own satisfaction you should do this, for by so doing we may learn to recognize an enemy or friend, whether plant or animal.

You should learn to recognize as many plants and animals as possible; say, at least two hundred kinds of plants by seeds and roots alone, many more by the plants and all the better if known by the seeds also.

Learn at least ten of the wild animals of the district or locality in which you live, twelve reptiles, twenty of the birds, five breeds of fish and all the insects possible.

The study of nature will not be a dry, scientific study, but will furnish to the possessor of a hunger for it many pleasant hours of study; also will give his friends much pleasure to know whom to go to when wanting to know anything in that branch of nature study.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE HORSE THAT KNOWS HOW.

SEPTEMBER and October days in the Keuka Lake grape district are crowded with activity. The great industry of the section is grape growing, and the harvesting and marketing of the thousands of tons of Concords and Catawbas extends over a period of two or three months. In the height of the season the buying centres are crowded with vineyardists hauling their fruit to the buying depots.

One late September morning a long line of grape wagons was drawn up on the approach to the fruit house of Gale & Serry, waiting and slowly moving ahead as load after load was counted out. The drivers were almost all well known to each other, and passed the time exchanging current news and bantering each other good naturedly.

In the middle of the long line sat a young man high on the top of an unusually heavy load. His wagon was drawn by a splendidly built black horse which tossed his head as if impatient at the long delay. Every few minutes he would turn his head squarely about, as if casting inquiring looks at the driver. At such times the young man would speak in a very quiet voice to the horse, and sometimes smile a little as though amused at the animal's apparent chafing.

The man spoke little to any of his neighbors in the line, and the low inquiries that sprang up from time to time among the others showed that he had not been long enough in the neighborhood to know the others very well.

It was remarked that when the line moved up "a peg," as the men said, he did not unwind the reins from the stake in the front of the wagon, but let the horse move along as he would, which seemed to be with some intelligence for he never crowded the team in front or hindered the one behind, but leaned to his load, starting and stopping it slowly in just the right place.

At last the wagon they had been following for almost an hour discharged its load and moved on. The approach to the unloading door was on an up grade to a projecting platform, and was badly cut by the many wheels that daily passed over it. To leave the platform a very sharp turn to the right was necessary; in fact the approach was a common cause for complaint on the part of the haulers. The young man, however, seemed to think nothing of it, and again did not touch the reins. The horse again looked at his master, who nodded to him and said "Come on, boy." The black leaned to his load on the curve to the door.

He seemed to measure the distance to the platform and try to get it just right, but the heavy load and the heavy footing swung him a little to the left as he pulled and he was in danger of striking the ledge.

"Gee," said the man in a conversational tone, and the horse paused in his pull, gathered his strength by a visible effort and swung abruptly to the right.

"That'll do," said the driver, "come on," and the horse moved the load to the door so accurately that there was hardly an inch between the wheels and the platform.

It was a beautiful exhibition, and every man in the line had had a good view of it. There was a buzz of comment, and the men nearest called out to the young fellow all sorts of complimentary remarks, many of them disguised in the half joking dress of farmers' talk, but all of them springing from genuine admiration for what was very evidently an unusual horse. Many of the drivers who saw it had had their own troubles with that approach. It was not unusual for a man to back and start two or three times before he got into position.

"What is that, a circus horse?" said one.

"Who broke him for you?" asked another.

"What will you take to break my horse that way?" inquired a third, when the driver had said that the horse was "just a horse" and that he had broken him himself.

He had little time for conversation while he was handing out the grapes, but after he had received his check, and had turned out of the crooked pathway, still without touching the lines, he seemed inclined to discuss the matter. He drove first out to the middle of the line where he could be seen by all and there turned around, backed, and twisted at will, guiding the horse entirely by word.

Then he stopped, half embarrassed by this "showing off," but looking as if he was determined to say what he had in mind.

"How would you like to have such a horse to plow grapes with?" he asked with a smile.

"No good," cried one man, "wouldn't be anything for the man to do."

This was taken as it was meant, as a high compliment. Then a former speaker repeated,

"Say, what'll you take to train one of my horses that way?"

"I can't do it," said the young fellow, standing up in his wagon as if to make a speech. "Your horse is spoiled." The owner of the horse in question looked not well pleased and the driver of the black went on in a pleasant voice:

"I mean that he is spoiled for any such work as my horse can do. Your horse has never been to school, and he is ignorant. If a man had no chance when he was a boy there are many things that he never can learn, no matter how much he goes to school. All you men spoil your horses, and let them grow up in ignorance. There is not a horse in this line that can do the things that mine can do, but there is hardly one which could not have been trained to do the same things, and would have been worth to his owner many times what he is now. All you do is to break, as you call it, a colt to endure a harness and not to run away when he sees a wagon coming behind him, and you call him a good horse. He *is* a good horse for the chance he has had, which is none at all.

"You make it impossible for him to know how to do his work, for you talk to him and direct him in a way that even a human being would not understand. You say 'Whoa' when you want him to stop, but you use the same word when you want him to go steadily over a rough place, and there is no possible way for him to know which you mean, so he takes the only way out of it and disregards one of the meanings entirely. How many horses in this line can be made to go slowly and carefully with a heavy load by the use of the word alone? Many of them cannot, even with word and rein. You say 'Gee' and 'Haw' with about every breath when you are plowing and never notice whether the horse understands and obeys immediately, in fact you were all surprised to see my horse do just what every horse should do—simply mind. Thousands of horses twenty years old will never stir a hair's breadth when you say 'Gee' to them; they have learned to ignore it, learned it from their drivers.

"You send a boy to school for years to learn not much more than to read and write, or to a shop for three or four years to learn a trade that is not much more difficult to learn than the work that a horse really should do, and then you think that you can teach a colt in a few weeks to be a real work-horse. And even a horse like mine which is pretty well broken, could be spoiled in a year by the average driver, for a horse to stay good must be worked by a man who means every word that he says to his horse, and who will see that the horse obeys every time."

No one seemed to feel hurt at this talk, as the speaker drove off with his proud black horse that seemed to show that he knew himself to be educated.—*D. V. Hope, in Our Dumb Animals.*

IF YOU OWN A DOG.

THE dog that is chained or shut up all day will generally bark at night. Give him plenty of exercise during the daytime. A tired dog, like a tired man, will sleep soundly.

Pine or cedar shavings make the best bedding. The odor is pleasant, and seems to keep away fleas and other insects. The best disinfectant is work supplemented by hot water and soap. After washing your dog, do not expect him to dry himself; dry his coat thoroughly.

Do not become alarmed if your dog sometimes refuses to eat. This is often the result of indigestion, and is nature's way of effecting a cure. Raw beef or mutton, chopped fine and fed a few teaspoonfuls at a time, will act in many cases as a tonic to an exhausted stomach. Never give your dog hot food. It injures the teeth as well as the digestion.—*Selected.*

Between Whiles

All gall is divided into three parts, cheek, nerve, and butting in.—Exchange.

Country Newspaper English.—Pasted over the desk of a country editor of long experience are the following instructions:

"All brides are lovely, beautiful, and accomplished except they be old or widows, and then they are amiable and cultivated.

"All merchants who advertise are enterprising, wide awake, and a credit to our town. The names of those who do not advertise must not appear in our paper.

"All old lawyers are able and worthy of a place on the Supreme Bench. Young lawyers are promising and silver-tongued.

"Conductors on passenger trains are gentlemanly and courteous.

"Doctors are eminent.

"Farmers are intelligent.

"Under no circumstances must these rules be broken."—F. Meddleton Pryor, editor and proprietor.

Forty Cents a Pound.—"Say, what is a microtome?"

"A delicate scientific instrument with which shavings one one-thousandth of an inch thick can be cut."

"Oh, yes. The fellow I buy my bacon of has one."

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. February 28, 1911. No. 9.

The Commandment With Promise

Paul Mohler

I LIKE to try old principles on new conditions to see how well they fit. I also like to try principles governing the lives of individuals, on the nation as a whole. I find some good fits there also.

Have you ever thought how important it was in the beginning of things that the young should respect the old? How easy it would have been to start the wrong "fashion" of treating parents after their period of "usefulness" had passed. Wrong customs started then would have been continued, to plague the race throughout its generations.

It was a dangerous thing then as now, for a son to mistreat his aged father when he had a son of his own. Lessons of that kind are easy enough to learn. I think I shall always remember the story of the prosperous man whose proud and selfish wife could not bear to have his aged and uncouth father in her company even at the table, but gave him his meals by himself. As the story goes, the "old man" had to eat his food with a wooden spoon. One day the man found his little boy whittling in the woodshed and asked him what he was making. The boy replied, "I am making a wooden spoon for you to eat with when you get old like grandpa." Even today I am quite sure that the man that neglects his parents in their old age has no reason to expect anything better for himself when he too shall be old. Truly, with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

But it is not only in old age that the wise son honors his father. There is something better than mere length of days granted to the one who honors his father and his mother. It is God's beneficent arrangement that the father shall teach the son in wisdom. If a young man will learn by his father's experience rather than by his own, he will save himself many a tumble. It is a mighty poor father that cannot tell his boy how to live a better life than he himself has lived, and a very strange one that is not eager to do it. The boy that minds his father will avoid the damaging, life-destroying results of many a sin. If young men today were as eager to inherit their fathers' wisdom from experience as they are their money, their lives would be far more prosperous.

Have you ever thought of the relation between disobedience to parents, and crime? Well, just think a bit. We know that the first form of government was family government. Before kings reigned, fathers ruled. Whatever may be said of the "divine right of kings," we do know that parents do rule their children by right divine. It is God's arrangement that the first restraining power the young child feels should be placed in loving hands and wielded mercifully. But he means that it should be respected and obeyed. The son who early learns to yield to parental rule finds it not hard to obey his teacher and later the law of the land. Habits of obedience being formed early in life, he grows to be a law-abiding citizen and a God-fearing Christian. Will such a man become a criminal to suffer on the gallows? Look into our prison-houses; is that the place for law-abiding citizens, for parent-honoring sons and daughters? Of course it isn't; obedience to godly parents will never lead them there.

And that brings me to my national application. First, let me say that if the time ever comes (and it seems to be at hand right now) when parental authority shall disappear, it will not be long until governmental authority also will disappear and with it, peace, order and liberty.

But I want to remind the reader of something that may strike him unpleasantly if his study of United States history has been what mine was at first. When I was a boy, I was taught about the terrible oppression suffered under the early British tyranny. And indeed it was rather hard compared with her present treatment of Canada, Australia and other colonies. But when, later I read history more widely and understandingly, I learned that the American colonies were at that time treated better than any other colonies of any other nation in the world, and that even today other nations of Europe habitually oppress their own citizens more than England oppressed the colonies in 1770-76. As a matter of fact, there were more people in England

taxed without representation in that period than there were in America.

But the desire for freedom had grown rapidly in the new country, so that restrictions that were taken as a matter of course in Europe seemed insupportable to the colonists. So the colonists rebelled against the parent country, threw off allegiance, rejecting her authority. Was this honoring the parent nation?

Now let us see what is the result. Great liberty you say? and great development along remarkable lines? Yes, all these things we must admit and in them rejoice. Are they all the logical result of the revolution? Don't be so sure of that; you never can tell what would have happened if something else had been done instead of the thing that was done. But granting that our development has been much more rapid because of the revolution, is there not another side to the case?

Remember that not only was the spirit of freedom fostered by the revolution, but the spirit of rebellion also. Read American history closely and you will find a number of little local rebellions that were at the time crises in the national life; *e. g.,* Shays' Rebellion, the "Whiskey Rebellion," the "Hartford Convention," "Nullification" in South Carolina, and then the great rebellion of 1861-65. How ready were sections of the country to follow the example of the original States in rebelling against parental authority. How near indeed the life of our nation came to being shortened upon the earth.

And what do we see everywhere throughout our nation today in the attitude of the people to the government? How common it is to see people of all stations in life disobedient to the law. Mighty corporations, greater in power than were the forces of the revolution, are claiming, and too often securing, the right to do as they please regardless of the law. As a matter of fact we are right now in the throes of a tremendous struggle with organized capital to maintain the solidarity of our government. The rebellion has been in secret, but it has been in fact just the same.

And individual citizens are daily disregarding the most stringent laws. Crime is on the increase, criminals are protected often by popular sympathy. At other times, mobs of lawless men take the uncondemned out of the hands of the government and murder them. Consider the riots, the "night-riders," the resistance to authority increasing on every hand to an alarming degree. The "Spirit of Liberty" has grown to be very near to the "spirit of anarchy."

Well, I don't want to pass judgment upon men that risked their lives in the cause of liberty, but neither will I admit the Revolution to have been justifiable until our popular government shall have shown itself to be better than that of England and her colonies of today. I am not a pessimist; I believe America has a great future and great blessings in store for her, but I do see urgent need for every man who loves his country to take a positive stand in favor of obedience to the law, if government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth.

WALKS AND TALKS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

A MINISTER one day while making some calls stopped at the doctor's house. The doctor was not at home. "Where can I find him?" asked the minister. "Well," said the doctor's wife, "you will have to look some place where people are sick or hurt or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's somewhere doing good."

Somewhere, doing good! What a sermon! If we want to find Christ we will have to go somewhere, helping others. Lifting somewhere, or helping somebody, lifting burdens, healing troublesome souls, and breaking hearts. They said the Master, in the days of his flesh, went about doing good.

We cannot always find Christ whom our soul loveth, in worship, or in sacraments, or in still meditation. We can never find him in selfish idleness or in worldliness or in self-indulgence, but on the contrary like the little boy's father, he is sure to be found "helping somewhere."

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself out.

An old London paper has this interesting story about England's lamented statesman: "Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people. When the tree had fallen and the prime minister had left the scene, there was a mad rush for the chips. One young man, securing a large chip, cried out: "Hey, lads, when I die this shall go in my coffin." Then answered an old woman, who overheard his remark: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where the chip wouldn't burn!"

I see by the papers that a league of business men of Arkansas wrote to the secretary of the navy, requesting him to have used, instead of wine, for the christening of the new battleship *Arkansas,* some of Arkansas' spring water. Good! This shows the sentiment of the public, and is eloquent of the spread of Christianity.

The green pasture comes in sight as soon as some heart says, "The Lord is my shepherd." What a magic sentence!

It is stated that thirty thousand saloons and one hundred and forty breweries have been closed in the United States during the last two years by local option. Three-fourths of the territory of the United States

with 41,000,000 has banished the saloon. Again we say "Good! And praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The other day in London a woman found a wallet containing the sum of $10,000. She received as a reward just ONE DOLLAR. But what's the use of saying anything? Wonder if she declined the dollar with thanks? Hope so.

"Criticism is like a tonic," says a contemporary. Yes, and it is sometimes like a wet blanket. There is criticism and *criticism*.

THE PULPIT, THE FORUM AND THE STAGE.

S. Z. SHARP.

ALL public speaking and reading with reference to its object may be classed under three heads—the *pulpit* the *forum* and the stage. The word pulpit, figuratively employed, has reference to preaching and religious addresses and is confined to sacred things. The forum primarily was a place for the administration of justice and for public assemblies, and is now employed to mean all manner of secular public speaking as found in the courts of justice, the legislative halls, the lecture rooms, and all manner of public assemblies. The stage represents that public speaking and acting intended to exhibit the virtues and vices of society, its object being mainly for diversion or amusement. In delivery it may for the sake of illustration or contrast introduce snatches of the first two, but its object is widely different from that of either. Its proper place is the theatre. Theatrical performance in the forum or on the platform is ludicrous; in the pulpit it is reprehensible.

The training for the stage or theatre is specific. Much attention is paid to the position of the body, the gestures and the movement of the body and limbs, the intention being to represent persons and character. Much attention is paid to costume, and environment. The stage is decorated, and as much as possible, the actors and their surroundings are made to portray the characters represented.

The training for the forum is more simple. The surroundings are immaterial. It may be in the legislative hall, the courtroom, or the speaker may stand on a storebox in a park or on the street. Little attention is paid to position of body or gesture. Grave senators and astute lawyers are seen speaking with both hands in their pockets or on the back of a chair. The entire power of the speaker in the forum is focused on the truth and importance of what is uttered. His object is to impress on the mind of his hearers what he is presenting. His attitude, tone of voice, gesture and surroundings are of little account compared with his logic, though elegance is always admired.

The pulpit is the place for the delivery of sacred truth. The surroundings, appearance of the person, his posture, gesture, tone of voice and delivery, should all harmonize with the main object in view. All sacred thought requires slow movement. The prayer should be rather slow, in the orotund quality of voice, in a low key but loud enough for all to hear and say, Amen, at the close. The position of body, and gestures that would be overlooked in the forum would hardly be condoned in the pulpit. Too many gestures rather detract from the force of the delivery; as Shakespeare says, "Do not saw the air too much." Neither should the speaker move constantly back and forth in the pulpit like a bear in a cage. "Be not too tame either, but suit the action to the word, the word to the action." There is considerable latitude in delivery allowable in the pulpit to suit the various, grave, moderate, or joyous thoughts to be expressed.

The preacher in the pulpit and the secretary in the Sunday-school should read and speak loud enough to be heard by those farthest off, but not louder. It is remarkable how defective the reading is in most Sunday-schools. There must be something wrong in the present system of education. The chief error lies in reading too fast. Even some who have taken several years of training in an elocutionary department of some college can not read a book or paper to an audience at sight as some of our old preachers can who have never taken a lesson in elocution. We fear there is too much training for the stage in our institutions of learning and not enough for the pulpit.

"THE MAN LAND."

Little boy, little boy, would you go so soon,
To the land where the grown man lives?
Would you barter your toys and your fairy things
For the things that the grown man gives?
Would you leave the haven whose doors are set
With the jewels of love's alloy,
For the land of emptiness and regret?
Would you go, little boy, little boy?

It's a land far off, little boy, little boy,
And the way it is dark and steep;
And once you have passed through its doors, little boy,
You mayn't even come back to sleep.
There is no tucking in, no good-night kiss,
No morning of childhood joy,
It's passion and pain you give for this,
Think well, little boy, little boy!

Little boy, little boy, can't you see the ghosts
That live in the land off there;
The "broken hearts," "fair hopes" all dead,
"Lost faith" and "grim despair"?
There's a train for that land in after years,
When old Time rushes in to destroy
The wall that stands 'tween the joy and the tears—
So don't go, little boy, little boy!

—Metropolitan.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter V. Elizabeth of England. Born 1533, Died 1603.

WE now undertake the study of an equivocal and truly complex character,—a character, which, being contradictory in itself, it must not be accounted as a marvel that men, in attempting to portray it, contradict each other. To Elizabeth of England does this character belong.

Were this article a thesis on heredity, we might enlarge upon the environments attending her prenatal existence. Indeed, we cannot refrain from citing the readers to the conditions which led to her birth, and would fain offer them as an apology for the deceptive nature which ever characterized this otherwise generally noble-hearted queen.

It must at least be conceded that the trait of deception early manifested itself in Elizabeth. Thus, at a tender age we find her for policy's sake piously observing the papal rites, when at heart she was a staunch Protestant, and sending to her sister Mary the most submissive epistles from the prison where she detained her, when as a matter of fact, she would have gladly met that august lady in open battle, or perhaps more gladly still have seen her a target mark. She flattered the gloomy Philip of Spain, whom her soul abhorred, and turned his vanity to her good account. She endured prison life with apparent tranquillity, as though it were a just and commonplace thing to bear, knowing the temper of the Queen, and feeling, no doubt, that it was better to lose her freedom than her head. No one ever felt sure of knowing Elizabeth's sentiments concerning any question. One might have had her word, but one had hesitated to stake his life upon it.

Nevertheless, when her accession to the throne was proclaimed, Elizabeth voiced the people's sentiment when she exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes!" The Catholic Parliament congratulated itself upon greeting a queen who was even then engaged in reading some ponderous volumes which she had begged her sister Mary to lend her, that she might more fully inform herself, she said, concerning the papist faith. Philip of Spain congratulated *himself* upon the accession of this Queen, whom he told his heart he should espouse, and which hope consoled him as Mary approached the Valley of Shadows. Had not he won good graces from Elizabeth, from the Queen? And being the princess whom his heart desired, should not his union with Elizabeth prove a beneficence which any prince of the continent might covet? His influence should also be strengthened, while the piety of the princess and her attachment to the Catholic cause should all be to his favor. Philip truly became optimistic of spirit! But, behold, the chagrin of that noble aristocrat when Elizabeth coolly declared that her love for him could be measured only by the leagues he should remain distant from her; and, behold, the wrath of the Catholics when one sacred image after another was torn from its shrine and mass became historical; and, behold, the disgust of the whole band of princely suitors when Elizabeth, at her coronation, solemnly placed a ring upon her finger and holding it aloft, declared that she had that day espoused England, and that none other should ever be her husband.

This determination became a source of both the gravest apprehension to her cabinet, and the keenest disappointment to her friends, who united to dissuade her from her project. But there existed in Elizabeth sufficient blood of the headstrong Henry VIII., her father, and haughty temper of Anne Boleyn, her mother, to equip her for defiance against her friends and her Parliament, aye, and the nation, if need be; and in the face of all opposition she audaciously proclaimed herself the Virgin Queen, and the Virgin Queen she ever would remain.

But in keeping with the nature of Elizabeth the *sobriquet* proved itself contradictory, and the circumstance of the wedding ring is sadly amusing in face of the various love affairs of which the Queen, herself, was the heroine. Prominent among these we might mention those of the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Essex. But we refrain from laying bare these secrets of the heart, which Elizabeth desired to be eternally hidden and which she used the utmost secrecy in attempting to conceal. Suffice it for us that she remained true to the letter of her decree, if indeed, she sometimes evaded the spirit of the same.

Her deceptive nature revealed itself in its fulness, in her dealings with Mary, Queen of Scots, whose death is regarded as the darkest stigma upon Elizabeth's character. Her assent to the death, in itself, is not considered so dark a blot, even, as the false-hearted, equivocal manner in which she dealt with her poor, defenseless *protege*. During the trial of that unfortunate Queen, Elizabeth delivered an address to her lords which partakes of the nature of an oration, in which she strove to wash her hands from the blood that was to be spilled, yet at the same time making it plain to her audience that nothing short of that blood could secure safety and peace for England. I believe she even mustered up a few tears for the occasion. She set forth many reasons why it was meet that Mary should die, paramount among which was her own royal existence. Mary's death meant life to her, and *vice versa*. Then with a generous appeal to her lords she stated

that if, by her own death there might be procured a more flourishing condition and a better sovereign, she would most willingly lay down her life; and ended the long harangue by declaring, that "whether she looked to things past, to things present, or to futurity, she counted them happiest who went first from the stage." What a fable this statement appeared in face of her own death scene, twenty years later, when she refused to go to bed lest it might be thought that she was dying, and how, when the end was come, she cried, "Millions for a moment of time!"

But, notwithstanding all this, Elizabeth possessed many really excellent traits. The fact of the matter perhaps is, that she was neither as good as her admirers paint her, nor yet as bad as her enemies would have us think. What honest Englishman can look back to the Elizabethan age and not feel his bosom swell with pride because of the advancement that was made in science, in literature, and the arts? He must also acknowledge that the sovereign of that period possessed superior tact, intellect and executive ability. He will ponder the national achievements of that period until the fire glows within him, telling over the patriotic qualities of the good Queen Bess. He will not let such trivialities as her boxing the ears of some offending statesman, nor the passing event of her shaking soundly the dying Countess of Nottingham, who meddled in a love affair of hers, deter him from his esteem. These little details are but incidentals.



Queen Elizabeth.

Dame Fashion found a staunch ally in Queen Elizabeth. To her the ladies of high life were indebted for the hoops and ruffs, the proportions of which were limited by Parliament to the ladies of the Court, only Elizabeth holding the right to dictate for herself the circumstance thereof. To what ends her taste led, her portraits must bear witness. It was not that her wardrobe was not magnificent, but only because her taste was coarse, that her dress was criticised. But what mattered criticism to Elizabeth? Less than nothing.

As age creeps on, it is almost pathetic to recall how the waning beauty of this vain Queen, which never was far-famed, but which by the aid of waters and paints, passed for fairly good, caused her antipathy to all mirrors, emphasized by a solemn vow against them, giving the occasion to her ladies to use the cosmetics promiscuously, which they did for their personal amusement; for instance, painting her nose red, her lips green, and giving an ashen hue to her cheeks and forehead. Thus did the deceptive Elizabeth at last have the ruse practiced upon herself. To think of her walking majestically amongst her ladies, who made obeisance before her face and grimaces behind her back is ludicrous in the extreme! Let us indulge in a smile since she is where smiles can neither reach nor harm her. But let us for a better reason, indulge in the feeling of profound gratitude that Elizabeth remained true to her vow against the mirrors; for had the ruse been detected, what ever would have been the fate of those ladies of honor at the hands of the exasperated Queen?

At last it is all over, the pomp, the splendor, the checkered life, the death watch and the funeral pageantry. We pause for a moment at the tomb of Elizabeth, and meditate upon the themes of human grandeur and human nothingness. Then we turn to greet the new sovereign of England who shall be known in history as James I. It is, indeed, the son of the hapless Queen of Scots, who endured her sorrows with genuine meekness and long suffering, and who, though abased to the limit, has triumphed in the end.

Johnstown, Pa.

THE PASSING OF INTERESTING BENEFACTORS. JANUARY, 1911.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

2—Joseph S. Eastman, one of the twelve original founders of the Christian Science Church.

4—Stephen B. Elkins, U. S. Senator from W. Va., age 70.

* . . . Joseph Umphues, the sculptor who modeled the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington; age 60.

. . . Willis C. McDonald, ex-president of the New York State Medical Society.

6—Clarence Lexow, noted New York City reformer; age 59.

7—Sir John Aird, English engineer. Builder of the Manchester ship canal.

11—William Reynolds, one of the first presidents of the Great Western Railway; age 91.

. . . Mrs. Hattie Jenkins, aged colored woman of Lancaster, Pa., mother of twenty-five children. She was born in 1793.

12—Major John L. Bittinger, U. S. consul general to Canada.

. . Lord Collins, famous English judge; age 69.

. . . Richard A. Waite, English architect; age 62.

17—Walter G. Miller, Pittsburg, Pa., steel manufacturer.

. . . George Johnson, Canadian statistician; age 75.

. . . Sir Francis Galton, English African explorer and writer; age 88.

——Lord Swaythling (Sir Samuel Montagu), English Jewish philanthropist; age 78.

——Peter O'Brian, one of the oldest jurists in Canada. He had lived under five British sovereigns.

——Lieut. Col. J. W. Hanson. He was the last member of the Montreal (Canada) Rifle Brigade; age 81.

18—Bishop William Paret, leading American Protestant Episcopal divine; age 84.

. . . Sir Thomas Brocklebank, father of Mrs. George Westinghouse, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa.

19—James J. Duane, hero of the excursion steamer *General Slocum,* which burned June 15, 1904. He succeeded in saving many lives.

20—Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

21—Richard Smith, veteran Methodist minister of Canada; age 91.

24—Captain Charles Barr, famous American skipper of the yacht *Columbia.*

25—David Graham Phillips, American novelist and writer upon sociological problems.

26—Sir Charles Dilke, English Liberal statesman. He was one of the foremost advocates of the world's peace.

27—James T. Shallcross, Delaware pioneer apple grower and member of the State Board of Agriculture, age 64.

. . . Charles M. Dally, an international specialist on gunnery and ammunition. He was in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars.

28—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, American author and lecturer; age 66.

29—Judge Henry M. Nevins, former National G. A. R. Commander; age 69.

. . . Sir William H. Wills, English baron. Noted breeder of horses and cattle; age 80.

30—William A. Davis (The Golden Miner), poet of ability. Born in Wales; age 77.

*Note:—
—— means date unknown to me.
. . . . means same date as for name preceding.

Rockton, Pa.

THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

Dr. O. H. Yereman

NO. II.

THE past history of the Portuguese has been, until recent years, one of conflict and war with their neighboring nations. Before the eighth century it belonged to the Roman empire, and because of its distant location, its Celtic inhabitants were frequently disturbed by the Germanic tribes, as the Vandals, Alans and Goths, who overran the country.

In the eighth century the Moors from the North of Africa came and took possession of the land. Fierce were the wars that were waged by the Portuguese for several centuries after this in trying to throw off the Mohammedan yoke, but it was not until about the middle of the eleventh century that Ferdinand "the Great" of Castile, drove the Moors back and established the Countship of Portugal. Thus the Counts of Portugal became great feudal lords, but owed allegiance to Spain.

It was in the year 1140 that Alfonso Henriques, one of these Counts, being a natural born leader and having developed a great degree of self-reliance because of the early death of his father, which put the reins of government into his hands before he was out of his teens, declared himself independent of Spain, assumed the title of king, and became the liberator of his country and the greatest hero in the annals of its history. From this on Portugal became an established and recognized nation.

From time immemorial there has been an *entente cordiale* between England and Portugal. As early as 1385 the treaty of Windsor was signed, binding them to stand by one another. Less than two years later Princess Philippa, a granddaughter of King Edward III., was given in marriage to King John I. of Portugal, and thus the political compact was further strengthened by family relationship.

Being surrounded by the mighty Atlantic on the west and on the south, and having numerous rivers and

streams coursing through the breadth of their land, the Portuguese took to the sea readily, and made the greatest advances in navigation.

The many wars they waged against the Moors and the Spaniards made the Portuguese a courageous and daring people, and not satisfied with their victories at home, they pressed forward into the mysteries of the pathless sea and discovered many lands. Many were the explorations of her sailors on the West Coast of Africa, and their settlement as trading points. Gradually these increased until in 1487 Bartolommeo Diaz, going farther than any of his predecessors, discovered the Cape of Good Hope.

It was before the close of the 15th century, about the



The Royal Palace, Lisbon. Photo, Brown Bros.

year 1497, that King Emanuel "the Fortunate," fitted out four ships which he placed under the command of Vasco da Gama, who was to try and discover a way to India by sea. Can you imagine the vast crowds that were gathered at the seashore to see this daring captain start off on his perilous journey? Methinks the king himself was there, and amid the music of the royal band, and the cheering of the vast concourse of his countrymen, Vasco de Gama sailed down the Tagus River, greeted with shouts and cheers from the groups of his compatriots who lined its shores, until he reached the open sea and vanished from their sight.

This little fleet was undoubtedly considered very fine, in those days, but it required only one hundred and sixty men to man all four of the vessels, and the daring courage of the heroic navigator can well be imagined, when we realize that he was not only to contend with the uncharted and formidable seas, but to discover and subdue many wild tribes and nations.

For months they battled against adverse winds, which greatly delayed them, and then encountered a series of raging storms, one right after the other, until the superstitious crew, terrified by the idea that all the forces of evil were let loose against them, mutinied and tried to force their captain to turn and go back to Portugal. But Vasco da Gama had anticipated their actions and with an iron hand he subdued their leaders and persuaded them to follow him in his quest. After a long voyage of nearly one year's duration they finally reached India and acquired many settlements and colonies, as well as great honors for themselves.

On the departure of Vasco da Gama, the king had vowed that should the voyage prove successful, he would erect a church to the Virgin Mary on the spot where the captain should land on his return. Accordingly he built the church of Belem, which in the "Emanuelan style"—a form of Gothic architecture distinctly peculiar to Portugal—is one of the most beautiful buildings in the whole country.

In this church lie the remains of the famous navigator who made many voyages and discovered many lands. He died in distant Cochin, on one of his long voyages, but he was so deeply loved and greatly honored by the people that his remains were brought home and deposited in this fitting temple, erected by King Emanuel.

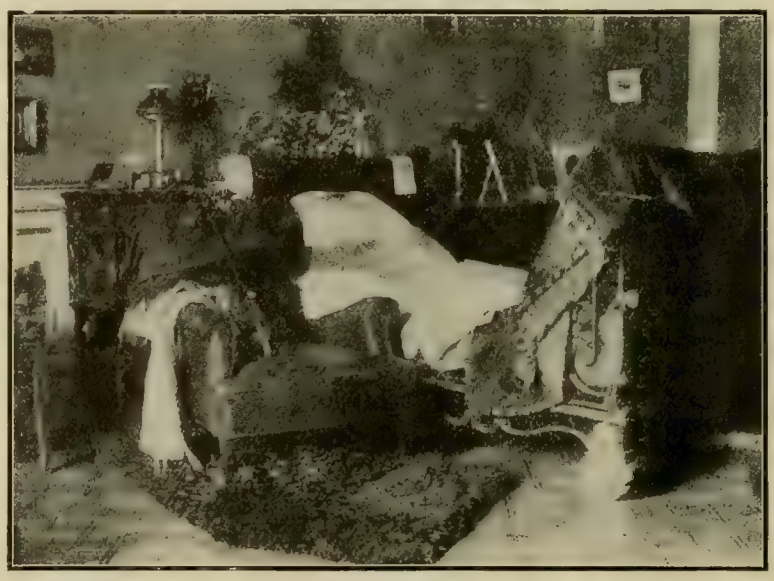
Thus, in the course of twenty-four years (1497-1521), Portuguese explorers sailed around the coasts of Africa to India, the East Indies, Siam and China; and westward to the Brazils, and throuh the Straits of Magellan, out into the Pacific Ocean. This was a period of great deeds performed by gallant men as mariners and soldiers, bearing the banner and high honor of their country into distant lands. Thus Lisbon became a great colonial, as well as commercial center, as the trade of Africa, India, Persia and even distant China and the Islands of the Seas, all passed through her.

Since I have written of Portugal's rise and development to a great world power, I must also give you a glimpse at the causes of her decline and downfall. With added wealth and glory, the people grew self-indulgent and began to lead a life of ease and luxury. The spirit of patriotism and exploitation gave place to one of lethargy and indifference. The most enterprising of the younger men went to seek their fortunes in distant lands, while others went to serve their country in fighting her battles in their numerous colonial possessions. Thus the best blood of the country was gradually drained. Then came the negro slave traffic in which the Portuguese were extensively engaged, and which reduced the wages of common labor to such an extent that many of the peasant class were compelled to emigrate to other lands. Finally there came the iniquitous Inquisition during the reign of John III., with all its cruel tortures and ceaseless persecutions. All

this resulted in the rapid decline of the country until now little is heard of her as a nation. But in spite of all this Portugal's present colonial possessions exceed 800,000 square miles.

Before the recent revolution Portugal had a constitutional form of government, somewhat similar to that of England. The Cortes or Parliament consisted of a House of Representatives elected by the people, and an Upper Chamber of *fidalgos* who were appointed for life by the king. Unfortunately much corruption prevailed, and the tendency among the officials was never to do today what could be put off until tomorrow.

I said that the Portuguese took to the water readily. Let us look at one of her many waterfronts. Groups of men are standing here and there, leaning against lamp posts, blocking the street and talking with active gestures and much animation. To look at them you would think they had nothing to do in all the world. Early in the morning you will see many gaily-painted fishing boats unloading their cargo of dripping baskets of fish—the catch of their all-night toil. On the wide stone quays, some of which slope down to the water's edge, are heaped large piles of fish, and many women go from pile to pile bargaining and jewing, until they find a bargain and filling their large, flat baskets, they carry them off, balanced on their heads, to the neighboring markets or to hawk them through the streets of the town.



"Uneasy lies the head—." Manuel's Chamber Just as He Left It in Hasty Exit on the Morning of Oct. 4.

These fisherwomen are picturesque in their peculiar brightly-colored dress, and possess a fund of ready wit and good-humored repartee. It is interesting to hear their good-natured shouts and cheerful laughter, and the gossip which passes between them as they work on the sloppy decks of two neighboring boats.

Further down on the quay are a group of men and women engaged in salting and packing fish in baskets and boxes to send into inland towns. Later on during the day you see them busy along the shore, cleaning and washing their nets and hanging them on poles to dry. About the cabins of these fishermen there are always to be seen groups of elderly women engaged in making or mending nets, while they chatter away about the latest scandal and gossip.

There are some quaint superstitions among these fisher folk of which I must tell you. Among other things they are great believers in water sprites, which they call *bruxas,* and which they imagine seeing on the crest of waves during the night. These are said to be harmless, but not so with the land *bruxas,* but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

Being Catholics, the Portuguese are great believers in saints. The sailor's patron saint is our Lord of Mathoshinhos. One writer describes the legend as follows: Long, long ago, so far back that date and year have been forgotten, this figure of our Lord was washed ashore and placed by the priest in the village church. It had been much buffeted by the waves, and had lost one arm, but some little time after, the missing limb was discovered in the following miraculous way: A poor old woman was trudging along the beach one day, picking up driftwood wherewith to light her fire. She saw a piece of wood which she thought was the very thing required, and returned home with it only to find that, do what she would, she could not get it to burn. She put it out in the sun to dry, but all to no purpose; so at length she decided to cut it up into little splinters, to see if in that way it would more readily catch fire. No sooner was her chopper lifted, ready to strike than the wood jumped to one side! The faster the blows rained down the more nimble did it become, till at last, in alarm, the old dame sought the priest, to whom she related her strange story. He examined the piece of wood, and was inspired to recognize the missing arm, which was soon restored to its proper position.

The pious folks for miles around still firmly believe that this sacred image, coming to them thus wonderfully from the sea, must have power to help the toilers of the deep, and must be the very special protector of seamen and fishermen. When the storms are wildest, and their boats are in danger of being wrecked, it is to our Lord of Mathoshinhos that the sailors cry in their distress. They ascribe their preservation to his miraculous powers, and the church is full of the quaintest votive offerings given in humble gratitude for answered prayers. Extraordinary wax models of legs and arms hang near the shrine, and also numberless pictures, crudely painted by the mariners themselves.

These depict ships in every conceivable peril, and generally the figure in the church is prominently portrayed, stilling the raging waves, or rescuing the drowning men. Terrible daubs they are but they hang there, a pathetic witness to the faith which, in the hour of danger, could seek for help where alone help was to be found. They are presented with a gift of money at the great yearly pilgrimage at Whitsuntide.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

Son—
How big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall?
His spear a hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And while his feet were on the ground
His hands could touch the sky?

Father—
O, no, my child, about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'Twas not his stature made him great,
But greatness of his name.

Son—
His name so great? I know 'tis long
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

Father—
I mean, my child, his actions were
So great, he got a name,
That everybody speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

Son—
Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know it all.

Father—
Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went.
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red,
And, strewn o'er many a battle ground
A thousand soldiers bled.

Son—
Did killing people make him great?
Then, why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call him great.

Father—
Why, no; 'twas not in war;
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

Son—
Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I should be great and not get hung
Like Abdel Young before.

Father—
Not so, my child, 'twill never do;
The Gospel bids be kind.

Son—
Then they that kill, and they that praise,
The Gospel do not mind.

Father—
You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people as you wish
To have them do to you.

Son—
But, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house and kill him, too,
And do as he had done?
Does everybody call him great
For killing people so?
Well, now, what right had he to kill
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here
And kill the folks within,
Would anybody call him great
For such a wicked thing?

—Elijah Jones.

MONEY AND SUCCESS.

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, my son," said he, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

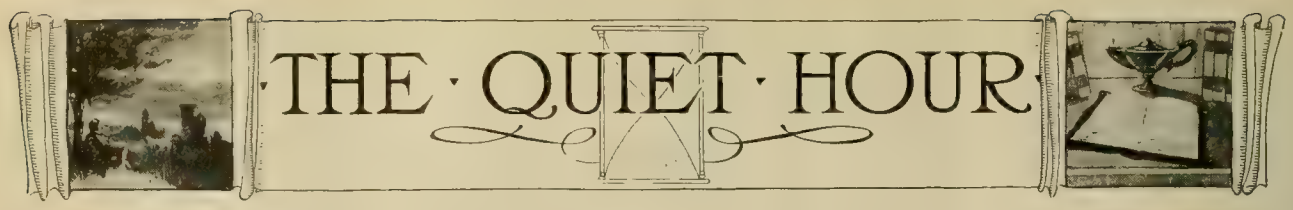
The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had he closed the door on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*The New World.*



Running the Line of Life

John H. Nowlan

It was one of the pleasant days in autumn when the leaves are turning but not ready to fall. The surveyor and his assistant were jogging along toward home at the close of a busy day's work. The young man was new in the work and had observed some things of interest to him.

"Uncle," said he, "I wish you would tell me how you knew where to find that stone down in that thicket. I heard you tell Mr. Long that there was a large white oak tree five links north of the corner and when you were getting ready to start you told him that you had never been over the line before."

"That's easy. Before we started I had looked up in the field notes all points that I thought might come up in this survey."

"Who placed that stone there?"

"It was placed by the County Surveyor many years ago to mark the place of a stake placed by the Government Surveyor.

"You are studying surveying and I hope you will at the same time learn to run the line of life. Life is very much like a survey.

"In running the line of life we must take the lines as laid down by the Original Surveyor and accept them as correct without question, however much we may think differently.

"All our lines must agree with the great Prime Meridian, which begins at the Manger of Bethlehem and ends at Calvary. The Base Line of human experience begins at the Garden of Eden and ends at the Grave, crossing the Prime Meridian at Jordan.

"Our duty is to retrace the lines according to the Field Notes left by the Master Surveyor and his accredited Deputies. These Notes tell all that we need to know to start right.

"Be sure to get the proper bearings, as a slight deviation at the start will put you far wrong in the end. Also be sure that your transit is leveled exactly over the proper point to start from.

"Consult your Manual before starting, to be sure that you have turned off the correct amount of variation on the vernier.

"Find the witnesses left to mark the starting place, then follow the route of the original survey, keeping a careful lookout for the sight objects along the way that are mentioned in the Notes. If none are to be found at the start, you must measure from known corners to locate the place; guesswork won't do.

"Conscience is the nearest accurate compass. The line of no variation is found in but few places, so set your compass by the Pole Star. You will find local attraction and it will be different in different places. Even in the same locality it will vary from time to time. Then sight back to your rear stake to see that you have not varied.

"Faith is the best telescope. With it you may see the goal which otherwise is invisible. Be sure to set the cross-wires exactly on the front stake.

"See that you have trustworthy assistants, as the value of your work will depend much on how they perform their duties: then make your signals to them in no uncertain way. Justice is a good one for the front end of the chain if you let Mercy come behind. The rear chain-man is the more important, as he will direct the work of the front one.

"There are various kinds of measures, but the Golden Rule is by far the best to use. Every division is accurately gauged, and it is not affected by changes in temperature.

"You will find one of the marking pins mentioned in the second part of the Manual (John 13:35), while Moses mentions the other ten (Ex. 20). Keep good flags on them so that there be no danger of losing any of them.

"Keep the chain tight, so there will be no variation in the measures taken.

"You will be sure to find some rough places; there let fall the plummet of Truth to show where to place the pin.

"Avoid offsets if possible. More work goes wrong in making offsets than at any other stage of the work. If you see no other way around an obstacle have your stadia wires adjusted accurately and measure by means of them. Next, take the angles of the offset, waiting till the needle comes to rest before recording them. If the results of the two observations do not agree, do not proceed till you have found the error. Use no formulæ in the solutions except those given in your Manual.

"Follow instructions as laid down in the Manual, and in case of doubt inquire of the Chief Surveyor. Instruction is free and absolutely accurate.

"Begin now, apply these rules to your line of life, and you will find your work successful."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HOW TO PREACH SO AS TO CONVERT NOBODY.

I WILL present some ideas from the teachings of Charles G. Finney on this subject:

1. Let your supreme motive be popularity and pelf rather than salvation.

2. Study to please and thus draw an audience and make a reputation.

3. Take up popular, passing and sensational themes to draw and avoid the essential doctrines of salvation, and spice them with jokes.

4. Denounce sin in the abstract, and especially unpopular sense, but pass lightly over sins that prevail in your congregation.

5. If asked: "Is it wrong to dance, play cards, and attend the theater?" answer very pleasantly: "Oh, that is a matter for private judgment; it is not for me to say you shall or shall not."

6. Preach on the loveliness of virtue and the glory of heaven, but not on the sinfulness of sin and the terrors of hell.

7. Reprove the sins of the absent and distant, but make those present pleased with themselves, so that they will enjoy the sermon and not go away with their feelings hurt.

8. Make the impression on worldly church members that God is too good to send any one to hell, even if there is any hell.

9. Preach the universal fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man so that no second birth is really needed.

10. Do not rebuke the worldliness of the church and try to make it peculiar, but fall in with the amusement heresy and cooking stove apostacy.

11. Avoid seriousness, alarm and earnest efforts to pull sinners out of the fire, and the old-fashioned idea that the church is a rescue mission.

12. To make religion attractive, and to make the church progressive, up-to-date, split it up into worldly clubs and trumpery societies, to cultivate worldly sociability, fun and merchandizing; instead of meeting for prayer, let them "sit down to eat and rise up to play."

These principles and practices have been tried and the results are sadly apparent.—*E. P. Marvin, in Christian Conservator.*

DAILY FAMILY PRAYERS.

WHAT America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation, and a lower tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit work a half hour earlier on Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing which we are worshiping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you'll find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthiworks in Manchuria.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE TEST OF REVERENCE.

IT must not be forgotten that Jesus has a claim upon us as his subjects quite as imperious and imperative as his claim upon us as Friend and Brother. In our interpretation of the intimacies we sometimes give ourselves undue liberty. We are not above imposing on the goodness of God. Reverence is a prerequisite to any proper worship; and the test of reverence is not in our forms of speech but in the soundness and loyalty of our affection. It is easy to cry Hosanna! but if there be no depth of love and reverence it is just as easy to cry on the morrow, Crucify him!—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

THE longer I live the more I see how blessed it is to trust in God for everything. It brings already for this life its abundant recompense, besides ministering comfort and encouragement to our fellow-believers. Suffer the word of exhortation. It is this—pray above all for an increase of faith. Just as money to the man of the world answers everything, so does faith to the child of God. How deeply important, therefore, to cry after an increase of faith.—*George Müller.*

GOD does not give grace till the hour of trial comes. But when it does come, the amount of grace, and the nature of the special grace required, is vouchsafed. Do not perplex thyself with what is needed for future emergencies; tomorrow will bring its promised grace along with tomorrow's trials.—*J. R. Macduff.*

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A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

Like the woman who would rather be out of the world than out of fashion, some people are so obsessed with the idea that present conditions and interests are the acme of perfection that they never think of analyzing these interests or comparing them with others to get at their real value.

Keeping up with the times is a good thing, provided we have a better reason for doing it than merely that of being with the crowd. However, there are a good many things connected with the times, present and past, that never bring credit to any one who hitches up with them.

It is a good thing to keep posted on present conditions and interests so that we may know just where our services are needed or where they will be most effective. Our chief business in the world is to serve the cause of right. To do this wisely and effectively we must study the world's interests. Then we will know how to separate the wheat from the chaff—the useful interests of the times from the harmful—and can center our efforts where their every influence will count for righteousness or right living.

While it is important that we keep in touch with the times for the reasons given, it requires a stable mind and one keen to interpret conditions to do this and yet not be drawn into the maelstrom of novel theories and adventures. All of us are more or less acquainted with the people who are continually exchanging the solid ground of truth and effective effort for some airy speculation. These same people are extravagant in their praise and attention to every newcomer in the neighborhood only to brush by them in indifference afterward, as they hasten to prostrate themselves before a later-comer. It is hardly necessary to add that in times of stress, where we are feeling for sure foundations, we seldom make the mistake of depending on them for anchorage.

Let us keep up with the times, certainly, in the sense of being acquainted with them. Then let us judge carefully what may be adopted and what must be rejected. It seems evident that in some lines we are more and more approaching the truth, and keeping in touch with the times will enable us to get a better grasp of that truth. On the other hand, we know by the Word of God that in some things the world is falling more and more into error, and we need to be wide awake so that we may not be led into these.

"WAR VS. PEACE."

While the subject of national peace is a live one and the field embraced in it affords much material for an interesting discussion, it requires a good deal of skill on the part of a writer if he is able to hold the attention of the reader throughout a somewhat lengthy treatment of the subject in its different phases. A recent examination of the book appearing under the above title convinces us that its author has been successful on this point. We give it as our opinion that if one is interested in the subject at all, one way or the other, his reading of this book will not be desultory, when once he has begun it.

The book is divided into five chapters and the subject discussed under the following five divisions: "The Causes of War," "The Evils of War," "The Cost of War," "A Brief History of the Peace Movement," and "Ways of Advancing Peace."

Knowing that whatever we may be able to say *about* this book, relative to its merits will not be half so convincing as quotations from the book itself, we are following with several taken from the first, second and last chapters. These will give our readers some idea of the manner in which the subject is discussed.

"War belongs to other ages and to a different era of civilization than the present Christian era. Its awful atrocities and rank injustice jar upon the Christian principles of the twentieth century, and the reasonable, thinking people of today are demanding a reasonable excuse for the wholesale destruction of lives and property, and the degrading of morals which inevitably follows in the wake of war."

"Undoubtedly one of the causes for war is that men do not inquire enough about the right or wrong of it."

"Slavery was not abolished until people began to study it. Intemperance is tolerated only in communities where the terrible crimes perpetrated by this hideous monster are kept in the background. And so, as war is studied and its crimes become better known, it will be dethroned forever."

"There is no record of wars having improved any nation's character, or having made men more sober or religious or humane or law-abiding; and yet the sol-

dier is held up as an individual who upholds and advances these virtues."

Among quotations from able and well-known men the author gives the following from Gladstone: "So far from making noble, chaste, upright, unselfish men, we do not hesitate to affirm, from years of acquaintance with the results of army life, that soldiering is eminently fitted to produce men of a precisely opposite type, and that it is producing them."

"War strikes at the very heart of a nation, because it strikes at the home. No nation can possibly make any advancement, morally or spiritually, that does not recognize that in the homes rests the foundation of government. But army life makes an ideal home life an impossibility, for military laws demand that the enlisted man make his permanent home with his company or regiment."

"Great as are the demoralizing effects of war upon education, literature, science, art, it is not to be compared with the terrible effects it produces upon the Christian religion."

"War is a denial of Christianity, of God; and every war, and all preparations of war are simply a defiance of Christianity; and when these principles of hatred and variance creep into the church they mean the corrupting of her morals, the subtracting of her virtues. The warlike attitude of the Christian nations today is one of the greatest barriers to the Christianizing of the whole world."

"The greatest institution in the world today for bringing man into a proper attitude to God is the Church, therefore it is to the Church that we must look for a solution of this problem. When the Church of the living God awakens to her opportunities and possibilities, the roar of the cannon shall be banished from the land forever."

"Another very prolific source for the propagation of peace is the home. The very heart of the nation is centered in the home."

"People are beginning to realize that all reformation must begin with the child."

"We at present cannot abolish war, but by the grace of God we can so instill in the hearts of our boys and girls the principles of love and justice that there will be no inclination to fight and kill."

We would like to give more extracts from the book, but space forbids. The book may be secured for 75 cents, postpaid, by addressing Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

OUR ARITHMETIC CLASS.

We are glad to report a very good recitation on the first lesson assigned, the problem of the man buying one hundred head of stock for one hundred dollars. Less than six days from the time the INGLENOOKS containing the problem left the office here, we had twenty-eight answers, all correct, from as many different towns scattered over the country from Kansas to Pennsylvania. We should like to publish the names of all who sent answers, but it would take too much space, so we give only one with the answer:

Ralph Dague, Ashland, Ohio. The farmer bought 94 sheep, 5 cows and 1 hog.

Next lesson: "A railroad has three road-engines and a pusher, the total capacity of which is 2,200 tons. The first engine and pusher will pull as much as the other two engines. The second engine and pusher will pull twice as much as the first and third and the third engine and pusher will pull three times as much as the first and second. How much can each pull alone?"

In the last problem it was possible, with a little see-sawing to get the answer without the process of a solution by figures. It is our opinion that in the above you will have to use some figures and method.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEER.

Do you think that you're in trouble, are you gloomy and foreboding,
Have you griefs and tribulations, have you cares that are corroding,
Is your brow becoming wrinkled, are your cheeks becoming hollow
With the wear of your conviction that the worst is yet to follow?
Well, I have to do my duty, even if I do offend you,
And I very gladly do it if it's likely to amend you,
You are foolish. It's a silly, senseless habit you are getting—
Fretting.

Will it help you? There's the question. Does it make your trouble lighter?
If you lose your sleep about it, does the prospect grow much brighter?
Does the brooding till you're yellow greatly help the situation?
Will stern facts become less stubborn upon saddened contemplation?
Stuff and nonsense! It's just childish, all this fussing and cranking.
If you had the proper treatment, it would be a thorough spanking.
I have got my own opinion of the idiots that borrow—
Sorrow.

I am blessed with some possessions. You might almost call me wealthy.
And I freely make admission I'm invariably healthy;
I have friends, a loving helpmate and sweet children, and I'm grateful;
But if all were lost tomorrow I would not be mean and hateful.
I am sure I'd bear it nobly, I would rise to the occasion,
I would gaily face the music, with no weakness or evasion,
I'd not nurse a grief or pet it, I would smilingly defy it—
Try it.

—Kennett Harris, in Woman's National Daily.



THE HOME WORLD



MY MOTHER DEAR.

W. H. ENGLER.

With longing eyes I often gaze
Back on the scenes of other days,
When I at home at mother's knee,
Would often hear her words of cheer;
The songs she sang ring in my ear,
As I revert to those bright days,
They bring to mind my mother dear,
Whose loving form I still can see.

But now I'm weary and distrest,
And from my eyes the tears will start,
As 'neath the shadows of the trees
I sit and think of those bright days;
Sometimes I think I hear that voice,
That often made my heart rejoice,
And mem'ry brings to me bright scenes,
Of days and years forever flown.

But I no more her voice shall hear,
In this sad world of sin and care;
She's gone to that bright clime above,
Where pain and care can never come;
But in that land on yonder shore,
We all may meet when time is o'er.
This is a hope to me most dear,
That we shall meet on yon bright shore.

I no more here shall see her face,
For she has gone where all is peace;
But in that land beyond life's sea,
Where we shall meet when toils are o'er,
I'll greet once more my mother dear,
And partings then will be no more.

Waynesboro, Pa.

Lest There Be Envyings

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"Against the great superiority of another there is no remedy but love."—Goethe.

I TELL you it just beats all, the way them Heysers has been a-carrying on. First thing they was jealous when Rapps built a new barn, I seen that right away when Mrs. Heyser said to me that she thought the Rapps had enough to do to look after the mortgage that was now on their place without adding any to it. Now I didn't know anything about their financial matters, as you might say, and I didn't calculate to get into any trouble with my neighbors, and so I changed the subject and asked her whether I could get a start of her new sweet corn."

"As you say, it is a bad thing to have trouble with neighbors; I hope these have made up their quarrel," said Mrs. Calhoun, a city boarder.

"No, ma'am; they haven't made up and I am afraid it's going to be a long while until they do. You see the Heysers went and built a kitchen. I can't say that it was unnecessary, but I will say that they could have done without it. They needed their money for other things. When the Rapps got a nice yard fence, the Heysers got a finer one and then Rapps got a new carpet. They do say as how it was imported; and so one thing just brought on another and neither of them able to stand the expense. And they do say that the least little thing will bring about a sheriff's sale at either place."

"And so envy got two good families into trouble!" commented the city boarder.

"It was being jealous that did it. The Rapps have a girl who can sing and she's a right good scholar, while Mamie Heyser is too stupid to learn, and she's gone and got as many of the school children as she could to stay mad at the Rapp girl; and so it's all mixed up and a bad mess of it."

"Jealousy and envy always make a bad mess of anything," said the city boarder as she went into the house.

Did you ever stop to think that jealousy and envy are both the result of inner poverty? That we look at ourselves and find that we cannot measure up to some one else whom we may admire; and then the serpent of jealousy creeps in and suggests that if we cannot surpass them, perhaps we can in some way so depreciate their value that people will not see how much poorer we are than the object of our jealousy? This is the beginning of trouble which leads to bitterness and sometimes to heartbreak. This inner destitution should be provided against. When you feel that you have nothing by which to please your friends, stop right there and think. Do not depreciate yourself or give way to doubts and fears. God has given you at least one talent; use it and double it and you will find friends. Do not measure yourself by any one else, just do the work God has given you to do thankfully, joyfully, and you will be surprised after awhile to find that the demon of jealousy is gone.

Have some faith in yourself and your own powers of attraction; do not give way to depressing thoughts, fight discouragement. When you see things that you cannot have, do not worry and fret. Possessions are only relative. Every one has a certain quantity and the millionaire sighs for a billion, so what is the use? Deny the possibility of defeat and go on smiling over your pleasures and your blessings and you will find that their value has increased many fold. It may be that

temperament has something to do with envy and jealousy; there are some who look at the attainments and things of others with immediate longing for possession. Two brothers may have totally different manners. One has a manner and bearing which is like a gift of genius. He is charmingly polite and deferential to older persons; his gay, genial way of pleasing will carry him easily through the world. His brother may be even more talented, but he lacks the grace and assurance needed to make a good first impression; he is awkward and bashful and he is in the background until one discovers his heart of gold. But let him not envy his more fortunate brother; for, depend on it, in some way nature has made compensation. If he is not so glib of tongue, he is likely to be a more profound thinker; and often he has the qualities of courage and perseverance which his brother lacks.

Certainly there is competition. But why should you envy the fellow who forges ahead? No one has the field to himself. Competition has no terrors for the one who is prepared. If you are one of a thousand and the other nine hundred are all ahead of you, the outlook is not particularly cheerful. But will envying and railing at the good luck of the others make your own chances any better? Cheer up and go to work; that is the best panacea for envy. While you are working you have no time to grudge your neighbor his good luck.

We all praise the woman with roses on her tongue; she sees the baby's dirty mouth but she speaks of its bright eyes. She sees her neighbor's shabby coat but without noticing it, she encourages him by saying that his perseverance must surely be rewarded. Such a one has no time for jealousy or envy. We all like the man with a hearty handshake, whose smile lights up the dreariest day and whose "God bless you" lingers in the memory of one who needs it. The raven's dismal croak is forgotten, but we cling to the notes of the thrush.

THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

IT is presupposed that the kitchen under consideration is a clean, cosy, delightful place. Otherwise no real *man* would wish to be there. There are two ides to this as well as other subjects. It is also supposed that "the *man*" is a pleasant, honorable, agreeble person. Otherwise he has no business in that acred precinct. Let us glance at the negative side as ell as the affirmative, so as to form an unprejudiced nd correct idea of the real condition.

We have known places where, among the employees, xisted one hired man of the "smart" variety. Or in poor widow's home where it was necessary to keep a w boarders in order to make expenses, there was nong them usually one who thought himself very atractive; so much so, that he made it a rule to continually cheer up the girls in the kitchen by his presence. No matter how busy they might be, or who was about, or what the circumstances were, these "smart" young men (not always so very young either) must be joking, tittering, laughing, giggling, gossiping and romping with the girls in the kitchen. After the supper dishes are done they will accompany those girls to some place of amusement (or elsewhere—no one knows where), unless the parents strictly forbid it, in which case they will good-naturedly settle down to a social game of cards or some other sort of play with the girls in the kitchen. The rest of the family, meanwhile, entertain their friends or enjoy one another's society in the sitting room.

Would I tolerate such men in my kitchen? NEVER! But the "good man of the house"—the husband and father—the faithful provider, the one who owns and cares for the whole establishment—well, "circumstances alter cases," they say. There are different circumstances, and they require entirely different rules. Where the family hire a girl to do the work in the kitchen, the man's place is in the sitting room with his family. There, where wife and children are gathered, should be the most pleasant place in the world for the man who loves and cares for them. But where the good wife does her own work, toiling away in the kitchen to make things pleasant and healthful for her dear ones, I should think her faithful husband would like to spend some of his time there and if he is a true and good husband she would be pleased to have him there. The good husband, the kind father, the one who works to provide good things for his family, and seeks to make home a good place for them; the one who takes baby and cares for it while mother is too busy; the cheerful companion who turns the cakes while mother goes down celler, or, better still, goes for her; the father who helps Johnny with his problems and shares his knowledge with those who are nearest and dearest to him,—by all means, have a cosy corner and an easy chair in the best part of the dear old sunny kitchen, for that worthy individual. Let him read his morning paper by the shining window among the fragrant flowers, and make him so comfortable that he will know home with wife and children near, is the dearest and best place on earth.

And the good old grandfather, who can't work much any more,—let *him* feel at home in the pleasant kitchen where his dear ones are wont to gather.

And the boys! Bless their dear hearts; who'd wish to live in a house where the happy, cheerful voices of brother and son might not be heard in any room? Let the pleasant kitchen be their haven of peace and happiness, where they can tell mother or sister without reserve, just the thoughts that lie deepest, and the things that amuse or interest them as well, knowing they'll find a sympathetic listener, every time. Let them snatch

a cooky or any other dainty and enjoy it without reproach. What are cookies for, if not for the boys' enjoyment? What if they *do* make a little bit of muss? Teach them to clean up their own litter, and to help about the cooking. Encourage them to lend a hand, thus training them to useful habits. It will be so helpful to them by and by, as well as a great blessing to mother and sister at home. And how good it will be when they have homes of their own planting, by and by, to be able to *help* the young and inexperienced wife sometimes, especially in case of sickness, instead of having to be a miserable, awkward, hindering stranger in his own kitchen. Dear, homey, comfortable kitchens, where all the family feel better than any place else,—realms of love where mother is queen, and daughter a princess.

THE LOST CHILD.

I 'member when they cut my curls not very long ago,
Because they looked just like a girl's, and I'm a boy, you know;
I used to wear 'em awful long, and once my pa, he said,
It's time I had my curls cut off and wore short hair instead;
Because I'm big enough for that; and then they took the shears
And snipped my curls off one by one right close up to my ears,
But every time a curl came off, my mother, she just hid
Her face a little bit and cried. I wonder why she did!

And after 'while she picked one up and held it in her hand
With something shining in her eyes I didn't understand;
She petted it as if it was a little boy or girl,
And acted fond of it when it was nothing but a curl.
And after 'while they're all cut off and down there on the floor,
And I looked much more like a boy than I had been before,
But there was something in her eyes she tried and tried and tried
To brush away, but still it came. I wonder why she cried.

And after 'while I'm all trimmed off, and then my pa, he said,
I'm not a baby any more, but I'm a boy instead,
And he is awful proud of me, and then my ma she smiled
And said we found a boy that day and lost a little child;
So I said I would hunt for him and bring him back, but then
She said she was afraid that he would not come back again;
And picked the curls I had all up from off the floor and hid
Them in her bureau drawer and cried. I wonder why she did.

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

A MAN'S IDEAS OF A WIFE.

Dear Cousin: In reply to your bachelor question as to what constitutes an ideal wife for a farmer, I can but tell you about my Alice.

Before our marriage she had received a high school education and had taught a few terms of school. Her talent for music and painting had been improved and her love of literature gratified as far as compatible with her condition in life; however, these she considered but accessories, her parents having trained her for a home-keeper in the fullest sense of the word. Hence she understood ordinary cooking, mending, dressmaking, etc., together with the care of the home and children. Quietly, but quickly, she went about the house, keeping it in order, not only where most seen, but even to the attic and store-room. She understood and followed the common rules of hygiene, and knew what to do for the minor ailments of the smaller children, how to dress a cut finger, etc. While a good conversationalist, she was no gossip; all tales of scandal, etc., that reached her ears went no farther. She loved nature; could tell the children about the common birds, flowers, rocks and stars; seemed to know when her father needed her to rake hay or drive the horse-fork; could milk, feed the pigs, chickens, etc., and was loyal to parents, brothers, sisters and friends.

All these accomplishments she brought to our home, at our marriage, they constituting the most of her dower—an ideal dower, too; and as years passed this dower accumulated interest, as it were. She is almost my opposite in figure, complexion and disposition; and many times has one of the children told me, after I had indulged in unmerited harshness: "After you left the house today, papa, mama went into the bedroom and cried." While not given to much advice, yet many times has a quiet suggestion from her restrained me from plunging headlong into some enterprise, which afterward revealed her wisdom and my folly; however, she is always glad to talk over with me any matter or project which interests me or which I may present to her; hence, in a short time, I learned that her judgment in much which I thought beyond woman's sphere, was frequently worth considering. But when I disagreed with her, or refused to follow her desires or suggestions, no cloud was on her brow; and afterward, did my plan result in loss, never was there an "I told you so," or, "Perhaps you will know better next time." Rather, she took upon herself a share of the burden, as though she were the cause of the folly. Seldom has she asked me for money, for soon after our home-coming she suggested that a certain department of the farm interests be for her own management and expenditure. We settled on the poultry; and I guess, cousin, I acted wisely, for more than once has wife's pocketbook come handy. While economical she is not niggardly, as all know who live in touch with her. For charity work she holds rigidly to the tithe as a minimum, and early led me to adopt the same plan which has been satisfactory to me.

When melancholy settles over me, she knows, seemingly by instinct, what to say or read, when to caress and soothe, when to encourage and cheer up; perhaps she suggests a song, a hymn, or an instrumental selection; possibly a walk or a drive. She seems to know what I need; and the same with the children, also.

While she knows all about the farm stock, crops, etc., and can mow or even run the binder, if necessary, yet no one ever thinks of her as tending toward masculinity.

Once I asked her if I could join the Odd Fellows. Her reply was: "Certainly, they all should be together." Later, when I became a Mason, she said: "Do not let lodge work take the place of nor interfere with your duty to the church." But when I asked her to become a Star, she replied: "Abram, I will if you think I have time to give to it; but remember the claims our church has on me, also our children and our home. I should enjoy being with you, did duty sanction it; hence I will leave it to you." Consequently, she is not a Mason; and, cousin, at that time I gave up my lofty thoughts of high Masonic degrees and honors, for I realized that church, family and business had more of real enjoyment and worth for me than those things could give, since life at longest is so brief.

I remember, after one of your visits, you said: "How neat and tasteful your house looks!"—and, "What a good cook Alice is! How does she find time for so much and keep everything in such order? How does she find time for painting and fancy work? For reading the magazines and books you have in such numbers? And you say that she reads the farm journals and has taken, with you, a correspondence course in agriculture! How well she is informed on current topics! Abram, how is it?" The answer I could not give then, but will venture one, in part, now. Naturally she is quick, but not nervously in a hurry; hence, every movement accomplishes something. Orderly and methodical, she knows beforehand the general trend of her work, and, being resourceful, can adapt herself and methods so as largely to counteract the effects of hindrances and accidents. She improves every moment until the regular work is done, then relaxes for play or recreation; in this, while methodical, she does not hurry, but actually rests.

Did you notice how inexpensive her cooking is? How dainty yet wholesome? We have a good garden, which, largely, she oversees; but we men do most of the work. This, with the products from the dairy, poultry and orchards, the berries, fruits and nuts, furnish enough, and good enough, for an epicure. I once heard of some one so neat that she "had to clean up after her own feet, she was so dirty." But, you said, I remember, that no one felt uneasiness in our home, fearing that he would soil something; and that is true of her family. We became careful and considerate without knowing it; with no admonition from her. True, were she not healthy, she could not do as she does; but much of her good health is due to her good sense, coupled with knowledge of hygienic laws and adherence thereto.

Now, cousin, as she is still living, and has not become to me by her departure an imaginary deity; moreover, as I am not in my dotage, being scarcely fifty, I believe that I am not exaggerating her virtues. The little of worldly goods we have is largely due to my Alice—to her thrift, economy and wise foresight. She has made our house the ideal home for our family. "Her children will rise up and call her blessed." She is my idea of a true wife for a farmer. But, cousin, such are born, then *trained;* they are rare, but they do exist.—*Farm Journal.*

* * *

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

"Do you ever thoroughly enjoy receiving company?" said a lady to us not long ago. "For my part, I am so occupied with the fear that my guests will not be sufficiently entertained that I have no time to enjoy them." Most American housekeepers will confess to something of this feeling. Even in our best-appointed households there is not that absence of care in the deportment of the lady of the house which is seen in French or English drawing-rooms. Her thoughts cannot help wandering to the kitchen, even in the midst of the most animated conversation. She knows full well that after all those endeavors which have made her somewhat too weary to be quite at her best in looks or manner, there may be a failure in serving the repast. It is curious to see what a different woman she is after supper, if all has gone well. For the time she is safe, and exuberant with a sense of relief.

When our guests are staying with us for a day or a week, matters are somewhat better, because so much is not attempted; but still there are often an unnaturalness and constraint which make themselves felt, even through the most scrupulous politeness. Much of this is no doubt owing to our unsatisfactory and precarious domestic service. Arthur Hugh Clough said: "The only way to live comfortably in America is to live rudely and simply;" and while we should not like to agree to his statement seriously, there are moments of despair, it must be acknowledged, in which we feel the force of it. But there is a deeper reason than this for our discomfort, and happily it is one which it lies in our power to remedy. Somehow or other, the idea has become chronic with us that we must entertain our

visitors according to their style of living rather than our own.

There is with us Americans an inborn dislike to be surpassed; it is at once our strength and our weakness; giving us a stimulus to endeavor in great things, and causing a belittling anxiety in small ones. Far better in family affairs is French simplicity, that gives its best, whether poor or otherwise, without shame or ostentation; that makes no guest uncomfortable by a suggestion of unusual expense or fatigue. If we could only understand it, we should feel that what our guests desire, if they are right-minded persons, is a glimpse of our real life; they come to us to know us better—not to have a repetition of their home experiences. True hospitality makes as little difference as possible for the stranger or the friend; it infolds each at once in its warm atmosphere; and if he be a guest worth entertaining, he will prefer a thousand times such a home-welcome to the display which has no heart in it.

"I pray you, O excellent wife," says Emerson, "not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely and sleep hard in order to behold." Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not *the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.—From "Home Topics."*

ONE ROSE AT A TIME.

How many save all their roses to make a sumptuous wreath to lay on the coffin! What fatuity! The one in the coffin cannot smell them. Are they therefore on the coffin only that the world may say, "Behold, how he loved her"? What fatuity! To think with the Pharisees we shall have praise because we buy wreaths to be seen of men!

Friend, buy that wreath on the installment plan. Buy it a day at a time. Buy it without money and without price. Buy it by saying to your friend: "That was well done, old fellow." Buy it by saying to your wife: "How young and fair you look today, dear; and those hands that have worked so hard for me and the children, to me they are as beautiful as the day of our wedding; God bless that dear, tired hand." Yes, the best are the cheapest, for the words that linger like perfume in the memory cost nothing at all.

Moreover, a real rose now and then smuggled home in the evening and pinned on that wife's breast, would help and cheer and bless more than the wholesale purchase of the sumptuous wreath you will one day lay on her coffin.

Jesus, in appreciation, set us an example. He spoke of the woman, and in her hearing, while she bathed his feet; and of the widow with her farthings; in fact his entire gospel is one of encouragement. But we are so unlike him that we have a magnificent, a perfect self-restraint, so perfect that we never say a word of appreciation. It is just possible that we have a little iron savings box into which we are dropping our cash so we will have enough to buy a whole wreath of roses and a purple ribbon to tie them with to lay upon the coffin of death. It may be shrewd business, but it's a veritable bankruptcy of the joy that might have been. —*Central Christian Advocate.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

When griddle cakes stick, stir the batter in the usual manner, melt about a tablespoonful of lard on the griddle and pour into the batter (this amount is enough for a gallon of batter); then bake the cakes and you will have no trouble.

One teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with any stove polish makes the stove very black and shiny.

A good way to stretch lace curtains without a stretcher is to tack some sheets or old quilts down on the floor; then pin each scallop of the curtains to the sheets. Several curtains may be dried at once if they are all the same size.

When making jellies that will not jell easily, add a pinch of powdered alum. The result is a surprise.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water in which a dessert spoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

A little powdered borax added to starch will make the clothes glossy.

To remove paint from window panes rub briskly for a few minutes with baking soda then wash in clean water, this will remove paint if it has been on the windows for years.

To the housekeeper who wishes to keep her hands soft and free from stain I would suggest the following: After washing the dishes bathe the hands thoroughly in warm water and while still moist apply an ounce of glycerine mixed with the juice of one lemon.

The Children's Corner

FROZEN BUBBLES.

It was one of the coldest days of winter. Benny came home from school, intending to brave the cold and go coasting till dark; but, when he found mama had a sick headache, he said nothing about coasting, but volunteered to amuse four-year-old Lulu while mama lay down for a nap. That's the kind of boy Benny was!

"Let's blow soap bubbles," he said, taking Lulu into the kitchen, where he made a cup of beautiful soap-suds. Each had a pipe, and they blew bubbles for a long time. The sun shone in at the window, making them all the colors of the rainbow.

"Oh, I wish I could keep 'em!" sighed Lulu. "They are so pretty!"

An idea came into Benny's wise young head. He took a piece of an old, soft, woolen blanket, and, carrying it out into the shed, spread it very smoothly on the floor in an out-of-the-way corner. Then, going back into the kitchen, he said:

"Now, Lulu, I'm going out into the shed to work a few minutes. It's too cold for you out there, but if my plans work out well I'll wrap you up warm and take you out to see what I have done. You keep on blowing bubbles here."

"All right," said Lulu, cheerfully.

Benny carried out part of the soap-suds, and as rapidly as possible blew about a dozen bubbles, floating them on to the soft blanket. The cold was so intense that they froze instantly before they could burst; and there they stood, looking like so many delicate glass balls.

When the blanket was well filled Benny went in, and, putting on Lulu's warm wraps, took her out to see the bubbles. How surprised she was!

"Can't I roll 'em round?" she asked.

"No, indeed!" said Benny. "The least touch would break them all to smash!"

When mama got up with her headache relieved she had to go out and see the bubbles, and so did papa when he came home.

The night was so cold, and the shed door and windows being closed, so that there was no draft of air, the bubbles were as good as ever in the morning. But before noon they began to crack open and dry away, and, when Benny came home at night, the weather was milder and each bright bubble had vanished, leaving only a bit of soap-suds in its place.

This is a true story, and some sharp day you boys and girls try the experiment for yourselves.—*Unidentified.*

PASTE THIS IN YOUR COOK BOOK.

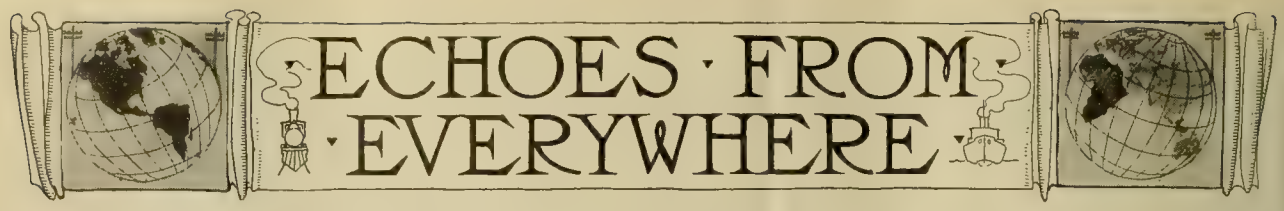
Burnt Sugar Cake.—First make the burnt sugar syrup: Put ½ cup of granulated sugar into a granite saucepan, stir continuously over the fire until sugar first softens, then melts and, finally, becomes liquid and throws off an intense smoke. It really must burn. Have ready ½ cup of boiling water, remove saucepan a moment, pour in the water and stir rapidly, allowing it to boil until you have a syrup. Cake Part: Cream together ½ cup of butter and 1½ cups of granulated sugar. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 cup of milk; then add 2 cups of flour and ½ cup of the burnt sugar syrup. Lastly, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and another ½ cup of flour, sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well before putting it in the pans. Bake in loaf or layer. This is excellent if the recipe is followed closely.—*Sister Mae Gish, Rydal, Kans.*

FROZEN RICE CUSTARD.

Cook one cupful of rice in boiling salted water twelve minutes. Drain and put it in the double boiler with one quart milk, one cupful sugar, and one saltspoonful salt. Cook till soft, then rub through a sieve. Scald one pint of cream and mix with it the beaten yolks of four eggs. Cook about two minutes or until the eggs are scalding hot, then stir this into the rice. Add more sugar if needed and one tablespoonful vanilla. Chill and pack firmly in the freezer or round mold. Turn out and ornament the top with fresh pineapple cut in crescent pieces or with quartered peaches, and serve a fresh fruit syrup sauce with the cream.—*Mary J. Lincoln.*

HOME-MADE BREAKFAST FOOD.

A writer in Root's excellent *Gleanings in Bee Culture,* tells how to prepare home-grown wheat for breakfast food. She says: "We take two bushels of wheat in the fall, when it is first thrashed, and take it to the grist-mill and have it run through the smutter, so it is cleaned the same as they clean it before they grind it for flour. Then when we prepare it we take four or five quarts or as much as we wish to grind at once, and wash it in two or three waters, and then put it in deep tins. Have the wheat about two inches deep in the tins, and put into a warm (not too hot) oven and let it dry. Heating it when it is wet cooks it and roasts it just enough to give it a good flavor; then we grind it in a hand mill and cook it in a double boiler the same as you would cook oatmeal. It is better than any food you can buy, besides being so much cheaper. I have tried to get my neighbors to use it. They all like it better than anything else of the kind. Some have used it for a while, but do not follow it up, because it is so much easier to buy something already prepared."—*Selected.*



The State Senate of Oklahoma knocked out the provision of the prohibition bill giving the governor power to remove or suspend county officers who fail or refuse to enforce the prohibition law.

The Parks local option bill making the county a unit in voting on the liquor question passed the State Senate of Alabama in practically the same shape that it came from the House. It is favored by the governor. This puts an end to the State-wide prohibition in Alabama.

Carrying out the program for the financial rehabilitation of Honduras, in which the American Government is intensely interested, Dr. Luis Lazo, the Honduran minister to the United States, signed contracts with several New York bankers for a loan which ultimately may reach $10,000,000.

Andrew Fisher, premier of Australia, in an interview is quoted as saying that if any scheme of interdominion preference was extended outside the limits of the empire, the first step would be to do what Canada has already done. This was to enter into reciprocal arrangements with a people akin to themselves.

Governor Hadley of Missouri sent a special message to the Legislature, urging the enactment of laws which will enable employés injured in the course of their employment to recover damages when the injury was the result of negligence of a fellow-employé or the result of the dangerous nature of the employment.

The terms of a treaty between Canada and the United States for the entire cessation of pelagic sealing in the Pacific for a term of not less than ten years were announced. The treaty was negotiated by the British ambassador at Washington. The agreement is conditional on the signing of similar agreements between the United States and Russia and Japan. It is said those two countries are ready to coöperate.

"Chicago and the surrounding territory within a radius of 500 miles is to be the center of influence of the world for the next hundred years," was the prophecy made by Arthur Burrage Farwell of the Chicago Law and Order League before the Division Street department of the Young Men's Christian Association. He urged young men and women to get into politics and to enlist for the war of the home against the disorderly house.

Dispatches from St. Petersburg, saying that the bubonic plague has invaded Europe and caused thirty deaths in the Russian province of Astrakhan, have resulted in steps being taken for the inauguration of a campaign to protect English ports from the plague. It is probable that within a short time a general quarantine against Russian shipping will be declared. This may ultimately result in all Russian vessels being forbidden to stop at English ports and would cause suffering, as a large part of the wheat used in Great Britain comes from Russia.

According to the official Catholic directory, there are 14,618,761 Roman Catholics enrolled in the various churches in the United States. According to the directory, there are 17,084 Catholic priests and 13,461 parishes. Four thousand nine hundred and seventy-two parochial schools have an attendance of 1,270,131.

The will of Baron Albert S. A. de Rothschild, head of the Austrian branch of the Rothschild house, was filed for probate and bequeathed $500,000 to charity. The distribution of this sum will be left to the discretion of the baron's sons. Baron de Rothschild died Feb. 11. The small bequest to charity has caused disappointment, as it had been rumored that Baron de Rothschild would leave $2,500,000 to charity.

By a vote of 11 to 1 the House committee on merchant marine and fisheries has favorably reported the Humphrey "free ship bill." This bill admits to American registry 17 steel vessels of the United Fruit Company, which are wholly owned by American citizens. It also provides for the admission to American registry of any steel vessels having a capacity of 2,500 tons or over, which are not more than four years old and are owned wholly by Americans.

The viceroy of Manchuria estimates the fatalities in Manchuria from the bubonic plague to have reached 65,000, while the foreign office believes that inside the great wall there have been 1,000 more deaths. According to the general belief, however, the number of fatalities will be double those of the official estimates. The success which the anti-plague committee working below Mukden has met has been a surprise and a cause of gratification to the foreign legations and foreigners generally.

Country mills through the Northwest have been producing very little flour recently, according to the compilation of the Northwestern Miller. The production of fifty-six miles outside of Minneapolis and Duluth-Superior last week was 61,000 barrels less than for the corresponding week last year, while the big commercial mills at the above cities produced about 30,000 barrels more than a year ago. Recent competition has been very severe on the smaller mills Northwest, and a great many are closed down.

Reports from the Indiana coal fields to the headquarters of the miners' organization show that there is much real distress among the miners owing to the fact that work has been so scarce during the winter. There are 10,000 miners in the State, and at no time have more than one-third of them been employed, a fact due to the unusually mild weather and the consequent small demand for coal. Arrangements are now being made to give relief to many of the miners' families and to arrange to distribute work so that every miner will have at least a share of it. The miners' officers say that there was never a time in the history of the State when the winter output of the mines was so small.

President Taft has sent to Congress a message vetoing a joint resolution authorizing him to reinstate nine former cadets of the West Point Military Academy who were discharged on conviction of having violated the law prohibiting hazing. The cadets affected are William T. Rossell, Harry G. Weaver, John H. Booker, Albert E. Crane, Richard W. Hocker, Jacob S. Fortner, Gordon Le Febvre, Chauncey C. Devore and Earl W. Dunmore.

Declaring that civic pride and civic conscience, coupled with good city government, are the great forces which must work together to build up the greatness of a city, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch of Sinai congregation, Chicago, addressed the Publicity Club in Milwaukee. He answered the query, "What makes a city great?" by saying, "Expression is not the best method to deal with vice. Give the people the opportunity for clean amusement, give them a privacy of home life, and most of the evils now flaunting their wretchedness in our thoroughfares and haunting the back streets and the red-light districts will die out." Municipal, not national, issues should dominate in municipal contests, he said, adding that municipal problems are sometimes of far greater importance than are national ones.

Dirigible ballooning is not yet sufficiently advanced to justify an attempt to reach the north pole by this means. This is the conclusion reached by the Zeppelin expedition to Spitzbergen, according to Professor Von Drygalski, a member of the expedition, in a report to a Berlin scientific society. The expedition, which included Prince Henry of Prussia, went to Spitzbergen to investigate the possibility of reaching the pole in a Zeppelin dirigible. Prince Sigismund of Prussia, a 19-year-old cousin of Emperor William, is the second Hohenzollern scion to interest himself actively in aviation. While Prince Henry of Prussia has successfully passed the tests for a diploma as pilot, the young Prince Sigismund is engaged in building an aeroplane. He expects to try out the machine this spring. It is stated that extensive experiments with flying machines for military purposes will be undertaken in connection with the 1911 "kaiser maneuvers" on the coast of the Baltic Sea.

Harry Plate, a plumber of Hanover, who attained the great distinction of being raised to the dignity of life membership of the Prussian house of lords on the emperor's birthday, is the first artisan who has ever attained such a position. The new member of this most exclusive body is not a mere theorist, but a man who has had to work at his trade for his living, and he has passed through every grade. He served the usual four years' apprenticeship, then packed his tools and for several years tramped through the various German states, Switzerland, Italy and France, working wherever he could find a job. Finally he settled in Hanover, where he eventually set up independently and became prominent in the plumbing business and presided at several artisans' congresses. The upper House of the Prussian Parliament has hitherto consisted exclusively of members of the nobility, great scientists and educators, manufacturers and commercial men, prominent bankers, mayors of cities and retired military and naval officers. In selecting Mr. Plate to join their colleagues his majesty has carried out a request formulated in a petition from the last artisans' congress for representation in the law-making bodies of Prussia, and this self-made man was indicated to him as the best possible choice he could make for the honor.

Nation's Panama Artery.

Data secured in aid of a ship canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific proved of great value to President Roosevelt in dealing with the Panama Canal project, for by it the earning capacity of such a canal was ascertained. Two million tons per annum of grain and half a million tons of canned and dried fruits, canned salmon, wine, brandy, hops and wool then went down from Pacific coast ports around Cape Horn. The lumber shipments to European, Eastern and South African ports were estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Two million tons of nitrates, ores and grain went from Chili, Bolivia and Peru. Seven and one-half million tons of freight were carried between Europe and Australia, Tasmania, Japan, China and Eastern India. These estimates compiled from reliable data made twenty years ago amount to 14,000,000 tons. The addition of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines and the average annual increase in traffic, are such that it is not an exaggerated estimate to assume that when the Panama Canal shall be completed there will be awaiting it a traffic of 20,000,000 tons per annum.

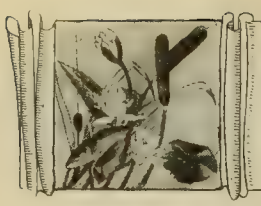
If the canal tolls should be fixed at $2 per ton, the Panama Canal would yield a gross revenue of $40,000,000 per annum.

The cost of maintaining and operating the canal would be very small. The cuttings through solid rock will last for ages, the banks will be effectually guarded against floods, and there are no sands from desert plains—as at Suez—to make necessary large expenses for dredging.

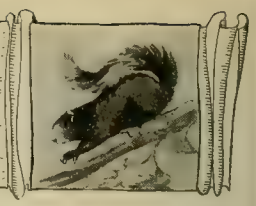
Estimated upon the basis of cost of maintaining the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, and making liberal allowance for all contingencies, the total annual cost of maintaining the Panama Canal, including expenses of administration of government in the ten-mile strip, and of garrisoning the fortifications, ought not to exceed $5,000,000 per annum, leaving a profit of $35,000,000 per annum, or 7 per cent on $500,000,000.

When the canal shall be completed no ship can afford to sail around Cape Horn. The voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool in a sailing vessel occupies an average of 120 days. The annual allowance charged against her earnings for interest on capital is 6 per cent, for insurance 8 per cent, and for amortization or depreciation in value is 10 per cent—in all, 24 per cent. The cost of such a vessel of 2,000 tons register, and 3,000 tons carrying capacity is $150,000. Her fixed charges are, therefore, about $37,000 per annum. The cost of wages and subsistence of officers and crew, and other expenses will be about $18,000, making her total annual outlay when in commission about $55,000.

The number of days of detention in port of a vessel plying between San Francisco and Liverpool will average eighty-five in each year, her sailing days are 270, and she makes two and one-quarter voyages each year. She moves 6,750 tons of freight going and coming, at a cost of about $8 per ton. By use of the Panama Canal, which would shorten each voyage sixty days' time, and allowing 125 days for detention in port, she would move 13,500 tons of freight at the same cost now incurred in moving 6,750 tons, or at a cost of $4 instead of $8 per ton. She would, after paying $2 per ton for canal tolls, save $2 per ton, or $27,000 per annum. The percentage of depreciation for wear and tear and the cost of insurance would also be less, for the stormy passage around Cape Horn would be avoided. The expense of insurance and interest on cost of goods in transit to the consignee of the freight would be lessened one-half.—Los Angeles Times.



NATURE STUDIES



THE FROG.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THE frog is usually found in the pond or on its borders; however, the leopard frog and some others are sometimes wanderers and may be found some distance from the pond. It spends most of its life in or near the pond and if caught on land takes great leaps to reach its native element.

The frog is more slim than the toad; it is not covered with such great warts, and it is very cold and slippery to the touch.

The frog is likely to be much more brightly colored than the toad, having much of yellow and green in our common species. The eyes are very prominent. The ear in bullfrogs is larger than the eye; the bullfrog has horny teeth, which are very tiny and are used for biting off food and not for chewing.

The arms of the frog are shorter than the legs. There are four fingers on each hand and five toes on each foot; the fourth toe is the longest. The feet are more completely webbed than those of the toad and the legs are longer and stronger in proportion to enable it to swim. It is a rule always, wherever there is a web between the toes of animals or birds, that that foot is to be used as a paddle in the water.

The food of the frog is largely the insects which frequent damp places or the water. The bullfrog finds all its food in the water. The sound sacs of the frog instead of being under the throat, as in the toad and tree frog, are at the sides of the throat and may be seen when inflated back of the eyes, often extending out over the front legs.

In addition to the snakes, the frogs have inveterate enemies in the herons, which walk about in shallow water and eat them in great numbers. The frog's only hope of escaping its enemies is through the slipperiness of the body or its long, quick leaps. As a jumper the frog is much more powerful than the toad, because the hind legs are of greater development in comparison to the size of the animal.

Frogs hibernate in mud in and about ponds, during the winter. Altogether the frog is an interesting creature; its colors are harmonious and pleasing and its eyes are really beautiful.

The tree frog, or tree toad, is another of our little friends. Associated with the first songs of the robin and blue bird is the equally delightful chorus of the spring peepers; yet how few of us have ever seen one of these choristers! Should we find one it would prove to be the tiniest froglet of them all, for the spring peeper or Pickering's Hyla is a little more than an inch in length when fully grown. One of these tree frogs kept in a moss garden made in a glass aquarium jar is a never-ending source of delight to the children.

We have several other tree frogs which trill above our heads, and their song is often mistaken for than of the cicada, which is really quite different and far more shrill. The tree frog's notes are particularly winning and confidential, but the singer is exceedingly hard to find. In fact, tree frogs are so well protected by their color that they are seldom discovered except by chance. A good plan is to hunt for them by night with a lantern. Locate one by the sound very nearly; then, the light will enable you to see it. They are not greatly frightened by the light and you may capture one if you have lots of time and patience.

The tree frog is much smaller than the other frogs, and its toes and fingers are provided at the ends with round discs, by means of which it can cling to a smooth surface. These discs do not act as suckers, as so many people think, but a sticky substance is secreted on their lower surface, and it is by the means of this that the tree frog clings.

The tree frog on a vertical surface will not willingly remain head downward, but will always turn about so that the head is directed upward. When it is peeping the vocal sac under the throat swells out until it is almost globular.

Tree frogs live upon insects,—almost any insect of proper size that comes near them. They live in trees or on shrubs or vines; in fact, they live almost any place where they can hide under leaves and find plenty of insects.

The eggs of the spring peeper are laid in ponds during April; each egg has its one little globe of jelly about it and is fastened singly to a water plant. The tadpoles are small and delicate. The under side of the body is reddish and shines with metallic luster. They differ from other tadpoles in that they often leave the water while the tail is still quite long. In June they may be found among the leaves and moss on the banks of ponds. They are indefatigable in hunting for gnats, mosquitoes and ants. Their destruction of mosquitoes as pollywogs and adult frogs renders them of great use to mankind.

To study the habits of the frog, put one in your aquarium in which a strong stick or stone projects above the water; any species of frog will do,—the

spotted or leopard frog or the common green frog. An aquarium is easily made. Tumblers, fruit jars, candy jars, or jelly tumblers, can all be used. First put in the jar a layer of sand about an inch deep. In this sand plant the water plants you find growing under water in the pond: Water-weed, bladderworth, water starwort, watercress, stoneworts, frogspittle or water silk, and a few plants of duck weed. Place on top a layer of small stones or gravel to hold the plants in place. Tip the jar a little and pour in very gently at one side, water taken from a pond; fill the jar within two or three inches of the top. Place in a north window in a cool room where there is plenty of fresh air. To get living creatures use a dip net. Put only a few in a jar at once and be sure to keep the plants alive. As the water evaporates put in fresh from the pond. To feed the animals that live on other animals, take a bit of raw beef, tie a string to it and drop in, leaving one end of string out. Eggs of toads and frogs can be hatched there and watched through magnifying glass. There is a lot the children can learn of life about them in this way.

WINTER LIFE OF WILD CREATURES.

To keep alive during the Northern winters, all living creatures need shelter and fuel. How animals with only their senses and instincts to guide them and with nothing but the organs of their own bodies for tools wrest a living from stern Mother Nature during winter forms a most fascinating chapter in natural history.

Bears, badgers, raccoons and skunks have a simple way; they close up shop, so to speak, and go to sleep until Mother Nature is over her annual spell of sternness. None of the four is a swift hunter or runner, but they rather incline toward a certain aldermanic ease, which seems to fit their physique and their station in the wild life of forest or field.

Generally nature provides liberally for this quartet. Almost everything is food for one or all of them: Berries, nuts and corn, frogs, eggs, young birds, roots, insects and worms, gophers and mice, even carrion when nothing better can be found. As a result of liberal feeding and a quiet temperament they grow very fat in fall, and when the ground begins to freeze hard and digging and nosing around after food no longer pays, they just retire for a nap of several months.

The bear curls up under a root or log or finds a small natural cave, and a blanket of snow soon completes his shelter. The raccoon finds a hollow tree, while badgers and skunks retire into burrows they have dug in the ground. Now the storms may blow and frost may split the forest trees, but the four sleepers do not care; they are wrapped in a heavy coat of fur and a liberal store of fat furnishes food and fuel for their bodies. The fires of life are banked and burn low, and who will say that the winter sleepers have not hit upon, at least, as successful a solution of a difficult problem as any of their more active competitors of field, marsh and forest?

Indeed, we might easily increase this list of four to the legendary seven of any greater number. Woodchucks, gophers and chipmunks also sleep away the long winter in burrows in the earth. If no accident befalls them, such as untimely floods, the tracks of all these winter sleepers will again be seen when the birds return North and the buds begin to swell.

A large number of the wild do not hibernate. Wolf, fox and panther, lynx and wildcat, mink, weasel, marten and fisher now follow their hunting trails with even more keenness than during the time of abundance of summer. They have no fixed winter home or lair, but all know their territory as well as a boy knows his grandfather's orchard, and they can always find shelter in storms, and generally they find enough food to bring them safely through, though gaunt and hungry they may be, when at last spring again unlocks the great storehouse of nature.

These active flesh-eating hunters could give most of us lessons in fasting; they eat when meat is plentiful and fast when there is none. Most of them can probably fast a week without special hardship. If a wolf gets one full meal a week he will come through the winter strong and in good condition.

But where hunters can live there must be those that are hunted, and where there are flesh eaters there must be those that change grass into flesh for them, and it is true that a large number of the peaceful folk of nature do not go to sleep with the groundhog and the gopher.

Moose, elk and deer find browse and grass all winter, if the snowfall is not too heavy. Squirrels, rabbits and wood mice also find their daily bread the year round, and it is principally the timid rabbit and the legions of wild mice whose meat feeds wolf and fox, lynx and wildcat, as well as a host of smaller hunters. The snowshoe rabbits of the Northern woods are generally amazingly numerous for several years, then a plague carries them off by thousands, so that for a year or two one may follow the forest trails without seeing a rabbit. During these years the lynxes also grow suddenly scarce. The explanation is that the lynxes die of starvation when the rabbits die of the plague. This is nature's way of winnowing out all but the very strongest of limbs and the most keen of senses and intelligence.

Not a few wild creatures have learned the wisdom of laying in stores for a rainy day, or rather for snowy and stormy days. The mink collects in some burrow or hollow as much as a bushel of frozen game, consisting of ducks and birds, muskrats, mice and rabbits. Squirrels lay by stores of nuts and acorns and evergreen twigs with buds on them. On one winter scouting trip I found a mass of linden twigs stored away in a hollow tree. It was evident that no human hand

had placed them there, and the teeth marks on them showed plainly I had found the emergency cache of a red or gray squirrel.

The wild mice store up many kinds of seeds. Once while accidentally digging into a deserted mouse burrow I found a hatful of small stony nutlets, which had all been cracked by some little mouse years ago. It took me several days to identify the seeds, when suddenly as I passed through my mind seed after seed that I knew, it flashed upon me that they were the stony seeds of the bladdernut, a scrub which grows profusely in the piece of woodland where I had been scouting around during the day.

The distribution of the seeds of the bladdernut bush has been a riddle to me for many years, and it is a bit of wood lore that might well puzzle any naturalist or woodland scout. The little wild mice are better conservationists, better foresters, than we humans. When they gather their crops they always leave plenty of seeds from which young bushes will grow as the old ones die.

Two animals, the muskrat and the beaver, have chosen a kind of winter quarters which certainly no human adviser would have recommended to them. Every wide-awake Northwestern boy knows something about muskrat houses. They are built of rushes, roots and mud. The family living room is always damp and wet and is located only a few inches above the water level, while the two or three entrances to the house lie below water level. The harder it freezes, the more it snows, the warmer and safer is the muskrat's house.

They are not asleep, but under the ice they swim and dive for their food of roots and bulbs. They have small eating and breathing houses scattered over the marsh. They also have holes in the banks and they know all places of open water in the neighborhood.

Occasionally, however, I think a muskrat gets lost and suffocated under the ice. In the winter of 1908 I found a dead muskrat under the ice in Lake Minnetonka. As near as I could determine he was suffocated in trying to swim from one island to another. A boy friend of mine, who is a first-class nature scout, claims that a muskrat swimming under the ice often exhales a large bubble of air and after waiting a few seconds for the refreshing of the air, again inhales the same air and pursues its way. I have not personally observed this point, and it would be a good question for boys to investigate.

Muskrats do not generally lay up large stores, but I have found a quart or two of sedge bulbs in their houses.

Compared with the humble cabin of the muskrat, the beaver's winter home is a grand ducal manor. His house would occupy the floor space of an ordinary human living room twelve by fifteen feet in area. The one large room for the beaver family measures about five feet long, three feet wide and two feet high. The cavity is large enough for a man to hide in, as I know by actually trying it. This animal manor is built of sticks and mud, and after frost has converted the soft mud into solid mortar the beaver can truly say, "My house is my castle." The entrances to this castle are placed under water, just as in the muskrat's cabin.

Beavers live principally on the bark and twigs of poplar and other trees, but as lumbering in winter, when wolves and lynxes, bobcats and foxes are mad with hunger would mean certain death to every beaver trying it, the beaver people have had to get their food in some other way, and they have found the way. Before their pond freezes over they cut down poplars, willows and other food trees. This material they cut up into sticks from two to six feet long and pickle them in the water near their house, making a brush pile, as trappers call it. Later in winter when a beaver feels hungry he pulls out one of these green pickled sticks, eats the bark and pushes the peeled stick back into the water under the ice.

The most unique way of passing the winter has been hit upon by the bat. These innocent and useful creatures are true mammals, like cattle, dogs and horses, and a new-born bat feeds on its mother's milk just as lambs and kittens are fed. The adults feed on insects, which they hunt on the wing, after the manner of swallows. There are no insects to hunt in winter, so there is nothing for them to do but sleep, and that is what our northern bats do all winter. However, they use no bed or nest, not even a perch. They hang themselves up by their toe-nails, and in this position await the call of spring. In caves, in hollow trees, in hollow walls of buildings hundreds of them are sometimes found huddled together. They do not sleep very soundly, for if they are disturbed they yawn and squeak, and even try to bite with their tiny white teeth. A few years ago I photographed a sleeping bat in a cave at Fort Snelling.—*D. Lange, in Arkansas School Journal.*

Between Whiles

A well-known Maine politician could not miss a joke even though it told against himself. His weight was 240 pounds, his office was up two flights of stairs, and he had thrice been defeated for the position of collector of customs of his district. One day a friend of nearly as heavy weight as himself came into the office puffing from the exertion of climbing the stairs. As he dropped wearily into a chair he gasped:

"Bill, I don't see how you can stand it to climb these stairs three or four times a day." And the would-be collector replied:

"I only wish I could climb those custom house stairs as easily as I can these."—John S. Fernald.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. March 7, 1911. No. 10.

THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

Dr. O. H. Yereman

No. III.

HAVING looked at the sights found in the cities and the seashore of this youngest of republics, let us now go into the country, and take a look at her farms and farmers.

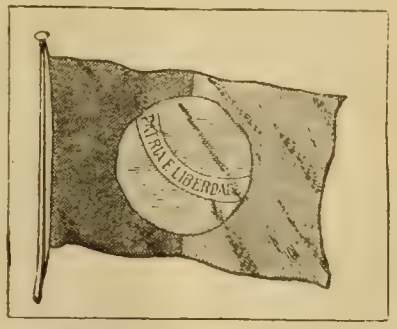
If you are expecting to see vast prairies and extensive tablelands, you will be disappointed, as almost the entire country, especially on the east, is a range of hills and mountains, forming a natural fortification against military invasion.

Take a look over the country from the top of a hill. It is not green, nor brown, nor grey, but a little of all. Here are the rough, bleak moorlands, stretching away to the sea on one side, and the hazy blue hills on the other, while in front of you are the corkwoods, where gnarled and twisted branches and grey-green foliage meet over shady footpaths, and huge boulders rise out of a carpet of ferns and flowers. The dusty, rough roads can be clearly seen, like narrow tapes, stretching over hill and dale to the far horizon.

The Portuguese peasant has somehow escaped falling under the clutches of the large landowners, and hence we find conditions resembling more closely the American system of small independent farmers than in the other countries of Europe, where large tracts of land are owned by one individual and each peasant employed to farm a small piece of it under him. The farms in Portugal are not large, but many of them are owned by the persons who farm them. Thus the Portuguese farmers might be called a race of yeomen.

On the Portuguese farm the gentle ox takes the place of our horse. With him the farmer plows, cultivates, threshes and hauls his grain to the market. The donkey is another useful animal, but he is used for lighter work. When our lady, the mistress of the farm, goes a visiting, she dons her very best frock, puts on her green shawl, ties over her head her brightest orange handkerchief, and mounts her donkey, sitting sideways on a huge, funny-looking affair which does service for a saddle, and which half covers her mount. Then spreading her old green parasol, as a protection against the sun, but more probably to appear smart, she rides over hills and valleys, perched on the back of her patient donkey. The donkey is also used for carrying produce to and from the market, and in various ways he gets to do his share of the work, but the ox is, *par excellence,* the animal for all kinds of field labor.

The northern part of Portugal has the most fertile land, so let us visit a farm in this section. As we look over the place we find the house to be a small one, of one story, built of loose stones without cement, and merely plastered over roughly to keep out the wind. But as we inspect the fields, they appear like well-kept gardens. The farmer with his whole family, wife, sons and daughters—with sometimes a hired hand or two—does the work. The chief grain they raise is maize, although wheat, rye, flax and rice are also grown. With the maze they sow beans, pumpkins, cabbage and other vegetables in the same field. So many different kinds



Flag of the Portuguese Republic. The Colors Are Green and Red, and the Inscription Is "Our Country and Liberty."

of beans are grown, black, white, grey, yellow, mottled, striped, large and small.

The farmer's life is a hard one. His working hours are from sunrise to sunset, but all the day long he sings a song to lighten his labor. This custom is common all over the land, and many are the folklore of ancient days that are still sung by them. One of the commonest of these is addressed to the flail, and as translated by Mr. Morton Latham, reads thus:

O my flail, my sorry flail,
A very clumsy tool art thou.
Early and late I feel thy weight,
The sweat is pouring from my brow.
Yet my flail, my trusty flail,
My flail that threshest out the grain,
Though weary now, both I and thou,
Tomorrow must to work again.

The care and cultivation which the maize requires, after it comes up, keeps the farmer very busy. First it has to be hoed, then earthed up. Later on it is gradually thinned out, some of it being used as fodder, but all the time it has to be carefully and regularly watered. The whole prosperity of a farmer depends on his water supply, and no trouble is spared in procuring an abundant supply. Sometimes aqueducts are built for its transportation, other times the old Arabian *shaduf* is used, where a beam is placed horizontally between two pillars, and on this is balanced a long pole to one end of which a large stone is attached and to the other a bucket by means of a rope. The rope is pulled and thus the bucket is lowered into the stream; as it fills they let go of the rope and the stone at the other end of the pole raises the bucket of water which is poured into the ditches leading all over the field. But where they can afford it they use the old-fashioned water wheel as seen in Egypt, Palestine, and all over the Orient. There are many buckets set about a foot apart on an endless chain, which passes over the wheel. An ox is hitched to a long pole which makes the wheel turn around, and with each turn these buckets dip into the well, and, as they come up, empty into the channels which carry the water in all directions to the crop growing in the field.

As the maize ripens the cobs are cut from the straw, husked, dried and threshed. The husking is quite a tedious affair, so the farmers club together and help each other in doing it. The whole neighborhood gathers at one place, and with appetizing food and plenty of wine, they work far into the night, to the accompanying music of guitars and violins.

The long winter evenings are spent by the women folks of the farmhouse in spinning and weaving flax into linen for their clothes.

But let us visit the vineyards of which there are many, for port wine is a specialty of Portugal. The steep hillsides along the banks of the river Douro are the home of the grape. In this hilly country you see nothing but vineyards, rising one after the other, terraced up to the top of the hills. Each terrace has its strong, retaining wall.

The vines are grown as bushes, and require much attention. In the autumn the low-growing shoots have to be removed and the roots uncovered. Pruning begins at the same time and occupies the whole winter. The ground has to be dug in March, when all weeds are cleared away, and the earth hoed into little mounds to protect the roots from the hot rays of the sun. Next comes the training and propping of the branches, which are secured by willow or rush ties to the stakes driven into the ground. A second digging takes place in May, when the earth is once more leveled, and during the summer the vines have to be sprayed with sulphur to keep off the *oidium,* that dreadful blight which would otherwise do great damage.

Towards the middle or end of September, the vintage begins and this is the hardest work of all. Bands of men and women arrive from far-away villages in every direction to help with the work, singing and dancing as they come, as though out on a holiday jaunt.

The women gather the great clusters of grapes into baskets, and empty these into other larger ones, which the men carry away on their shoulders, passing from terrace to terrace right down the hill to the wine presses. These are large, granite tanks, into which the grapes are thrown, and men are employed to tread out the juice with their bare feet. It is very tiring, and is performed by relays of workers, trampling steadily, their hands placed on each other's shoulders to steady themselves. This goes on for many hours. The pulp is then left to ferment for some time, and bubbles and heaves as though it were boiling. When the stalks and skins rise to the surface the liquor begins gradually to cool down, and the time has come for running it off into the huge vats in the cellars below. The following spring the wine is put into casks, and sent in large boats down the river to Oporto, and from thence to different parts of the world.

In the last article I wrote about the *bruxas,* or witches, and told you something about the sea *bruxas* which are harmless, but not so with the land *bruxas.* The Portuguese farmer believes in these spirits so strongly that he does some ridiculous things to guard against their influence. For instance "on May Day a piece of red wool is tied around the necks of all the young animals of the barnyard: mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, pigs, etc. Old horseshoes are nailed to the house-doors, and a slip of broom is stuck into every stable-door. Every cart, plow or ox-yoke on the place is decorated with broom, for broom corn is considered particularly efficacious against the dreaded spell of the *bruxas.* They even have the animals classified into lucky and unlucky. The oxen are said to be very lucky, and among the birds the house-martins are the most lucky, for it is said that they fly to heaven every day to wash our Lord's feet, and no one would think of destroying their nests or harming their young."

The Portuguese farm-cart is built today just the same as it was in the days of the Roman occupation, many, many years ago. The wheels have no spokes, they are almost solid, and instead of turning around

the axle, the axle is fixed in and revolves with the wheel. The body of the cart is just a flat board, with sticks around the edge, against which side planks can be propped if required. Their plows are also very primitive, being nothing more than a wooden spike shod with iron, which scratches shallow furrows in the earth. They hitch oxen to this, or often you will see an ox and a donkey hitched together. The plowman has a little boy to go along with a pole, with which he clears away the earth that gathers on the plow and clogs it.

While all this will seem very crude and primitive to you, remember, please, that you would have hard work trying to use a big Oliver chilled plow on a Portuguese stony farm, or a field on the steep incline of a hill. Furthermore, the fact that these farms are small, and owned by the peasants themselves, makes the buying of expensive farm machinery prohibitive, for it would cost as much as the entire farm is worth to buy all the improved implements which are used on our modern farms.

Finally, let us take a look at the farmer himself, before leaving this interesting land. He is dark complected, short, and with his unshaven face (which is the usual thing with the Portuguese farmers), at first sight he looks like a ruffian. But in reality he is a nice fellow, friendly, polite and anxious to please in any way he can. Do you ask your way from him? He leaves his work, or goes out of his way to accompany you to some point of vantage, from where he may the more readily direct you. Then with a smile, a bow, and a lifted hat, he excuses himself and returns to his work. How often have you met such politeness, and so much accommodation in America? So, after all, we think the Portuguese peasant a pretty good fellow, and we bid him Godspeed as we take our leave from his country.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

"Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness."—*Whittier.*

Nature, so full of lovely things, has beauties to suit each position, each avocation, and each mood of life, beauties that lead to a higher and nobler existence.

The quiet sunlit nook by a sluggish stream unfolds soothing beauties to the tired mind and care-worn soul. The rolling, restless, sea-green waves, hurling themselves against the giant rocks make a grand picture to the restless youth so full of life and adventure.

"What place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty, if you only have a sensibility to beauty?" —*Beecher.*

It seems impossible that anyone can pass through fields or forests, over hill or mountain, by lake or sea, and not see and realize that God's footstool is very beautiful.

Surely no man's education is complete until he has a well-developed sense of beauty. He may boast of being fond of the grand works of masters, such as Michaelangelo or Millet, and yet tell you he can see no great beauty in such an insignificant thing as a little violet. Just as if any of God's handiwork could be insignificant or commonplace!

Familiarity robs nature of some of its beauties to a certain class of people who can, possibly, admire the beauties of foreign fields, and yet fail to find beauty in the slender, pale-green reeds bending over the water's edge, the waving fields of grain, or the sweet notes of some bird that makes its home near by.

Some go into ecstacies over the grandeur of magnificent scenes like the falls of the Niagara, yet can not see the beauty of a clear, limpid stream of water in the meadow; or they may rave over the exquisite voice of Calvé but are unable to find the sweetness of a child's laughter.

Nature is full of beauties, from the glittering snow on the mountain, to the rough oyster's delicate pearl.

One may not have that beauty that consists of the fairness of face, the roundness of limb, the gracefulness and symmetry of body, but the crowning beauty of man's life can be attained—*a beautiful mind.*

Some people insist on looking for the unlovely instead of the lovely. How often on hearing of a wild, capricious act of some boy or girl they at once recall former wild, foolish acts of the child and even of its parents, forgetting the many good and beautiful things they have done.

There would be no room in our hearts for avarice and malice, if we would always look for the good in others, cultivating always the love of the beautiful.

"That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful." —*Ninon de L'Enclos.*

> "The essence of all beauty, I call love,
> The attribute, the evidence, and end,
> The consummation to the inward sense
> Of beauty apprehended from without,
> I still call love."—E. B. Browning.

Roanoke, La.

"When money is wasted, it generally wastes the body and mind."

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter VI. Maria Theresa. Born 1717, Died 1780.

ON the thirteenth day of May in the year of 1717, there was born in the royal palace of Vienna, a blue-eyed girl, whose career, we might say, was foreshadowed by her imposing titles. She was christened Maria Theresa Valperga Amelia Christina, daughter of Charles VI. of Austria, Emperor of Germany, and Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, that sweet and gracious woman, famed for her generous disposition and rare intellect.

Strange as it may seem, the infant did not succumb to the various and weighty titles but passed through babyhood and every stage of mortal life, and greeted the years to the goodly number of sixty-three. She was devoutly called the mother of Germany, and universally recognized as the salvation of her people.

In her office of Empress, Maria Theresa stands at the very head of famous queens, surpassed by none, and equalled alone, perhaps, by Isabella of Castile.

In making this assertion we refer to her own individual powers, and not to any importance of the times, nor her great statesmen, nor great generals, who formed so large a part of various other rulers' acknowledged strength. It is the character of this sovereign, herself, which gives to Maria Theresa the honored and undisputed claim.

Surely not to generals was her achievements due, for when Maria Theresa ascended the throne she was absolutely without an army; not by finance did she execute her heroic deeds, for in her helpless condition she found herself without a treasury; and not upon statesmen, I trow, for history tells us that in point of fact she was without a ministry itself, and that those who composed the conference or state council of Vienna agreed in but one thing,—jealousy against the Duke of Lorraine.

It is interesting to peruse with what diplomacy Maria Theresa recovered the imperial dignity which had been nearly wrested from the house of Austria; and after eight years of her reign behold her revenues exceed those of her predecessors by six millions! She had also largely extended her territories, and maintained an army of two hundred thousand men.

Catherine II. of Russia perhaps equalled her in executive ability and Elizabeth of England undoubtedly surpassed her in cunning. But Catherine was so utterly dissolute and Elizabeth so utterly vain that they both pale into insignificance when compared with this princess of heroic blood. Unto herself Maria Theresa reserved that ability not characteristic of mere designers, and that wisdom not born of vanity.

The perils which surrounded her accession were such as might have appalled the strongest mind. Not only was she encompassed by enemies from without but threatened by commotions from within. No sooner was Charles VI. dead than claimants arose in all directions and strove to snatch away her crown. But with the courage which was her birthright she met and defied them all, aye, and overpowered them as well. It is a sight worthy of retrospection to behold her standing dauntless in the midst of the Electors of Bavaria, the King of France, the King of Spain, the King of Sardinia, and the King of Prussia, clinging with vise-like grip unto her states and refusing to be subdued.

On the 13th of June, 1741, she was crowned Queen of Hungary at Presburg. What patriotic heart does not recall with awe how, upon this occasion, she drew forth her glistening sabre and waved it around her head, signalizing the idea of defiance to the world. Hungary clung firmly to the young and dauntless queen, and to Hungary she turned for aid. She addressed them in Latin, making a most pathetic appeal to their fidelity; and touching upon her helpless condition as a sovereign and a mother, she lifted her infant son aloft, presenting him to the lordly assemblage. Instantly a thousand warriors drew their sabres and shouted: "*Mariamus propaege Maria Theresa!*" (We will die for our sovereign, Maria Theresa.)

This declaration touched the Queen to the heart, and she whom the kings of the continent could not move, is moved by the outspoken loyalty of her subjects whom she could answer only by broken assents and in streaming tears. Responsive sobs were heard throughout the vast assemblage of nobles, and from that day forth Maria Theresa was not only Queen of Hungary, but of every heart as well.

No sooner had she established herself upon her throne, than she directed her influence toward internal reform. Although a devout Catholic, she gave the Court of Rome plainly to understand that she was the head of the state, and that in state matters, even unto such a high ecclesiastical body she would not defer. She frankly acceded to the Pope the spiritual jurisdiction over monasteries and convents, but rigidly held that the temporal jurisdiction of the same should belong to the magistrates. She absolutely prohibited any person, either male or female, from taking the monastic vow, under the age of twenty-five. She even went so far as to suppress the iniquitous inquisition within her realms. And although she did little to encourage the advance-

ment of the Protestants, she truly, to a degree, at least, made her word a law unto the Catholics.

The fact is so well known that we need not enlarge upon it here, that Maria Theresa was a patron of the arts, and that during her reign agriculture flourished, and inventions and all business activities were encouraged and promoted. All things considered, her biographers, perhaps justly, style her "the most blameless and beneficent sovereign who ever wore a crown."

But it is unreasonable to expect that she should excel in every quality of mind and heart, and it is with a sigh that we turn from her splendors as a sovereign and review the details of her private life.

It is true, she rejected the Spanish match, which her father had set his heart upon, and which eventually would have seated her upon the throne of Spain. Charles VI. had already negotiated for the marriage, and in point of fact had most solemnly promised her to the King of Spain to be the wife of his son and heir. But that mattered not the slightest whit to Maria Theresa. She had, for reasons of her own, decided to marry Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and had not the least intention of altering her decision, albeit the Spanish marriage had brought her unbounded honors, and had lifted the financial burden from her father's shoulders. So to the despair of Charles VI., as well as the chagrin of the Spanish aristocrat, she smiled very placidly, and in the year 1736 wedded Francis Stephen, the mere Duke of Lorraine.



Maria Theresa.

The local poets extolled Maria Theresa to the heavens and the country people sounded her praise from hill and vale, while many a fervent swain marveled at a love that preferred a dukedom to a kingdom and envied Francis Stephen from the bottom of his heart! All this time Maria Theresa showed no signs of repentance, remained surpassingly gracious as well as surpassingly lovely; and seemed entirely contented with her self-imposed position.

But Francis Stephen was not long in learning that his beautiful bride was a firm believer in the divine right of queens; and though upon her father's death, when she ascended the throne of Austria, she publicly proclaimed him joint sovereign of the empire, she gave him privately to understand that the honors were entirely of a nominal nature, and being of a clear intellect, the Duke of Lorraine understood his position fully and thenceforth became the meek *factotum* of his regal wife. Notwithstanding his faithful discharge of the duties of this office, he was often severely reprimanded by his royal spouse, public occasions being not the least obstacle. I think the swains had sighed for a different reason, had they been present at the brilliant *levee* of Maria Theresa, when, sick at heart, Duke Francis shuffled himself into an obscure corner where he found a courtier sitting, who instantly arose and made obeisance as royalty approached. "I beg you to remain seated," cried Francis. "I shall not cease to respect the court," the courtier patriotically replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon," explained Duke Francis, "my *wife* is the court. I am merely a spectator of the same."

Duke Francis made a faithful and life-long effort to make up to the royal children for the mother-love they never knew. Various critics would have it appear that Maria had not the inclination to bother about the children, but let us more generously presume that state matters prevented her. Her public duties were indeed enormous, hence she was content with a daily report from her physician as to the state of her children's health, often not seeing them for as much as ten days together. In this respect how sadly she differed from that sovereign-lady of blessed memory—Victoria of England! It is recorded of Maria Theresa, however, that upon state occasions, or when some sovereign of the continent dined with the royal family, she caused her sixteen children to be stationed around the table, and seemed very proud of them, loving to recount their various virtues; but when the noble visitors were departed, the children needed no hint to hie them to their various apartments.

So, while courtiers were kissing Maria Theresa's hand, and swearing to live and die for her, we find

Francis, for the most part, in the nursery, telling fairy tales and playing blind man's buff. So closely were his affections entwined with theirs, that he lived in the hearts of his children, and we are told that the memory of his love was one of the greatest consolations to his daughter, Marie Antoinette, the future Queen of France, when the scaffold cast its shadows all around her within her prison walls. He died very suddenly from apoplexy; and though his royal widow donned the mourning garb, and declared her loss was very great, it was plain to all that her mourning for the loss of her beloved Silesia was infinitely greater.

No sooner had Francis yielded up the ghost, than the cabinet became rife with plottings for the hand of the widowed empress. With the tranquillity which characterized her ever, Maria Theresa decided upon her course. She issued a proclamation stating that it was her intention never to marry again, but should she, for any reason change her plan and espouse an husband from her cabinet or lords, she should immediately remove him from office and all powers, and keep him under rigid restraint. This shot went straight to every Austrian noble, and the Empress was never worried again by any marriage schemes.

One instance of her unwavering discipline is left upon record. In conformity with a religious rite, she bade her daughter, Josepha, upon the eve of her marriage with the King of Naples, to descend alone into the family vault to pray. It so happened that a member of the family was interred there who had recently died of smallpox. With a fear that amounted to horror, the poor Josepha plead that her mother would not compel her to enter the vault, because she felt certain that if she did, she would take the dread disease and die. But the will of Maria Theresa was inflexible. The poor girl, convulsed with terror, descended the imperial vault. Her whole nervous system was disrupted. She imagined phantoms were pursuing her and shrieking in her ears that she would die of the dread disease. It was her fate. In two weeks she was borne to the selfsame vault a corpse.

A disease which had long impaired the constitution of the Empress finally became violent, and this dread incident so preyed upon her mind that she was brought to the threshold of the grave. All Austria was in mourning; for this woman who unquestionably fell below the average as a wife and mother, was, as a sovereign, regarded as irreproachable. Knowing that death was on her track, she very complacently supervised the making of her graveclothes and arranged the details for her funeral with decisive promptitude. The last night of her life she spent in signing state papers and giving instructions to her family. Her oldest son, and successor, Joseph, besought her to take some rest. "In a few hours at the most," she replied, "I must stand before God. Would you have me waste that little time in idle rest?" Having partaken of the sacrament, and bidden farewell to each of her children and household, she lay with closed eyes in utter exhaustion. Some one whispered: "The Empress sleeps!" The eyes slowly opened. "No, I do not sleep," she said calmly; "I mean to meet my death awake." And she did, and only with her latest breath did she surrender that courage and fortitude which characterized her entire life.

OPPORTUNITY.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

THERE is a sentimental poem representing "Opportunity" as feeling hurt and misunderstood because people say he never comes but once. The inference is misleading. It is true that *other* opportunities may come, but the same opportunity NEVER *knocks at any one's door more than once.* Neither does he tarry for people to make up their minds or get ready.

When opportunity comes knocking
At your door, don't pause to rest,
Or hind'ring cares will soon come flocking—
Open quickly to thy guest:
Open wide thy welcome-gate,
Grasp and hold him—do not wait,
Lest it be fore'er too late.
Now's the time to do one's best.

But once his knock is heard in passing,
In a moment he is gone:
He would bestow his greatest blessing,
But he must not tarry long:
Then, all ready, soldier, stand:
On the door-knob hold thy hand;
Listen for thy Lord's command,
Be it midday, dusk or dawn.

Be always ready for each duty,
Howe'er humble it appear:
We **afterward** may see its beauty,
Passing time makes it more clear.
Quickly now, while 'tis today,
Grasp thine angel—make him stay,
Do not let him fly away—
Opportunity—so dear!



DISTRICT MEETING AT BETHANY.

PAUL MOHLER.

YOU have heard of sham battles, mock trials, and moot congresses, but did you ever hear of an imitation district meeting? Well, that is what I wish to tell you about. Bethany is not just like other schools, so it has no literary societies, but it has instead a Students' Conference each week, to which every student in school belongs. It is true that occasional literary programs are held by the Conference, but the most of its sessions are given over to the serious discussions of questions of a practical nature, affecting life in school and in the home and the church. Some very fine programs of this sort are rendered, as good as you generally expect to hear at a Sunday-school or Ministerial Conference. This will be easily understood when you reflect that in the student body are men and women of fine ability and years of experience as missionaries, evangelists, etc.

But of all the meetings of Students' Conference, I think no other is so interesting as the annual District Meeting. But before I describe that, let me explain that the students of the Bible School are encouraged not only to assist the management of the school in maintaining a strong working spirit among the students, but also to make practical suggestions as to improvements to be made in the management of the school, enlargement of its sphere of operations, and provision for its needs. It is the purpose of the District Meeting to receive, discuss, and pass on to the faculty and the board of trustees, such suggestions as may be presented. At the same time it is our intention to learn by practical experience, how such meetings are conducted.

This is the way we proceed: The group of students from each State represented in school is considered as a local congregation. Before the District Meeting each group must meet, organize, formulate its papers, and elect its delegates. "Papers" are petitions properly addressed to the District Meeting itself and to be answered by that body, or to the faculty or trustees through District Meeting. This year each State having ten or less students in school was allowed one delegate, and for every additional ten, one additional delegate. The delegate body numbered thirty-six and represented over two hundred students from twenty States.

Well, I wish you could all have seen the picture our District Meeting presented. I do think we had all or nearly all of the regular features represented. The house was full, of course, and some were standing up. We had at least two brethren in the amen corner that we might begin to call old. Both were quite gray and bald. And we had at least one old sister, and plenty of babies. Our "Brother Moderator" was a real sure-enough elder who was moderator of a real District Meeting in his home district just last year and a good one. The reading clerk and writing clerk both looked the part and several of the delegates had been real delegates before. Discussions were carried on in the same serious vein as you find in District Meeting, and finally, to complete the picture, we had the usual parliamentary tangle. The one thing lacking was the odor of boiling beef and coffee.

And what did we really do? Some papers were returned, and some we passed to the faculty or the trustees who represent our "Annual Meeting." These will be carefully considered and such as are practicable and desirable will undoubtedly be put into effect as soon as possible. We also practiced and learned better the methods of procedure in regular church activity. Perhaps we did "put things through" just a little faster than a District Meeting would have done, but that is natural, for we are young, and if we had our way some District Meetings might move a little faster.

Now of course this a Bible School made up largely of active church workers, so it is easier to have this kind of meeting than in others; but I think the same thing could be done in other schools to the interest and profit of all. I am sure that other faculties desire to know the wishes of their students, and I don't know any better method of getting hold of them than through a District Meeting. Other students also will be church workers and need to know how church business is done. Some time, perhaps, when all our schools are working together as they should and are bound together by their common interests, we may have a real students' annual conference with delegates from each school to discuss educational problems of interest to all. How long shall it be?

3435 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

ALKALI SOILS.

(Prepared for class in the Department of Agriculture, Mount Morris College.)

CHARLES GIBBEL.

INASMUCH as there is a great movement to the West of the young people of this age, in search of cheaper farming land, and as there are almost as many different kinds of land as there are acres, it behooves any one contemplating such a movement to make a careful, scientific study of the soil, and the conditions under which the soil must perform its functions before taking any decided steps toward choosing a farm. The land agents may claim to be able to tell everything for and against the prevailing conditions, but there are a great many things concerning the soil that are not so very evident, and the agents do not know, or at least do not have to tell them, because of the invisible nature of the facts. Nevertheless they must be met by the one expecting to reap fruits from these soils.

One of the most interesting agencies in the soil, and yet the most destructive in its action, and also possibly the least apparent to those not acquainted with the soil of semi-arid regions, is the alkali of the soil. In any soil a small amount of the mineral matter is rendered soluble because of the many agencies at work on it, and this soluble matter is either used up by the plant, leached out by the drainage water, or remains in the soil. Now, if the loss of this soluble matter by leaching of drainage water, and by the absorption by plants does not equal the amount made soluble every year it must of necessity accumulate in the soil. In humid regions, as in our own State, the loss by leaching is sufficient to carry away this excess of soluble matter, and therefore this condition does not exist. But in the West, where there is practically no loss by drainage, the soluble substances not taken up by the plant,—a great deal of it not being plant food,—are left in the soil.

This soluble substance contained in the soil consists of practically a part of all the kinds of material of which the soil is composed, but as some ingredients are a great deal more soluble than others, of course the soil water is laden with the most soluble. The substances in general which compose the alkali, are salts composed of the carbonates, sulphates and chlorides, of sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium. The composition of the alkali, of course, determines its destructive effect upon plants. As to their composition they may be divided into two general classes, the white and the black alkalies. When the sulphate or chloride appears on the surface of the ground it gives it a white appearance, which looks like common salt (sodium chloride). This is what is known as—as its characteristics suggest,—white alkali. The carbonates compose the black alkalies. The pure carbonate, however, is white, but they are good solvents of organic matter, the presence of which gives it a black color.

By the process of osmosis, the strong solutions of alkalies draw out the water from the cells, and the protoplasmic lining is shrunk, and the plant wilts and dies. But besides this fatal effect, the carbonates, or black alkalies, react chemically with the plant tissues, and they are dissolved. Therefore, in some seasons many of the alkali lands are of no use for cultivation unless they are amended in some way.

As water from rainfull or irrigation enters the soil, the soluble alkalies are taken up by the water to some extent and carried down with it into the lower soils. But as the soil becomes dry again the water rising by capillarity brings the alkali with it, and as the water evaporates at the surface the alkali is deposited. The next rain enters the ground through the large pores, mostly, but when returning to the surface as the soil dries, it comes up through the smallest pores by capillarity and brings more of the alkali with it. Thus the surface layer becomes more alkaline as time goes on. Therefore some crops may be grown better, or are better adapted for these alkali lands, because of their ability to root deep. But of course the physiological condition of the plant has much to do with its ability to withstand the toxic effect.

Such plants as alfalfa and sugar-beets will tolerate a great deal of alkali compared with other more shallow-rooted plants. At times when unirrigated lands are examined they may not appear to be alkaline and, in fact, are not to the extent that they are injurious to plant life, but after several years of heavy irrigation the white substance may begin to appear and the presence of alkali is evident. This effect was brought about by the excessive amount of water applied, which went deeper into the soil than the rain water ever had, and brought up the alkali with the capillary water. Still another condition may exist; heavy irrigation may be carried on, on the higher ground, and the water drain under ground and rise in the lower ground and evaporate at the surface, depositing the alkali, which otherwise may have never reached the surface.

These useless lands, however, may in some cases be reclaimed, or at least be amended to some extent. The surface does not become concentrated to the maximum degree until the ground is dried out. Therefore if the soil is prevented from becoming dry, by frequent, but light applications of water, and by cultivating and forming a dust mulch, the alkali is distributed through more soil. Again, if an under-drainage system is placed in the alkali region, being careful to get the drain lines deep enough so as to be below the point where the water rises again to the surface,—three or four feet generally being sufficient,—the alkali may be leached out. If the soil is flooded well several times after being under-drained the alkali may be leached out. Care must be taken that the leaching is not carried on to the extent that there is not enough soluble matter left for the best growth of the plants.

Gypsum (calcium sulphate) is sometimes added to a soil which contains black alkali, with the purpose of having the sulphate act chemically with the carbonate and thus diminish the toxic effect of the black alkali. Another method is sometimes employed: that of scraping the deposit from the surface at a dry time of the year. This is effective but not permanent. The alkali produced may be used as a very effective fertilizer, as it usually contains some plant food elements and if applied to soil which has no alkaline compounds it is often very effective.

* * *

"THE pillar of granite is no less granite because it is polished. A man is no less a man because he is a complete gentleman."

FITTING UP A WORKBENCH.

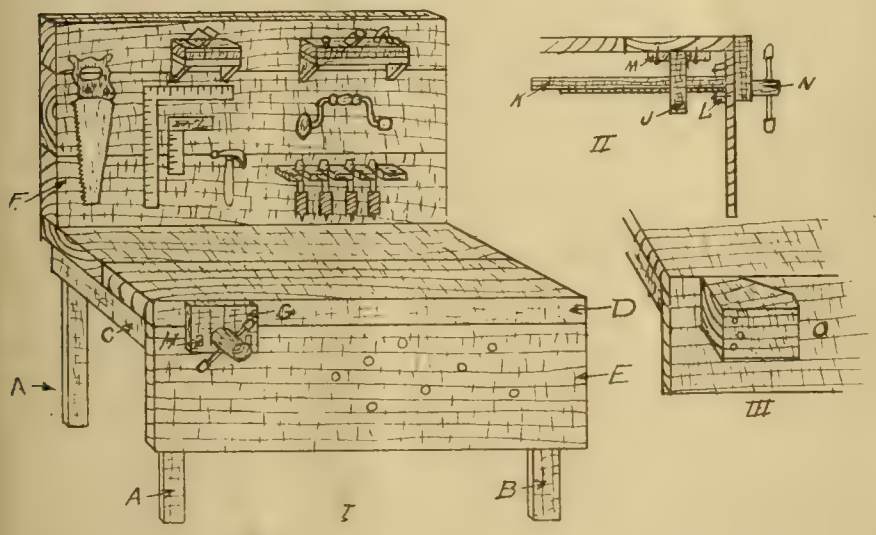
M. F. HALE.

MANY useful things can be made with a good pocketknife; but a small room, fitted up with a simple workbench and a few tools, will be of great benefit to any boy, and in this number we give you an idea of how you can make one easily.

The size of the bench depends upon the size of the boy, the location in the shop and somewhat upon the material at hand; but for the average-sized boy of twelve or fourteen years, the height should be about twenty-eight or thirty inches.

Good pine boards without knots may be used, although some of our better benches are made of maple.

In its construction you first saw four legs about 26 or 28 inches long from a 2x4 inch scantling, marked



A and B in the drawing. Lay those marked A on the floor and nail a board, 6 or 8 inches wide and about 30 inches long, across one end, as shown by C. One-inch boards are heavy enough for these. The other legs (B) are made in the same way. In each case be sure to bring the edge of the board C even with the top of the legs. These ends can now be set upright and the top nailed on with large nails.

Be sure to sink the nails so that the plane will not strike them and dull the blade. It would be well to use 1½ or 2-inch material for the top. The bench is now ready for the front board or apron (E) which can be nailed directly to the legs.

The back (F) may be fastened on by nailing strips along the back legs and letting them extend high enough to nail to the back, but possibly a better way would be to let the back legs extend high enough to allow the back to be nailed on directly. Where the tools can be placed directly upon the wall the back may be omitted entirely and in fact the back legs may be dispensed with by nailing a strip to the wall and then nailing the end of board C to this strip. The disadvantage of this arrangement is that the bench cannot be moved easily.

A very convenient attachment for a workbench is a vise of some kind, and a good cheap one is shown in drawing I. A wooden screw and a block (L) into which it will fit can be bought for about 40 or 50 cents. For the jaw (G) of the vise a good solid piece of maple about 2 inches thick, 8 inches wide and 10 inches long should be used. It should be held firmly by two strips of hard wood (K) about 1 inch by 2 inches and about 2 feet long. These strips should fit tightly into the piece G as shown at H and they should slide easily through holes in the front (E) and the piece J. The hole for the screw should be made straight through the jaw (G), the front piece (E) and the piece J. The block (L) mentioned above can now be fastened to the front board as shown.

The screw may be dispensed with by making holes along the strip K into which a pin can be placed, this pin resting against the apron (E), thus allowing the vise to be adjusted for different thicknesses of material. For tightening the vise the strips should be loose at the point H and extend far enough through the jaw on this side so that a strong block could be nailed between them and a wedge driven between the block and the jaw.

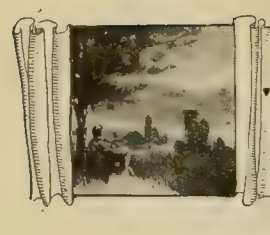
A very convenient stationary vise may be made as shown at O in plate III. It would be quite convenient to bore several holes in the front piece (E) and make a pin to fit them, thus giving a rest for any long piece which you wish to plane on the edge.

A good workman should always have a convenient place to keep his tools, so it is better to place a few shelves and racks at the back for this purpose. I know a business man who always has his desk covered about 2 or 3 inches deep with papers and when he wants any particular circular or statement he is compelled to look over the whole bunch, thus wasting very much valuable time. Do you know that many business men do about one-half more work than necessary because they do not have things in a systematic order?

We do not wish to get into that habit, so we will have a definite place for each tool. This arrangement can best be made after the bench has been located.

Probably some of you are wondering where to place your work shop. This must be determined by each

(Continued on Page 229.)



THE · QUIET · HOUR



"LONGING FOR HOME."

JOSEPH D. REISH.

How sweet 'twill be, when over there
Beyond this span of years,
To know that we are free from care
And sorrow's bitter tears.

To see our Father on his throne,
And saints around him stand,
Will be a joy to us unknown
Ere reaching that fair land.

How grand 'twill be on yonder shore,
To all our loved ones greet.
Our Savior, too, whom we adore,
In heaven we shall meet.

I long to leave this world below,
For that bright world on high;
The Lord will then to me bestow
My mansion in the sky.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

Appreciation

Ira P. Dean

WELL, David, explain yourself; why did you say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name"? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"?

Oh! yes, I see. You were just giving expression to your appreciation of the blessings you received. That's beautiful.

How about you, brother, sister? Is it just "Thanks," and then, "Well, if I couldn't do better than that I'd quit"? Appreciation very plainly manifests your idea as to the value of a thing. Yes, it cost only ten cents. Did you use it or give it away? My! but you appreciated that little souvenir I gave you; you don't know where you put it. Perhaps you don't think cheap tokens of esteem deserve very much appreciation. Don't wait till you lose something to make a fuss because you can hardly do without it. David knew well enough, that "you never miss the water until the well goes dry." Do you know that? Well, it is true; you never miss anything till you lose it, and then you just begin to realize a little of its value.

David took the wise side and showed his appreciation for God's blessings *before* he lost them; "forget not all his benefits,"—little benefits, big benefits, ten-cent benefits and hundred-dollar benefits,—all of them. Never measure the value of a thing at its cost in money. Consider the motive. Oh, how many poor, dear souls would love to give valuable presents at Christmas time but cannot afford it; they give a five or ten-cent gift, but with it goes all their love and a sincere desire to give a more valuable token of their esteem. Would you pack that gift back in a trash box and give a conspicuous place to that new five-dollar gift you received from a friend who gave it to you only because it was custom and she hated to give you a cheaper one, knowing you'll get her a ten dollar gift now? How the hearts of some poor gift givers would bleed if they could see what *some* people do with their cheap gifts.

However, gift giving is not the only thing to appreciate. Do you appreciate your wife, brother? Don't smile. Did you ever tell her? If you didn't, go and tell her right now: then come back and finish reading this little talk. Some husbands and wives are too much afraid their companions will become conceited if they tell them how much they appreciate them. But appreciating a wife or a husband and telling them so never killed anyone yet. Ever hear of anyone dying a premature death, worrying because they were appreciated? I never did. Don't you know it is far cheaper to tell others while they are living, how much you appreciate them than to chisel it on a tombstone? And then the smiles that light up the faces of those you really appreciate, why, you wouldn't miss it for your life.

But listen, when you are manifesting your appreciation be careful or you might flatter; that is the extremity that some folks reach, but that's not appreciation at all. You've heard it often, "Oh! you don't know how much I appreciate this." No, perhaps I don't, but I will, once I see what you do with it.

The most important thing to appreciate is what David appreciated, God's blessings. If you don't appreciate them now, you will when they are gone,—when it's too late. Do you appreciate God's Gift to you in Jesus Christ? Do you appreciate the offer of eternal life? Have you accepted it yet? What! you are waiting till a little later? You don't appreciate it very much then. Friend, if you find yourself in eternal torment you'll appreciate the chances you had to secure eternal joy. None of us appreciate Jesus Christ as we should, but just wait till we get to heaven and see what it cost God, and how much more we could have appreciated him while on earth. *Then* we'll appreciate heaven; and "that will be glory for me."

ANOTHER CURIOSITY.

J. S. ROLLER.

In the Inglenook of February 14, page 155, Benj. R. Curry in giving some of the curiosities of the Bible mentions that the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "J."

Several years ago I happened to notice that the 37th verse of the 4th chapter of Daniel contained all the letters except "Q."

While I have often seen the verse in Ezra referred to, I have never noticed this in print, and therefore am sending it to the Nook.

Timberville, Va.

WELL-BUILT CHRISTIANS.

A well-built Christian is harmonious in all his parts. No one trait shames another. He is not a jumble of inconsistencies—today devout, tomorrow frivolous, today liberal to one cause, and tomorrow niggardly toward another; today fluent in prayer, and tomorrow fluent in polite falsehoods. He does not keep the fourth commandment on the Sunday, and break the eighth commandment on the Monday. He does not shirk an honest debt to make a huge donation. He is not in favor of temperance for other folk, and of a glass of toddy for himself. He does not exhort or pray at each of the few meetings he attends, to make up arrearages for the more meetings which he neglects. He does not so consume his spiritual fuel during revival seasons, that he is cold as Nova Zembla during all the rest of the time; nor do his spiritual fervors ever outrun his well-ordered conversation.—*Cuyler.*

THE MINISTRY OF AFFLICTION.

All affliction is to the good man disciplinary, and will come to an end. It will end in good, in glory. "Though weeping endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning." Is it poverty that afflicts? Is it the unkindness of the world that afflicts? Is it a disappointment of hopes that afflicts? Is it temptation that afflicts? Whatever it be, it will not continue forever; its work will end; its purpose will be accomplished, and it will pass away. The cloud forms, drops its rain, and passes away for the sun to shine and the flowers to bloom. The storm gathers, purifies the air, and passes away for the fragrant and healthful calm to settle like a benediction on the land. Affliction comes, administers its discipline, and passes away for the peace, joy, and glory to appear. Consider, then, the temporal nature of affliction in contrast with the eternal nature of the good which affliction is sent to accomplish. The fires of the furnace long since went out from which came the refined gold that will shine for a thousand years as a jewel or a crown. The Apollo Belvedere stands today a miracle of beauty, two thousand years after the chisel perished which gave it its immortal grace. Cologne's great spires pierce the sky and will for centuries to come; but the scaffolding beneath which they grew, and the tools which piled the marble toward the clouds will vanish in a day. So affliction is but for the moment; it passes away, but leaves an eternal blessing; it may vanish more quickly than furnace fire, or sculptor's chisel, or builder's scaffolding; but the work it has done for the soul, or the work God has done by it, will be more lasting than jewels of gold or statues and temples of stone.—*Bishop Bristol, from "The Religious Instinct of Man."*

A SHORT SERMON ON LOVE.

The following beautiful sentiments are translated from the French:

"You have only a day to spend here on earth; act in such a manner that you may spend it in peace.

"Peace is the fruit of love; for, in order to live in peace, we must bear with a great many things.

"None is perfect; each has his failings, each hangs upon the other, and love alone renders that weight light.

"It is written of the Son of Mary, that 'having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.'

"For that reason, love your brother, who is in the world, and love him unto the end.

"Love is indefatigable; it never grows weary. Love is inexhaustible; it lives and is born anew in the living, and the more it pours itself out the fuller its fountain.

"Whosoever loves himself better than he loves his brother, is not worthy of Christ, who died for his brother. Have you given away everything you possess? Go and give up your life also if needed!

"The wicked man loves not, he covets; he hungers and thirsts for everything; his eyes, like unto the eyes of a serpent, fascinate and allure, but only to devour.

"Love rests at the bottom of every pure soul, like a drop of dew in the calyx of a flower. O, if you knew what it is to love!"—*The Living Church.*

"The greatest science men can study is the science of living with other men. There is no other thing that is so taxing, requires so much education, so much wisdom, so much practice as how to live together." We are studying how to control the forces of nature, but the forces of human nature are more difficult still. There is no art that is finer than the art of being at peace with our neighbors, national and individual.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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SOME LAST WORDS.

Good-byes are not pleasant things to say and sometimes some of us have been guilty of going out of our way to avoid saying them. But for all one's reluctance to saying farewell words, often we would just as much regret not saying them—afterward. When plans were first made for leaving the House and handing the Inglenook over to another, I did not think of saying a last word; but as the time approaches and for the last time I prepare the matter for an issue of the paper, it occurs to me that I will feel better afterward if I say good-bye as dear friends usually do.

And I do count the Inglenook readers my friends. When one has constantly had in mind the interests and welfare of a body of people for a period of four years (since July 13, 1906, excepting seven months when Bro. H. M. Barwick was editor), it is natural for that one to believe that a mutual feeling of friendship exists. Besides, there is the proof of this feeling from many in the kind and encouraging words they have written to the editor in these four years.

As I write these words, the feeling comes to me that comes to many friends at parting time. That is, that I have left many things unsaid that ought to have been said. Often I have written idly when I should have written only of the deep and lasting things concerning life,—the things that have everything to do with the worth-while life. But it isn't that you are to be without the inspiration such words may give that I lament; the Inglenook will be in charge of one who can well give impetus and direction to honest endeavor. My lament is for my own indifference in not using rightly the fullest measure of my opportunities.

But I cannot now make up for the misusing of past opportunities; when one is brought to the point of leave-taking one must be satisfied with the few words the occasion allows. However, it is often the case that more is said in few words than in many, and if I had the privilege of using very many I could hardly say more—more to keep us on the highest plane of living—than may be expressed in the two words, *BE TRUE.*

Our modern life is so complex, so full of imitation and artificiality, that there is danger of our being as much at sea as to what real truth is as was Pilate of old. We need to keep our heads above the maze of falseness and our hearts free from its destroying influence. To do this we must ourselves be inseparable companions of Truth. With Truth to weigh our words, measure our actions and interpret the words and actions of others, we will be free to do our work in a way that will be well-pleasing to the Master Workman. And this is our whole duty in this world.

Readers of the Inglenook need not be very adept at reading between the lines to know that the farm has many attractions for the one who has edited its pages. Sometimes editors, as well as ministers, are accused of preaching things they do not practice. On one point, at least, this accusation does not hold good in my case, for I am now going "back to the farm—back to the old home where I was brought up." During the coming season, if present plans are carried out, I shall spend much of my time among the chickens and in the garden. In fact all my time will be divided between these and the usual household duties of the farm housekeeper. I ask your well wishes as I most heartily give you mine in all your worthy undertakings. Good-bye all. (Address after March 1, Lafayette, Ohio.)

Blanche Lentz.

THE NEW EDITOR.

Since our editorial work on the Inglenook closes with this issue, we take occasion to say a few words here by way of introducing the new editor. He will have taken full charge of the work before this issue reaches our readers and it is due him as well as the readers that the acquaintance, which we trust shall ripen into the truest friendship, should begin now.

Brother S. Christian Miller, of McPherson, Kans., the new editor, comes into the work with excellent preparation for its duties. He completed the full college course at McPherson College and later added to it two years of university work in one of the leading universities of the Middle West. Much of his work, in college and university, has been along lines particularly fitting one for editorial work and this has been strengthened by practical work in the way of three years' teaching in one of our colleges. Add this to the prime requisite, a Christian life awake to numberless opportunities for helping mankind to higher things, and there is no reason why, with the coöperation of the readers, the new editor may not bring the Inglenook to that high plane toward which it has been striving.

Brother Miller was selected for the INGLENOOK work by the General Mission Board at their meeting last December. He came into the office Feb. 13 and spent a few days in getting acquainted with printing office life before taking full control of the work.

Coöperation is the key to success in all lines of activity represented by the work of the INGLENOOK and we trust the new editor may be able to rely upon the help and sympathy of all his readers as we have been able to do to a great degree during our term of service.

MISTAKES IN THE NEW COOK BOOK.

WE knew, of course, that there would be some mistakes in the revised cook book—some of the old ones carried over and some new ones added. These things make their appearance even in books that are given the closest attention and are therefore no more than could be expected where time and attention had to be divided with other duties and the printing and binding were hurried in order to satisfy our waiting patrons. However, when the book first came to us from the bindery we were so well pleased with its appearance that we forgot for a time to think of mistakes. Now that we, as well as some of our friends, have examined it more closely, we are finding some of these mistakes and wish to call attention to a few that might cause inconvenience.

In the index to the book the pages for two of the chapters are wrong. *Poultry* begins with page 27 instead of 19 and *Eggs* begins with page 55 instead of 35. If you will mark out the wrong figures and write in the correct ones, you will have no trouble in finding the chapters when consulting the index. Of course, after one has used a cook book awhile she can easily find anything in it she wishes without the assistance of the index.

On page 220 in the directions given by Sister Carrie Martin for making pie crust we make her say, in parenthesis, "For Two Pies," when it should read, "For Two Crusts." This would make trouble for any one following her directions who wanted to make two pies with covers. Write *Crusts* in place of "Pies" and you will have no trouble. On page 294, among the cake fillings and frostings, directions are given for making "Frosting for Burnt Sugar Cake." In the third line of the directions it says, in parenthesis, "See directions for burnt sugar cake." Unfortunately, that is something you can not do, for the cake recipe is not in the book. This is one of the mistakes we can not explain. We had at least six good recipes for burnt sugar cake and fully intended to use one of them. We can not understand how it was missed. We are trying to rectify this mistake by publishing one of these recipes in the INGLENOOK with the instructions, "Paste this in your cook book." If our cooks will do this they will have the information referred to in the directions for making frosting for burnt sugar cake.

We are making a note of the mistakes found and wherever possible these will be corrected when a new edition is printed. If the reports that are coming in are a true indication of the popularity of the book, and we have no reason to doubt them, it will not be long before this first edition is exhausted and we may then have a book with less mistakes in it.

NOTICE.

THIS is the time of year when all delinquents are taken from the subscription list. If you want to have the INGLENOOK continue to come to you,—and you surely do with its promises of improvement—see that your subscription is paid up and thus save the office the trouble of taking your name off the list and putting it on again.

THOUGHTFULNESS is always doing little kindnesses; thoughtfulness has an instinct for seeing the little things that need to be done and then for doing them.—*Ruskin.*

There are no bloodless victories in fighting the devil. This conflict is no sham.

The victories of Christianity are the best key to its mysteries.

FITTING UP A WORKBENCH.

(Continued from Page 225.)

one, but I am sure you can find some place suitable. You should place the bench near a window where there is plenty of light. The shop should be dry and have some way to warm it in winter. If it is damp, oil or vaseline should be placed on the tools to keep them from rusting. I know a boy who climbs to the attic by means of a ladder, then crawls through a small door to his little shop where he has made very many useful articles, besides learning the use of many tools which will be of great advantage to him when he goes into business.

In another article we will give you some idea of drawings, so that you can tell how to make various things, some of which we will suggest later.

We hope you will have no trouble in making a convenient workbench and finding some suitable place to put it.

We would be glad to hear from any boys who are interested in tools, and we are willing to assist you in any way that we can.

3249 Gillham Road, Kansas City, Mo.



THE HOME WORLD



The Culture of the Heart

Richard Braunstein

MAN is eminently a social being. Isolation is not natural. We all crave society and the co-operation of our fellow-beings. In the rudest conditions and lowest type of civilization we see men form themselves into associations for mutual defense or for the purpose of conquests. We find in all stages of human development the rudiment of society. The social instinct underlies all the relationships of life. It is the foundation of the family, the nation, society and of race brotherhood. It reaches its noblest and most enduring development when the cords binding men together are not simply self-interest, but mutual affection.

Man grows by association with others. Moral symmetry is unattainable without it. Trees grow into more perfect forms in the shelter of the forest than when standing alone on the storm-swept mountain side. There cannot be harmony in life without this. Music is not a monotone. That is simply a sound, and becomes musical only by its relation to other sounds. To produce harmony there must be at least two sounds differing from, yet related to each other, and for full, perfect harmony there must be a complement of all musical tones; in the subordination of these to each other in a rhymic blending of tones we have harmony. The beauty of midnight heavens is not created by the separate flashing of solitary stars, but by the light each throws upon the other, until the whole dome pulsates with splendor. The telescope has disclosed what are known as double stars. The center star in the curve of Ursa Major is a double star, the star Rigel in Orion is a double star. These double stars revolve around each other. Each seems the consort of the other, and presents a beautiful appearance, being tinged with complementary colors. When one of the stars that constitute a double star is brighter than the other, the fainter star shines with a tinge that is complementary to the brighter star's color. When the brighter star is a red color, the fainter star is of a green tinge. When the brighter star is of a yellow color, the fainter star is of a violet tinge, and when the brighter star is of a blue color, the fainter star is of an orange tint. Thus does each enhance the glory of the other, and the great result is the splendor of the world-peopled sky.

So the harmony and beauty of human life is the result of social relations—one tone blending another, making life a grand, sweet song—one individual reflecting light and joy and help from another, making it a beautiful and joyous thing. For a perfect society you must have, first individuals,—then the individual must be related to and in a measure merge himself into the social order. When we speak, then, of the affections and social powers, we take in a very wide range of human feeling and relationship. It is a subject reaching out from the smaller circle of affections which bring two individuals into holy and intimate relations which lie at the base of family life, beyond the home, to all friendships, to our connection with our own country, and up to the wider circle of man's relation to man.

The culture of the affections includes the culture of the love of home, of country, of man, and is only complete when it ascends to the high and perfect realm of love to God. As the circle made by casting a stone in the sea, widens and widens until it breaks on the farthermost shore, so our affections reach out into wide and ever widening spheres of action, until they break in love and passionate adoration on the throne of him whose other name is Love.

More of life's happiness or misery hinges upon the right or wrong placing and direction of the affections than on any other power we possess. Out of the heart, "the seat of the affections," are indeed the issues of life. Love rules the camp, the court and the crowd. The terms we commonly use to express this indicate the power of the affections as a factor in shaping life. In all languages men speak of warmth of affection, of burning passions, of the fires of love and hate. These metaphors suggest the fact, that as the heart is the great motor in the physical world, so desire and love are the great motors in the human world. As the flower's root lying beneath the sod feels the heat of the sun and unfolds itself into forms of beauty, so the nature of man responds to the warm touch of affection. Heart is mightier than head in determining the character and shaping the destinies of man or woman. Love is stronger than ambition, more deathless than the desire for fame, and will outlive all the changes and ravages of time, glow in the heart as strongly when the head is white with the snow of years as in the first flush of life's opening springtime, and refuses to die even when it stands weeping at the grave of the beloved.

Love has crowned and uncrowned kings, made the monarch of millions the slave of a woman's will,

strung the harps of poets to give forth strains so sweet and pure as to open new fountains of joy in the human breast, or dashed those strings into discord and the wailings of life-time remorse, lifted men into highest altitudes of heroism or dashed them into abysmal depths of shame and despair, made the palace desolate and changed the cot into a palace. Cupid's dart is more to be dreaded than Achilles' spear. The sword is mighty, and the pen is mightier, but the arrow from love's bow has by no means been a small factor in shaping human lives, and the destiny of nations.

Intellectual culture without culture of the heart cannot bring happiness; but the reverse is not seldom true. A man might scale the loftiest pinnacles of knowledge, yet stand like an ice peak, radiant but cold, or, from misdirected affection, lone as some volcano rent and scarred by its own fires; while on the other hand, a man or woman debarred from high intellectual culture may, through the right placing and cultivation of the heart, drink daily of life's richest vintage. A rounded life is impossible if this is neglected or misused. It has been well said: "A solitary man cannot grow. The story of Robinson Crusoe is an ingenious fable which could be scarcely realized, for a man utterly alone would lose his ambition and gradually only do what was necessary for mere existence. Out of the reach of humanity, never hearing the sweet music of human words, he would spend his time in longing for the divine gifts of society and earthly love and look with horror on the most beautiful objects of nature around him."

We have but to look at the human monstrosities of the early Christian era, in its hermits and solitaires, to see the result of the repression and mutilation of the affections. Such being its power for good or evil, how essential is a clear conception of the nature and action of the affectional powers. If we are to be perfect, we stand as much in need of moral as intellectual education. We are no more born with cultivated hearts than with fully cultivated minds. It has been much discussed how far the affections are natural to man. Some have gone so far as to declare that in all forms they are but the product of education. We are told that naturally we have no feeling for others; and that the first development of it is not in the direction of tenderness or sympathy, but rather in cruelty and pleasure in another's pain. Such a view of human nature is too abhorrent to need refutation. The recoil from it that we all feel, more or less, is sufficient to disprove it. It must be admitted that in some people the sympathetic quality is feeble. They are not moved deeply by another's pleasure or pain. Wrapped up in their own selfishness, they feel but little for, or with other people. They are like Hetty in Adam Bede, whom Mrs. Poyser compares to a peacock that would spread his tail if all the people in the parish were dying. But that apparent insensibility does not indicate the absence of heart—of power to feel, to love, or to hate—but only its lack of culture or development. Hetty could love and suffer, but she was so *self*-cultured, so wrapped up in her own love and pain, as not to feel that of others.

That the germs of the heart life—germs that may develop into love for another, of country, of race,—are originally in every man and woman, is indicated by a kind of spontaneous action in childhood. The babe soon learns to distinguish between its mother and a stranger. Before it can think, long before it can speak, the little one will love, and caress the face that bends over it in the cradle. In the beginning the affection of the babe may not be much higher than the animal instinct of the young brute that turns to its dam. But it may become so; it does become so. The child soon distinguishes between the pain and pleasure, the joy or sorrow of others. The tears of a mother will bring tears into the eyes of her child even when the child cannot understand the cause of the grief. These germs must be drawn out, rightly directed, and properly trained. Without this the faculty will never properly fulfill its functions. What distinguishes the human race from the race of animals is, not that men are rational and moral, but that they *may* be. Heart we all have. Affections are part of our being; but these must be properly regulated and cultivated and cultured as the powers of the mind. Love must not be let run wild, and thus become lawless. If it is, it will be life's curse.

HUNDRED-POINT WOMEN.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

A CERTAIN writer has suggested to us the value and importance of the "hundred-point man," and just at present they are in great demand, but very seldom do we find a man who really measures up, in the full sense of the word.

And if there is a demand for hundred-point men, it is no less true that the demand is just as great, and perhaps greater, for *"hundred-point women."* And I have sometimes thought, that if there could be a hundred-point woman in every home, then truly could it be said that we had reached the Golden Age.

Sometimes, perhaps, we are inclined to think that in woman's sphere there is not so much required, and we forget the large amount of influence which she sheds in her own apparently narrow sphere, her home, which by the way is not so narrow after all, for the home controls the destiny of men and nations.

And it is not enough that a woman have Christian grace; she must have every grace, she must learn

the art of doing all things, and doing them well; she must learn the art of knowing all things, and knowing them well; she must be at once the gracious hostess, and the maid of all work, and she must not carry with her the stain of work. We all know some women who can do whatever their hands find to do, and yet who never in themselves suggest the idea of menial tasks because nothing they do is menial. They clothe their work, no matter how hard and irksome it may be, with a dignity and grace which makes even the most unwelcome task a poem although written in prose.

But to know these things a woman must learn the art of life, by living. What she says, and what she does must be regal, right, gracious and kindly, tempered with a lenity that has come from suffering, and charged with a sanity that has enjoyed and which knows, because through it plays unvexed the Divine Intelligence that rules the world and carries the planets in safety on their accustomed way.

She must know the writers, sculptors, musicians and poets, but life must be her theme, and to live rightly and well is the quality which marks the *hundred-point woman.*

LIFE.

W. H. HOOD.

Life is a week of sunshine,
Mingled with showers of rain;
Each day is an opening,
For either loss or gain.

Monday is the starting time,
Where life begins to wake.
Its hidden mystery is with God,
His only course we take.

The little germ is planted when—
Snugly hidden in its shell;
Its silent power, its waking force,
No mortal tongue can tell.

Tuesday starts the upward shoot,
In youth gay colors blend.
And mirth and gayest sunshine,
To the world their music lend.

Wednesday is care free and happy,
When young life is gay and proud,
Then comes the unexpected call
When they too must wear a shroud.

Thursday stops to meditate,
And begins to count the days;
He's climbing up the hillside,
And sees the sun's setting rays.

Friday's going down the hill,
With full, setting sun in view,
We try to hold, we're going fast,
The journey's almost through.

Saturday is a faltering step,
We see the open grave.
"His rod and staff to comfort us,"
The only Arm to save.

Then Sunday comes; the glorious day
Has been our earnest quest,
The day of perpetual sunshine,—
"The Eternal Day of rest."

Greene, Ia.

JESUS AND THE HOME.

We can not forget that for the two years of homelessness there were thirty years of home. Only at the close of thirty years could Jesus afford, under obedience to a sterner law, to surrender what home meant. Thirty years given to sounding the depth of the word "home"; thirty years under the patient moulding of home discipline; thirty years storing the gracious experiences of a quiet home. The spirit of the home in which he remained so long was upon all his ministry. Behind the healthy serenity of his judgments and the resounded integrity of his manhood there lies the one word which illumes the silent, formative years, and is the clue to the steady security and self-mastery of his maturity. "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." The unmistakable thing in the Gospel is that to those years of home and childhood Jesus always returned when he spoke his deepest thoughts of God and of the relations of God and men. The years of home shaped his deepest thoughts to the end, and on the plastic and sensitive life were left by home influences and surroundings the impressions and convictions which made his manhood divinely rich. The Holy Child was father to the Holy Man. More than this, we have to remember that he grew up in an atmosphere in which the sense of home flourished, and the sanctities and blessings of it were prized. To the devout Jew life moved round two centers, the temple and the home, and home was not less intimately bound up with religion than temple or synagogue. The whole system of feasts and fasts, the weekly Sabbath, and the yearly commemorations, deepened the home sentiment, for the family gathering was the prescribed place and occasion for not a few of religion's most solemn as well as most joyful observances. Small wonder that home should leave ineffaceable impressions on the mind of Jesus. When we reach his ministry, it was not at once that his vocation led to withdrawal from the familiar home. It is doubtful where the saying, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," is properly to be placed, but if St. Luke's order is to be received rather than St. Matthew's our Lord's home was closed to him, not at the beginning, but only near the end of his ministry; and it is significant that the saying is immediately followed by St. Luke's account of the home of Lazarus and his sisters, in which Jesus found loving care. When the old home door is shut against him, he turns with thankfulness to the new door which is opened to the same familiar and beloved intimacies. After his death the broken circle of

the old home is speedily closed, and his mother and brethren are found at the opening of the Acts of the Apostles, and, as some one has said, "the earthly family of Christ fittingly finds its place in the foundations of his spiritual family."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

HINTS FOR PARENTS.

One of the officers of the United States census bureau makes a statement which it is well for all parents to consider. He says, "One of the most astounding features of our life which is revealed to me through carefully compiled data is the tendency of Americans to shelter their children from all thought of work or how to work. They seem to think that the American child is particularly exempt from knowledge of useful work. When mothers ask me how to make the best of their children, I always reply, 'The child owes as much to the home and society as you owe to it, and society; you have no right to bring up a child with the idea that it is dependent, sheltered from every trouble and responsibility by you. You must raise the child to the thought that it is independent and inter-independent. If you give it love and shelter until its wings are strong enough for flight it must realize that it has a responsibility to the home and you in actual service. You must avoid vanity in dress and appearance and the falsehood of spending money easily which they have not been educated to earn. Your child is only better than your neighbor's child as it shows an ability not only to be upright but to usefully work.' An experienced police official says, 'The authorities have the least trouble with those young and old who know how to work. The sources from which we receive our most annoying crime troubles start in homes where the children are treated as if they were kid gloves, where no responsibility is placed upon them.' If you want your child to be the best possible product of your experience teach it to work and to work intelligently. Teach it that dress is never to be compared with usefulness, teach it to do some one thing well and to be responsible for its own acts."—*Woman's National Daily.*

WASTED ENERGY.

It is painful to notice the many ways in which people—especially women—manage to fritter away their energy. A lady goes to make a short call. Being unfortunately seated in a rocking-chair, she rocks while she talks, oftener keeping time to the movement with her finger-tips which drum continually upon the arm of the chair. It is possible she may supplement these by tapping her feet on the floor. If one can so far forget the pitiful side as to see the ridiculous, she may be reminded of the children's game, "My Father Went to Boston."

A housekeeper should surely have a pedometer fastened to her shoes, so that at the end of the day she might sit down and count up the steps she has taken. She would, no doubt, be greatly astonished at the number, and still more so were it possible to make an honest estimate of the number of unnecessary steps.

Probably she has walked back and forth from pantry to kitchen dozens of times when once would have sufficed, and surely she has gone with one plate, one cup, one saucer to the dining-room, while wiping the dishes, when if she had thought she could quite as easily have taken a half dozen. In a house where an open space between kitchen and dining-room was made on purpose to save steps I have actually seen the dishwasher go around through the door over and over again with perhaps a knife and fork or a plate, when by placing them on the shelf designed for them close beside the sink she need not to have gone around but once to place them on the table.

If woman would take the trouble to estimate her own worth, how many valuable lives might be spared to many years of useful labor. She often fritters away her strength in trivial motions, gets unnecessarily tired in every day's work, has little to show at night for a day's wear of nerves, wonders what is the matter and goes to bed utterly discouraged, when she might have been fresh and comfortable after a day of great accomplishment had she remembered to save steps and to keep her hands and feet still while resting.—*Mrs. S. E. Kennedy, in Christian Work.*

TREATMENT OF BLOOMING BULBS OF CYCLAMEN.

The cyclamen is one of the most desirable and beautiful of flowering bulbs, producing, throughout the entire winter, flowers of exquisite form, delicate texture and pleasing color. It is also one of the easiest to cultivate, if the nature of the bulb is understood, and the care given it is intelligently bestowed.

The cyclamen has large, fleshy, perennial roots. These are occasionally renewed, but not annually, as in the case of the hyacinth or tulip. When at rest, these roots will always be found, often active and growing, and apparently strengthening the plant for renewed growth.

It is on account of its perennial roots that the plants require water, even during the resting period, and this is something which is often neglected. When a plant is received, whether active or resting, pot it in good, well-drained, porous soil, pressing it well about the

roots, and then thoroughly water it. Do not cover the corm. It should be potted just so its base will rest firmly upon the soil. If sunk into the soil, it is very liable to decay. Keep the soil moist. If you allow it to dry out, the roots will be injured and the corm weakened. By and by, the little buds at the crown will begin to swell, new leaves will push out, and, in a short time, the plant will begin to bloom. Water liberally now, and use a little liquid manure once a week. Shade from the hot sun, syringe occasionally to keep off red spiders, and stir the surface soil if it becomes hard. Your care will be rewarded with beautiful and abundant bloom. After the season of blooming is over, do not neglect the plants. Keep them watered regularly, using the liquid fertilizer as previously recommended. The longer the bulb or corm is kept in foliage, the better will it be prepared for future service. It is only after the leaves all drop that water should be withheld, and then only partially. Repot as the new growth is about to appear, removing as much of the old soil as possible without disturbing the roots, and replacing with fresh soil. By following these simple directions, your success will be assured.—*Selected.*

WASHING SUGGESTIONS.

Washing would be much easier if one would put the clothes into water that has just had the chill taken off, and leave them for a little while. After soaking a little, put them into hot water, not boiling; with plenty of soap, and very little rubbing, they will be white and clean. In washing pink goods, if, after washing, instead of using bluing-water, or clear cold water to rinse them, one uses a little water in which some cochineal bugs have been dissolved, the goods will not have that faded look which is often the case if this is not done. The cochineal bugs can be bought at the drug store, and are not expensive. It is better to crush them, as they will dissolve much more quickly. When washing thin white goods, if one will use gum arabic dissolved in a little warm water, instead of using starch, the goods will iron much easier and will not crush so much or show the wrinkles, as when starch is used.—*Selected.*

TO BLEACH EMBROIDERED DOILIES.

If the linen on which colored embroidery has been worked becomes yellow, it can be bleached in buttermilk without injuring the fabric or fading the silks. Put the piece in a granite dish or earthen dish, cover with buttermilk, and let stand three days, stirring the article each day. Then wash in the usual way. Any white goods can be bleached the same way, but it is especially good for colored embroidery, as ordinary bleachers take the color out of the silk.—*Exchange.*

HANDY HINTS.

To remove pitch and tar stains from a garment, rub lard on the stain and let stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric is changed, sponge with chloroform.

In warm weather, the system requires foods which do not generate so much heat. Eat chicken, fish and eggs as a substitute for the stronger meats, and rice may be used instead of the potato, as it contains much less starch. Green vegetables, which are seasonable, are suggestions of nature, as a diet that makes less fat and muscle tissue.

When there are deep spots of rust on steel that will not yield to the usual method, try a paste made from emery powder and kerosene. There are few spots that will not yield to this. After applying the paste, let it stand for several hours, then polish with oil.

Celery salt can be made at home and save buying. Wash the leaves and dry in the oven in a pan. When crisp, rub between the hands into a fine powder. Sift through a flour sifter and mix with salt.

There is nothing better for cleaning copper than common salt mixed with enough flour and vinegar to make a paste. After letting the paste remain for a few hours, rub off with a soft cloth and wash thoroughly.

To sugar doughnuts quickly and easily, put a few in a tin can with a half cupful of powdered sugar and shake well.

Pieces of felt glued to the tips of the legs of chairs will prevent them from marking the hardwood floors as well as rubber.

A cake should not brown until it has risen to its full height, which ought to be twice its bulk.

Soak brooms every week in hot salt water, shake and hang up, and they will last longer.

When window shades become old and faded, take off the roller, hem the top like the bottom, on the machine, with long stitches. Tack the bottom of the shade to the roller and you will have a shade almost as good as new.

In soaking lima beans over night, the outside hull will then wash off. It does not take so much time for cooking, and they are more easily digested.

Before beating eggs always dry the dish thoroughly before using, as the slightest moisture upon its surface will interfere with the whites becoming light.

A sauce-pan which has been burned can be readily cleaned by filling with cold water, to which add a little soda. Allow the water to come to a boil, when the burnt portion may be scraped clean. Wood ashes added to the water will help.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

UNCLE NED. NO. 4.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

AFTER supper Harry sat as patiently as a restless boy can sit till he saw his uncle lay his paper down, then said, "I am ready to hear about fuel, now Uncle."

"All right, Harry. Where shall we begin?"

"I would like to know something about the different kinds of coal. One of the boys said today that his folks had bought a stove to burn hard coal. Do they need a different stove?"

"Yes, some stoves are not suited for certain kinds of fuel. Hard coal burns with little or no blaze or smoke. That is because in time past it has undergone some change and is purer than soft coal. It is harder to kindle, but makes a hotter fire. The first coal found in America was found by a Catholic priest, Father Hennepin, in Illinois, near where Ottawa now is."

"Where do we get charcoal?"

"It is partly burned wood. The wood is fired in a closed pit till all moisture is driven off. It is used to some extent as fuel, but not so much as formerly. One of the uses was to heat soldering coppers and another was the heating of smoothing irons."

"Mama uses coal when she irons. She says it makes a better fire than wood."

"Yes, coal makes a hotter fire, but it will not keep alive as long when the stove is closed."

"I have noticed her put salt on a board and rub her iron on that. Why did she do it?"

"That was to keep the iron from sticking. Next time she irons you go and get her a piece of cedar and tell her to rub the iron on that and see how she likes that instead."

"Do you remember that you told me once that some time you would tell me how to make baking powder?"

"Very well, now is as good a time as any. Here is how I have made it:

"1 pound cream tartar.

"½ pound soda.

"1 pound corn starch.

"Mix these well and you will have a baking powder as good as the best."

"There is another thing I would like to know. Last summer when Mama was canning tomatoes she put some kind of white powder in them. What was it for?"

"That was salicylic acid, or, as some call it, 'fruit acid,' and it is put in to make the fruit keep. Some people do not think it best to use it and instead put in two or three tablespoons of lime water."

"Mother sometimes bakes her bread when she is ironing, because she says she is always sure of keeping up the fire; but how could people tell how long to bake the bread when they had no clocks?"

"A clock is not necessary in baking, though convenient. Cooks often tell by looking at the baking, not the clock. However, we have had clocks longer than we have had stoves.

"One of the earliest forms of clocks was the sundial. In its simplest form it is merely a stick placed upright on the ground and the time indicated by the position of the shadow. Such a clock was of no use on cloudy days or at night. The next improvement was the hour glass in which fine sand dropped through a small opening in a small vessel. When empty it was turned over and allowed to run back again. The clepsydra, or water clock, had a small opening in the bottom and water trickled through, the rate of flow being indicated by graduations on the side of the vessel. The invention of the pendulum made it possible to mark small divisions of time. There is no material difference between the clocks of two hundred years ago and those of today. The present clocks are finer made and work more accurately. They are made in all sizes from the little dollar clocks up to the big tower clocks."

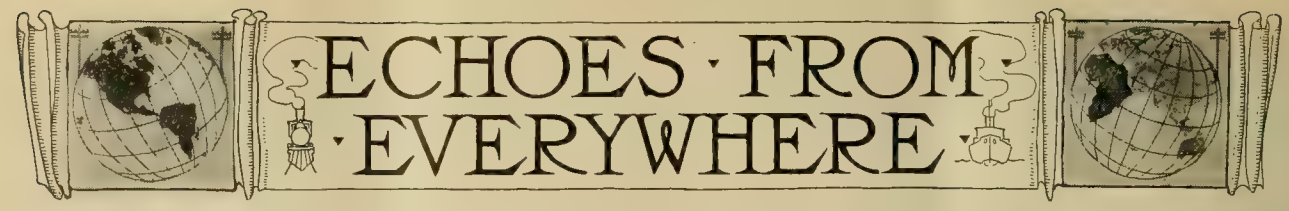
"How about watches, Uncle?"

"I will tell you that some other time."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

STORY OF TOMMY AND HIS BABY CHICK.

I HAD a cat that I had from the time he was a kitten. He was a deep yellow with white stripes, and a very large cat, too. He looked like a wild cat. I called him Tommy. We have a little dog that we call Trickey. The dog and the cat were very good friends; they would play and eat together. It was a cold day in December, and Trickey was out in the yard playing and Tommy was behind the stove with Don the big dog. I hadn't any chickens then. Mother looked out of the window and saw Trickey with one of the neighbor's little chickens. Trickey had it nearly in rags. Mother took it away from her and put it under the stove. After a while mother looked under the stove to see how it was, and it was not there! Tommy, Trickey and Don would not eat chicken, cooked or uncooked. Mother looked back where Tommy was, and—what did she see! Tommy had pulled the chick over to him and had curled up and had it under him. He raised the chick to be a hen. He let it eat with him, sleep with him until it was too big to do so; then it would sleep on the wood-box by him, and would go around the yard after him like a kitten. He would wash and dress it like a mother cat would her kitten. We called her Biddy.—*Huldah Davis, Lancaster, Cal., in Farm Journal.*



The Iowa house by a vote of 53 to 48 killed the joint resolution providing for a constitutional amendment giving to women the right of suffrage.

Attorney General Wickersham declares that final reports of the nation-wide campaign against bucket shops show that more than 4,000 offices of that character were put out of business. The reports also indicate the men who ran the bucket shops have, in most cases, engaged in other business.

Resolutions condemning a bill in the California legislature, which is said to have as its object the introduction of compulsory military training in the public schools, have been passed by the Socialist party in Tulare County. The party has also adopted a resolution favoring the passage of a pending eight-hour day law for women.

Is New York growing less studious? The annual report of the director of public libraries shows a tremendous falling off in the number of visitors at the two great reference libraries maintained by the city. In 1909 there were nearly 267,000 readers at the two institutions, but in 1910 this number dropped to a bare 230,000. Readers of lighter literature increased during the year.

"Asphalt enough to pave the entire continent," is the way N. Menasse, a French expert, describes the deposit of asphalt at Ft. McKay, Canada, which he has been investigating for a syndicate. "The deposit is 275 feet deep and covers some 40 square miles. It is the richest find of asphalt ever made and its quality is of the highest." The deposit is 380 miles north of Edmonton, Alberta.

Washington, Idaho, Colorado and Oklahoma, the only States not now represented by memorial tablets in the Washington monument, are to be invited to join their sister States in thus honoring the memory of Washington. At a meeting of the Washington National Monument Society plans will be considered for having the memorials placed and invitations will be issued. These probably will include Arizona and New Mexico.

The so-called refrigerator car trust was dealt a blow by the Interstate Commerce Commission when it decided that the $30 pre-cooling charges for citrus fruits on the transcontinental railroads are unreasonable and cut this down to $7.50 per car. The case was brought by the Arlington Heights Fruit Co. of Los Angeles. The railroads will be allowed to carry more fruit in the refrigerator cars than heretofore.

"The Panama canal will be completed and we will send ships through it in 1913," said Colonel G. W. Goethals of the corps of United States engineers in charge of the work of constructing the big ditch, just before leaving New Orleans for the canal zone. "Of course," he continued, "the canal will not be officially opened until 1915, but it will be all ready for the passage of vessels at the time I have said."

For the first time in the history of the State, it is said, the women of Pennsylvania who desire to vote will be given an opportunity to argue the question before a legislative committee. A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the State constitution, giving women equal suffrage, has been introduced in the Senate and the judiciary general committee of that body has consented to hear the advocates of the proposition on March 14.

Sir William Willcox, who has been surveying the ancient country lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates, has obtained a contract for the construction of the first dam in the irrigation works which were designed by Sir William Willcox for restoring Mesopotamia to its ancient fruitfulness. This arid waste, now infected by swamps, contains traces of ancient irrigation canals, and its one-time fertility is a matter of well-substantiated history.

Penny postage for all local or city delivery letters is proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Griest of Pennsylvania. Mr. Griest figured that the official statistics show the government now has a profit exceeding 1½ cents on each local delivery letter; that with 1-cent postage it would continue to have about three-fourths of a cent profit, and that every reduction of letter postage has resulted in increased volume of mail and enlarged postal revenues.

Since the first of the year the National Bureau of Standards has adopted a new value for the standard volt in this country to correspond with that in England, France and Germany. The change, while numerically very slight, will be felt in the incandescent lamp industries. The change is based on the value of the Weston cell at 20 deg. C. Heretofore we have rated the cell at 1.091 volts; now the rating is 1.0183 volts. Our volt is hence made eight ten-thousandths larger than heretofore.

Work on the Culebra section of the Panama canal is practically at a standstill as a result of a landslide which carried half a million cubic yards of earth into the cut. An army of workmen is engaged in clearing away the mass of earth and rock. Engineers say that as a result of the numerous landslides, the plans for the Culebra section may have to be changed. The change in plans will include the entire removal of Gold Hill from the sides of which the landslides come during the wet season.

A device for protecting the lungs and throat from the injurious effects of foul air was found in use among a tribe of Alaskan Eskimos by Capt. Jacobsen, in the course of his expedition of 1881-1883. This Eskimo respirator is a little basket woven of twisted strands of fine grass. It is placed with its hollow side against the mouth, and a wooden peg, which rises from the center of the basket, is held between the teeth. The respirator affords protection against the dense smoke which is evolved in preparing and taking a vapor bath. For this purpose water is evaporated over a big fire in a very low hut, which is tightly closed to keep in the heat. In this stifling atmosphere the employment of a respirator is absolutely necessary

Acting under the provisions of the Valentine antitrust laws, Attorney General Hogan of Ohio has instituted quo warranto proceedings in the circuit court to oust from the State the Hocking Valley, the Nenawha and Michigan, the Zanesville and Western, the Toledo and Ohio Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad companies. Excepting the Chesapeake and Ohio, all are Ohio corporations. Their dissolution is asked and also the appointment of trustees to wind up their affairs.

The bill of Senator Stone authorizing the construction of a dam across James River in Stone County, Missouri, for the purpose of creating electric power, was passed by the House under the general suspension rule. Having passed the Senate a month ago, the measure is now ready for the signature of President Taft. The James River dam bill was made famous by President Roosevelt, who, during the sixtieth Congress, vetoed the measure and made it the subject of a message to Congress in which he advocated federal control of navigable streams for conservation purposes.

In the hope of maintaining London as the leading port of the world, the port authorities propose to spend over seventy million dollars in improving the dock and harbor facilities of the Thames below London. The river channel from Tilbury to London Bridge is to be widened to one thousand feet and deepened to thirty feet, and at Tilbury three new docks of 65, 126 and 138 acres, respectively, are to be constructed, which will be "capable of dealing with any possible growth in the size of vessels for many years to come." The improvements are expected to extend over a period of twenty years.

The fortifications bill, which passed the House without amendment, carries $5,323,707. It is a general measure, and makes no provision for fortifications in the Panama Canal zone, for which an item of $3,000,000 is carried in the sundry civil bill. The bill carries $1,169,000 for the constructon of seacoast defenses in the Philippines and $150,000 for similar defensive works in Hawaii. The diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, as passed, carried $4,056,372, including an appropriation of $2,500 as a contribution by the United States toward the maintenance of the bureau by the Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration.

So successful were the efforts of the Agricultural Department last summer in introducing methods to improve the quality of eggs in the middle West that the work will be continued this year. One of the reforms favored by the department, which has been adopted to a considerable extent in Kansas and some other States, is in the buying of eggs from farmers. The new system contemplates payment only for good eggs. Its effect is to cause slight financial loss to the farmers, but to benefit the consumer in the quality of eggs he uses. The loss to the farmer is only temporary, however. There have been conditions of ignorance, carelessness or indifference among the farmers in handling eggs, according to the department, while the methods of marketing in vogue have been dilatory and unsatisfactory. Field experts will go among the farmers and give them instructions in handling, keeping and marketing eggs and advice in the management of poultry. Coöperation of the egg buyers' association and the Kansas State authorities has been secured.

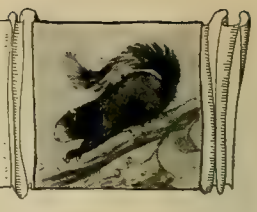
More than 5,000 Illinois corporations are threatened with the cancellation of their charters for failure to comply with the act requiring them to make annual report to the Secretary of State, between Feb. 1 and March 1, showing the location of their principal office, kind of business engaged in, number and addresses of officers, etc. The act applies to all corporations, both foreign and domestic, except banks, building and loan associations and insurance companies, which report to other departments of State. It is probable Secretary of State Rose will allow a few days' grace in which delinquents may save themselves, after which time actions will be instituted to cancel the charters of the corporations that have failed to meet the law's requirement.

The sweeping decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission forbidding rate increases in the official classification territory and on all the roads in the great middle West have brought gloomy predictions from railroaders all over the country. They declare that the decisions will undoubtedly result in curtailing present plans for improvement. On the other hand manufacturers are jubilant over their victory before the federal board and agree with Louis D. Brandeis, who represented the shippers before the commission, that the decision marks the beginning of a new and more business-like era in American railroading. Commenting on the decision, Attorney Brandeis said: "The plan of the railroads to meet their own large operating costs by combining to raise rates would, in the end, have proven fatal to the railroads themselves, for that course involved the vicious circle of ever-increasing freight rates and ever-increasing cost of living. The ablest railroad managers will soon learn to greatly increase their net incomes by scientific management. They will show lessened operating costs, in spite of higher wages, and by maintaining or lowering rates they will secure increases in the volume of business."

That a secret agreement between Russia and Japan to strip China of a large part of her territory is responsible for the ultimatum sent by the czar's government to Pekin is the belief of the imperial council. This agreement is believed to be part of the treaty entered into between Russia and Japan following the Russo-Japanese war. As a result of threats made against M. Korotovitz, the Russian minister to China, the Russian embassy is under guard and it is reported that that Muscovite officer is ready to leave the empire at a moment's notice. The news that Russia was moving troops toward Mongolia and that she would tolerate no delay on the part of China in forwarding an answer to her ultimatum, indicates that China faces the most serious trouble since the China-Japanese war. Students of international politics go further than the treaty difficulties in seeking a cause for the hostile action of Russia. Russia could have an army moving toward Pekin, if such a campaign were deemed expedient, within twenty-four hours of the declaration of war. It is obvious that China is seeking to delay while the intervention of foreign powers is hoped to be obtained. There are many complications to the situation. Russia has already obtained from England concessions from railroad connection with the British lines in India (following, of course, the completion of the trans-Persian and trans-Beloochistan roads by Russia), and China has all but closed negotiations for a vast railroad loan from American and European financiers which could not be carried through in the event of war because of the national debt that war would entail.



NATURE STUDIES



SONNET TO MARCH.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Now comes dread March, claimed by the god of war,
The blustering month, rightly, may he claim;
None others care, to it, to give their name.
Oft in their fights, he makes the winds to roar,
The way they howl and moan, they must feel sore,
They dreaded are by maiden and by dame,
For war, they take mankind to be their game,
Send death to him, that he may live no more.
Yet in this leisure month, youth oft is wed,
Takes home the little maiden of his heart.
The reason why, I think I've heard it said,
To have her there, with him, spring work, to start,
And then soon after ides of March are sped,
The farmers go to work with plow and cart.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME PECULIAR BIRDS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The Cuckoo.

THE cuckoo is a common American bird, yet not many have observed it to any great extent because of its shy, retiring habits. Under the name of rain crow it is known to many people, being so called because its plaintive call is supposed to portend rain. It may be true that it calls more in damp weather than in dry, but my observation does not justify making the statement as a fact.

Hidden in some leafy tree it calls to its mate with that peculiar call which is as hard to trace as is the call of the dove.

The cuckoo is charged with shifting its household duties upon other birds. While this is true of the European species, it is at least not wholly true of the American cuckoos. They build a rude, airy nest somewhat like that made by the blue jay, only without the soft inner lining. The eggs are laid at long intervals and the breeding season is much protracted thereby. The same nest may contain a new egg, a bird partly fledged and one almost ready to fly. A nest found on the twenty-fifth of last September contained a young bird just beginning to show pin feathers.

The roof of the cuckoo's mouth is covered with large yellow papillæ, pointing toward the throat, giving the bird the appearance of having a very bad case of sore mouth. This was what I thought about the first specimen examined. They feed extensively upon hairy caterpillars, which is enough to commend them to the good graces of the farmer.

The poet Wordsworth thus mentions the cuckoo:

O blithe new-comer! I have heard—
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

The same that in my school-boy days
I listened to—that cry—
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To see thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope—a love—
Still longed for, never seen.

The Whip-poor-will and the Night-hawk.

These birds are thought by many to be identical, but such is not the case. The whip-poor-will may be recognized as it flies overhead by observing the white spots on the under side of the wings. While it flies late in the day it is said never to utter its plaintive cry until after the sun has set; then crouching low upon a stump or other object it will call several times in rapid succession, rise in the air, circle around, alight again and call once more.

Last summer one frequented the orchard here, and became quite fearless. It would sit on a box in which a mother hen housed her brood and there call until after dark had fallen. By sitting on the ground near and being very still I was able to listen at close range. Sometimes the bird would fly within a foot or two of my head as if to alight, then resume its post and repeat its request.

The nest, like that of the night-hawk, is not a nest at all, only a shallow cavity in the ground. Both birds are so much the color of the earth that they may be passed without being observed. But if discovered and disturbed you need not expect to find either eggs or young birds on your next visit, for the old ones will carry them away in their mouths.

Even when the bird is seen the nest often escapes notice, for the mother bird flutters away, feigning lameness so perfectly as to deceive even the experienced naturalist.

The night-hawk flies occasionally, giving utterance to a peculiar little squeak, then suddenly dropping straight downward almost to the earth, and as it arrests its downward flight emitting a loud, booming sound out of all proportion to its former cry or the size of the bird.

The two birds may be distinguished generically, thus:

Gape without bristles. Tail narrow, forked. Night-hawk.

Gape with bristles. Tail broad, rounded. Whip-poor-will.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

ABOUT GRAY SQUIRRELS.

THERE seems to be a general impression that the presence of gray squirrels should not be encouraged, as they are thought to be natural enemies of birds, observes M. A. Greely in the Ellsworth (Me.) *American.*

This is a great mistake, for the park commissioners of Boston, who do everything to cultivate bird life, also feed the gray squirrels, and in all the parks, as well as in private grounds in the suburbs, birds and gray squirrels live in the same tree on the friendliest terms.

It is also said, on how good authority I do not know, that gray squirrels cannot live through the winter without help in regions such as this, where the white oak acorn does not grow. However that may be, a very lean gray squirrel appeared one cold winter's day on the ledge of a second-story window at our house, and attracted attention by clawing at the pane. He ate the peanuts we put out, and the next day and every day after, at exactly the same hour, he came with three friends.

Finding that nuts were an expensive diet for a colony of hungry squirrels, we experimented with different foods and found that they especially liked bits of cold brown bread or corncake and small pieces of apple and carrot. They never failed to come until the snow had melted and buds had started in the woods, and before another fall they had been shot, but that was before a wise and kindly Legislature had protected them.

These squirrels showed no disposition to get into the house or do any mischief, like their cousins, the red squirrels, which are nearer related to rats and are somewhat like them in their habits.

I am sure that anyone who will provide food for the gray squirrels, out of the way of cats, will be amply repaid by the beauty and graceful antics of the little guests.—*Selected.*

THE HORSE.

Unrivalled beauty o'er the charger spreads
  Its glory in a thousand matchless ways,
As swiftly in his pride he lightly treads
  The fragrant meadows where his kindred graze.

Unfathomed instinct marks his thoughtful mind,
  Unfaltering courage swells his faithful heart,
Unnumbered deeds his cunning hath designed
  Where countless dangers 'round his pathway start.

Unmeasured speed his fleeting step attends,
  Unbounded strength with every muscle twines,
Unwonted kindness with his courage blends,
  While endless force with artless grace combines.

No toilsome yoke his lordly pride subdues,
  No galling burdens bow his crested mane;
His springing feet the endless road pursues,
  Nor slacks his pace, nor frets the tugging rein.

The plowman swells with pride when he surveys
  The planted soil from which the harvest grows;
The humble poor accord him thankful praise
  Whose footsteps mark their comfort where he goes.

The burden bearer he of every land,
  Whose heaping garners own his patient toil;
The gallant comrade of the great and grand,
  Who proudly own his lordship of the soil.

His bounding step the carriage swiftly wheels
  Among the shady parks or rural ways
Where youthful pleasure's merry laughter peals,
  And owns his prowess with unstinted praise.

No better friend adorns a fitful earth—
  Staunch, faithful, true; yokefellow wondrous kind.
Where toil or pleasure tests the hero's worth,
  Delight or gain on him their trophies bind.

Ah, faithful friend in every useful field,
  Be kindly care thy greatest meed of praise,
And gentle hands high laurels gladly yield
  Where merit crowns and merit only pays.

—Dr. George A. Jameson, in the Horse World.

A COLONY OF ANTS.

THEY were large black ants working on a section of a weather-worn, fir log, rotten throughout.

Through a tiny opening on the side of the log, sawdust was being dumped out with all the regularity of up-to-date machinery. All around the grounds looked like a sawmill in miniature.

On top of the heap of the previous day, plainly marked off by its damp condition and dark color, the new dry woody particles rose, cone-shaped, nearly to the small aperture's edge, in measure a pint at least.

Some extra large fellows, working in pairs, were engaged in busily toting off the ejected particles, the accumulation of which threatened to block the main entrance. One would start off briskly with a whole armful, as it were, stuck together. Before long some of the pieces would drop apart, but each particle would be returned for and carefully gathered up, the largest always being selected first. They saw to it too that the rubbish was taken to a proper distance—never less than twelve or fifteen inches from the main pile, and it was scattered judiciously, not dumped all in one heap.

The commissary department was represented by a little industrious chap, who would disappear from the other side of the log for a time, and soon return with provender. Once he returned with a green aphis as his trophy. Startled by our dog he tumbled off the log and we lost sight of him for some time. But he came into view again, and rewarded us for our patience in waiting, by letting us see that, with

the tenacity of a bulldog, he still held on to the aphis.

And now the biggest ant yet—the boss, no doubt, came forth from the main door and surveyed the whole operation. He rubbed his feelers briskly, and then went down and inspected the main pile, calculating evidently the progress being made. What a time he had finding his way back! Once there, he seemed to reconnoiter before entering. He then faced the workers from the doorway, waving his feelers authoritatively, and giving out orders and commands to them all.

Two or three smaller ants guarded the entrance from within. Occasionally they ran out and peered over to see how near the sawdust pile was to the door.

But suddenly there was a pause. Not an ant was to be seen. The machinery was stopped. Could it be the dinner hour?

Just as suddenly up started the machinery again. An extra hand had been put on to work with the two carriers at the cone-shaped pile. They all seemed to work with added zest, as if to make up for lost time.—*Elizabeth H. Calvert, in Our Dumb Animals.*

AN ELECTRIC ALARM THERMOMETER FOR FRUIT GROWERS.

MANY thousands of dollars are saved by fruit growers in California and elsewhere by the use of smudge pots, which prevent damage by frost; and although this device has been in use for several years, a new improvement is the electric alarm thermometer, which automatically warns the rancher when the temperature reaches the danger point.

The alarm thermometer has a dial something like that of a clock with two hands, one of which registers the degrees of temperature, while the other hand is set at the danger point, ranging from 26 to 31 deg. F. for the various fruits and vegetables. When the hand which registers the temperature drops to the point indicated by the alarm hand, an electric bell rings automatically and keeps ringing. The thermometer itself is placed in the orchard, and the electric bell in the bedroom of the rancher or foreman, the connection being made by an ordinary electric circuit.

This device makes it unnecessary for the fruit grower to sit up all night during a cold spell and watch for the expected frost.

The smudge pots which are used in connection with this alarm thermometer are exceedingly simple, being medium-sized cans of sheet iron designed to hold crude oil. The pot is covered with an iron hood provided with perforations about the upper rim to create a draft when the oil is burning. This construction has the advantage of retaining the soot, so that the fruit will not be blackened, and it also makes it possible to regulate the flame so that it can burn longer, and prevents it from being blown out by sudden gusts of wind.

Only one thermometer is needed in the orchard and about eighty or one hundred smudge pots per acre.

The object of these many fires is not only to prevent the fall of temperature in the orchard, but to set the air in motion, thus keeping the frost from forming. Large fires are not nearly so efficient as small ones.—*Scientific American.*

Between Whiles

Mrs. Hen was in tears; one of her little ones had been sacrificed to make a repast for a visiting clergyman. "Cheer up, madam," said the rooster, comfortingly. "You should rejoice that your son is entering the ministry. He was poorly qualified for a lay member, anyhow."

"That's a fine dictionary you have," said the city relation. "Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Mandy thought I ought to have the book in the house so's to help my spellin'." "But your spelling is just as erratic and unusual as ever." "I know it. I'm one of these fellows that don't believe half they see in print."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Opinion.—"Mary!" Father's voice rolled down the stairs into the dim and silent parlor.

"Yes, papa dear?"

"Ask that young man if he has the time." A moment of silence.

"Yes, George has his watch with him."

"Then ask him what is the time."

"He says it is 11:48, papa."

"Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bedtime."

Another moment of silence.

"He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, impersonally—"he says that he rarely goes to bed before one, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy!"—Harper's Bazar.

He Found an Answer.

"Mama, why don't the sky fall down?" asked little Jack. "What holds it up?"

His mother glanced at the blue dome of the heavens and said, "God, he has fastened it to its place in his own good way, my son."

The child returned to his play and the subject was apparently forgotten.

That night, after the darkness had spread its dusky wings over the sleeping world and the sky was bright with twinkling stars, little Jack cried out excitedly, thinking he had found the answer to his question,

"Mama! I know why the sky never falls. God has fastened it up with a lot of brass nails."

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. March 14, 1911. No. 11.

Our Neighbors to the South

William L. Judy

"AMERICA" is a common word among us. We call ourselves Americans and our country, America—as though the term were synonymous with United States. Yet we are but a small part of America, for the latter embraces half a world,—two grand divisions of the earth. To the south of us there are a score of nations, independent like our own, where people also call themselves Americans. Little do the great majority of our countrymen think of them or are acquainted with their past and present. But in the future they are bound to make themselves known. Vast possibilities which merge into seeming fancies, lie latent. Earth can not boast of a richer land. Nature has been almost overindulgent to the peoples of these regions. A wonderful future awaits them, and it is well that the Americans of the United States acquaint themselves and get on friendly terms with the Americans to the south of us,—our neighbors.

Their past has been an unfortunate one at best, so far different from our own. Discovered and settled simultaneously with our country, they have fallen far behind in the race of progress. Beginning with Mexico in 1810, most of them became independent republics by the year 1825. Brazil remained a monarchy until 1889. Today only Dutch, English and French Guiana remain under foreign flags.

Self-government has not been a success with them, and never can be anywhere unless the people are capable of governing themselves. Do we not even question whether we ourselves are worthy and capable of democratic rule? Certainly our neighbors to the south have not shown themselves worthy of such government. Stability and security are wanting; revolt is ever cropping out; and what is worse, the miserable people enjoy factional strife. It is the old blood of the fickle Gaul within them. A few have fairly succeeded, —Chile, Argentine and Brazil.

Why such conditions? The answer is not hard to find. Latin America is the fruit of Spanish cruelty and lust for gold. There can be seen the result of three centuries of Spanish rule. Cuba and Puerto Rico can testify to the inhumanity of Spain in our own day. The United States secured their freedom as an act of mercy. One time the Rome of the world, now she is a byword and a reproach among the nations.

Little things ofttimes decide great movements of history. Christopher Columbus, while on his journey in search of a shorter way to the East, was undecided as to the direction he should take. A flock of birds appeared in the west, flying landward, and he steered his vessels thither, landing on one of the West Indian Islands. Had he not changed his course because of this chance flight of birds, he would have landed on the mainland of North America. How different would have been succeeding history! Spain would have laid claim to the United States and settled it instead of England,—a Latin civilization instead of a Teutonic civilization. No English-speaking nations would likely have existed. This may seem a trivial point and an extreme view, but the greatest historians have thought it worthy of note.

Spanish rule meant ignorance, cruelty, Roman Catholicism, and all the vices of a passionate people. The mother country never planned to develop the colonies or benefit the settlers. England made her colonies her allies; Spain thought hers existed only for plunder and oppression. The natives were exterminated or enslaved. Immorality was prolific. Corruption existed everywhere. Instead of advancing with civilization, they stood still, and not until today are they beginning to realize their condition.

The population of South America is over forty millions, and consists of whites, Indians, Negroes and mixed races. The whites, who form but a small part of the population, are chiefly the descendants of Spanish and Portuguese settlers. The Negroes were brought into the country for slaves, but most of them have been freed. The Indians of the settled states are an inoffensive people, and in some places perform most of the labor of the country. In the interior, however, there are many fierce and savage tribes.

In every instance their governments are modeled

closely after that of the United States, but the mere form and machinery can not guarantee success. The past and present political conditions show conclusively that democracy has been a failure with them. Nothing is stable; life and property are insecure; education is not common; ignorance reigns supreme. Few parts of the world can show such great immorality. True religion is unknown. Revolt, rebellion, and guerilla warfare never cease. Foreign settlers and capital are scared away. All this is, in great measure, a legacy from the mother country, Spain.

But a better day is already dawning.. Several republics are advancing with mighty strides. Argentine especially is becoming a modern nation. With a luxuriance and variety of natural resources unsurpassed, South America will be heard. European emigrants are being attracted to the better-governed states. The Yankee spirit is beginning to be infused. A great future lies before them.

The United States has played a leading role in their history. Since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine they have been special wards. This famous document warns European nations to keep hands off. A young nation, just out of its swaddling clothes, thus gave stern orders to the great powers of the Old World. Needless to say, they did not like it very well. Our attitude has caused us much trouble. Maximilian in Mexico and England in Venezuela were among the troubles; only the ability of the United States to back it up with men and guns has given it power and influence.

This article does not attempt to discuss the merits of the Monroe Doctrine. Statesmen have quarreled over that, but without doubt it has been a great boon to our southern neighbors. It has given them protection against foreign power, when they were not able to defend themselves. One point should not be overlooked: In all its dealings, the United States has had no ulterior motive of territorial aggrandizement.

In this can be found the great lesson of the Monroe Doctrine. We aim to help them, not to plunder. No selfish motive exists. We alone are trusted by the Latin American republics. They feel that we want to help them.

Of few nations can this be said. European countries can make no movement without some one crying out, "A nigger in the wood pile!" They fear, hate, and distrust each other. The United States is far removed from their petty jealousies, both in a geographical and a real sense. She alone can act as a disinterested arbiter. Her past history is a great credit to her.

One great movement must be championed by the United States,—universal peace. A great nation is needed to act as world judge. European nations can not do this. The rest of the world trusts us, and let us not do anything as a nation that would belie that confidence. World-peace is the great goal of present progress, and when the annals of the war for peace shall have been written in the sky of universal brotherhood,—written across the starry firmament, in letters of burning gold,—will be emblazoned the name of the United States of America.

CHIROPRACTIC, THE LATEST SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING

Olive A. Smith

THE word "chiropractic" is coined from the Greek chiro (hand) and praxis (a doing). Literally, therefore, it means "the doing of something with the hand."

There are, of course, other practitioners of drugless healing, who might use the same term to express the meaning of their work, as, for example, the osteopath or magnetic healer. And while chiropractic has much that is in common with these modes of treatment, it is a distinct and logical system, for which its followers claim much, and seem able to sustain their claims.

According to its practitioners there are five basic principles upon which the science is founded.

First. All nerves of the body originate in the brain, and converge at its base, forming the spinal cord. This cord passes out of the skull through an opening called the foramen magnum, into, and through the spinal column. From this spinal cord, nerve filaments project on both sides, through small openings between each consecutive pair of vertebræ, and through these openings they proceed to the organs in which they terminate.

Second. The vital force and activity of every cell, tissue, and organ of the body, is maintained and controlled by a certain energy which is first individualized in the brain, and then sent out to these different parts through the channels provided by the nerves.

Third. When the transmission of these mental impulses is normal, in power and rate of speed, the bodily functions are rightly performed and the result is health. Conversely, when the flow of these mental impulses is increased or diminished so that they are not normal there is a condition of disease.

Fourth. It is held that the only place where the

passing of mental impulses can be interfered with enough to cause deranged functioning, is at the opening between vertebræ. A slight misplacement of the joining surfaces, or "subluxation," as the chiropractor calls it, will so press upon the nerves which pass out through these openings, that their conducting power is crippled.

Fifth. Chiropractic gives an exact method of discerning the condition of the vertebræ and correcting it if unfavorable to health.

The statement of the first principle is simply that of the teachers of anatomy and physiology. As for the second, we can easily see that this "energy" is the same mysterious force which has received various names, according to the professional creed of those who have explained its attributes. A distinguished chiropractor has said concerning it:

"It is what the medical practitioner calls Nature, or Vital Force, the Christian Scientist, the All Goodness. The New Thought advocate the Divine Spark, and the followers of Hudson, the Subconscious Mind."

Chiropractors ascribe to this force a higher degree of intelligence than does the average practitioner, although all drugless healers now give much prominence to the "subjective intelligence" of every cell in the body. Unlike many of the psychic or mental healers, the chiropractors give this intelligence a dwelling place in the brain, rather than in the "solar plexus." To prove their position on this point, they maintain that when the spinal cord is severed, no matter how far away from the brain, there can be no activity below this point, and when it is severed at the point of its junction with the brain, life becomes extinct.

The point in which chiropractors differ from all other scientists of healing is that of the physical cause of disease. They claim that this cause is a mechanical interference with the flow of innate energy from the brain to the suffering organ, and that this interference is caused by some deviation from a true relation of the surfaces forming a vertebral joint.

We can readily believe that pressure upon a nerve interferes with its conducting power, but it is impossible for many of us to believe that the slight pressure caused by a tiny misplacement of vertebræ is enough to cause disease. Chiropractors admit the seeming difficulty of accepting this view, but in reply they cite the unbeliever to the many cases where disease has quickly disappeared as soon as their adjustments have been made.

They further claim to have added to the fund of professional knowledge in their discovery of the "serous circulation,"—a circulation which is carried on through every part of the body, independent of that of the blood. Their system of "nerve tracing," or following the pinched nerve from its termination in the diseased organ, to its point of branching from the spinal column, enables them to determine the exact location of the imperfectly joined vertebræ.

In answer to questions concerning the cause of these misplacements, chiropractors state that any outside force or disturbance may overcome the resisting power of the tissues holding the vertebræ together, thus producing the result. The relation of the spinal column to the rest of the body is so intimate that the most seemingly irrelevant causes may produce the misplacement. Certain poisons taken into the system may cause a concussion of forces through muscular contraction. Emotional excitements, such as grief, fear, or anger, may cause the muscular contractions which result in these imperfect joinings.

The intelligent chiropractor does not claim that his method of making adjustments is the only means of correcting these causes of disease. On the contrary, he says that they may be corrected in as many different ways as they are produced, and often unconsciously. Certain drugs, administered for other purposes, may, by their relaxing influence upon the system, correct these imperfect joints, just as other drugs may cause them.

In admitting that a perfect spine is yet to be found, chiropractors do not attempt to go more deeply into the causes of imperfection than do other physicians. But they make a sharp distinction between the occasion, and the cause of disease. For example, the victim of hay fever may feel no great inconvenience from his pinched nerves during the greater part of the year, but when the irritating substance appears in the atmosphere, the mucous membranes of the nose and throat are unable to resist. When this irritation is gone, he is apparently in health again, although there has been no change in the nerve centre.

Chiropractors are locating in many of our cities and towns, and their work seems to bear the most careful investigation. The leader of the movement is Dr. B. J. Palmer, and the school which bears his name, "The Palmer School of Chiropractic," is located in Davenport, Iowa. He has expressed his creed in the following words:

"Disease, to the chiropractor, is simply incoördination between the mental and physical planes of creation and expression. Creation (innate intelligence) will express health if afforded uninterrupted transmission. The chiropractor insures uninterrupted transmission. Creation will insure perfect expression."

* * *

"BRACE up;" stand erect; strengthen your backbone —also, your jawbone. Learn to say "I will" instead of that monotonous "I wish." The world bestows prizes on men with a backbone, while to those with a "wishbone," asking for fish, she gives a serpent.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter VII. Marie Antoinette, Born 1755, Died 1793.

IN his gilded palace at Versailles, Louis XV. lay dying. It was the year 1774. The dissolute King of France, who had reigned so long and so ingloriously, was yielding to the King of persons. Where were the courtiers who fawned upon him but yesterday? Where were the mistresses, who, for all time had made themselves famous in the annals of profligacy and crime, and who, by their baleful arts, wrested millions upon millions of sterling from the toilers of that helpless land? Where were the servants, even, of the household of the King? They were gone, all gone. His lords waiting, frightened at the viciousness of the disease, had fled in terror, and as to devoted friends, Louis XV. had none. The aged monarch was deserted by all save his lashing conscience. What his prayers and sufferings were in that last hour was of no moment. "After death comes the judgment," was the sole comment of the populace; and Louis XV. was forgotten, or "remembered only to be despised."

With imposing pomp and infinite gladness the tidings were conveyed to the dauphin, now Louis XVI., and his queen, Marie Antoinette. Exultant congratulations were showered upon their majesties; but, behold, the youthful sovereigns prostrate upon their knees, sobbing: "May God sustain us! We are too young to govern."

But this article is not a study of Louis XV., neither of his successor, nor yet of the policy and excesses which caused the deplorable crisis of the times. The Revolution was perhaps inevitable. It was prophesied by the groanings of men who had become servile, by the prayers of women and the cries of half-starved little children. With the ethics of the Revolution we do not cope; but the subject of this study, as well as the subject of our tears is that austere *victim* of the Revolution, Marie Antoinette.

When day first beheld her, she was a new-born babe, in the palace of Schoenbrun, beneath the canopy of Austrian kings. The youngest daughter of the world-famed Maria Theresa, the pet child of Emperor Francis, the beloved sister of that immense family of archdukes and archduchesses, and the favorite of the whole court of Vienna, is the condensed story of her early youth,—a youth which was longer by far in association and pleasures than it was in years. Poor child! Her girlhood was a narrow span, indeed.

Maria Theresa, whose designs the world at large seldom thought about questioning, much less a member of her own family, affianced her to the dauphin Louis, when she was little more than in her babyhood. I hastily correct myself by saying she affianced her to *France*, for the dauphin was but four years the senior of the fated girl, and at that time was as unable to vouchsafe happiness to a wife as he was afterwards unable to vouchsafe it to a nation. We are not told whether Marie's happiness was ever consulted in the matter, or the expression of her feelings asked. Certain it is that she and her affianced husband had never met. But from the time that she was old enough to vaguely understand the situation, Marie regarded the union as inevitable as the purpose of Jehovah. Her mother had willed it and that was enough.

To begin with, we sorrow for Marie Antoinette because she never knew a mother's love. We are not forgetting that Marie Theresa still lived, even after her daughter had ascended the throne of France, still we repeat that Marie never knew a mother's love. That she respected and stood in awe of her is quite certain. Who was there that did not stand in awe of that august daughter of the German Cæsars, who made her word a law unto the generations? When such sovereigns as Frederick of Prussia and the king of Spain paid homage to her and trembled in her presence, it well behooved a dependent child to submit to her demands without argument, much less contradiction. So Marie Antoinette accepted her fate, merely indulging in the hope that it might be a happy one. Her imperious mother could not deny her that.

As girls will, she dreamed of the future, and trusted that marriage should bring her all things true and beautiful. Being of a highly imaginative nature, she lived in a continuous enchantment, and her fairyland was inevitably the garden of Versailles, wherein dwelt the enchanter, who should anon cause her to bask in elysian bowers and lead her by the crystal and life-giving waters. Yea, the gardens of Versailles! Yet when she at last, in reality, entered there, she began one of the wildest careers of terror and of suffering which mortal feet have ever trod.

Ah, Marie Antoinette! Poor Marie Antoinette! Better for thee hadst thou remained within the Austrian gardens, where love o'ershadowed and encompassed thee! For it shall be a tragic thing for thee to see thy fairyland dissolved in air, and find thy knight to be a very human, and what is sadder still, a very feeble prince, indeed. And oh, the pity it shall be when thou shalt find the magic bowers to be a den of spies and thieves, and the crystal fountains to be changed to rivers of surging blood. And the music of that enchanted realm shall be turned into a chorus of hisses

and thy knights shall be transformed into a band of traitors! And they shall crush the royal insignia from thy brow and drag the purple mantle in the dust. But thou, true daughter of thy imperial mother, they cannot touch thy costlier crown of womanhood, and when they shall bid thee choose between disloyalty and death,



most noble princess, thou shalt choose to die! But we anticipate.

In the year 1770, being but fifteen years of age, Marie Antoinette became the bride of the dauphin Louis, who was the grandson of Louis XV. Considering that he was brought up in the vilest of courts, the dauphin's chastity of morals astonished the nobles and the nation. Vice held riot over France at this time; and true virtue was about as rare as true religion. Indeed we might say it was almost obsolete. The shameful vices of Louis XV. were proverbial, while the salons of his then reigning mistress, Madame Du Barry, introduced the most profligate society and gave rise to every conceivable description of intrigue and baseness. Infidelity was the etiquette of Versailles and divorce the diversion, whilst that indelible blot upon history, the abominable "*Parc-aux-Cerfs*," was the resort and accommodation of royalty and breathed out venom to the nation.

This, then, was the society which the girl-wife was launched into,—the fairyland which she had dreamed awaited her! The only prop she had to lean against in his foul court was the manhood of her husband, whom she soon learned to respect sincerely, and his saintly sister, Madame Elizabeth, of whose beautiful life and exquisite sufferings we may speak later. Had we no other merit to claim for Marie Antoinette, it were a high attribute that she was counted worthy to be the bosom friend of Madame Elizabeth.

It has been said that Marie Antoinette was a creature of destiny. We sorrowed because she never knew a mother's love; we sorrow even more because she finds herself an unloved wife. For certain it is the dauphin loves her not. He respects her profoundly and admires her without a doubt; but gifted with superior talents of mind and heart,—beautiful, surpassing beautiful of form and face, gracious in all her words and deeds, her arts, unfortunately fail to call forth from Louis any other than feelings of honor, and addresses such as any civil prince should pay to any lady of his court. For the society around her, Marie experienced abhorrence and disgust; in her husband's cold reserve she found the bitterness of death.

Such were the bridal days of Marie Antoinette. While the city was ablaze with illumination and the court was holding high festival in celebration of the event, the nearest approach to any act of tenderness the bridegroom made was to offer her his arm one evening, which trivial attention, even, moved the sorrowing bride to tears. Loving her husband with all her passion which even her large heart was capable of, she was yet too proud by far to show in any sign that his coldness wounded her. But she communed with her own heart, sobbing out in secret her complaint, and seeking solace, yet finding none. Meanwhile the court regarded it as quite a jest, and blabbed the fact from tongue to tongue that Marie Antoinette was a wife in name only.

Thus eight years rolled away, and Louis and Marie were now King and Queen of France; but still their hearts beat ununited. Louis respected her as profoundly and bowed as stately as of yore, yet inviting her to none other intimate relation than that of sincere friendship. He would not have the Queen spoken against, nor her name tarnished; for rumors were now rife and unjust things were said about the Queen. But conscious of rectitude, the scandal fell upon her heart, wounding it indeed and sorely, yet failing to humble it. She knew she stood high in the King's esteem; she also knew that there were many in the court who were hostile to her. Their conduct had merited the just rebukes which it was not in her Australian candor to withhold; consequently, she had many enemies who plotted her downfall. Marie Antoinette was a woman of truly noble impulses, possessed of wonderful charity of mind and soul. She sincerely aimed to do her people good. And though she happened to be seated upon the throne of France when the Revolution made its rapid strides, it had come as surely, though less violent, it may be, in her absence. As hinted in the outset of

this study, the Revolution was the offspring of the vices of the times whose seed was planted in former reigns. Thus Louis XVI. must expiate the crimes of his forefathers. It is commonly acceded that no more just nor generous a sovereign than Louis XVI. ever sat upon the throne of France; also, unfortunately for him, let us add, none less energetic. Had he possessed the insight and tact and mental strength of Marie Antoinette, the scaffold would not, in all probability, have been erected for him, and the fate which was meted out to Louis XVI. had been reserved for some later ruler, which is the difference.

But the boon which was denied Marie Antoinette in her bridal days, was to come as a consolation to her now that clouds and calumny were gathering thick around her. The King began to love her most tenderly and dearly and sought to cherish her with his utmost strength. The more her enemies combined to estrange them, was only an added means for the exercise of his honest love, which was indeed honest and pure and unspotted from the world. The sufferings of Marie Antoinette touched the responsive chord, as neither her beauty, her arts, nor her high station had been able to do, and the proverbially passionless Louis was animated, though late in life *still animated*—by a love which seldom comes to human hearts. This came as an added blow to the jealous enemies in the court, and the unpopularity of Louis, which had grown with the years, now made the downfall of the throne truly imminent.

About this time, nine years after the marriage of Louis and Marie Antoinette, their first child was born, and the Queen learned how high a plane a woman's feet may tread upon. As for Marie Antoinette, there was no true life outside of love, though that love was to augment her suffering and be the instrument of her death. Four children were the ultimate issue of this union, two to be torn from earth by most torturing deaths,—the remaining two to bear the ignominy of the mob, followed their parents to prison, and magnified to the limit their sufferings and their woes.

Alas! the huge doors of the Temple have indeed swung upon Marie Antoinette and she has begun that weary march which is to end only upon the scaffold. "Ah, what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall!" We turn from the tragedy, heartsick, and shudder to see her whom Edmund Burke beheld as the morning star, the cynosure for brutish gaze and spit upon by harlots! Oh! they have robbed her of her birthright, shorn her of her defenders, stripped her of her authority, and there is none to arise and declare her innocent. But of her majesty and dignity they can not strip her! A true daughter of the Cæsars, she verily is, and the courage with which she deported herself, and which touched the heart of all Europe, has gone down through history and shall stand a memorial for her throughout the ages. The character of Marie Antoinette from the time of her imprisonment became truly heroic. Listen to the touching appeal which she made to the national assembly when Louis was apprehended by the mob: "Gentlemen, I place in your hands the fate of the wife and children of your King. I entreat you, do not suffer those who have been united in heaven, to be separated on earth!" But even this touching appeal fell upon heedless ears. A plan had been contrived, secretly, whereby she alone could escape death. Hear the prompt answer of this noble Princess: "I should not be a devoted wife, neither a true mother, nor yet be worthy to be called the Queen of France, did I do such a thing."

Thus were the royal prisoners entombed together for weary months, always with the specter of the guillotine before them. Their parting was indeed drawing near, and who shall describe the anguish of that final scene? Locked in a rigid embrace, their cries penetrated the prison walls, as they told each other over and over again their sad farewells. The young and most beautiful Madame Royal fell in a swoon at her father's feet, the little dauphin gave vent to lamentations, which were pitiful to hear, while the Queen's agony amounted to delirium. The King was to ascend the scaffold first. After being led from the embrace of the distracted Queen, he said to his confessor that the bitterness of death had now been passed. When Marie Antoinette heard the report of the musketry which announced the falling of the axe she despaired and her heart almost ceased beating. Happy for her, could she have died in that sad hour; but she revived and it was hers to drag out eight months more of ignominy and shame.

About four months after this, some ruffians entered her cell at midnight and read a decree that she was to be entirely separated from the remainder of the royal family. Almost every other experience of the Queen must lose its coloring in this. She humbly prostrated herself upon her face and begged them to be merciful to her and not take her from the Princess Royal and the little dauphin, who needed her very much, nor to deprive her of the companionship of her dear sister Madame Elizabeth, whose presence was now indispensable. But the Revolution was without mercy and without bowels of compassion. They bade her hold her tongue and dragged her from the apartment, amid the cries and prayers of the helpless inmates, scarcely allowing her time to bid them a last farewell. For all knew it was to be a last.

Entirely exiled from all her dear ones, shut away from the world, subjected to the coarsest treatment and unspeakable indecencies of her keepers, the proud Austrian Princess, the illustrious Queen of France and above all, the loving wife and devoted mother dragged out the remainder of her weary days, being

condemned to the guillotine by the French nobles as a creature not fit to live.

Upon the morning of her execution, she looked from her grated window and smiled. It was the first she had smiled in many weary months. She was glad that it was her last day on earth. A few hours later she was borne through the streets of Paris on the common cart of the condemned. What a fate for her who was accustomed to riding in a carriage of glass and gold! But her courage never forsook her. She died the invincible Queen, her latest prayer being for her children, interspersed with the hope that God would forgive her enemies. Thus died Marie Antoinette, majestic and undaunted, though ill-fated, Queen of France.

Johnstown, Pa.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF FAIRY TALES AND FOLK LORE

Richard Braunstein

Since the time of Rosseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel, there has been a constantly increasing growth toward a better understanding of education and educational ideas. The point of the discussions and reforms has been the how rather than the what. On one point, however, the great masters are all agreed. That is, the only true aim of education is to fit man for living. Anything then, that helps in the process of fitting a child to live is of educational value.

Among the first steps in this broader education will be found the training of the powers of observation, perception, expression and imagination. In these steps expression takes the precedence of imagination because the imaginative faculty is seldom awakened to any appreciable extent before the fourth, fifth or even sixth year of child life.

The idea of something seen with the eyes is transfixed to the brain, which causes the retention of the idea. For instance, a child, upon seeing a cat for the first time, is told that the animal is a cat. After that he will call all animals that bear any resemblance to the feline family cats. The repetition of his association with the object, though, soon leads him to perceive that all animals are not cats. When the child perceives the object—that is, when he has gained possession of the idea—he begins to talk. Just here great care is needed to keep the expression pure, clear and to the point. When a child has something to talk about, he is sure to talk. As fast as language, either oral or written, is learned it becomes helpful in acquiring and interpreting new impressions.

In any mind, no matter how mature, the unknown is constantly being reached from the standpoint of the known. The greatest agent in this process is the imagination. Here, too, is shown the wisdom of the Creator. The imagination does not awaken until there is use for it.

The stimulating of the imagination is much too often neglected, and the very food which is needed pronounced stuff and nonsense. The Fairy Stories should begin with the awakening of the imagination. First, and foremost in the group should come Mother Goose's Rhymes and Chimes. The jingle of these attracts, but there is something to them besides the jingle. Whatever else Mother Goose may have known she certainly did know children. She begins with something the child knows, but before she is through she invariably tells something the child does not know. To a well developed mind, even, there are not many of her couplets which do not contain some sound philosophy.

After the Mother Goose stage is passed the stories selected must vary, according to the development of the brain. In all cases where the story is adapted to the child, the greatest interest will abound in the miniature people. Your child is a sharp critic. He will be the first to censure the wrong doing of these imaginary folk. But he will also love and praise those who do the sweet, beautiful deeds. Just watch a group of children as they listen to Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*. See how their eyes will brighten and how glad they will be when Gluck wins the promised river of gold—because he is true and kind.

The influence of these stories in the morality of the child must not be overlooked. "Thou shalt not steal" is an excellent precept. But, contrast the meanness of theft with the beauty of honesty, and the child will imbibe the principle more thoroughly than by making him rely on abstract proverbs, though they have their place in his life in after years.

It would be as difficult to draw the line between Fairy Stories and Folk Lore, as it would be to mark the boundary line between Folk Lore and Mythology. There is no boundary line. One loses itself in the other. Had it not been for the Folk Lore Stories there would now be no record of the Middle Ages.

Since the universal introduction of the printed page, the whole story of the race and country is left for the printed page to tell. This method leaves out much of the heroism, beauty and pathos of locality. Long before the child can master the printed page, he should be well versed in the legends of his own locality. Before the study of history is taken up, the child should

know the legends of his country and anecdotes of the prominent people who made its history. What a foundation that would make for the study of history proper! Then would the teachers of history no longer complain of lack of interest in their classes. The history would be real and not a mere record of names, places and dates.

To recapitulate, the three points gained in the use of Fairy Stories, and Folk Lore as educational factors are: aiding the growth of the imagination, developing morality, and stimulating interest in history. Imagination and morality are potent factors in the problem of life. History too is important, for we study people, of the past, as guides for the present and future.

THE MORAL ISSUE INVOLVED IN WAR

Andrew Carnegie

THE demagogue knows full well that he has only to arouse the passions of the people against another nation, to obtain votes for enormous expenditures for the so-called honor of his country. "Our country, right or wrong" is still a potent cry, its "honor" a sacred cause, and well do the demagogues understand this. This is the kind of patriotism which Johnson said was the refuge of scoundrels, and so it is today the refuge of scurvy politicians.

We must look above the mere money cost of war in order to effect its abandonment. As long as the yearly increase of the national wealth of the chief nations of the world is so incredibly great, we are above the question of the money cost. Great Britain is supposed to increase in national wealth every year $4,000,000,000. You know what our own census tells us about America. It is not war itself that is the most expensive, because war seldom happens; it is the danger of war, which hangs like a dark cloud over the whole atmosphere of the world, that we must dread. No, gentlemen, means will always be forthcoming for war.

The great crime in war is that man kills man, made in the image of God, and we must bring the masses up to that point that they may understand that war is not simply a wrong, that it is not a stimulating element for the vigor of the race, but that it is the great crime of civilization, the killing of men by men like wild beasts.

Fortunately no custom has received such unstinted denunciation as war. From ancient times, long before Christ, it has been held up to us as "the foulest fiend ever vomited forth from hell," and age after age words of similar import have come from the masters and leaders of men. Our own times echo these outbursts. Washington's first wish was that war should be abolished. When Grant was in London the Duke of Cambridge offered him a military review, and his answer was, "I never wish to look upon a regiment of soldiers again." He was a soldier not by choice; he left civil life at the call of duty to defend the Republic. But the words of General Sherman are the shortest and sum it all up, "War is hell." And that is what we must impress upon people if we wish to get the masses with us so enthusiastically that they will not permit it; or, to put it in another form, where they will sustain such statesmen as Elihu Root, author of twenty-four treaties of arbitration,—or our present Secretary of War, who is doing all he can in the good cause. These men will be sustained whenever you have the masses behind them believing that war is crime.

It was the moral side of slavery, men buying and selling men and women, which finally brought about its abolition. And so I believe it will be with war. When Lincoln, then a young man, went to New Orleans in a trading boat on the Mississippi, and first witnessed the spectacle of men and women bought and sold, he said to his companion as he walked away, "If I ever get a chance I will hit this accursed thing hard." Aroused by that crime, he lived to emancipate the slaves. Would the world had another Lincoln to abolish the greatest of all remaining crimes!

We must press home to the masses in civilized lands the fact that man, notwithstanding all his savagery in early times, has within him the capacity for infinite upward progress. Of course we all know that man rose from the brute. If man had been created perfect but with the instinct for his own degradation, our task would be hopeless indeed; but man was created with the sublime capacity of ascending, his face ever to the sun, to higher and higher attainments, and there is no limit to his perfection, even in this earth. Such is man! This truth is what will lead man to faith in a divine power more swiftly and more surely than any other fact that human life has to record.

Now we must press home to the masses the fact that man, notwithstanding all his original savagery, has constantly been engaged in abolishing savage customs connected with war, one after another, for centuries. It is preposterous for scholars to stand up and preach that because man did savage things when he was a savage, he is going to continue war when he has become civilized.

For centuries we have been lessening the horrors of war. We no longer eat our fellows. Men did that once. Are we to go back to cannibalism? According

to the theory of some gentlemen, that is what we might expect; because we did it once, therefore we are going to do it again. In other words, it is not logical to expect that God has created man so that he will go backward to savagery, when all the evidence of history is that from the day when knowledge was first preserved, so that we can read the record of the past, his course has been ever upward. Do not look to the past, but to the future. There is the hope we have that man shall rise to perfection. We no longer eat our fellows, or torture prisoners to death, or sack cities, putting the inhabitants to sword and flame. Remember that all these things were once in consonance with the rules of war. The Duke of Wellington sacked cities in Spain, but we have done away with all that. Yet we still retain the killing of each other like wild beasts in this the twentieth century of the Christian era. It is a positive disgrace to humanity, and it is a crime against God. It was the moral crime of slavery which brought its abolition. So it will be with war.

Reference has been made here tonight to the German Emperor. I have a high opinion of him, but, being human, he has his failings, as we all have. If I had been born emperor of Germany, I, too, might have seen the great wisdom displayed in the choice, as he does. He is the Lord's anointed in his own belief. I remember a little incident in Scotch history about the Lord's anointed. In the days of John Knox Andrew Melville was chairman of the committee that went to the King to assure him that in all his constitutional rights he would be sustained by the presbytery. The King, who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," exclaimed: "Presbytery! Presbytery agrees with monarchy as the devil with holy water. Sir, you believe that you can assail the Lord's anointed." And Andrew Melville shook the King by his mantle, exclaiming, "The Lord's anointed! Man, you are only the Lord's silly vassal!" But very likely none of us would think the Emperor was only the Lord's silly vassal if we had been born emperor.

The Emperor is to be extolled for his successful efforts to restrict private war in the army and navy. When he acceded to the throne the average of fatal duels in Germany was twelve hundred a year. They do not today amount to twelve. Why? Because he has appointed that a court of honor shall sit before a dangerous duel is fought, and only after that court has decided that it is inevitable can that duel take place. He has arranged also that it shall be fought with swords, which are really so innocent in the hands of the people who use them that the duel is becoming something of a farce in France. Now that is what the Emperor of Germany is doing, and in this he is doing good peace work at the root of the tree of international war. Because, if you banish private war, you are on the highway to abolishing it for men in general, and I applaud him highly for this. He has never waged war; his hands are guiltless of shedding blood. I believe him to be zealously for the peace of the world. He is a very religious man and often preaches sermons to his crew on the yacht. He urges young men to lead sober lives. Indeed, recently he was so urgent upon this point that he had to explain that in the army and navy a glass of grog might be useful after undue exposure. He is an undoubted power for good.

But that is not all. Let me remind you that the Lutheran Church denies Christian burial to one killed in a duel. Here we see the religious and moral influence doing its work against the crime of killing or wounding men made in the image of God.

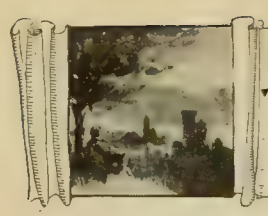
Reference has been made to the peace foundation, organized. I trust and believe, you will not fail to give it a warm welcome. I am sure cordial coöperation with you and with all other peace agencies in every possible way is ardently desired by it. While each has its own sphere, its special mission, we should coöperate as fellow workers in the one grand army of peace, privileged to labor in the grandest of all causes, declaring with Washington that our first wish is that war should be abolished from the face of the earth.—*Advocate of Peace.*

The New Method of Solving the Cost of High Living

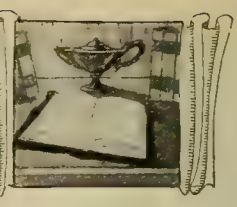
I. J. Rosenberger

Dr. Tanner, a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., is well known by the reading public for his remarkable fasting. He celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Feb. 8th. It will be remembered that about 1880 or 1885 he startled the world by fasting forty days, and a few years later he fasted forty-two days. He claimed, in neither case, to have reached his limit of endurance. It surprised his friends on the eve of his recent birthday, when he announced that he was starting on his third fast and was going to try to hold out eighty days. The doctor is in excellent health, and in good trim to enter upon a long fast. He said: "I am going to try to show the American public the way to settle once for all the beef trust and high cost of living." His theory is, that the body is fed and nourished through the lungs, which supplies the forces, the stomach being only a secondary consideration, and therefore urges plenty of fresh air and systematic exercise.

Nevada, Mo.



THE · QUIET · HOUR



RELIGIOUS MEDITATION

Dr. John R. Mott

Religious meditation is to stand before the spiritual facts and words, to exercise the faculties upon them, to draw out their lessons, to appropriate their truth, and to let them have right of way in the life. Expressed otherwise one might say that to meditate upon spiritual things is to get into the middle of them, to live in their light, to get under their power, to let them move us. This is almost a forgotten art in these times, although there never has been a time in the history of the Church when the habit of thinking on matters pertaining to religion was more needed than it is today. Religious meditation is needed because of the wonderful development of the physical and material forces which characterize our time. The forces of materialism are waxing more and more. Men are becoming increasingly intent on the things that they can see, and hear, and handle. Great, therefore, is the need that men be led to give more thought to the unseen, the spiritual and the abiding. Moreover, life is so complex, so intricate, so baffling, and its claims so numerous and conflicting that there is peculiar need of cultivating a life of simplicity, and this it is impossible to do without giving more time to reflection.

There are so many organizations, movements, conventions and meetings today in contrast with any time in the past that the need of men getting alone to think is greatly accentuated. We jostle in crowds; they press upon us on every hand. There is little danger that a Christian today will spend too much time alone, pondering the things of God. Then again the world is unprecedentedly busy today. It is a time of greatly accelerated activity. Competition is fierce. The pace of life is fast. One is reminded of the answer of the Quaker woman to Southey when he was describing to her with considerable pride how fully his time was occupied. He went on to tell how he studied Portuguese grammar while he was shaving, how he read Spanish an hour before breakfast, how he put in the time during the forenoon in reading and writing, in short, how every moment of the day was consumed in reading, writing, conversing, eating, exercising, and sleeping, until she replied, "And, friend, when dost thou think?" There is danger that among not a few Christians the motto *laborare est orare* is being overworked.

The world is also very noisy today as well as very busy. Books and periodicals are becoming so numerous, so accessible and so cheap, and advertising is becoming so compelling, that it becomes increasingly difficult for one to hold himself to prolonged meditation upon religious or even other subjects. The world has become one vast whispering gallery. The applications of electricity in connection with the communication of knowledge, and the achievements of the daily papers have made the need of the world more articulate and intelligible, and its appeal more constant and urgent than in any preceding generation. When it is suggested that men stop to think on the problems of life in the light of the truth of God one meets with the protest: "What! there are Boston, and New York, and Philadelphia, and Montreal, and Toronto with their awful need, there are our rural districts with their spiritual destitution, and away off there are the non-Christian nations with their deep darkness, superstition, suffering, and shame. You urge that we stop to meditate; should we not rather gird ourselves and get to work?" We need to be reminded that no time is lost which is spent in thorough-going thinking on the great spiritual facts and forces. The temper of the age seems to infest the Church. The spirit of strain and hurry and pressure creeps even into the devotional life of Christians. We find them regulating their spiritual exercises by the clock, and the watch, and the bell. In view of considerations like these is it not true that there is greater need today than ever of cultivating the habit of religious meditation? Every college, every church needs more Christians who know God at first hand, whose lives are powerfully gripped by the essentials of their faith, and who, therefore, are able more adequately to represent Jesus Christ and what he stands for in the world.

The absence of religious meditation accounts for some things which should cause us real alarm. It explains why there is so much professionalism among Christian workers. It is the cause of so much formalism among the rank and file of Christians. They profess far more than they possess. It explains the superficiality in the religious life of multitudes of church members. As a result it is not strange that they have an unsatisfactory religious experience. This shows

itself in different ways. Many of them are easily overcome by their temptations and are slaves of sin. If young men would think more regarding their temptations they would more easily enter upon the victorious life. The fact that many are wandering in the mazes of scepticism is also explained by neglect of close thinking. A student in one college was confessing to me that he did not believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. In answer to my questions he admitted that he had never spent a connected hour in weighing evidence on this subject. I told him that if I had given the subject no more attention than that I too would be an unbeliever in the deity of Jesus Christ; because it was only after spending several hours a day for a number of weeks upon the conscientious study of this great fact that I was led into a clear faith in Christ. The lack of peace, power and fruitfulness among the disciples of Christ is also largely a result of the neglect of reflection on the truth of God. The neglect of this habit also explains why many men are not becoming Christians. The more I work among young men the more I recognize that much of the modern doubt and the decay of faith are due to neglect of thinking on religion, caused, doubtless, by absorption with other things. If we can secure the active attention of unbelieving men and get them to ponder long enough in the presence of the facts concerning Christ they will come to see that he is literally the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

What are some of the main advantages of the habit of religious meditation? In the first place it is necessary in order that we may discover and understand spiritual truth. Many of the great ideas of the Bible are as much hidden from us today beneath the guise of familiarity with the outward form of the Scriptures, as they were beneath the veil of superstition before the Reformation. We need to remind ourselves of the words of the Pilgrim father that there is new light and truth to break forth from the Word of God. Take the parts of the Bible on which men have thought the most and concerning which the most has been said and written, even from these there is much new light and truth to be drawn. Spiritual truth can be apprehended only as we give ourselves to the task. This is especially true of the deep truths. We can get at the facts that lie on the surface of the Scriptures without this exhaustive process, but if we wish to discover the depths we must sink a shaft. In Australia I noticed that they often found the gold dust on or near the surface, but that as a rule the nuggets were discovered by digging. In the gold districts of our Western States the largest output of gold is the result of the cyanide process in connection with which the ore is crushed and by various processes the precious metal extracted. So today the men who are bringing the richest treasures from the mines of God are those who are giving themselves to the most thorough-going processes of meditation.

Meditation is indispensable to the most satisfactory spiritual growth. There is in fact no symmetrical, constant, healthy development of the spiritual life apart from reflection upon the truth of God. The absence of this explains why so many Christians are not growing but rather standing still or going back spiritually. In one of the old Bibles of Cromwell these words are written, "He who stops becoming better, stops being good." If we are not growing we are dying. We should be alarmed, therefore, if we discover that we are not going forward spiritually. If we examine ourselves some of us may find that it has been a long time since we have made any advance in spiritual apprehension and power. There is no more distressing sight than to see an adult of twenty or thirty in a body the size of a normal child of six or eight. I had this experience not many months ago in England and it has not ceased to haunt me. And yet there are Christians in every one of our colleges concerning whose spiritual condition this would be a correct analogy. You all remember that Darwin by the age of fifty had lost his love for music and poetry as a result of neglecting the use of his faculties with reference to these things. One might say the same concerning his lack of spiritual perception. It is a terrible thing for a man to suffer spiritual atrophy. Let us remember that spiritual growth comes as a result of nutrition and that a man must therefore give his spiritual nature sufficient and proper food, and that he must both digest and assimilate this food.

Meditation is essential if one is to be so dominated by great convictions and purposes that he is always under their influence and power and has his life plans and activities governed by them. We need to renew and strengthen constantly our impressions of the reality, and value, and wonder of the essential points of our faith. Each one of us has had experiences when the truth strongly gripped us and deeply moved us. Why should not this be a more nearly constant experience? Are my beliefs simply the views or opinions of others, or are they personal convictions formed as a result of my own spiritual insight and thought? With far too many of us our faith is a traditional matter. If our faith is to move our lives and quicken our energies it must be our own. Meditation makes religious truth vivid, real, vital, commanding. James Lewis has said: "Our aims follow our thoughts. To look at a thing is to live in it and by it." In every one of our communities we need Christians who have more depth of conviction. It is this kind of men who are the leaders and on whom other Christians today are relying. We need men who are not only living by the truth, but who are held so strongly by it that they would be willing to die for it.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

In meeting the readers of the Inglenook for the first time, we wish to extend to you the hand of Christian love and fellowship. As our acquaintance becomes more intimate we hope there may grow between us a bond which will unite us in the common purpose of seeking the better things of life and of bringing the kingdom of God into the hearts of men. As we make our weekly visits to the thousands of homes, we wish we might discuss together the problems of life, which press themselves upon us in so many different forms in our complex civilization. Some of us may have heartaches, and wish to seek sympathy and advice from our friends. Others have found joys which they would like to tell to the readers. Many wish to enrich their minds by reading the best literature. All of us, to be sure, have a desire to become nobler and better citizens of the kingdom. These purposes may be attained by giving to others what we have, and gratefully receiving from them what they would give us.

We hope the Inglenook may always retain the high standards which have been set by the retiring editor. By her diligent care and untiring efforts she has supplied clean, wholesome literature for the magazine, which has given it a deserving place upon the table of every home. We hope so far as possible to carry out the plans which she has laid for the magazine, and ask the hearty coöperation of all the readers, that the highest good may be brought to the largest number.

As Sister Lentz leaves the editorial chair, to take up other duties of life, we wish the Father's richest blessings to attend her, and pray that her life may ever be useful to the Master.

OUR POLICY.

We are no radical revolutionist, either socially, politically or religiously. We do not believe in tearing down what has been built up by men and women who have spent hours of faithful service to accomplish their work, in the betterment of mankind. Constructive work is always preferable, and since our career must be limited to one lifetime we shall spend our efforts in building rather than destroying. There are sin, graft and corruption lurking in every corner, but there is also a surprisingly large number of Christian activities at work supplanting the evil. It shall be our purpose to foster every Christian movement, and thereby in a small measure help to lessen the chances for evil and increase the possibilities for good. If, as an Inglenook family, we are to help better the social conditions of our day, it will be necessary for us to have an intelligent conception of the present existing conditions. Since these are continually changing we shall be obliged to spend a good deal of time in getting the facts clearly in mind. No Christian can plan an effective campaign for displacing sin who is ignorant of the conditions with which he is to deal. This holds equally true in the political field. We are nonpartisan, and stand for honor, integrity and manhood in every public servant from the lowest official to the chief executive. We urge our readers to look well into the character of the men who represent us in public office.

Religiously, we will not venture away from the Book. It is the only safe criterion we have ever found and we do not choose to discard it for any field of hypothetical speculation. We believe it to be the basic foundation of all Christian civilization, and shall depend upon it as the motive power to direct every activity of the Inglenook family.

OUR DEPARTMENTS.

The first part of our magazine will be given up to such special articles on political, educational, or religious questions as will be of profit and interest at the present time. The purpose of these articles is not to give an exhaustive treatment of the subject, but to stimulate the interest of the reader to make investigations for himself. The Home Department, including the Quiet Hour and Nature Study will be given a prominent place in the second part of the magazine. We wish to foster the Simple Life in the simple home, which is the keynote of happiness among all people.

The magazine belongs to you. We are only your servant, and shall be glad to know what you want it to be. Tell us how you think it can be improved, so it will serve the largest number to its highest degree of efficiency.

THE WORLD'S PEACE MOVEMENT.

Amid the hum of commercial interests we hear a din of war equipments among the nations, which is claimed to be maintained for the cause of peace. At present every one of the powers of Europe and Japan is on a war basis at a combined annual cost of more than a thousand million dollars, of which about seventy per cent is paid from the proceeds of taxation, and an average of thirty per cent comes from the proceeds of the sale of bonds, that must be paid by future generations. The increase in the bond indebtedness of the nations of the world is estimated by Edmond Thery, a French economist, at more than a billion dollars a year. His calculations show that the cost of peace during the last twenty-five years has been more than 145,000,000,000 francs, which is nearly $30,000,000,000, and has deprived the world of the labor of 195,000 officers and 3,800,000 men, whose productive capacity, if considered worth only one dollar per day represents $1,500,000,000 each year for twenty-five years, which makes a total loss of $37,500,000,000. Adding to this the $30,000,000,000 of national debts which have been incurred for military purposes, we have a grand total of $67,500,000,000 as the "price of peace" for a quarter of a century. The most appalling feature of the situation is the fact that these expenditures add nothing to the wealth of the world. This money is exchanged for things that become worthless a short time after they are purchased, and give no economic returns while we possess them. For example, in the race for control of the sea the nations of the world have at present under construction seventy battle ships and cruisers, of a combined tonnage of 1,500,000 at a cost of more than $700,000,000, without counting the smaller crafts that are under construction.

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

In spite of these enormous expenditures, however, there are signs of a better day dawning. We hear echoes of peace from every quarter, both at home and abroad. The German kaiser, who is recognized as the great war lord of the world, claims to be the most earnest promoter of peace, and is eager to devise some means of maintaining peace among the powers of the world. Andrew Carnegie's gift of $11,500,000 to be devoted to the creation of a fund for the advancement of the world's peace, is an expression of a "sign" of the time. He has done more to stimulate the movement in this country than any other one man of this generation. His trust deed, conveying his gift, is a comprehensive plea for arbitration. It is the common opinion of authorities who make a study of such matters that the international conference at The Hague in 1899 reduced the chances of war by fifty per cent. And now, if a treaty could be concluded making perpetual the existing boundary lines that divide all the nations of the earth, the chances might be reduced still further. President Taft in his remarks at the banquet of the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes said, "I am strongly convinced that the best method of ultimately securing disarmament is the establishment of an international court and the development of a code of international equity which nations will recognize as affording a better method of settling international controversies than war. We must have some method of settling issues between nations, and if we do not have arbitration we shall have war. Of course, the awful results of war, with its modern armaments and frightful cost of life and treasure, have made nations more chary of resort to the sword than ever before; and the present, therefore, would be an excellent time for pressing the substitution of courts for force." All this points in the right direction. Our world makes progress slowly. To those who look forward with confidence to the fulfillment of the world's peace hope the skies are bright with promise.

EDUCATION IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The educational boom which has started in Turkey is throwing a bright light upon the American colleges in that country, which up to this time have afforded the only higher education within reach of the ambitious young men and women of that empire. Now the government is establishing its own schools and is selecting its teachers from the natives who have been educated in the American colleges. One of the most important of the American colleges in the interior of Turkey is situated at Harpoot, the capital of the province of Mamuret-ul-Aziz, the most prosperous section of eastern Turkey. From the beginning, the college was overcrowded with students. The Armenians instinctively eager for advancement and with minds unusually alert, saw at once the commercial value of modern education for their sons and daughters. Today the college is recognized as a strong force in that part of Turkey. It is the only institution of its grade for a population of three or four millions of people. Eastward to Persia, southward into Mesopotamia and northward to the Black Sea it has the entire field to itself for the higher education of both men and women. It is the model upon which Turkish schools are now being established, and the faculty are often called upon to aid the government in organizing and conducting them. It has had close relations with the government for at least twenty years, being recognized officially as an American college, with a charter from the central Turkish government.



THE HOME WORLD



A LESSON FOR MARIAN

Hattie Preston Rider

MRS. KENT came down the walk as the butcher's wagon drew up at the gate, a little gray shawl wrapped round her shoulders, for the May morning, though sweet and clear, was undeniably cool. As she neared the waiting wagon a pleased smile overspread her face; for, perched on the seat was the familiar form of her favorite driver, who had left the employ of the company six months before, to take a like position in the large city fifty miles away.

"Back again?" she called, cheerily. "You're a welcome sight, John. Are you on for good?"

The driver touched his cap.

"Yes'm. That is, if the company keeps the same mind it had this morning, when I started out."

"Well, I haven't a bit of fault to find with the other driver," Mrs. Kent said. "He was good and honest, but somehow, it seems very nice to see you up there once more. How did it happen? Were you homesick?—I want two pounds of round steak and a soup bone. You did not find any better meat in the city than Childs', did you?"

John shook his head, as he bent to fill the order from the tidy ice-box.

"No'm," he answered. "Childs puts out a much better article at a smaller price than any of the city markets, and, ma'am, it's fresh and clean. Any of their customers are welcome to look the whole building over at any time, as you know. I'm not saying anything against my bosses in the city, for I'm not a man to quarrel with them that's over me. But there's things I saw that, if you'd seen them too, you wouldn't be hungry for any of the stuff put up. The big city is all right, I suppose, for them that like it. But Childs wanted a man and made me a good offer; so I came back. From now on, Chilton is good enough for me, with this country route I'm running."

"I'm glad of that," Mrs. Kent answered, as she received her parcel and passed up the change. "The country is good enough for me, too. I never thought I'd like to live in a large city. There's so much hurly-burly, and never time enough to stop and be friendly. I spent a week in Chicago, once, and though the people I was visiting were lovely, and did everything possible to make my stay pleasant—so much, in fact, that I came home nearly dead with weariness—I thought it was the loneliest place I had ever seen. Nobody seemed to have time to look out for any one but themselves, or to realize that any people were sensitive and human except those of their own little circle of friends."

"That's so," John acquiesced. "They treat strangers exactly as if they were part of the furniture of the store or the street car or whatever place they happen to be in. Then they've got such a queer way of seeming to think if you don't make some kind of kick about things, you're green and don't know enough not to be pleased with whatever you're getting."

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Kent. "I noticed that, too."

"It's true," John said. "They criticise everything; and the majority of them know just exactly how the other fellow ought to do his work, whether it's the little cash girl or the big president of the United Street Car System. You ought to have seen some of the women on my route! I used to think, between you and me, that there were a few fussy ones in this place; but they haven't even got a start. Some of those city customers never bought a pound of meat without kicking about it!"

"Poor John!" Mrs. Kent sympathized, with twinkling eyes. "I can imagine how abused and down-trodden you grew to feel!"

"That I didn't, ma'am!" John responded, promptly. "You have to not let yourself do that, in a big city. You have to be sharp, and 'nervy,' and look out for yourself first. I got to be just as saucy as the rest of them!"

He touched his cap again, his face brightened with the old familiar cheerfulness her cordial ways never failed to bring to it, and drove on down the road. Mrs. Kent went back up the walk to the veranda, and laying her purchases on the spotless doorstep, seated herself, with her hands in her lap.

"There you have it," she congratulated herself.

"I shall tell Marian every word he said, without comment, letting her draw her own philosophical conclusions. She is so anxious to go to some large city to work, that it has been hard for her to see any side of the question but the bright and rosy one. Of course it is perfectly proper for people to go away to get education which they can not obtain at home, and expedient, too, sometimes, for those who are obliged to go out and earn their living. But Marian isn't forced to do that. There is abundance of work for us both here on the farm.

"If there's a thing in the world which disgusts her, too, it is that 'sauciness' and 'nerve,' as John expressed it. Surely they are disagreeable enough to others; but the worst harm of all is that done to themselves. Marian is a lady in her manners, if I do say it, and though some girls in large stores and factories are lady-like too, many are not. And it is hard to be thrown among people whose manners one don't care to copy; if one isn't sociable with them, they are very likely to get offended and be disagreeable. I shall call her attention to that, and to the fact that being gentle-mannered doesn't always save one from insults and tyranny of those who happen to be over us in a business capacity. Marian is a sensible little girl, and I'm sure she will see the better way, once she has a glimpse of this other side. And John's is no made-up story, but one he has seen, and lived!"

She drew a long, deep breath, and folding her arms, looked appreciatively out over the wide, peaceful fields, furrowed by rows of growing corn or shimmering with wavy grasses in the clear light. Dark green woodlands clothed the slope of the nearest hills, and a creek ran gleaming between them and the pasture. Two or three white spires marked the village site a mile away.

"Oh!" she breathed, and her whole heart was in the wistful syllable,—"what a beautiful, beautiful place God's dear country is! There's room enough here to live, and love, and work, and give everybody else a chance, too! I don't see how any one can ever wish to leave it, or be contented and happy away!"

GOSSIP

Maud Hawkins

EVERYBODY'S business is usually the business of the other fellow who has no business of his own. The foot and mouth disease is not confined to cattle but many people are afflicted by it.

The mouth disease is manifest in the spreading of gossip and the foot disease in hastening from place to place to spread it. It is too bad gossip can't be quarantined; but the strange thing about it is the guilty ones do not know or realize they are afflicted with the disease and will not admit or believe when they are informed of the fact but strongly protest their innocence.

The person who readily listens to and believes slander is about as bad as the fellow who spreads it.

The two words, "they say," have introduced untold trouble into the world and are responsible for more gossip, scandal and harm than any other two words in the English language. They have done more to ruin reputation than any other thing. If we never quote what "they say" we may be quite certain we are not gossiping.

The highly conscientious person who would be horrified at the thought of hurling a stone through a plate glass window, often does not hesitate to send a ruinous sentence smashing into a neighbor's reputation. It is a much less serious matter to get into a fist fight than to stab a person's fair name. Gossip is one of the popular crimes that cause more sorrow in life than theft or even murder. It is an intoxication of the tongue; it is assassination of reputation. It runs the cowardly gamut from mere ignorant, impertinent intrusion into the lives of others to malicious slander.

If facts do not exist, it does not hesitate to create them. If existing facts be innocent, it transforms them into evidence of the blackest guilt by ingenious perversions. In interpretation it always chooses the worse of two possible motives. Then it tries to make itself believe that it is all true. It constitutes itself a secret court of inquisition that decides on the fate of the victim in his absence, when he has no chance to speak in his own behalf. It is a conspiracy of wrong. He who listens to it without protest is nearly as evil as he who speaks. One strong manly or womanly voice of protest, of calling a halt in the name of charity, could fumigate a room from gossip as a clear, sharp winter wind kills a pestilence.

There is the gravest danger that Christians who stand appalled at the grosser sins will yet give full play to the more injurious offense of the tongue.

The habit of censorious speech is a particular peril

to some good people. The Pharisees fell deeply into this sin in the time of Jesus. They assumed that somehow their own probity and outward conformity to matters of the law gave them the privilege of sitting in judgment upon the rest of the world.

Everybody who has mingled with various types of Christian gatherings can relate experiences of almost unthinkable uncharitableness on the part of sincerely pious persons.

One thing is clear, however, and that is the ability to speak in many tongues is not half so important to the progress of the kingdom of heaven as the gift of tongues which speak kind, gentle, comforting, brotherly words.

Both the church and the world sorely need more of the sort of simple, helpful speech which fell from the lips of Jesus and which everywhere marks the character of the most Christian-like men and women. The speech of Christians needs the quality of restraint and humility and sympathy which makes all hearers think of the gentle Master whose words the common people heard gladly.

The difficulty is not so much in telling the truth as in seeing it. Among lies, the spoken one is neither the most frequent nor the most dangerous. Sometimes gossip does not deal altogether in words; a sneer, a raising of the eyebrows, an eloquent smile or a shrug of the shoulders and the deed is done. Mere silence in the matter sometimes strengthens a slander. Often the, "I have nothing to say about the matter," conveys the impression that more is known than it is best to tell. A silent lie is sometimes as vicious as a spoken one; for then there is something to refute, but where nothing is said nothing can be contradicted. And the truth half told is the worst kind of a falsehood, for the true part gives a coloring that makes it seem possible and even probable, which without it, it would appear impossible.

A reputation lies dead in the roadway, someone's mighty faith in some one has its pulse stilled forever. Some one is walking his weary way alone, in silence, with the sun of love blotted from his sky. One idle word has ruined many a hope. On the other hand, the true, the timely, the careful and considerate word is one of God's best agencies for leveling human society.

"In his hour of pain and shame,
In his prison house of flame,
When revenge the Satan sought,
Little tongues of fire he wrought;
Tongues to lie and twist and turn,
Tongues to scar and twist and burn,
Tongues to slay the high and holy,
Tongues to slay the poor and lowly;
Then to earth the tongues he sent,
There to work his fell intent;
To whisper—hint—and smirch—and sneer—
And to fill the world with fear;
Foul with gossip that can kill,
Evermore to work his will.
And these little tongues of hell
Still serve his majesty quite well."

—Anonymous.

PEACE

D. R. N.

It was a clear, calm night, and over me
The stars were flashing their rays of silvery, silken light;
A wearied spirit, I wandered hither and thither
Seeking rest in vain. She who was first
And best to me was dead. I saw her lie
Serene and beautiful, clothed all in white,
Within the coffin, and I heard the words
That raise men's hats in awe and bring their hearts
In humble reverence to the foot of God's great throne.
When all was o'er I fled to solitude
And anguish deep; above me were the stars
In brilliance; yet to me they seemed mere mockers,
Far off and cold, like God who cared not
For me. In bitterness I wandered on
Nor considered the end of my way; at length I found
A glen wherein I fell upon my face
And wept; and, lo, as there I lay a peace
Entered into my heart. A voice far sweeter
Than seraph song began, "Peace, be still";
And I knew that he who stilled the troubled sea
Was at my side. No more rebellious, but,
Filled with peace, I prayed; and by my side
A sainted maiden walked. And she with me
Abides; a living presence pointing on
To her blest home where after cloud and storm
I, too, shall rest. No more can sorrow weight
My soul with its sad might nor damp my faith
That God is good; sometime I know my soul
Shall clasp its mate and through eternity
These two shall dwell in blessedness; for God,
Who loves, will never leave my love forsaken.
He will in his own time and place perform
His part, which is to fill with love and beauty
The hearts which trust in him with patient hope.

RULES FOR HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

Dr. Frank Crane

MARRIAGE is often a failure not because of any deep immorality or infidelity, but for the lack of good common sense.

Monogamy is a divine institution, and it is also a natural institution. It is the normal, healthy, happy way for man and woman to live. As a rule, therefore, when they two withdraw from the world into the sacred privacy and mystery of the family, they ought to, and they will if they use ordinary self-control and judgment, grow increasingly fond of and indispensable to each other. The flavor of love loses nothing of its fragrance, the fruit of love nothing of its bloom and taste, by the continued intimacy.

It may not be entirely useless, however, to set down a few items of advice. Perhaps some couples by the reading may be able to avoid the breakers upon which may a matrimonial craft has been wrecked. I shall not speak of the fundamental requirements of loyalty, honesty, and the like, but shall confine myself to a few of the strategic and non-moral points where mistakes so frequently occur.

Maintain your little reserves. You are necessarily in the most intimate relation that exists between two personalities. To keep this relationship sweet and interesting, to prevent it from becoming common, wearisome, and even repellant, you will need to use all the intelligence you have. Strive to keep up the little illusions of self-respect. Do not go shabbily dressed, frowsy, and uncombed into each other's presence.

A man ought to show his wife he cares enough for her to put on a collar and tie, to clean his finger nails, and brush his coat—just for her. And it is a good investment in happiness for the woman to meet her husband when he returns from his work as she would meet a stranger as to her personal appearance. Rest assured, no matter what a man says, he appreciates a neat frock, a flower in the hair, and a bit of ribbon.

Of course, there are household occasions when cleaning and washing and the like render neatness impossible. But as soon as these are over one ought as soon as convenient to revert to tidiness. Don't grow careless. If one has to live with a person it pays to take pains.

Never reprove one the other nor speak slightingly one of another in the presence of a third party, even your child.

A good many persons of culture and education who ought to know better are here conspicuously guilty. With some women it is even a habit to refer always to their husband with an air of indifference or complaint. This is bad business. I do not refer only to the disloyalty but to the bad taste of it and to the unwisdom of it. The one thing your partner wants is to stand well in your eyes. Even a hint that he does not bodes ill for you.

Of course, the other extreme is bad. It is repulsive to hear the wife or husband go into public raptures of praise over the beloved. But why either extreme? Why not study to keep the golden mean and always refer to your own with respect, honor, and esteem, without either indecent flattery or offensive criticism?

Avoid the "intimate friend." I suppose as many married folk come a cropper over this hazard as over any other. The secrets of your marriage are sacred. No person except your God, not even your mother, is entitled to know them. It is husband and wife against the world. They twain are one flesh. The permanency of your temple of love depends much upon the inviolability with which you keep your holy of holies. Set the angel of modesty with a flaming sword at the gates of your Eden. The back door friend is an unmitigated curse.

Manage to play together as often as possible. Above all do not find your amusement and diversion entirely outside of your dearest friend. You are compelled to a partnership in eating, sleeping, the care of the children and such necessities, and to keep that from becoming irksome you must find also companionship in play. Can't you slip away and go, just you two, to a little supper or upon an excursion? Can't you cultivate going to the art gallery, you two, regularly, or to the library, or to the park?

One hour of play together will do more to polish up your honeymoon than months of work. Try to find diversions you both like. Get hold of books that interest you both.

Remember the vital thing in your love is that you shall like to be together. Like is a deeper word than love. Of course you love your wife, your husband, but do you like her, or him? There's the rub. To like a person you have to like at least some of the things he does.

Don't economize on terms of endearment when you are alone with the family.

There are children who can never remember seeing father and mother kiss except when about to separate to go on a journey.

Love is the one thing it does not do to save. The more you spend the more you have.

And the more you express your affection the more normally it grows. If you cut off all the leaves of a tree it will die. Do not take love for granted. Speak it out.

Only those find this difficult who have fallen into a habit of repression. We have a taint of puritanism in us that regards affectionateness as weakness.

Don't regulate! Remember that marriage is not a reformatory institution. People get married in order to be happy, not to be improved. Your husband is not a child. Your wife is not your Sunday-school pupil. Don't labor with your spouse for moral advancement.

Naturally you want your husband to be a good man. You don't want him to be vicious, idle, careless, nor cruel. But when it comes to living day after day with a man it is what you are that counts and not at all what you say. If you want your man to be good, the only known way to do all that lies in a wife's power to accomplish this end is for you to be good yourself. That may not amount to much in a week, but it will in a year.

And the husband who wants his wife to be modest and virtuous and refined must cultivate those qualities in himself. Any talking about them is worse than useless. The man who treats his wife as a dull, common, and uninteresting woman is drying up in her all the springs of love.

Finally discard, once for all, those brutal, senseless, and ignorant notions of "ruling your own home," "standing up for your rights," "enforcing respect," "teaching her a lesson," "bringing him to time," and the like.

Whatever may be true elsewhere, it is the truth of truths between husband and wife, where there is any sort of equality and love to begin with, that self-control, self-giving, kindness, thoughtfulness, and attention are the only foundations for permanent happiness.

Your companionship, your friendship, is the finest part of your love. Don't spoil it.—*Tribune.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

ART AND SCIENCE IN THE HOME

John H. Nowlan

As a people are we degenerating? We pride ourselves on our culture and progress, but may the gain not be made at the expense of something vital to our social system?

Our grandmothers were good judges of household supplies and were good cooks. All things used in the home were made there. The wool was sheared from sheep reared on the farm, washed, carded, spun, and woven by the women of the household. The cloth was often dyed by them and the garments sewed by hand. Even the thread was made of flax grown and spun on the farm.

Now some of the young women marry and assume the responsibilities of superintending the duties of the home when they are ignorant of some of the essentials of home-building; some not even knowing how to cook.

For a part of this situation who is to blame? One by one these industries have been transferred to the factories where a cheaper, if not a better article is produced. Spinning, knitting, weaving and the like are all but lost arts, yet it was once thought that a knowledge of these was necessary to be considered educated. Now rearing children, cooking, and washing are the industries not relegated to the factories and even the second and third may yet be assigned to the coöperative establishments.

The young woman of today wishes to be independent and the path to the factory door is beaten deeper and deeper. The factories call the girls from the home before they have learned those things formerly considered essential and they learn less and less of home economics.

Later the time comes when they tire of this life and enter a home of their own. Then the sad story begins. Bad housekeeping has been at the bottom of more home wrecks than any other one thing. Bad cooking, bad management, even though the failure be regretted, are at least unpleasant.

The essentials of home making should be learned

before the responsibilities are assumed. The mother is the best teacher, but need not be the only one. In schools where the time can be taken for the work the class in Domestic Science affords an opportunity to obtain the practice needed.

Animals thrive best under proper feeding and care, and the same is true of children. A body properly nourished will accomplish more than one that is not, other things being equal. Health is improved by good cooking and money saved by careful and judicious buying.

Train the boys in the rudiments of home keeping. It will render them more independent and make them better husbands—they will realize the magnitude of the work. Not that I expect the male sex to ever usurp the place of the woman. Some chefs may command good salaries, but the average man is far below the average woman and can't hope to ever equal her. Many a man is helpless when left to purchase the supplies for the family, when a little careful training in youth would have been of almost inestimable value to him.

That the curriculum is crowded we know, but we also know that studies are retained there when the only claim they have to a place is that of possession.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A TEA-TABLE TALK

Aurelia Harriet Worth

WHEN Cowper, in his departure from the high flown topics that had for so long engaged the attention of poets, turned his talents to the description of simpler objects, and wrote of the "tea tray," the "loud hissing urn" and "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," he could have had no thought how frequently his words would be quoted afterwards, nor that the time and scene he commended for its domestic cosiness would still be, in many homes, the choicest of the day.

The American tea is an institution by itself, having no exact counterpart among the nationalities. The English "high tea" approximates it more closely than any other repast, but even that is apt to be more elaborate than its transatlantic cousin.

The American tea is unique, and when properly managed, very charming. The chief difficulty in making it all it should be, lies in the tendency known to all busy housekeepers, to get into one rut, and be shy about leaving it in an experimental search for diversity of diet.

In the country, as a rule, all the enterprise and energy of the cook seem to run to the concoction of various kinds of cake. The tea table of a prosperous farmhouse will be supplied with a plate of cold, white bread, one of brown, possibly,—though not always,—with a little cheese, some potatoes, and three or four kinds of cake, to say nothing of gingerbread and doughnuts. For half the work and expense bestowed upon the ingredients, making and baking of that cake, a dainty relish might have been prepared which would have been far more tempting and wholesome.

The cost of many such dishes is a drawback to the careful housewife, as it ought to be. It is a woman's business to supply her table at as reasonable a rate as possible, but it is no less her duty to render the menu as attractive as it is in her power to do, and by pleasant surprises and constant changes to make the food more wholesome, as well as toothsome.

Any one can set a good table on liberal means, but it takes talent and study to be both an economical and an acceptable caterer.

Avoid the beaten paths, and do not be afraid to test new recipes once in a while. Fewer cakes and pies, and more savory "made dishes," would be an improvement alike to the healthfulness and tastefulness of the average table.

The following recipes are not intended for elaborate supper parties, but for simple family teas in households where the wife and mother has to do most of the preparation herself. While it may be easier to serve beef, veal or chicken cold, it is believed that few women will grudge the slight additional labor involved by the following directions, if, by its outlay, they can render the evening meal more appetizing, and the home more attractive.

Dainty Dishes For Tea.

Mounded Beef.—Two cupfuls of cold roast or boiled beef, chopped as for hash, one cupful of cold mashed potatoes, one cupful of gravy, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoonful of mixed green pickle or chowchow, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one saltspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, thyme, summer savory;

(Continued on Page 264.)

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

Czar Plans to Aid Peasants.

In an imperial rescript published in St. Petersburg, Emperor Nicholas announced his intention to complete his grandfather's work for the emancipation of the serfs by transforming the peasants into not merely free, but economically strong land owners. This may be achieved, the emperor says, by affording the peasants facilities to leave their communes and by improvement in agricultural science.

An Industrial Army.

Reports from 395 counties in the United States show that in 1909 more than 150,000 boys and girls in elementary schools were members of clubs engaged in contests in growing better corn, potatoes, cotton, and other staple products, and in cooking and sewing.

Roosevelt Boosted Arizona.

In the course of his Washington day speech at Chicago, ex-President Roosevelt said: "I saw it stated in the press that certain good people in Washington were against the admission of Arizona as a State because it had adopted in its constitution the recall. In 1780 the State of Massachusetts put into its constitution precisely that provision for the recall. Now, understand me, I am not arguing for or against the recall. I am merely showing that, if the people of Arizona, or any other community, wish to try it, or if they do not wish to try it, it is their affair."

The Postage Controversy.

The government is attempting to cure a deficit in the postal revenues by increasing the rate on the advertising pages of magazines. Some of the opponents of the increase suspect that the object of the postoffice department is less intended for raising revenue and more for embarrassing the magazines which have been prominent in reform work. Whether there is any ulterior motive or not, it is hardly wise to begin an increase in revenues by such new impositions until an honest effort has been made to correct the over-draft caused by excessive payments to the railroads. If the railroad charges for carrying mail are reduced to the level of their charges for carrying express, the postoffice department will not have so much difficulty in making the receipts equal the expenditures.

Paraguay Has Armed Revolt.

Edwin V. Morgan, United States minister to Paraguay and Uruguay, reports that the American consul at Asuncion, Paraguay, has notified him an armed movement has been begun against Colonel Alberto Jara, who recently forced the resignation of President Gondra and secured his own election to the presidency.

The revolutionists have control of the southern end of the railway between Concepcion and Asuncion and 3,000 government troops have been sent to oppose them. All traffic on the railroad has been suspended.

At the State Department at Washington the belief was expressed that the revolution would be successful.

Rust and Electricity.

Contrary to expectations, the wires of a fence which are farthest removed from the ground are more apt to rust than those which actually run through the dew-laden grass. In an effort to explain this phenomenon, Mr. M. L. King, of the Agricultural Engineering Department of the University of Iowa, has made an investigation, disclosing the fact that a current of electricity is commonly to be found in the lower wires of fences, this current sometimes amounting to 0.001 of an ampere, with a difference of potential of one volt between the wire and the ground. No such currents can be detected in the upper wires. It is Mr. King's opinion that this current accounts for the preservation of the lower wires against rust.

George V. Debtless.

George V. is one of the very few monarchs who have ever ascended a throne without a penny of debt. He will have, therefore, no need, and he certainly has no inclination, to surround himself with the German-Jewish capitalist set with whom King Edward rather too openly mingled. The old English aristocracy will come into its own again at the new king's court; and the atmosphere of the royal household will be everything that is humdrum. But while George V. is British through and through, he is not by any means as negative a personality as many people think. The English papers write of him as though he were a dummy. He is, as a matter of fact, an outspoken, energetic, rather obstinate man, with strong views of his own on public questions—and tory views at that; not at all afraid of responsibility, a close student of politics and delightfully indiscreet in airing his opinons about men and affairs—the very opposite, in short, of the type of sovereign who is content to be a mere figurehead. England does not yet know him, but it will before very long.

Switzerland as Our Standard.

Uncle Sam could profitably take notice of his little neighbor, the Swiss republic, and become better acquainted with a nation that conforms the nearest to true democratic ideals. This view was expressed by Professor Charles Zeublin in a lecture before the Ethical Culture Club at Handel Hall in Chicago.

"We suffer from an exaggerated idea of our bigness today," he said, "and think because Switzerland is small the conditions are not analogous. The localities there have shown their capacity to deal with their own affairs with much greater extension of municipal ownership than is found in America.

"The unification of the transportation system in Switzerland is not only as superior to the unification of transportation in Chicago as the size of the area naturally indicates, but is suggestive of the method which will have to be employed in the United States.

"Parties are inconsequential in Switzerland because the people override them, hence their representatives really represent."

Say Famine Makes Cannibals.

Peking, March 5.—A dispatch from Shanghai says a Catholic missionary, Father Dannic, states that 15,000 persons already have died in Mengchen, one of the twenty districts affected by the famine. Several reports have it that the people are devouring human flesh.

The fear of Russian aggression is increasing. Reports published in the Russian newspapers and reprinted in the Peking papers greatly exaggerate the dangers from the plague. Many of the higher class Chinese fear a campaign designated to alarm Europe and justify military occupation. Dispatches from Harbin state that Russian military circles are advocating occupation.

Vladivostok newspapers print warnings of the danger of a Boxer uprising, but the Chinese government emphatically denies the possibility of such a thing, declaring that the entire country is under control.

Congress Gave Peary Rank of Rear Admiral.

Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., discoverer of the north pole, finally came into his long-deferred official reward when the House passed the Senate bill bestowing upon him the rank and pay of a rear admiral and extending to him the thanks of Congress, which carries with it the privilege of the Senate and House floors during sessions. Since the foundation of the government only 26 men have received the official thanks of the Congress.

A Cowardly Scheme.

Senator Root has joined the other corporation attorneys in an attempt to kill the resolution submitting an amendment providing for popular election of Senators, and like them, he lacks the courage to meet the issue frankly and honestly. He hides behind a pretended solicitude for the colored man. This subterfuge may serve the purpose for the present and put the matter over until the next Congress, but the popular election of Senators is coming. Republicans like Senator Borah, who really want it, understand the insincerity of Mr. Root's attack and denounce it. There will be more men like Borah in the Senate next year and not so many like Root. Next session the southern Senators can secure popular election of Senators without surrendering control of their States over elections.

Mr. Bailey and the People.

In his speech defending Mr. Lorimer, Senator Bailey, of Texas, said: "Have we fallen to such a low estate in the United States Senate that we must stoop to the earth and kiss the ground our constituents walk upon?"

No one expects senators to "kiss the ground their constituents walk upon," but it is an old-time democratic notion that senators, as well as representatives, should show due concern for the well-defined principles for which they stood prior to election day. It is also an old-fashioned democratic notion that when a man discovered (as Lorimer must have discovered) that bribe money was used in electing him to office he would not wait to be removed from office (provided he were innocent) but would retire in defense of his own honor.

No, Senator Bailey, the people do not ask senators to "kiss the ground their constituents walk upon." They do ask, however, that they refrain from licking the boots of trust magnates and doing the bidding of systems that prey upon the people.

The Extra Session of Congress.

An hour after the Sixty-first Congress adjourned President Taft summoned the Sixty-second to meet April 4. Senator Bailey of Texas, while in angry mood, resigned from the Senate, but quickly changed his mind and recalled his resignation. The extra session of Congress is limited in its actions only by the Constitution, and will probably go far beyond the reciprocity with Canada. Taft in message calling an extra session of Congress declared agreement with Canada to secure a vote on reciprocity is cause of his action. In quitting the speaker's chair Joseph G. Cannon made an address in which he declared he has no regrets.

The Lorimer Case.

While Senator Lorimer of Illinois was being welcomed home in Chicago, on March 5, with great display by a circle of his friends, the citizens of Rockford, Ill., were giving expression to their indignation against him. In the biggest mass meeting ever held in Rockford, the citizens by a unanimous vote and amid a display of the bitterest feeling of indignation adopted resolutions demanding that both of Illinois' senators resign. Lapel badges, consisting of the national colors and a ribbon of crepe were distributed through the crowd. Rockford will wear these for thirty days as a symbol of its grief over the action of the United States Senate in failing to expel the Illinois senator. The resolutions as adopted by the mass meeting follow:

Whereas, Believing in clean elections and the elimination of corruption from politics and being of the firm opinion and belief that Lorimer was elected to the United States Senate by and through the use of corrupt and illegal methods, and feeling that Senator Cullom's vote for Lorimer was a prime factor in the retention of Lorimer in the United States Senate, therefore, it is hereby

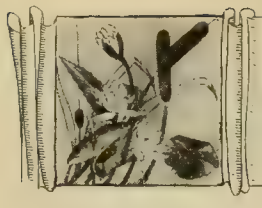
Resolved, That we, the citizens of Rockford, Ill., assembled in a monster mass meeting this 5th day of March, 1911, take this means of showing our indignation and disapproval of the manner of Lorimer's election, his retention in the Senate by the United States Senate and of Senator Cullom's action with reference thereto, and that we demand the resignation of both William Lorimer and Senator Shelby M. Cullom, to take effect immediately; and it is further hereby

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Lorimer and Cullom and given widespread circulation.

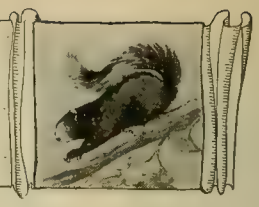
Elgin in the Fight.

The wave of protest against Senator Lorimer, which was started at Rockford, threatens to sweep over the entire State of Illinois. On the evening of March 7 the citizens of Elgin held a mass meeting in which they voiced their protest against the Senate for retaining Senator Lorimer. They adopted resolutions similar to those of Rockford in which they asked both Senator Cullom and Senator Lorimer to resign from the Senate. During the meeting Rev. Milton B. Williams, pastor of the Methodist church, revealed the fact that $625,000 had been spent in the United States Senate to retain Senator Lorimer in his seat, and that this money was advanced by the Standard Oil Company and other big financial interests.

A similar meeting was held at Lake Forest on the same evening where practically the same resolutions were adopted.



NATURE STUDIES



A FEBRUARY OUTING

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

THE first day of February this year was a very mild winter day, as were many other days during the month. But on that day the call of the woods was too strong to be resisted. Our goal was a clump of hazel bushes about two and a half miles from home. The road for the most part was along a small stream locally known as Brook Beesor. It was outlined as far as we could see by the copper-colored twigs of the brittle or crack willow, whose branches looked as if recently varnished. Interspersed among them were growing clumps of the yellow willow whose shining stems contrasted in color with their neighbors.

The impulse to grow had already stamped itself on every tree and shrub. Though entirely bare of leaf or even swollen buds, there was that air of vigor that characterizes all healthy plant growth in whose cells the sap has begun to stir.

In a sheltered sunny spot, where the soil was black and the water oozed out, the ground was carpeted with thrifty plants of the star chickweed even now full of buds and ready to burst into bloom. The chickweed is one of the most enterprising plants with which I am acquainted. A few warm, moist days will start it into vigorous growth, which in no degree diminishes while the warmth and moisture lasts. The skunk cabbage has always been given the honor of being the first plant to bloom in the spring, but I am sure the chickweed should bear this distinction.

We found the hazel bushes fairly bristling with their slender catkins of sterile flower buds, while the fertile flower buds, so small as to escape the average eye, were set upon the very tips of the twigs. A few branches were carried home and placed in a vase of water, and set in a warm sunny window. On the fourth day the catkins had lengthened to more than twice their former length, and at the slightest touch showers of yellow pollen flew through the air. The clusters of tiny fertile flowers surrounded by a scaly involucre had opened to receive the fertilizing grains.

Under the microscope the beauty of these diminutive flowers is surprising. Hidden away in the center of each, too small to be seen with the unaided eye, are the small ovaries joined to the calyx. When the pollen reaches these they begin to grow, and the fringed involucre encloses the bony nuts until ripe. A few of these interesting shrubs were carried home and planted with the hope that they would grow and bear fruit.

Among the interesting objects seen during the day was a pair of ruby-crowned kinglets, and a small flock of juncos. The ruby-crowns are among our smallest birds, but by no means of least importance, as they destroy large quantities of injurious insects. These birds are migrants, spending a part or all the winter with us, just as they see fit. Sometimes they go farther south during the coldest part of the winter. The male with a patch of ruby-red on his crown, has been called the gem of the bird world.

The juncos are supposed to be our most common winter birds, but of late years they have been reported rather scarce. These birds are easily recognized while on the ground or when perching on a limb, by the white or pinkish bill, and when flying by the white outer tail feathers, and the gray and white plumage. They are very tame and sociable birds, often coming into the dooryards in the country to feed, and enjoy crumbs of bread or small seeds thrown out for them.

In the hedges were many last year's bird nests. They were of several kinds, showing that the birds considered the thorny shrubs a safe place for their nests and nestlings. Not far away stood a tall much-decayed tree stump that was a good illustration of the work of insects and the woodpeckers. The wood was literally honeycombed with the work of the insects, and the woodpeckers in their search for the insects had chipped away the surface of the stump until it stood out like a specter in the dim light of the late evening.

On former outings I had often enjoyed the beauty of a vigorous Kentucky coffee tree. These trees once plentiful in this part of the United States are now rarely found. I was expecting to see this sturdy tree, as I had many times seen it, hanging full of long, reddish brown pods, which cling to the limbs all winter. But when we reached the place where it had stood, all we saw was a stump and a pile of stove wood. How are the mighty fallen!

While crossing a meadow we saw many runways made by field mice or ground mice. It is astonishing how many of these little creatures live in our meadows. They are exceedingly industrious in the matter of gathering in their stores of food, which consists largely of the different kinds of grain, and if it were not for the owls and other predacious birds, these mice would become a source of great loss to the farmers of the country.

I would like to encourage every one whose work is indoors to take some time off whenever possible and take a little outing. The effects are many fold. One is impressed with the vast number of natural objects of interest in the world, and of the guiding hand back of all. Then we are jostled out of the every day ruts into which we may have fallen, and change, if it be in the right direction, is good for us all, mentally, physically and spiritually. Our visions of life are enlarged, and our powers of observation strengthened; and though we may reach home tired physically, we will be rested mentally, and the inspiration gained will remain with us many days.

FIGHT BETWEEN A WEASEL AND A BLACKSNAKE.

ERNEST D. FLAGG.

THE grating of the canoe against the pebbly bottom of the beach awoke me. Sitting up in the canoe, I looked about. It was a beautiful June morning. The night before, my companion and I had gone to sleep in our canoe, far out in the middle of the lake, with only the friendly stars above us, suffering it to carry us whither it would.

We had drifted close in shore, where a mass of tangled wild grape and white azalea perfumed the air with their fragrance, and neath which the canoe was idly rocking.

The woods, stretching far inland, were vocal with the songs of many birds, and deep within their shadowy depths, from some fern-haunted glade or bosky dell, there came a note so insistent and compelling, and so unfamiliar to me, that I determined to follow its vagrant call.

A short stretch of beach lay before me ere I entered the forest, and, as I crossed it, I started back in sudden terror for a moment. A huge blacksnake lay directly in my path, coiled in concentric circles, his head in the center, his forked tongue darting red lightning at a wicked-looking weasel whose white teeth were bared and lips set in a vicious snarl, while he watched his enemy with his beady little eyes.

Even as I looked, standing there immovable, the weasel darted forward like a shaft of light, but the snake struck at him again and again, and the weasel fell back beyond the reach of those gleaming fangs.

Several times this method of attack and defense were repeated, the snake interposing a flaming sword at every advance, and the weasel retiring out of range, baffled, but not discouraged. For the crafty little animal had no idea of withdrawing from the battle. Finding all his efforts from the front frustrated by the keen watchfulness of his adversary, he began cautiously to circle round and round his enemy, apparently seeking an opening whereby he might get within the reptile's guard; but that point of crimson light glittered and flashed in every direction, and seemingly he dared not face it. He now adopted more original tactics; darting quickly forward to a point where the snake would strike at him but fall just short of reaching him with his jaws, by repeated advances he lured his enemy to lengthen out his body at each attack. Then came the weasel's chance. Starting suddenly forward, he stopped short, the snake making his usual lunge at his enemy, and partially uncoiling as he did so. Then did the weasel strike, and strike hard. Ere the reptile could recover, he launched his body with incredible swiftness at his opponent, and buried his lance-like teeth in the neck of the snake about eight inches from his head.

Then commenced a furious struggle; over and over they rolled in a violent frenzy, the snake, furious with rage and pain, striving desperately to strike and bite his enemy, and winding his sinuous coils round and round the weasel's slim body in an attempt to crush him in its powerful folds. But the animal had chosen his point of attack with perfect judgment; the snake found it impossible to reach the weasel, or to detach him from that bull-dog grip. In his wild efforts, the sand and small pebbles flew in every direction, and even stones of size were loosened from their position; but the weasel had fastened to a vital spot, and the reptile's vitality, from his violent exertions, had been sorely tried. The convulsive thrashings of his tail grew less and less powerful, for the weasel had almost severed the snake's head from its body.

As I approached, the ugly little animal remained fastened to the body of its victim, his jaws clamped firmly together; he had been badly crushed in the fierce embrace of the reptile, was unable to move, and I killed him as an act of mercy. There is not an atom of cowardly blood in the whole anatomy of this little beast, and his look, even in death, was one of defiance and hatred.

The snake was one of the largest I had ever seen, measuring six feet one inch in length, and, at its thickest part, nearly nine inches in girth.

Its stomach contained a small field-mouse, and three eggs of the brown thrasher, still unbroken.—*Suburban Life.*

A TEA-TABLE TALK.

(Continued from Page 259.)

salt and pepper to taste, yolks of two raw eggs. Stir the ingredients together until all are thoroughly incorporated, moistening with gravy until the mixture is as soft as it can be made and yet be handled. Mound into a bricklike shape in a greased baking pan, sift flour thickly over it, and bake covered half an hour. Remove the cover, rub with butter and brown. Transfer carefully to a hot platter and serve.

Creamed Chicken.—One cup and a half of unskimmed milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter rubbed into the cornstarch, half teaspoonful of minced onion, half teaspoonful of minced parsley, a pinch of soda stirred into the milk, salt and pepper to taste, remnants of cold roast, boiled or broiled chicken, jointed, or cut into neat pieces. Heat the milk to scalding in a double boiler, and pour a little upon the cornstarch and butter. Return to the fire, stir until it thickens, and add the seasoning. Drop the pieces of chicken into the sauce, and let simmer five to ten minutes. Pour over rounds of fried bread, garnish with sprays of parsley, and serve very hot.

Baked Ham Omelet.—Six eggs, one scant cupful of milk, one even teaspoonful of cornstarch, one cupful of cold boiled ham, chopped very fine. Whip the whites and yolks separately, until the former are stiff and the latter creamy. Beat them lightly together without mixing thoroughly. Add the milk in which the cornstarch has been dissolved, and last of all stir the minced ham in quickly. Pour into a buttered pudding dish, and bake immediately in a hot, steady oven for fifteen minutes. Should it brown too rapidly, cover until the omelet is fairly set. Do not let it stand after it leaves the oven or it will fall and become heavy. This omelet will require longer for cooking than one made without meat. Instead of the ham, finely chopped chicken or veal may be used, but these must be lightly seasoned with pepper, salt and sweet herbs.

Minced Veal on Toast.—Prepare a cream dressing in the manner described above, and stir into it two cupfuls of cold lean veal minced small with a knife but not chopped. When the whole is smoking hot, pour it on slices of lightly buttered toast, from which the crust has been carefully trimmed. A border of scrambled eggs makes an agreeable addition to this dish.

Each Cloud Has a Silvery Lining

Effie Reed Polk

I watched a cloud that lowered,
And darkened the western sky;
I noted the silver lining,
As it went sailing by;
I thought how the clouds that lower
And darken our earthly sky,
Each has its silver lining,
And we view it by and by.

"Each cloud has a silver lining,"
Is an old, old adage true;
However dark, my brother,
Earth's clouds may appear to you,
There's surely a glad time coming,
A time when the sun will shine;
A time when love's flowers will blossom
And bloom in that heart of thine.

A beautiful time is coming,
When the trials of earth are o'er;
When the lowering clouds have vanished;
When we rest on the heavenly shore.
There the Sun of Righteousness shineth,
With a glory yet untold;
We will live in his light forever
In that beautiful city of gold.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. March 21, 1911. No. 12.

ECONOMIC CRISES

John W Wayland, Ph. D.

ENGLAND and France learned some very striking facts about crises nearly two hundred years ago, in connection with the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble, yet the economic crisis as we know it is an "institution" belonging particularly to more recent times. It is mainly of 19th century origin, and is "an acute malady to which business appears to be increasingly subject."

An economic crisis might be described as the dew-point of business confidence. Just as the circulating moisture of the atmosphere is precipitated by a rapidly cooling temperature, so there is a precipitation of trade relations when business confidence nears the freezing point. A crisis is not an isolated phenomenon, any more than an eruption of Vesuvius is an isolated phenomenon; it is the result of long-gathering forces and lasts after the outburst in weakening convulsions that may continue for months or years. Crises are capable of description rather than of definition. They are of varying degrees of severity, and may differ as to cause and character; yet practically all of them are distinguished by a scarcity of bank credit, a sudden drop in prices, industrial depression, lack of employment for wage earners, and numerous business failures.

Crises have been designated, regarding their differences, as "financial, commercial, and industrial." "In a purely financial crisis the stock market is the storm-centre, the disturbance affecting but slightly commercial or productive enterprises. A commercial crisis is of wider area, and embraces the trading classes, while an industrial crisis extends its baneful influence to producers in all lines"—to banking, manufacturing, trading, and even farming. However it should be noted that these terms of distinction do not indicate so much a difference in kind of crisis as difference of degree. An industrial crisis, for example, includes the other two; and a commercial crisis presupposes a financial crisis, while a financial crisis may take place mainly within its own proper limits.

There is a rather remarkable periodicity in crises. They recur at fairly regular intervals. For example, during the last three-quarters of a century we have had a great crisis about once in every twenty years; we have had at least one important crisis every ten years; and within the shorter intervals there have been economic disturbances almost innumerable. Of them, as of the Crusades, we hardly dare say how many: we can only point out some of the greatest—some of the worst—and say, "Besides these there were many more." Nevertheless, the important crises seem to be fated to overtake us with conspicuous regularity. We may sometimes predict them with fair assurance. For example, early in 1907 Stuyvesant Fish declared that, judging from both the lapse of time and the economic conditions at large, a crisis was imminent. We all know how well he guessed.

The sympathetic nerve system of the human body enables us to draw another interesting analogy. What affects one part or organ of the body is apt to affect others, and may affect all. So with crises among the nations. Crises have perhaps been more frequent and severe in the United States than anywhere else in the world, yet they have also been felt with greater or less force in England, Germany, France, Holland, Switzerland, Japan, Chile, Egypt, and other lands. One writer has observed that crises not only fall where the credit system of trade is well developed, but also come most frequently and severely among nations of Teutonic origin, notably the English, American, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian peoples. Nevertheless, other races and nationalities are not immune. France for example has had about as many economic crises as any country. Moreover, it is interesting to note that France, England, and the United States show a sort of solidity in the matter of crises. No less than eight or ten crises of the last hundred years have been common to these three countries, though not always confined to them. The sympathetic system appears to be particularly vital and sensitive with respect to them, as we should naturally expect, though it also transmits the same influences to others more remote.

Once in a while a crisis is so widely extended in the scope of its influence as to deserve the name of world-crisis. At least four of the crises of the past century are so designated: namely, those of 1837, 1857, 1873, and 1882.

Most crises are characterized by well-marked stages, and are preceded by well-marked symptoms. They come in periods of development and progress, rather than in "times of conservatism and attainment." Both the symptoms that precede and the stages that mark a crisis period may be made clear by several concise statements. Here are three of varying length.

The first is from Lord Overstone: he describes the stages of the industrial cycle in these succinct terms:

"State of quiescence, improvement, growing confidence, prosperity, excitement, overtrading, convulsions, pressure, stagnation, distress, ending again in quiescence."

By Max Wirth the symptoms of a crisis are catalogued as follows:

"1. Abnormal activity in floating enterprises, and boldness in speculation. 2. Unusual activity in stock-jobbing: viz., the desire to found stock corporations in order to use all possible means to force the stocks rapidly to a high figure, and then sell out at a profit, leaving the corporation to those in whose hands the stock, like an unlucky card, is found at last. . . . 3. Unusual excitement and gullibility of the public, caused by the report of large profits. 4. Rapid increase of luxury. 5. Sharp rise of the price of necessaries, articles of luxury, raw materials, and provisions. 6. Rise in the price of real estate. 7. Strong demand for labor, and rise in wages. 8. Unusual expansion of credit instrumentalities, in consequence of which a rapid and unusual *increase in discount.* 9. Large demand for cash, and, in consequence of this demand, a *decline in stocks.*"

Frederick Engels has a facile pen, as well as a vivid imagination. He pictures the crisis thus:

"The whole industrial and commercial world, production and exchange, among all civilized peoples and their more or less barbaric hangers-on, are thrown out of joint about once every ten years. Commerce is at a standstill, the markets are glutted, products accumulate, as multitudinous as they are unsalable, hard cash disappears, credit vanishes, factories are closed, the mass of the workmen are in want of the means of subsistence, because they have produced too much of the means of subsistence, bankruptcy follows upon bankruptcy, execution upon execution. The stagnation lasts for years; productive forces and products are wasted and destroyed wholesale, until the accumulated mass of commodities finally filters off, more or less depreciated in value, until production and exchange gradually begin to move again. Little by little the pace quickens. It becomes a trot. The industrial trot breaks into a canter, the canter in turn grows into the headlong gallop of a perfect steeple-chase of industry, commercial credit, and speculation, which finally, after breakneck leaps, ends where it began—in the ditch of a crisis. And so over and over again."

Every crisis, panic, or depression is marked by many analogous characteristics; and yet each one is apt to be in a large measure peculiar. The last link in the chain of causes is too often taken as the chief cause, or is at least over-estimated. The failure of some large bank or business house is frequently spoken of as causing a panic, when it is more properly the occasion upon which real causes, long active, and unsafe conditions, long strained, break out in manifestation.

The crisis of 1873 is usually dated from the failure of Jay Cooke & Company, September 18. Yet there had been certain premonitory symptoms for months and years before. With the close of the Civil War an extraordinary activity in all lines of enterprise was manifested. The public lands were thrown open to settlement, and large tracts were granted to the Pacific railroads. The soldiers returned to the arts of peace; immigration increased enormously; speculation almost made the West wild; the manufactures of the East, protected by high tariffs and a depreciated currency, expanded rapidly; business prospered; prices and profits were high. Thousands of miles of new railways were constructed, some doubtless too hastily; the consumption of pig iron rose from 1,416,000 tons in 1868 to nearly three million tons in 1873. The activity of commerce is indicated in the fact that clearings in the New York clearing house rose from $28,000,000,000 in 1868 to $35,000,000,000 in 1873. The foreign trade of the United States rose from the aggregate of $609,000,000 in 1868 to $1,164,000,000 in 1873. In 1870 the imports exceeded the exports by $43,000,000; in 1872 this excess had become $182,000,000; in 1873 it was $119,000,000. After the panic of September, 1873, the reverse movement was no less marked. Enterprise was timid and cautious. New enterprises were few. Railroad construction fell off; prices fell, and continued to fall in general for six years; the consumption of pig iron declined; the business of the New York clearing house fell off $12,000,000,000 in one year, and reached the lowest point since the war in 1876. The lowest point of the general depression was reached in 1876.

Preceding the crisis of 1907 there was the same remarkable industrial expansion, but with many indications that surplus banking resources and fluid capital had been about used up. A pressure for money was a characteristic feature of the year. Crops fell off, but prices were higher: the total value of leading crops being greater than in the high record year preceding.

The demand for capital in 1907 was shown in the fact that over a billion and a half dollars' worth of

stock, etc., was authorized by the railroads and other corporations; but of this amount less than two-thirds was sold. The crisis was precipitated on the 15th of October by the failure of an attempt made by F. A. Heinze and his associates to corner the market on United Copper stock. "Then came a few days later a money panic such as New York or the country as a whole had never experienced before."

The theories advanced in explanation of the causes of economic crises differ widely. They seem to vary according to a man's politics, his business relations, his religion, the state of his health, his profession, whether he is in office or seeking office, his faith in the almanac, etc. Some say, "Over-production"; others say, "Under-consumption." Perhaps the most popular theory among the Socialists is this: The increasing productiveness of modern industry, combined with a relative decline in the purchasing power of the working class. It is certainly true that the severest crises have occurred in the most progressive countries, and in the most rapidly developing fields of industry. We may also say that they are most severe in those countries possessing the most highly developed systems of credit, and in those lines of business where credit plays the most important part.

One rather famous explanation of crises is that based upon the so-called "Sun-Spot Theory." This was most elaborately worked out by the English economist, W. Stanley Jevons. He conceived the notion that sun-spots were most in evidence in or about the great crisis years; that these disturbances in the sun might affect the harvests, and that the crop fluctuations might be responsible for economic crises. But after long and careful study of the question he came to discredit the theory, and so did others. For example, the harvest-sun-spot theory does not explain the appearance of John Law, nor the tension of the Napoleonic wars, nor the London crisis of 1866, nor Black Friday of 1869, nor many other important periods in the series of panics. It has also become evident in recent times that the important crises and the sun-spots are not keeping regular step. As President A. T. Hadley has said, "The Civil War in the United States quite broke up the regular ten-year round of crises, and, as it did not have any appreciable effect on the sun-spots, it may be said to have broken up the theory also."

Another theory that is interesting and more or less credible may be termed the theory of New Leaders. It takes time to recover from a crash and to build up a new credit structure. For such a process, at least ten years on the average is required; but in that time a fair recovery and a fine new start are usually made. During the same period a new set of leaders gain the balance of power in the control of the financial world. The dangerous practices of the preceding period, such as those who have suffered would avoid, are forgotten in the high hopes of these new young captains of industry, and they in their turn make the fateful plunge.

Among the particular causes assigned for the crisis of 1907 were the following: Roosevelt's prosecutions of "malefactors of great wealth;" that the panic was precipitated in order to stop these prosecutions; the awakening of distrust regarding Wall Street; "a growing sense of the lack of moral responsibility among American business men;" misuse of capital by capitalists; a plot against the Heinzes and their associates by business rivals; inelasticity of our currency; "great increase in the gold output of recent years, the resulting depreciation in the standard of value, rising prices, speculation and an undue expansion of business."

With economic crises, unlike with physical disease, cure seems easier than prevention. Prevention, however, would doubtless often be more desirable. Referring again to the recent crisis of 1907, some of the relief measures provided were the following: 1. The pooling of banking interests; 2. coöperation of trust companies; 3. generous aid of the U. S. Treasury; 4. issue of clearing-houses certificates; 5. liberal interpretation of the national banking law by Comptroller Ridgely; 6. immense importations of gold; 7. new government certificate and bond issues.

For the prevention of similar crises the following measures were at the same time proposed: 1. A more elastic currency; 2. stricter banking laws; 3. separation of banking business from trust business by trust companies; 4. guarantee of bank deposits by the government; 5. postal savings banks.

It seems too much to hope that crises in the great business world will ever be wholly prevented. Entire prevention might be undesirable. Yet the severity of crises may be lessened, and thus we might desire it. The means must be both moral and material,—rather, perhaps, the means must spring from both moral and material sources. As Frederick Engels says, crises are due in large measure to the "anarchy of production," in which each man works for himself, without sufficient regard for or knowledge of what others are doing. Fuller statistics of information and closer bonds of communication will indicate more clearly the signs of the times. A sort of commercial signal service would show the gathering storm centers, and the course of prevailing winds. Such a service may already be had by a few, but we could wish it for many more. So much from material things. The moral contributions to commercial stability are even more important. Credit and confidence must go together. When practically all business men show themselves uniformly worthy of confidence, credit will not easily break down. It is mainly the failure of credit, due to the loss of business confidence, in one field or in many fields, that precipitates the crisis. Therefore, in seeking causes and cures,—particularly in seeking preventions,—we must

begin where all things begin, namely, in the psychological and ethical rather than in the inanimate and material. In short, we must deal with men as well as with things. This may be a long way to the goal, but until we compass it let us expect occasional economic crises, with attendant hardship and loss. Such crises seem to be a part of our present way of doing things.

Harrisonburg, Va.

THE MORAL TRIUMPH

D. Clement Steele

ALL human progress recorded in the annals of history has been marked by great waves of reform. All great reforms have found their inception, have rooted themselves, have accomplished their eternal mission to mankind, because of and through the efforts of great-hearted, great-souled, invincible men. All truly great leaders have been moral teachers. All great and lasting reforms have been and will be moral triumphs.

From time immemorial to the present there has been a great moral strife, taxing the efforts of some to the utmost and burning the energies of others, as it were, in a flame. The great problems which have developed or buried nations both great and small have been based on ethical concepts. They were moral questions. No race of people has lost its identity permanently because of an external influence such as invasion, religious ostracism, or commercial attack, unless added to that influence we may discover moral corruption within.

Today we are in the midst of a multitude of problems, and never before have those problems been so numerous, so complicated and so insidious. The French Revolution had its terrors; the American Revolution its Herculean tasks; and the Civil War rent the nation in twain; but no other age ever experienced such keen, far-reaching and diabolically cunning attempts to throttle the Goddess of Liberty and rob society of its birthright at this age.

It is in times of peace that the world moves most rapidly. War is simply the tragic dramatization of struggles which might better have been decided otherwise with much more dispatch and fewer evil results. This is an age of peace nationally if not industrially and socially. Our prosperity was never so much in evidence as within the last decade. Why then this social unrest and strife? Why this clamor, protest and intrigue? This social and industrial corruption, which is covered by a sheepskin of national peace, is the cause of the incessant demand for redress of grievances.

We see first the products of this corruption: the slum districts of our cities; the penal institutions crowded with inmates; our charitable institutions overflowing with unfortunates; and the unhappy homes with the ever increasing number of appeals to the divorce court. What does this mean? Something is at the bottom of this! Something is radically wrong! We are overwhelmed by the horror of the results, and many of us get no further in our investigations. Very few ever unearth the real causes; and when they do their words of warning are drowned by the clamor of the multitude. The multitude is out on a stormy sea and actually throws overboard the life preservers in the mad scramble for safety.

Who is this enemy and what is the personnel of his ranks? He is the complex, abstract combination of animal passion, selfishness, and greed, who presents himself in the following concrete, tangible forms: anarchy, tyranny, law-defiance, crime, disease, and poverty. What are the machines which grind out such deplorable grist? Statistics, that infallible guide, tell us that the liquor traffic leads the motley group and is aided and abetted by that infamous associate, the white slave traffic. The other members are only less vicious in degree and magnitude.

Is the liquor traffic evil? Such is no longer the question. The nineteenth century man proved it to be so. The twentieth century man must execute the verdict. If he does not, the next century will receive as a heritage our humiliating failure together with a more virile foe than that which confronts us. Today it can command more money and political prestige in its own defense than can the combined forces opposed to it. The tactics of offense and defense employed by it are the combined treacheries of savagery, barbarism and civilization. We pride ourselves with the victories we have gained but misjudge the resources of the enemy.

The ultimate and final overthrow of the traffic is not doubted even by its friends. But shall we be satisfied to permit it to eat at our vitals today because of the fact that it did yesterday and we hope it will die tomorrow? Such a Promethean attitude may do for ancient mythology but not for twentieth century reality.

Humanity is prone to misjudge its own grievances. Is it certain that we have not misjudged ours? Prior to the Civil War the South was falling behind the North in population and wealth and it persisted in condemning practically everything within the category of political questions except the real cause—slavery. Is the fact, that political orators rarely if ever mention the liquor traffic, conclusive evidence that it is of insignificant importance? By no means. Look at the

election reports and you will discover that it is active in every State in the union, whether license, local option, or State-wide prohibition is in vogue: protecting the first, permitting the second and grappling in a death struggle with the third. This is the great basal question of today whether suppressed by compromise, hushed by bribery, or bursting openly into a flame. Thousands of voters who discuss everything else prior to the election determine their votes on this one question. It is paramount whether openly so or concealed.

You say that the great corporate organizations of wealth which are relentlessly throttling society are the arch-enemies today, and I agree with you. But I challenge you to find one which is more corrupt than the liquor traffic. I maintain that the liquor traffic is as powerful and as vicious in its business methods alone as any other trust, but it differs from the others in the particular that corrupt business practices are not its only vice. The very commodity which it produces is in turn equally as vicious and destructive as its business methods. Combining these factors no other corporation or pool of trusts is commensure with its evils.

My plea is, that you get a vision of this enormity as it really is. Come with me to my tower where your horizon will include the world, and then look down upon the panorama of our complex civilization and see the "billows whirling upward," and "the foam of green and weltering waters surging" ceaselessly. In the midst of these you see human hatred, passionate selfishness, fierce violence, livid anger, malicious greed, and drunken fury. In spite of our increasing wealth there is increasing poverty. In spite of governments and statutes there remain crime and anarchy. In spite of laws and sanitation there exist disease, drunkenness, and debauchery. With a sweeping all-inclusive glance we see that in spite of morality there remains immorality. Yes, the entire complex struggle is a great moral conflict.

This may seem a pessimistic picture, but listen! Morality, which is truth and virtue in the concrete, although in a measure passive is self-strengthening and indestructible. Immorality, though more active, is less enduring and is actually self-destructive. This is the silver lining of the cloud. The only possible dark side is the tragic struggle which is going on. One of these dark periods of struggle occurred in the eighteenth century when George III. attempted to force tyranny upon the American Colonies, and the very effort invited destruction. Before the Civil War slavery gradually changed from a passive state to compromise and finally to active aggression, which was simply the prelude to its death. Today the liquor traffic is where slavery was when it abandoned compromise. For years it has been compromising and sullenly retrenching, but now the mask is removed and the challenge flaunted in our very faces. Slavery was not satisfied with the nation half-slave and neither is the liquor traffic satisfied with the nation half-wet.

The die is cast, and the scene of combat brought to our own territory. Even Kansas, the peer of prohibition States, is not immune unless we make her so. It is not secession we have to deal with, but aggression. The fight is on whether we wish it or no. Half-way measures are worthless at this stage of the struggle. When the American people come to realize that the moral issues are paramount, and that the liquor traffic is the keystone of organized immorality, then and only then will complete victory be possible.

This is the supreme moment to destroy this chief of moral evils, but we are ill-prepared for the task. The traffic is strongly organized while we are divided into a number of inharmonious factions. No victory is possible while these conditions obtain! When all of the opponents of the traffic agree upon a common method of procedure, the traffic will be doomed. May we not discard our individual notions and join hands on the method which is best according to the dictates of reason and experience? Let us not mortgage the welfare of future generations for the sake of childish whims. I appeal to you, to you lovers of justice and decency, to unite in order that righteousness may reign and morality triumph.



WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
For time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Marie Theresa Charlotte, Duchess of Angouleme, Born 1778; Died 1851.

WHEN we left Madame Royale, she lay plunged in a delirium of agony, upon the cold floor of the Temple, her eyes blinded, her senses stunted, and all hope trampled from her heart. Let us indulge in one brief glance at this helpless Princess, ere the closing doors of the prison sounded the death-knell to all childish joys.

She was christened Marie Theresa, in honor of her heroic grandmother and was clasped very close, indeed, to the heart of Marie Antoinette. This child had almost cost the life of her august mother, but was very tenderly welcomed, nevertheless. In honor of the advent of Madame Royale, as she became, mass had been celebrated, and the "*Gloria*" been sung. It is true, the nation had desired a prince, and was consequently a little piqued, in view of which fact the consistent heart of Marie Antoinette, pitiful of all unfortunate objects, both great and small, only loved her all the more. It is indeed touching to review the attachment which ever existed between this mother and daughter, the devotedness and unselfishness of whom made even prison life seem beautiful.

Gentleness was from earliest childhood characterized in Marie Theresa. To this fact the biographers of French royalty unitedly attest. She was constantly the example of sisterly solicitude and affection, and after the deaths of the two other children of the royal household became the sole playmate of her little brother, Louis Charles, who was then dauphin. Many were the scenes of joy they mingled in! And we would fain dwell upon pictures of innocence and happiness such as these, instead of anticipating future scenes in which they mingled—this pure-hearted sister and brother—he to become insane through torture and suffering ere death should kindly release him, she to suffer and still live on, praying for death, and refusing to be comforted. In those marvelously happy days, who would have prophesied such an end for these happy little children? And that their joy might be complete, was it not a merciful Providence which veiled from them so disastrous a future?

Madame Royale made her first communion on the 8th of April, 1790, being at that time in the twelfth year of her age. Always pious, she upon this occasion experienced the profoundest sincerity. We are told that upon that morning she prostrated herself at the feet of the King, sobbing: "Bless me, O my father!" Ponder the words of Louis XVI. as he lifted his child:

"From the bottom of my heart I bless you, my daughter, asking heaven to give you grace to appreciate well the great action you are about to perform. Your heart is innocent in the sight of God, your prayers should be pleasing to him: offer them for your mother and me! Ask him to grant me the grace necessary to secure the welfare of those whom he has placed under my dominion, and whom I ought to consider as my children. Ask him to preserve the purity of religion throughout the kingdom, and remember well, my daughter, this holy religion is the source of happiness as well as our pathway through the adversities of life. . . . You know not, my daughter, what Providence has decreed for you, whether you will remain in this realm or go to live in another. In whatever spot the hand of God may place you, remember that you ought to edify by your example and to do good whenever you find an opporunity. But above all, my child, succor the unfortunate with all your might! God gave us our birth in the rank we occupy, only that we might labor for their welfare and console them in their afflictions. Go to the altar where you are awaited and implore the God of mercy never to let you forsake the counsels of a tender father!" These instructions which called forth flowing tears from a sympathetic princess, reveal to us the sentiment of a really humane king.

It was customary for the daughters of France to receive a necklace of diamonds on the day of this first communion, but Louis XVI. did away with this too expensive usage. He said: "My daughter, public wretchedness is extreme and the poor everywhere abound. Assuredly, you had rather go without jewels than have them go without bread." Verily and truly the noble-minded Marie Theresa would!

It would seem that her first communion was to sanctify her for impending sorrow, for a few months more and she was to bid adieu to her peaceful life forever and walk in God's beautiful sunlight never again until on that memorable day, when she was sent as a Christmas gift to the Austrian nation.

When the sun again shone upon her, her shoulders were drooped and her heart was laden with painful memories. Although but in her eighteenth year, it seemed as though ages had passed over her, having taken their gladness with them and left her nothing but their woes. She was indeed walking in that wonderful realm where her mother walked, as a happy girl, with the grandeur of the imperial palace and the beauty of

those far-famed gardens at her command, and yet she was not happy. All Austria came forward to bid her welcome, but no smile lit up her countenance. They



Marie Theresa Charlotte.

spoke gentle words to her, but the only sound she heard was the mournful voice of her father, which was drowned by the rolling of drums on that memorable morning as he cried: "Frenchmen, I die innocent. May my blood not fall upon France!" As she lay beneath the golden canopy of Austrian kings, her dreams were of the beloved brother whose only bed was a pallet of rags. They introduced her into one festivity after another, but ever in the gay throngs flitted her mother and Madame Elizabeth, trailing in blood and headless! Would the spectres ever vanish? Would happiness ever come to her again? Marie Theresa told her heart that it was impossible!

She recalled the brilliancy of the court of Versailles, but alas! it had been but the vestibule of the Temple. She remembered the happy family life, love-embowered and beautiful beyond the poet's pen, but had it not been but the prelude to the grave? They told her that joy should enfold her yet again, but she only answered them with sobs; and for a time the gay court of Vienna was bathed in tears because the orphan of the Temple was inconsolable.

But time, the gracious consoler, held treasures unrevealed for her. With his gentle hand he was verily to lead her into paths of peace and at last seat her near the throne of her father. True to her love for France, she bestowed the affection of her heart upon a countryman, and in 1799 became the wife of Louis Antoine, Duke of Angouleme, some of Charles X.

Marie Theresa was thirty-seven years of age at the time of the first Restoration and entered Paris with the rest of the royal family, when the Senate had recalled the Bourbons to the throne of France. From 1814 until the arrival of the Duchess of Berry, the Duchess of Angouleme, being then dauphiness, was the most important woman at the Court of Louis XVIII. At this time we find her the embodiment of austerity, and if not decidedly melancholy, so reserved in her manner and so silent that the ladies of the court sighed for a gayer leader. Not that they did not respect the Duchess of Angouleme; quite the reverse, for everywhere the Duchess went she met with the livelist demonstrations in her behalf and was everywhere termed the nation's idol. Thus did the people flatter and fawn upon that princess whom a decade earlier they condemned as a nuisance and degraded beneath the brutes, robbed her of her natural protectors, refused to protect her themselves, compelled her to dine upon crusts, gave her rags for her raiment, debated how to get rid of her with the last public censure, and at last consented to exchange her for four Austrian prisoners. Thus have the sentiments of the French people fluctuated.

The Duchess of Angouleme was by far too noble-minded to satisfy her soul upon flattery. She withdrew from the *fetes* as much as possible, and often, while the court was lost in the maze of the dance, she stole to the tombs of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and prayed that they may one day meet an unbroken and unpersecuted family around the better throne in heaven. She did not deceive herself; she had long learned that royalty is but a toy, and knew well how easily that toy might be broken. She remembered the tumult, the plunder, the prison, the suffering and the guillotine, and when the city became suddenly black with the smoke of cannon, she acknowledged before God that exile was not the worst terror that earth could hold. She halted only long enough to visit the King's defenders, and while she lingered for a moment to inspire them with courage—she would fain have claimed their allegiance—bullets whizzed about her head. Was this of a surety the nation's idol who was flattered so utterly but the day before? The continent again beheld a little band of fugitives, and amongst that number was the grief-stricken daughter of Louis XVI.! With her husband she took up her abode at Holyrood, the scene of the sorrows and sufferings of Mary, Queen of Scots.

At the second Restoration she again took her place at court, more reserved and melancholy than before.

The misfortunes of her family had affected her in such a manner that it was unreasonable to hope that she could ever become the desired belle. Her brow was fitted for the veil of mourning rather than the coronet; the former she wore gracefully upon all occasions, willingly resigning the latter to be worn by that patron of cheer and fashion,—the youthful Duchess of Berry, to whom all eyes were turned. Thank God! It was the signal for her entrance into that profound seclusion her soul desired, and right gracefully did she accept her appointed place from whence she might view life's setting sun. It was only at its meridian; and she was to watch it glide peacefully on and on, ever tranquil and ever majestic, until it should at last sink into a silence as profound and austere as her soul.

Johnstown, Pa.

IN THE NORTH OF THE NORTH STAR STATE

Mary E. Canode

Its Interests, Wealth and Future Possibilities.

IT is not a garden spot. It is up near the stepping off place and so near the domain of King George that the free, independent American quite often must of necessity breathe into his lungs the vigorous



An Iced Eighteen-foot Road.

airs of the Canadian "nor-wester," meanwhile entertaining the hope that after all the borrowed breezes from the King's dominion may have proceeded from the winds of our own Alaska.

Northern Minnesota has its peculiarities and it may be safely asserted that no other part of the world resembles these peculiarities to any great extent. For geologists tell us that this is the very oldest part of the world. Ages ago, the range was worn, ploughed and scoured down to its present condition, which is that of a worn-out mountain with its wealth of iron ores so near the surface that a mere wagon wheel lifted a piece of mud from near the root of a tree and revealed to the world of finance and industry the immense wealth that lay but a few feet beneath. In due time, mother nature covered this scarred, seamed, boulder-strewn surface with dense forests of the white pine, cedar, tamarack, spruce and birch which have furnished rich harvests to lumber companies for over a quarter of a century. Although these forests are rapidly disappearing, through the energies of the sturdy Lumber Jack and the even more fatally destructive forest fires, there still remain tracts of timber where extensive lumbering is carried on.

The different lumbering sections of our country have their own methods and favorite seasons for felling the timber and transporting it to the mills, but for this region the snowy winter is the best season for getting into the swampy forests or attempting to haul the great loads of logs with any degree of safety or success.

With the exception of one or two overseers who remain through the summer, the lumber camps are deserted. The men who remain with the company during the milder seasons of the year are either at work around the mills or are helping clear out roads to the camps for winter traffic and hauling. At great expenditure of time and labor, during the summer, eighteen-foot roads are cleared through the swamps. An old, experienced lumberman who in the phraseology of the business is called a "frogger," spends the greater part of the summer laying the route for a logging road to each camp. Trees are blazed to mark this route and the summer is spent in clearing out trees and undergrowth, blasting rocks, filling the swampiest places and making the road level and free of all obstructions. These roads are scarcely completed before the cool fall season sets in and it is the sincere hope of the company men and all intimately concerned that freezing weather will precede the winter's snows in order that



Tank Used in Watering Roads.

the swamps may be frozen ere the snows fall to protect them from freezing all winter. Such were the unfortunate conditions that had to be dealt with by the Skibo White Pine Lumber Company during the past

fall and winter seasons. The swamp roads as well as the swamps themselves did not and could not freeze under the cover of the early snows that came to stay. Very solid roads are necessary for bearing the great logging engines and their trains of loaded sleds. The only alternative was to send for car loads of horses that were off railroading duty for the winter and after clearing the roads of snow, put them to tramping the roads until they were solid enough to retain the water that was to be poured over them from moving tanks as soon as real cold weather should set in. The roads when "tanked" and frozen are as smooth and nice as a city boulevard and are kept clear of snow by an eighteen foot snow plow which is hauled over the road after each snow-fall. Sixteen horses are sometimes required to haul the plow through the heavy snow. Everything with which the work is done seems large and rude and primitive, and yet the traction engine with its logging train is a marvelous improvement over the six-horse team drawing its one sled load and making perhaps but one trip per day. A cabin, built on a sled and transported from place to place by horses, carries within it a boiler and steam pump for transferring water from lake or river into the tanks. The former method and one still employed to some extent was that of conveying barrels of water from river to tank by means of cranes—a cold, icy process as one might suppose. A cylindrical heater extending through the middle of the tank keeps the water from forming solid ice.

Besides the logging roads the company constructs good roads to the camps over which the supply or "tote" teams must travel all fall and winter and over which the incoming lumber jack must travel afoot on his way to his winter's berth.

Ere the first snow falls the camps are put in readiness and men, old employees and new recruits sent in by the employment agencies, come straggling in to the main settlement, and pay their necessary respects to the main office after a trudge from the railroad station three or more miles away. Then again donning their "turkeys"—stout canvas bags filled with clothing and carried by means of cords under the arms and around the shoulders—they start on another hike of six, eight or twelve miles up river to whichever camp they may have been assigned. The latter roads lay claim to the name of "hogfeed roads." They often cross swampy places and as they are used all summer by teams that go from the main settlement to the camps, especially if the camp is in course of construction, they need to be kept in good passable condition. A narrow route is first cleared through the timber, made reasonably level and then filled in and raised two or three feet above the swampy surroundings with sawdust and ground-up refuse trimmings from the mills. This ground-up material which thousands of home keepers would be thankful to buy under the name of pine bark, chips and kindling wood is called "hogfeed" and is strewn by the tons over the swampy way. It makes good roads, but one cannot but regret the great waste of fuel that is so lavishly scattered along the road sides.

Skibo, Minn.

WHY GROUND AIR IS BAD.

It is a common notion that it is more wholesome to sleep on the second floor than on the first floor and this notion has a good deal of foundation in truth, for the reason that the first floor receives a larger proporton of what is known as ground air.

It must be understood that the ground, as far as the water level, is full of air. The atmosphere above the ground is continually being purified by wind, rain, snow and growing vegetation. The air below the surface of the ground not only contains a larger proportion of carbon dioxide, a poisonous gas, than the air above, but it is apt to contain foul gases from the decaying animal and vegetable matter contained in the ground as well as disease germs and sewer gas.

If there happens to be a leak in the gas main this also poisons the ground air. Unless precautions are taken when constructing the dwelling to provide some further means of ventilation underneath or to seal it against ground air, the house itself will act like a chimney, the air within it warmed by artificial heat or by the sun will constantly rise and the colder, damp, unwholesome ground air ascend to take its place, making a constant current upward through the home. Sometimes, instead of a cellar, an impervious table made by covering a level surface with a thick layer of cement or concrete is used as the foundation upon which to build the house. For a healthful house the cellar should extend under the entire building, or, if this is impracticable, all other portions should be raised sufficiently to allow a full air space between them and the ground, or should stand upon imperious foundations.

The cellar itself containing rotting vegetables and decaying refuse may contaminate the air of the whole house.

That much of the air within the entire house comes from the cellar may be demonstrated by placing an open bottle of some strong-scented stuff, such as ether, in a tightly-closed cellar and then going to the top floor, where one will soon be convinced by the odor perceptible that there is a continuous draft from below upward.

Some experiments conducted in Germany showed plainly that one-half the air from the cellar made its way into the rooms of the first floor, one-third into those on the second floor, and one-fifth into those of the third story.—*Selected.*

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

President-Elect Vincent of the University of Minnesota.



Dr. George Edgar Vincent.

Dr. George Edgar Vincent, dean of the Faculties of Arts, Literature and Science in the University of Chicago, has been chosen president of the University of Minnesota, to succeed Dr. Cyrus Northrup, at a salary of $10,000 a year. He will assume his new position April 1. Dr. Vincent is the son of Bishop John H. Vincent of the Methodist church. He has been connected with the University of Chicago since 1892, and has had an important part in its development. President Judson of the University of Chicago said, "The University of Minnesota has selected the one man in all the country pre-eminently fitted to be its president." Prof. Vincent married the daughter of Congressman Henry W. Palmer of Wilkesbarre, Pa. They have three children, John, who is in school at Lakeville, Conn., Isabel, now a senior at Bryn Mawr, and Elizabeth, who is eight years old. For two years Miss Isabel Vincent has been a roommate with Helen Taft, daughter of the President.

Happenings in the Senate.

Never in the history of the United States has the Senate shown more ability in debate than in the session which has just ended. The discussion of the election of Senators by popular vote has been an important issue. The debate on the Lorimer case has been thorough. The tariff commission was somewhat overshadowed by the unexpected appearance of the reciprocity agreement with Canada. The fortification of the Panama Canal was discussed. President Taft has urged the fortification and Mr. Carnegie has supported the President. Senators Root, Burton, Cummins, and others made strong speeches against Lorimer retaining his seat in the Senate, while Senator Bailey of Texas made the principal speech in Lorimer's favor. Senator Beveridge, who retired March 4, favored the popular election of Senators. He was one of the first members to speak on behalf of a prompt ratification of the Canadian agreement.

"The Recall" in Seattle.

In the "recall" election for the mayoralty held in the city of Seattle on February 7, the women voters had a unique opportunity to show what woman suffrage can do in a municipal campaign. This contest was of peculiar interest since it was the second recall

election that has been held since this electoral innovation was proposed, the first having taken place in Los Angeles two years ago. In a total vote of 62,000, Mayor Gill was defeated by a plurality of over 6,000 votes, the successful candidate being Mr. George W. Dilling. It was the women voters who accomplished Mayor Gill's defeat. The recall petition declared that Gill had abused the appointive power by selecting men for office who were personally unfit for the places to which they were appointed; that he had refused to enforce the criminal laws and had permitted Seattle to become a refuge for the criminal class. Of the 71,000 registered voters in Seattle, 22,000 were women, and a large majority voted for the recall.

Anti-Bribery Campaign.

In the February number of the *Review of Reviews* the work of ridding Adams County, Ohio, of the evil of vote-selling was described in detail. The process of purification by Judge A. Z. Blair has been thorough and culminated with the return of 328 indictments by the grand jury in a single day. These were all against voters who had entered voluntary pleas of guilty. The total number of indictments in the county was 2148, one-third of the entire electorate. In Scioto County a similar investigation resulted in forty-one indictments. In Danville, Illinois, where former Speaker Cannon lives, two hundred indictments were returned on February 15 for the offense of vote-selling.

Austrian Spies Are Seized by Italians.

Two Austrian spies have been arrested upon the Austro-Hungarian-Italian frontier and are being held by the military authorities pending trial, according to telegraphic advices received at Rome from Bari. Owing to the strained relations between Austria and Italy the arrest of the spies has created much excitement. The men under arrest are Guiseppe Conte, a student, who is said to be in the pay of the Austrian government for the purpose of establishing espionage systems throughout Italy, and Antonio Deau, an Austrian. Conte is charged with bribing the military bodyguards of Gen. Nava and securing the plans of the Brindisi fortifications which were found upon the person of Deau following his arrest.

Mexican Troops Are Sent to Aid Chihuahua.

The Mexican rebel army is slowly drawing a net about the city of Chihuahua, and federal troops are being rushed to succor the beleaguered city. Railroad communication has been practically cut off and private advices say that prohibitive prices are already being asked for foodstuffs. However, Mexican authorities claim that the city has provisions sufficient to last two months and by that time sufficient regular reinforcements will have arrived to beat off the insurgents. Col. Rabago is rushing southward with 700 federals and others are being sent north from Mexico City. Gen. Madero is directing the operations about Chihuahua in person.

The Press of Germany.

All German newspapers and journals refuse to believe the American statements that the centering of troops in Texas is intended only to protect foreign interests. The *Morgen Post*, one of the leading German newspapers says:

"It is openly stated here that the Standard Oil trust is supporting the revolutionists and in Washington and New York certain influential persons long have been agitating for the seizure of Mexican territory."

The same paper says, Pres. Taft may have devised this stratagem to restore the prestige of the Republican administration. Such an accusation would naturally be expected to come from Germany where it is a custom to stir up foreign complications in order to distract attention from domestic trouble. The *Tageliche Rundeschan* says:

"American diplomats understand their business. While they work feverishly at hurrying forward troops, they skillfully scatter around quieting powders in the shape of misleading statements."

Mexico Does Not Welcome Aid.

Senor De La Barra, Mexican Ambassador to the United States, declared that Mexico believes herself fully competent to protect all interests in that country, not only her own, but those of foreigners. The Ambassador said:

"The conditions in Mexico are normal, with the exception of a small portion of the State of Chihuahua, where a little body of seditious men are carrying on a guerrilla warfare that I hope to see finished in the near future.

"The Mexican government is fully strong enough to protect the properties and lives of its own countrymen and those from foreign countries and to maintain peace."

French Aviator Flew 260 Miles and Landed on Peak of Mountain.

Eugene Renaux, one of the youngest and most daring aviators of France, has qualified for the Michelin prize of $20,000 by performing the perilous feat of flying from St. Cloud to the heights of Puy de Dome mountain, a distance of 260 miles, carrying a passenger with him. The passenger was M. Senoque and the flight was made in a biplane with but one stop at Nevers. The journey was made in five hours and thirty minutes, or half an hour less than the prescribed time. The peak upon which the landing was made is 4,806 feet high.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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Somewhat Personal.

What do your friends and neighbors read? Their reading helps to determine whether your community is to be good or bad. We want them on our list of subscribers, and if you will help us get them, we certainly will try to furnish good literature for them. New subscriptions are coming in nicely, but we want to double our present list, and we can only do so by your coöperation. One of our brethren recently sent in one hundred new subscriptions, which means that practically the entire community is going to have wholesome reading in the homes. If you can induce your neighbors to read good literature, you will create a more wholesome atmosphere for your own children, because they will associate with your neighbors' children.

Many responses of appreciation have come in concerning the new cook book which is given free to every subscriber. We will be much pleased if you will kindly show your cook book to your friends and tell them how they can get it.

A Valuable Book.

Have you read "Our Saturday Night," written by Elder J. H. Moore, editor of the *Gospel Messenger?* It is an exceedingly readable little book which would be a credit to any one's library. The author speaks from his own experience and observation of life. He touches the many little things which make the home a sacred spot. The chapters are short and teeming with interest so they can easily be read during spare moments. There is some quaint interest on every page which holds the reader until he has finished the chapter. Be sure and read the chapters on the "Ideal Parents" and "The Brave Mother." In less than four months the fourth edition, eighth thousand copies, has come out. There is an unusually large demand for this book, because it appeals to both young and old.

What's Wrong.

Do you ever get the blues? If you don't, there is something wrong. All normal persons are expected to get the blues once in a while. Every one who attains some degree of success in his work is subject to a reaction equal to his success. The more eminent the accomplishments, the more striking will be the feeling of despondency. No man needs to be alarmed when he gets the blues, but he needs to make a desperate fight against letting the blues get him. It is a fight for character, and for life itself. Success requires effort; effort brings exhaustion; exhaustion brings despondency, whether physical, mental or spiritual. This is as natural as the night following the day. It is one of the laws of our being, and in order to keep the proper grip on ourselves we need to understand this law of life. You have seen the man who immediately after finishing a marvelous accomplishment, turned and became desperately despondent, sometimes standing at the very verge of insanity. Instead of getting the blues he has let the blues get him. When our physical powers become exhausted we become weary and need rest. When our mental powers are overtaxed we become nervous, and need relaxation. Every individual must learn to know his own make-up and disposition, and intelligently care for himself. Whatever part of ourselves, whether physical, mental or spiritual, is responsible for the blues, needs attention. The man who looks after his physical powers only, becomes a mere animal. He who looks after his mental powers alone, becomes a bigot, and the one who administers to the spiritual nature at the sacrifice of the other two becomes a fanatic. They all need attention. Feed your soul, exercise your mind, develop your body, sleep when you are weary, eat when you are hungry, drink (water) when you are dry and you will be pretty sure to live till you die.

Whistle.

Is your whistle getting rusty, the one you haven't used for so long? Just try it once again and see how rejuvenating it is. There is something wonderfully refreshing about a good whistle. Those of us who have poor ones can practice a while when we are alone until we get them brightened up again, so we will not strain the nerves of our friends. It's not the noise about a whistle that counts for so much as the transformation it brings to one's face. Just stop reading right now and pucker up your mouth as if you were going to whistle. Hold it that way for a minute, while you look into a mirror. Don't you feel better? It takes all the fussiness out of a person and makes one believe the whole world has been transformed. If your blues

come from physical or mental weariness, a ten minute whistle will do much toward helping you get a grip on yourself, so the blues can't get you. Any one who can't whistle, should for his own sake spend three minutes each day, at a time when he is the most nearly worn out, in learning how to do it. Whistling people live longer than grouchy people, and if one can whistle three years on to the end of his life it certainly is worth doing. But it's not entirely for his own sake that a man should make this effort. It makes his dog feel better. Have you ever noticed what a brisk wag a whistling man's dog gives his tail. No it's not in the breed, it's in the treatment he gets from his master, and if his master doesn't whistle the poor dog likely seldom wags his tail. Tired people generally prefer being in the company of a cheerful man. Whistle. It soothes the child, softens the gums and alleviates the pain.

The Social Art of Home Making.

A FAMILY in our day means a group of persons united by the bond of relationship. A household not only includes the parents and children, but the aged relatives, dependent friends, domestic servants, boarders and even guests. But the word home means the family and its residence, with a thousand objects and memories which surround the word with beautiful and tender sentiments. The married couple becomes a group. The children must be nourished and brought to maturity by the careful toils and fostering care of the parents. If parental duties remain neglected the neighborhood, the church or the state must assume the responsibility; that throws the burden upon some persons, who in addition to their own duties must perform the duties of others. If children are not properly fed and clothed and housed, society has a heavier tax to pay for the support of cripples, insane, feeble-minded and paupers. Parents must be properly trained if they are to assume the privilege of home building. If they cannot adequately perform their duties they throw burdens upon their fellow-men. It is in the family that the child must learn the first lessons of obedience thrift, usefulness, self-sacrifice and coöperation which are essential virtues in the life of mankind, and the essential preparation for the society of a heaven on earth. If parents fail to inculcate these virtues into their children they fail to perform their duty toward their community.

Community Standards.

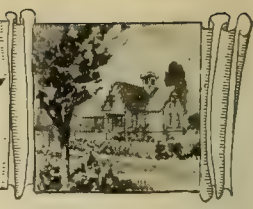
EVERY community has rules by which it judges what is conducive to the general happiness, and it insists upon the observance of these rules. If parents or children act contrary to the ordinary belief they will soon feel the sting of hostile criticism; they will be distrusted, denounced and shunned. If they are defiant of public opinion they are liable to arrest and punishment. The social standards are expressed in State laws, in church discipline, in maxims and in customs. Men and women, to become good citizens must learn to know and to honor the Christian customs of their community. The law at present demands that parents shall support and educate their children; that children shall care for parents in their helplessness in old age; it demands purity, modesty and chastity of all. These rules are only too frequently violated, but the ideal is held before us and is constantly made more pure, and enforced with more care. It is not enough to merely follow the customs which are already prevailing, but the Christian citizen should be the aggressive factor in presenting loftier standards and demanding their observance. The man who sees a thief and does not report him to the proper authorities becomes a party to the crime, and bears part of the guilt, because he refuses to provide for the safety of the public. The man who is conscious of low moral standards in his community, and makes no effort toward improving them becomes guilty himself, and corrupts the atmosphere for his own family. Some social evils must be curbed by force until the individuals of society denounce them as objectionable. No community rises above the ideals of its best citizens.

Home Considerations.

No family can be entirely self-sufficing. Every group of human beings must have the help of the neighborhood, the church, the school, the legal organizations. But every domestic circle should have the elements of a complete happy life. It is not enough to supply the physical wants with food, clothing, shelter and comfort, but the intellectual atmosphere should be charged with noble thoughts and inspiring interests, and the mental growth should be assisted by papers, books, maps and other instruments of knowledge. The sense of beauty should be stimulated and improved by pictures, music and verse. The interchange of ideas and sentiments helps to refine the social impulses, while the virtue of hospitality will constantly import into the circle fresh materials from without. The religious life of a home should become the supreme element of joy, peace, good-will, and hope. Loyal piety can do no higher service than to devise ways of enriching and elevating these social centers to a higher degree of efficiency. These elements cannot all be secured with money, but require a personal effort on the part of every member of the family. If happiness and well being could be purchased for a home the "bulls and bears" would long ago have driven it into a monopoly, and a few lords would make themselves miserable by squandering what they cannot use. Alert minds and responsive sympathies can do more toward securing the desired goal than a lavish use of wealth.



THE HOME WORLD



MRS. DENNY'S RIPENING FRUIT

Hattie Preston Rider

"THAT'S the way we get the cabbages hoed!" said Mrs. Denny, sarcastically, as she watched her husband and the buggy vanishing down the road. A light shower had dampened the hay so that there was no more hauling to be thought of, that morning; but the loamy soil of the garden was just fit for working. For a week the weeds in the long rows of cabbage and tomato plants had worried the thrifty soul of the farmer's wife. Abel Denny, however, never worried about anything. Answering her urging with the easy promise to attend to the needed work in a day or two, he had harnessed the horses to the light buggy and "gone to town."

"That's just the way everything goes around this place!" Mrs. Denny fretted, half to herself and half to Miss Gray, the new summer boarder. "That garden won't get cleaned out till the weeds are grown so big it will be twice the work. I'd go at them myself if there weren't so much to be done indoors! Abel is good-hearted, but he's so easy-going nothing ever bothers him; and Mabel is exactly like him. I've been at her for two weeks to sew the braid on that white jacket; but any amount of nagging hasn't the least effect on either her or her father. I declare I shall be an old woman before my time, they worry me so!"

She put her two hands on her hips and stood framed in the doorway, looking, despite the dire prophecy, as comely a picture as one might wish to see, except the two upright wrinkles that were fast becoming habitual between her dark brows, and the narrowing point of light in her blue eyes, where a dozen sparkles should have displayed themselves. The wholesome country air and diet had given her a clear, smooth complexion; but anxiety of spirit destroyed its apple-blossom tints.

"You haven't much of a start that way; at least, what you have is only skin-deep," Miss Gray commented, pleasantly. "It is trying, though, to an energetic person, when one's family seem slack about small matters. But you can't deny, Mrs. Denny, that your husband is a fine farmer. The big field of corn we passed last night was clean as could be, and the cow-barn is a model of neatness. Best of all, too, as you say, he is *good*. That is the great virtue that outshines all minor ones. Don't mind that he is a man instead of a slave or a machine. Mabel is growing, too. She will come out right. One can't expect all the good to mature at once, in either a grown person or a child. We would not look for a ripe apple in the orchard out there, till a reasonable time after the blossoms had fallen. No doubt these people think they are doing things in the order of their importance, just as we *know* that we are."

Mrs. Denny sat down on the nearest chair, gratification and impatience contending drolly for expression on her face.

"I know it!" she assented, half-laughingly; "I know it, at least with my mind and judgment. But it is so hard to see precious time going by, seasons so suitable for certain work, and those who should do it intent upon something else. I suppose I might have sternly insisted upon Mabel's sewing the braid, or made such a fuss about the garden that Abel would have given up his trip to town and gone at the hoeing; but next time it would have been the same thing right over. I have never done that way with either of them, because they are not lazy, only heedless, and would just think I was nervous and needed humoring. I don't like to scold."

"You might try a method I have heard recommended," Miss Gray remarked, somewhat hesitatingly. "Maybe the application strikes one as a trifle odd, but as a matter of fact the principle is old as the creation of man himself. It declares that when one's children or friends seem stubborn or careless or even ill-natured, it is because some one is mentally telling them that they are so; that they receive the message by a sort of spiritual 'wireless telegraphy,' and proceed to act it out. Of course the message is the expression of fear that they *will* embody those very dreaded qualities, and its sending and receiving entirely unconscious. Now, whether this is true or not, I have seen the remedy applied many times, and always with more or less success. This is it: Instead of holding before your mind the imperfect image of the person in question, think of him perfect in every particular, as God would have him—mind you, as *God* would have him! Don't try to *make* any one good, or to force them to do any special thing, because, unless you were a hypnotist

you would undoubtedly fail. Personally, I have no use for hypnotism. But no one was ever really good except as God worked in his heart. Don't picture your subject perfect with the fore part of your mind, either, reserving in the background the firm conviction that he is stubborn or careless, still. Just remember the fruit that ripens in God's good time, and keep saying to yourself and your dear one, over and over: 'You are God's dear child; his work in you is perfect.'"

"I've read something like that," Mrs. Denny said, with a curious look that yet had in it a mingling of eagerness. "Do you really believe in those things?"

"I certainly do believe we may hold people down spiritually by persistently regarding their faults," Miss Gray answered, with decision. "'Give a dog a bad name and kill him,' you know the old saying is. Why should not the reverse be true? Of course one ought to require obedience and attention to duty of one's children; but it is impossible to mold them forcibly into perfection. I have had no personal experience with husbands,"—laughing lightly—"but from observation I should say the best ones are inclined to have minds of their own. So the silent influence is even more efficient to help them than the children. And it certainly can do no harm, since it rests on the foundation principle of faith in God to work his will in the heart of his child."

Mrs. Denny sat without speaking, pondering the subject for several moments.

"I'm just to think of them doing the right thing,—and at the right time?" she questioned, hesitatingly. "I don't have to say they are good about doing those things, when I know they're not,—at least, not yet; do I?"

Miss Gray shook her head.

"No, indeed!" she answered, emphatically. "You only set before them and yourself, mentally, the picture of them as God loves to have them, and let him do the rest."

Mrs. Denny rose to her feet.

"I'm going to try!" she announced, laughing a trifle dubiously. "As you say, it can do no harm."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

At 11 o'clock Abel Denny drove into the yard, and, climbing down from the buggy-seat, handed his wife the packages of his shopping.

"Could you pick me up an early lunch, Clara?" he asked, pleasantly. "I want to go right at that hoeing, while the sun is hot enough to wilt the weeds. Guess I can finish the whole patch by milking-time, if I stir myself."

At evening when Mabel came home from school her mother could scarcely refrain from speaking to her on the subject that had filled her own thoughts all day; but she wisely did so. The telepathic message had not reached the young girl's engrossed mind, evidently. Mrs. Denny was surprised at her own disappointment over the fact, especially when she saw Mabel go to the very drawer where the unfinished coat lay, turning the garment aside carelessly as she searched for some desired article underneath. Determined not to spoil the experiment by verbally insisting that the task should be postponed no longer, she said nothing, but went to bed that night still persistently clinging to the "perfect image," and finally fell asleep with the satisfying vision of rows on rows of cabbages stretching cleanly before her mental eyes.

Next noon-time Mabel came in from school flushed and breathless.

"Alice Bates has asked me to go home with her after school, and from there to the concert in Mayville this evening!" she announced, happily. "The whole family are going; and I'm to sleep with her. May I, mother?"

Mrs. Denny gave ready consent; and Mabel went to the bureau drawer.

"I think I'll take my white coat along, and sew on that braid, after school," she remarked. "I'll have plenty of time, for they won't start before seven o'clock. Goodness knows I've been long enough getting at it!"

"Do you want to wear it to the concert?" Mrs. Denny asked, after a pause, and in a queer voice. Sometimes fruit reddens from other causes than ripeness, she knew.

"Wear it?" Mabel repeated. "Oh! no! My brown jacket is all right. I was just thinking I'd finish and be done with it; that's all."

The look Mrs. Denny cast at her summer boarder was past translation into words. Yet in truth, as she afterward said, there was a feeling in her heart that this harmonious way was in reality the natural one, instead of that other. And Miss Gray smiled back at her the satisfied smile of one who knows in whom he has trusted.

THE SOUL BEHIND THE PEN.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

The soul behind the pen shines out
With such a wondrous light,
That we, without the human sight,
Can judge a soul aright.
For soul will speak to soul through words
The pen may oft express;
And even love may come this way,
The human heart to bless.

For often souls reveal themselves
More quickly through the pen;
And seem to speak more heart to heart,
With soul communion, then.
They often, less restraint will feel,
When they in spirit meet,
Than when they come in human form
To, the real person, greet.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE OBLIGATIONS WE OWE OURSELVES

Mrs. Mary Flory Miller

MAN was created in God's image. We are a part of the Divinity. The faculties and powers which we possess are divine and have been given us to cultivate and develop into their greatest possibilities. Our bodies are sacred temples for the indwelling of that divine spirit which was breathed into us at our creation, that mysterious consciousness which we call mind and which is a part of the great Mind which creates and governs all things.

We have not yet fully realized the power which our minds have over our bodies but we are coming to realize something of their influence. Scientists have proven that bright, happy thoughts are conducive to good health, while gloomy melancholy thoughts tear down the tissues and nerve cells of the body. Our own experiences give evidence to this fact; we all know how, in magnifying our ill feelings by thinking of them continually and talking about them, they are likely to develop into real illness, while if we strive to forget about them and avoid talking about them we will soon be feeling as well as usual. In cases of real and serious illness we can do much toward our recovery by thinking cheerful, encouraging thoughts. We hear of many instances where sudden fear, grief or joy has caused such a shock to the human system that death resulted. Such demonstrations of the power of the mind are not rare.

If the mind then has such an influence over our physical being, what an obligation we owe ourselves in that we develop perfect health and store up quantities of vitality so that we may cultivate our intellectual and moral beings to their very fullest capacities. Psychology teaches us that a sound body is necessary for a sound mind. Whenever we yield to angry, envious or malicious thoughts chemical compounds are formed in our bodies which medical men say are analogous to the venom of poisonous snakes and which spread through the tissues of the body, breaking down the nerve cells. Fear and sorrow have very much the same effect. On the contrary cheerful, happy and agreeable thoughts create chemical compounds which are of nuturious value in building up the nerve cells and tissues of the body, enabling them to do greater work. We are committing a crime against our bodies when we think thoughts that tear down our vitality and diminish our life forces. We owe it to ourselves to think those thoughts which tend to develop the faculties and powers, which God has given us, to the fullest extent of their possibilities for future usefulness. If we are going to succeed in our efforts for self improvement and advancement, we must not neglect or abuse our bodies in any way.

Just as our health is influenced by our thoughts, our characters which are of much more importance, are affected to a greater extent. Our thoughts are the stepping stones of our character. We never perform any act but that we first think about it. The thoughts which we think each day are slowly but surely building our character for eternity. If we think only pure, kind and noble thoughts our actions will be pure, kind and noble. If we think impure, unkind, selfish or envious thoughts, we will carry those thoughts out in similar actions. Even if we do not go so far as to carry them all into action, they have their influence on our character weakening and degrading it and lowering us in our own self-respect. If we once lose our self-respect there is not much hope for us, for if we do not respect ourselves other people will not respect us.

We may think that we are doing no harm when for a moment now and then we let our thoughts run carelessly free. Ah! we do not realize that every thought is leaving its indelible stamp upon our minds for eternity. We cannot afford to lose mastery of ourselves for a moment, we must continually be on our guard, keeping the gates of our mind locked tight against the flood of evil thoughts which would come in. "As a man thinketh so is he." We owe it to ourselves to keep the pages of our mind's book as clean and white as possible. A careless stroke of the pen here and there, a little blot or stain, may not look very large but it spoils the general appearance of the book.

But how can we succeed in controlling our thoughts? By so filling our minds with good and lovely thoughts that there will be no room for the evil ones to come in. Evil thoughts will present themselves to us at times in spite of ourselves, but we can prevent them from staying with us by immediately thinking of something which is pure and good and thus expel the evil thoughts from our mind. One of the greatest secrets of success in anything which we undertake in life is self-confidence; not self-conceit, but self-confidence in the divine powers with which God has intrusted us. If we want to succeed, then, in building the healthiest bodies and noblest characters possible, we must have confidence in ourselves. We must think that we can succeed in what we undertake and that will be half the battle won. We must not allow ourselves to yield to thoughts of discouragement or despondency, but think cheerful, happy and encouraging thoughts, surrounding ourselves with a like environment.

We must keep the beautiful and noble image of what God meant us to be and what we want to become ever in our minds, never thinking of ourselves in any other light. We need to realize more fully our relationship with the Divinity.

Since we know our powers and the influence which our thoughts have on our lives, can we go on our way carelessly as we have done in the past, shutting our eyes to the glorious possibilities of the latent forces within us, satisfied to be a pygmy when we might be a Hercules? Shall we allow ourselves to degenerate into weaklings by letting ourselves be drifted about by every change of mood? Anger, irritation, jealousy, depression, sour feelings and worry are psychological devils which dispel hopefulness, weaken our character and lower our mental tone. The poisons which they generate are deadly in the extreme. Shall we go through life crippling and handicapping ourselves by thinking weak thoughts, diseased thoughts, failure thoughts? Would we expect to succeed in solving a problem if we would say, "I can't work this problem. It is useless to try. Others may do it, but I know I can't"? When we say, "I can't" our self-respect, self-confidence and consciousness of ability are being undermined and destroyed. Our achievements can not rise higher than our thoughts. Shall we say, then, "I can't always control my thoughts. I can't keep from getting angry and cross. I can't always be cheerful and perfectly self-controlled"? If we do we acknowledge that we are slaves. No man is free who cannot master his moods. The Wise Man said, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Let us awaken, then, to a consciousness of our abilities and to a realization of inseparablesness from the one great Mind of which we are a reflection. When we once realize this sense of absolute certainty and security and unquestioned faith in our Great Creator, fear will depart, uncertainty will leave us and all our faculties will work together in harmony. We must realize that nothing can cheat us out of our birthright, nothing can mar our real achievements, and that every right thought and every right act leads to ultimate triumph, then we can serenely accomplish the highest that lies in our power.

WHY FARMER JONES HAD SO MUCH WHEAT

Jennie Taylor

FARMER JONES had just finished sowing his winter wheat. As he was leaving the field after a hard day's work he said, half to himself and half to the boy who had helped him, "Now we will leave the rest to the weather-man." And they did. They went home and left the wheat to grow as it would.

For many days it seemed that the farmer had forgotten his field of wheat. But one day the boy heard him say, "Let us go and see how that grain is growing. I hope the crop does well, for I want to make some money and the people must have bread to eat."

When they reached the field, the ground was no longer brown and bare. Tender green blades were covering the broad acres so thickly that Farmer Jones, so far, was well pleased with the weather-man.

"The frost will nip it all one of these days and freeze it down to the ground," the boy said as he pulled a tiny plant up by the root.

"That won't hurt it any so long as the roots don't freeze. I hope a big snow will come and keep this whole field protected all winter. It has grown wonderfully well," replied the farmer. "So much for the weather-man! Come on now. We must find something else to do."

Then they went away again leaving the field to the weather-man.

* * * * * *

While the soft blue haze hung like a veil over the north temperate zone where Farmer Jones lived, Jack Frost awakened from his yearly nap in the great ice-palace of the Winter King. It was Jack's duty to warn all living things that were liable to be in the way of the grim old Winter King.

Once outside the massive door of his glittering home he found that the winds were all asleep and that the nights were growing chilly. "Creak! creak!" he squeaked in a fine clear voice, "I must hurry around."

Returning to the palace, he prepared for a lonely, mysterious journey. He filled his pockets with magic dust and selected the coldest and clearest of icicle canes. Looking across the country, he said, "I must map out the way, for the country is rugged and wide and I have far to go."

With the icicle staff, he traced dreamy lines in the air. "I shall not venture far into the Southland this year. The warm climate does not agree with me. I shall scarcely see the orange and spice groves on this trip. I believe I shall go farther east and all around the west." Then he glided away on swiftly moving

feet. While scudding across the wide prairies and over the purple hills, the little frost-sprite scattered great quantities of the magic dust which began at once to sparkle and glint like gems of every hue.

And all the while the air grew more chilly.

He met some people who were not warmly clad. "I must warn these people of the coming of winter," said Jack.

"Creak! creak!" he began in his clear ringing voice. "I am the herald of winter. The King of the Seasons soon comes!"

Then, waving the icicle staff, he made the ears and fingers of the people tingle with cold. Beneath whirling wheels and hurrying feet came the old familiar sound, "Squeak! squeak! crunch! crunch!"

"Listen to the frost-sprite!" exclaimed the people. "Surely winter will be here soon. It is getting so crisp and cold. We must get more fuel for our fires and wear warmer coats." Alas! alas! for careless people who do not heed the warning of Jack Frost; also the unfortunate poor who cannot take his timely advice.

Jack Frost moved rapidly on. He came to the land of maples, oaks and cornfields—the land where feathered songsters gayly trilled their notes of joy and furry tribes scurried all about among the trees in search of dainty morsels of food.

"I shall warn these woodland creatures, now, and tell them that winter is coming:

"'Fly happy birds to the Southland,
For winter soon comes from the Northland;
Hide, busy squirrels and don't come forth,
King Winter soon comes from the cold, cold North.'"

Silence reigned at once in wood and field. Only the soft, musical tones of the frost-sprite could be heard. Moving stealthily about among the trees, Jack lightly tapped their leaves with the icicle staff. The happy little leaves that had played with the breezes and fed on sunshine and showers through all the long sweet summer, obediently laid by their plain green gowns and put on beautiful robes of gold and scarlet and russet. Then they began to flutter down, down to the dry, dead grass below. Goodies tumbled from the hazel-bushes and hickory trees for little girls and boys.

The frost-sprite lingered long in the land of oaks and maples and cornfields. He filled the air with wreaths of blue smoke that almost hid the hills from view. Then the people said, "It is Indian summer now, we may know it by the smoke."

He kissed the roving wood-bine till it blushed a flaming red. He built a thin white roof over the meadow brook and hung a heavy mist over the winding river.

He sprinkled the evergreens with silver, and sang the flowers to sleep.

When, at last, he came to Farmer Jones' wheat-field, he paused and said, "This field must be saved. The people must have bread." He waved his icy wand over the field and the wheat went into a sound sleep. Then he went into Farmer Jones' house and played a trick on Mrs. Jones by breaking a glass pitcher filled with water that she had left standing on the sideboard.

By this time the frost had done much useful work; but his mission was not yet ended. He must stay and help the Winter King who would soon be coming with an ice-cold sweep. So he hid himself from sight to wait.

By and by the Winter King came with big snows and cold weather. He was so fierce that all living things sought the comfort of their homes. North Wind came at Winter's call and tossed the falling snow into great swirls and piled it up into great drifts till the blinding storm was done.

When the clouds went away, they left North Wind in a deep, deep sleep. Then Jack Frost came from his hiding place. Farmer Jones' wheat-field lay like a great white waste. The snow covered all the land, and, like a big soft blanket, kept the wheat safe from harm. The frost-sprite then sprinkled so much magic dust over the snow that it dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it. The glittering crystals were more beautiful than rubies or emeralds or diamonds.

After a while Jack Frost went back to his home in the ice-palace of the Winter King. The snow melted and crept down into the ground. The sun sent so much warmth and cheer to the field that the wheat awoke. It grew so fast that in a few months it was a wealth of waving golden grain.

After the harvesters had gathered the wheat from the field, Farmer Jones sold it and the people had plenty of bread to eat.

Then Farmer Jones said to his neighbors, "We wouldn't have had such good crops this year if it hadn't been for the frost and snow."

Tipton, Iowa.

HOME STUDY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

Should home study by pupils be required? It all depends on the child and its environments. If the parent is wise and helps him in the right way by showing him how to help himself, it is not a detriment to him. But if the parent merely learns the lesson for the child as far as possible, it should be discouraged. A teacher may by exercising a little tact, ascertain the preparation on the part of the pupil, whether it is *his* work or his parent's. He should be required to do his work without his paper, then it is easy to detect if the work was done by some one else.

With a dull pupil, some help at home is a very great help for the teacher who has so little time for individ-

ual help and can not give the pupil the attention that a parent can, who often spends hours in helping and explaining the lesson. Sometimes the parent understands the child better than the teacher does and can explain in such a manner that he will grasp the lesson quicker. But where an unusually bright child gets his lessons at home that he may have time for mischief, it should be discouraged, or he should be given extra work to keep him busy.

When a pupil comes in the morning all animated, his bright eyes glistening with triumph as he exclaims, "Miss ——, I have all my lessons learned for the day," expecting to receive praise, who could have the heart to say, "Well, Johnnie, you must not do it again, I don't allow it. You must get all your lessons under my supervision"? Johnnie would take his seat crestfallen, inwardly vowing that he would never get another lesson for *her*. On the other hand, home study should not be required in the first five grades.

Chinook, Montana.

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

GRETA was only six years old and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything, not a single thing, I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss her saucer of milk and teaches her to play so nicely with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?" asked father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then Sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandmother, patting Greta's brown curls.—*J. A. Campbell, in the Mayflower.*

THE MOTHER WHO FORGETS.

I AM always sorry for the girl whose mother forgets that she was once a girl, and yet there are some mothers who seem to have lost all sympathy or understanding with the daughter. When the girl tells of some little thoughtless act, mother treats it as if it were an unheard of occurrence, when perhaps she did something quite as thoughtless herself when she was a girl. If daughter tells her about a little love affair, mother exclaims "how foolish" or "how silly." That is a sad mistake.

Encourage the daughter to come to you with even the trivial things. They are not trivial to her. Remember that you are looking back from the elevation of years and things way down there in the teens seem small to you, but they are life-size to the girl standing on the same elevation. Don't take the attitude that you were always a paragon when you were young. Just tell her frankly that you understand all about it, for when you were a girl you had your careless thoughts and your foolish little love affairs and then, knowing that you understand her thoroughly, she will be ready to take your advice.

"There is only one fear I have in life," said an earnest mother recently, "and that is that I may fail one of my children when they need advice and guidance." A mother must needs pray for wisdom that she may be the guide of those dearest to her.—*Woman's National Daily.*

BETHANY.

FRANK B. MYERS.

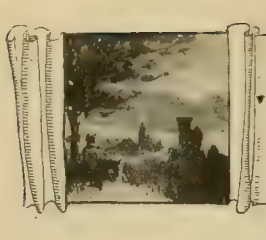
Within the garden of my heart
There blooms a lovely flower,
And fragrance rich it doth impart
Unto me, hour by hour;
'Twas sweetened by our Savior dear
Full many years ago,
He watered it with Love's fresh tear,
And gave it heaven's glow.

This flower of Bethany I love,
Its beauty charms my soul,
My spirit wafts to realms above,—
Life's great, immortal goal;
It speaks of heaven's perfect bliss,
Of the eternal hour
To be enriched by God's fond kiss
Upon the spirit's flower.

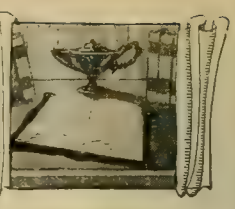
How oft the Spirit's power we feel
Within each humble breast,
When we in holy reverence kneel,
Through him are richly blest;
A paradise of love on earth,
Foretaste of joys to be,
A treasure-house of priceless worth,
Beloved Bethany.

Great Gard'ner, may thy tend'rest care
Upon this plant be shown,
Refresh it with the balmy air
Which sweeps from heaven's throne;
O bathe its petals in the light
Of everlasting love,
And may its beauty shine more bright
Like fadeless flowers above.

Descend upon it dews of grace,
From Love's o'erflowing fount,
Reflect the rainbow of God's face
From heaven's sunlit mount;
And when life's summer-day is o'er,
O flower of Bethany,
On yonder bright, celestial shore
Bloom through eternity.



THE · QUIET · HOUR



RELIGIOUS MEDITATION

Part II.

Dr. John R. Mott

HAVE a regular time for meditation. If a man has no regular time for this purpose, the danger is that he will soon have no time. If a man tells me that he does not give himself to spiritual exercise except when he feels inclined to do so, I make up my mind that he does so very seldom and possibly not at all. We all need to emphasize regularly in the care of the spiritual life. As Bushnell has pointed out, "God is a Being of routine." We must set apart, at whatever sacrifice, regular times for pondering the words and thoughts of God.

Let us devote sufficient time to meditation, as well as regular time. It takes time to believe. We must first take time to hear God before we are able to trust him as fully as we should. It requires both mental leisure and activity to trace the great thoughts and plans of God. Poverty of modern Christian life will not be cured until more time and intensity is devoted to meditation. And here let me enter a plea for prolonged attention to religious matters from time to time. Edison hit on some of his greatest inventions at the end of long periods of earnest thought. He became so absorbed in the problem before him that he forgot his meals and his engagements and held his mind to the task so intently that at last the difficult combination was unlocked. We read that Leonardo da Vinci was accustomed to wait for days in deep reflection before beginning his paintings. This was especially so in the case of his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." It is said that for days he meditated before touching the canvas that he might catch such a vision of the face of Jesus Christ as would enable him more nearly adequately to represent his wonderful perfection. At last the vision came and the world is his debtor. We need something corresponding to the retreats of the Roman Catholic monks. I heard of a group of the workers of one college Association who plan to meet a few days before the opening of the fall session in some secluded place to devote themselves for one or two days to special thought and prayer concerning the deep things of their faith as contrasted with the problems of their work, and to wait unitedly on God for a larger bestowal of his power. If that is desirable for a group of workers, certainly it would be helpful for any individual Christian. I think of one student who had the practice of setting apart half of each alternate Sunday for extended meditation upon his spiritual life and tendencies in the light of the constructive teaching of the Word of God. If I should mention his name, I presume most of us would recall it as that of one of the most helpful leaders in Christian work among young men. Right here let me urge the importance of our protecting our Sundays for spiritual purposes. After watching students for over fourteen years since I left college, I have no hesitation in saying that the men who fence off one day in seven for religious purposes and keep out of that day all thought of their regular college work not only do not suffer in their intellectual standing and achievements in comparison with men who do not observe such a day, but also come out at the end of their college career with far keener spiritual perception and far greater achieving power in the realm of overcoming temptation and the force of sin. We all need a time of repair each week. We need time in which to store the battery with spiritual energy. We need to gain reserve power. We need to augment our power of resistance. We need from time to time to take our spiritual bearings and find out where we are and whither we are tending.

Not only should we have a regular place and time for meditation, but we should also cultivate the habit of giving active attention to religious things at all times and in all places. John Wesley traced out some of his most helpful trains of thought while on his horseback journeys. One prominent Christian worker in this country has received some of his most powerful spiritual messages while pondering the Scriptures on railway trains and street-cars. Wherever we are we should have this habit of mind—that is, of searching for the deeper spiritual meaning of facts and experiences and of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. We should pay special attention to what occupies our mind in times of leisure. What engages a man's mind in his spare moments, the thoughts to which his mind freely returns, these declare the real man. We should become so accustomed to meditation on spiritual things that the mind when unoccupied with its regular work will revert unconsciously to the highest and best things.

Use the Bible as the basis and guide in meditation. Without the Bible this process may make one morbid, melancholy, selfish, and fanatical, whereas with the Bible it is a most beneficial and fruitful exercise. You will remember that Emerson in speaking of the words of Montaigne says that "They are vascular. Cut them and they will bleed." With how much more truth might not the same be said of the words of the Bible. They are quick and powerful, living and active. They are, indeed, spirit and life. The question may present itself, what topics would you suggest for meditation? Every person ought to ponder frequently the facts concerning his own sin and concerning the sufficiency of Jesus Christ to meet all his need. If a man does not do this he is apt to become proud and self-sufficient. And one might spend an hour a day for a month on the Scriptural terms which unfold the secret of forgiveness; or the secret of becoming Christlike; or the secret of becoming fruitful; or the secret of immortal hope. Holding the mind one month on each of these great themes will greatly strengthen the faith and enrich the life. Mr. Moody used to urge upon us the importance of taking up each of the great doctrines of our faith and spending from one to three months upon it. It is a suggestion which may well be reiterated in this day when so many men have a loose grasp on the essentials of their faith. How many of us have devoted hours of meditation for three months to pondering deeply the terms of the Apostles' Creed? The most fruitful themes for meditation are those which gather around Jesus Christ. Meditate on the titles of Christ. At first thought one might consider that a comparatively profitless line for meditation; but think of such titles as Jesus Christ the "Vine," the "Resurrection," the "Way," the "Truth." These are only four of scores of titles and figures of Christ, each one of which opens up a rich lead. Meditate on the objective facts regarding Christ that he may become more real to you. Ponder Christ's claims about himself. Study meditatively the character of Christ. This in itself is a theme which one could never exhaust. Or take the commands and promises and teachings of Jesus Christ and let the mind dwell long upon them. The more you do so, the more you will become convinced that they are far more than words. They release great forces upon the mind, and heart, and will, forces which will enlighten, energize and vitalize. Meditate in these days on the Kingdom of Christ. Reflect habitually on his resources. Ever and ever return to think upon things of Christ which are complementary to your own deficiencies. Yes, Jesus Christ should be the center of our thought processes. His name is above every name. All things shall be put under his feet. His name shall be called "Wonderful," and the more steadfastly we consider him the more wonderful he becomes. "Thou are the King of Glory, O Christ!" Thou shalt be my meditation in the spaces of the day and the watches of the night.

Writing will be a distinct aid to meditation. The commonplace books used by Phillips Brooks not only in connection with his meditation on the Bible, but also on other writings, the records of the private devotions of Lancelot Andrewes of England, and the written meditations of George Bowen of India are not only most instructive and inspiring, but are also especially suggestive to us of the benefit of the use of pen and paper in making the process of meditation most helpful. This plan helps to prevent wandering thoughts; it facilitates constructive thinking; it preserves for one a record of God's manifestation of his mind to him. In this connection I might point out that it is often advantageous to make use of a few questions when thinking on a given portion of the Scriptures. For example, What truth do these words teach? What fault do they correct? What light do they shed? What effort do they encourage? What messages do they convey for others through me? What resolves do they make necessary?

Meditation must not be regarded as an end in itself. We should keep reminding ourselves of the objective of all spiritual meditation, namely, knowledge, faith, worship, character, and service. We read that in heaven they not only "see his face," but also "serve him." Never let meditation terminate in itself. To keep the objective before us the exercise of the will is necessary. Think of the example of Jesus Christ. One of the principal and most significant distinctions between his life and ours lies in the amount of time he found it necessary to spend alone with the Father. St. Luke tells us that "he went, *as he was wont*, to the Mount of Olives." That is, he went as was his custom, as was his habit, to the secret place to meditate and to pray. If he found it necessary or even desirable, what presumption and folly it is for us to think that we can get along without this practice. My brothers, let us form an undiscourageable resolution that whatever else we miss, we shall not miss the great advantages that come from giving ourselves earnestly and faithfully to thinking on spiritual things.—*The Bible Record.*

* * *

When a net ceases to catch fish it is time either to mend the net or change the fisherman.

The religion of the study is apt to be deficient in red-blood corpuscles. Life needs sunlight and fresh air in abundance.

Great names are often used to bolster great errors.

God's plans never miscarry.

The celestial legions neither halt nor retreat.

Man never lacks an excuse for what he wants to do.

—*Unidentified.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

MY IDEAL KITCHEN

Effine Rhodes

THE ideas Sister Underhill gave in the Nook a few months ago apparently shocked the readers, or the writers, and everybody is afraid to say anything more. Sister Underhill said things in a nutshell. I wish all our correspondents could do as well.

My ideal kitchen is one with plenty of windows, with good spring roller blinds that do not easily get out of order and come tumbling down on top of your head, or on a table of cans or dishes, or on a window full of plants. They should have cheap, white, washable curtains hung in the most suitable manner for the room. The range must be free from draughts and should have a gas or a gasoline stove near it, for a quick fire or emergencies of various kinds. Oilcloth paper or paint is preferable for the walls. The sink must be connected with a sewer, cesspool or a drainage pipe. It is convenient to have a tank of water above the sink which should be filled every day. If living in the country the water can be forced to the tank by a wind mill.

I like an easy rocker in my kitchen. If my furniture has seen its best days, it can be sandpapered and given a coat of walnut or oak japalac thinned down with turpentine. Let it dry two or three weeks, then sandpaper again and give it another coat, a little thicker, which will make an old, scrubby piece of furniture look like new. I like a few pictures on the wall, which will not be injured by the steam. Mottoes or bits of fancy decorations may be hung here and there. I should want growing plants. Winter bouquets or evergreen placed in the corner help to brighten the room. All these gather dust, dirt and grease, which require attention, but they pay in the end.

If I could not have a dining room, I would move the table with all its contents over into the kitchen. Keep a bouquet of flowers of some description on it the year round. Plenty of clean doilies, embroidered or plain white, are nice to cover up a grease spot and set your bouquet on; or one can place the teaset on them until the cloth gets dirty enough to change. I do not like a boarding-house table, crowded, and the same thing at the same spot, the year round, but one large enough that the guests would have abundance of elbow room. Now, if one can not afford the best of all these things, a bit of thoughtful work will keep the table clean, neat and dainty. One can use an old cotton blanket, or an old quilt washed clean and cut the proper size as a substitute for a silence cloth. Sheet cotton can also be used. However, it is best to quilt this between old pieces of muslin, or flour or sugar sacks. A two-sheet thickness is good, but three or four is better.

If one needs space, the side table used for cooking and washing dishes can have a full curtain of flowered calico, bright-colored cambric lining or silkilene drawn around it and lapped four inches in the center, so it will not stand apart. Wood or other articles can be placed under this. The drawn string should be placed next the inside board and not on the outer edge. Sometimes it can be drawn across a corner to hang pans and other utensils behind it.

But I am not through yet. My ideal kitchen has—oh, horrors!—has brussels carpet on the floor. I told a carpet clerk one time that if I could afford it, I would not have anything but brussels carpet on my kitchen floor, and he looked at me as if his hair was almost ready to stand on end. If I could not have carpet, I'd prefer an inlaid linoleum. Either of these is expensive in the beginning, but cheap in the end. If a woman drudges her life out in the kitchen, why should it not have as good furnishings as any other room? This thing of making a lot of dirt in the kitchen is mostly a habit, and can easily be avoided. If I could not have first choice, I'd take second and go on down the line, selecting the thing that I could best afford. I would *avoid painted* floors. There was a recipe given in the Inglenook a few years ago that beats painted floors all to pieces.

If I had no other place for my dishcloths, where I could keep them out of sight, I would want a curtain drawn on a rod and placed on brackets five or six inches from the wall, to hang these behind. Towel rods could also be used, fastening the outer ends to the wall, perhaps on small blocks, to hold them out an inch or two, and swing the two ends to the center.

There should be a ventilator in the wall next the ceiling, to let out the heat and steam, instead of opening a door or window. I never expect to enjoy my

ideal on this subject, but I have the *pleasure* of thinking about it. I've seen kitchens that were very small and would not hold all these things, while I've seen others that were as large as a barn and could be arranged with all these conveniences and still have plenty of room to spare. There are many of our readers who have not the means to furnish their house as they would like, so the kitchen catches all the castaways. With a bit of thought and a very small amount of money one can take most any old room and make a cozy, convenient kitchen. The half has not yet been told on this subject, for there are ways of making up these furnishings and arranging conveniences that will save an untold amount of time, health and labor.

SEWING HINTS.

In sewing on buttons leave them a little loose from the garment so that the thread may be wound around in order to insure a good fastening. It is a good plan to place a pin between the button and the cloth, passing the thread over the pin; then when the thread is fastened remove the pin and the button is sufficiently loose.

In padding embroidery use the chain stitch. This is an especially good hint for making scalloped edges.

In making patch work, if you cut your pattern in table oilcloth instead of in paper, you will find the work much more satisfactory. The oilcloth pattern will not slip when cutting and there is no danger of snipping off a portion with the scissors.

Some women use soft wrapping twine to pad buttonholes on children's garments. Place this wrapping twine as near the edge as possible and work over it. It will not show when the buttonhole is finished and the buttonholes will be very strong.

HANDS AND SCALP MUST BE PROTECTED WHEN CLEANING HOUSE.

It is an unwise woman who performs the many different tasks of spring cleaning without protecting her hands and her hair, for the best-kept nails will appear unkept after a few days of cleaning woolen garments and household articles that have been used through the winter, while the scalp will be unfavorably affected by the dust and lint that such cleansing entails.

To protect the hands a pair of old, heavy men's gloves, large enough to permit of the free use of the hands, should be worn during the house-cleaning period. Should the gloves be soiled inside, as sometimes happens, they must be cleaned by dipping into gasoline. The kid may be streaked on the outside from such a bath, but soil within will have been removed. Care must be taken that the fluid is kept from heat during this cleansing

Another point to be particular about with the gloves is that one's own hands shall be clean before putting them on, for once the fingers are grimy, the moisture which the kid generates quickly takes off the soil, so that when the gloves are again put on the hands become soiled.

If there are no men's gloves some made of drilling, such as are worn commonly by truckmen, can be bought cheaply. These gloves wash and wear a long time.

To protect the hair and scalp a cloth or cap should be fastened around the head so all the hair is covered. This is a trifling precaution, and saves a crisp, dry look that may take weeks to remove.—*Household Journal.*

WATCH FOR TRICHINÆ.

That the United States government, in its inspection of meat, does not attempt to detect the presence of trichinæ in pork, is a statement contained in a pamphlet just issued by the federal department of agriculture. The reason for this, it is explained, is because "no method of inspection has yet been devised by which the presence or absence of trichinæ in pork can be determined with certainty." The government, however, advises housewives to cook pork well. "All persons," says the pamphlet, "are warned not to eat pork, or sausage containing pork, whether or not it has been inspected by federal, State or municipal authorities, until after it has been properly cooked."

The trichina, sometimes called the flesh-worm, is a microscopic parasite and an average of one or two per cent of the hogs slaughtered in this country are infested with it. "When transmitted to human beings," the pamphlet says, "trichinea may cause serious illness, sometimes resulting in death. Out of about 15,000 cases of trichinosis recorded in medical literature, most of which occurred in Europe, 830 resulted fatally." The parasite, however, may be killed by cooking. "A temperature of about 160 degrees Fahrenheit kills." In the case of fresh pork the cooking should be continued "until it becomes white." There should be no red meat in any portion of the piece, surface or center. "Dry-salt pork, pickled pork and smoked pork previously salted or pickled, provided the curing is thorough, are practically safe so far as trichinosis is concerned, but as the thoroughness of the curing is not always certain, such meat should also be cooked before it is eaten."

BORACIC ACID.

Boracic acid is not only an excellent remedy for inflamed eyes, but it is also one of the very best things to use for burns. For the eyes, dissolve a teaspoon of the acid in a pint of warm water, and apply to the eye by means of the little eye cup. To treat a burn,

sprinkle it with powdered boracic acid and bandage it if the burn is slight. For a very severe burn dissolve a teaspoon of the acid in a pint of hot water, wet a soft cloth in it and bandage the burn while the cloth is still warm.

CARE OF THE FEET.

As appendicitis may affect the general health for months without the cause becoming known, so can broken arches hurt the feet so a woman may think she has corns, rheumatism and many other ills. Sunken insteps can cause corns. There is no doubt of that, because the fine bones in the top of the foot become misplaced, so the toes are not held as they should be and pinch against each other or are pushed off to one side and so press against the leather. Therefore, I think any woman who is troubled with aching feet should use a steel arch during the day.

She will have no doubt, after once trying, whether or not she needs it, for if she does, the brace will give a feeling of support beneath the foot which will be gratifying. If she does not require it, or the steel is too much arched, she will feel as though she were stepping on a protuberance, which indeed is the case, and she will be uncomfortable accordingly.

All shoe shops and many druggists now keep such arches in stock, and unless the trouble is more than a broken arch a person can usually be fitted without difficulty.

A woman should not use a steel that is not comfortable, however, for she may harm her feet.

If a woman's toes are afflicted with corns, and an arch relieves the foot, it is more than probable she can cure the sore places, because the pressure to which they have been subjected will have been removed. Should the corns be between the toes, a few weeks of patient care will probably cure the spots.

A soft corn is not unlike a blister, and if, after soaking the foot, the edges of the sore are worked a moment with a regular corn knife, the top will lift off as a blister. In the center there is a small corn which should be gently but firmly worked around, always from the edges to the middle. The kind of knife I mean is not that of horn handle and blade, but a straight piece of steel, one end of which is cut bias, as it were, and the other a scallop. Such a knife is invaluable, and is also excellent for manicuring. It should not be sharp for either purpose, for, in chiropody, when the skin has been soaked enough, it is so soft no sharp edge is required.

When the little corn has been removed, the place it has occupied will be slightly hollow. This should be painted, night and morning, with iodine to prevent new skin from forming in a hard state, and, before drawing on the stockings for the day, a piece of tissue paper should be placed between the toes, not only to prevent irritation from friction, but to absorb natural moisture, which is one of the causes of soft corns.—*Household Journal.*

WORTH KNOWING.

Where spots are found on dark dresses, sponging with a tea made of soap bark, then sponging with clean water and pressing will restore the freshness. To prepare soap bark, pour one quart of boiling water over two ounces of soap bark (to be had of the druggist), which will cost about five cents. Let this simmer gently for two hours, then strain through a cheese-cloth into a clean vessel. Use what is wanted, and put the rest in a bottle; it will keep for several days in a cold place. Its uses are many.

When vaseline is used and gets onto the towels and clothing, it is hard to remove, as washing with soap and water will only set the stain. The garment or article to be cleaned should soak in coal oil or alcohol before being wet, for some little time, then wash. If the fabric cannot be washed, try cleaning with ether or chloroform, wetting the stains well with this and then rubbing well, repeating until clean.

A reader tells us: Before putting the new shoes on the child for the first time, warm the soles well before the fire, then, while still warm, paint the soles with copal varnish, applying with a brush. Allow the coating to dry, then warm the sole again and give another coating. Three coats should be applied, and the child can put them on, sure they are waterproof, and will last much longer. A cork or lamb's wool insole is a great comfort for cold feet.—*The Commoner.*

PANTRY POINTS.

The glassware should go into the hot suds first and be taken out and dried before any greasy dishes go in. The silver should come next and the large pieces last.

Keep polishing powder, paste, or soap at hand, and if a piece of silver is dulled or tarnished or stained, give it a rub to restore its freshness. If silver is properly washed whenever it is used, it will never be dingy enough to require that a special day shall be devoted to its cleaning. A piece of chamois will polish it quickly.

A little ammonia added to the water in which you are washing silver and glass will brighten it, and ammonia is invaluable in removing grease from dishes.

To keep silver bright when not in use, lay a piece of gum camphor in the drawer or box in which the silver is kept.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Grease the cereal dish before putting the cereal to cook and find it easier to wash, or turn upside down in a pan of warm water when emptied instead of putting water in it.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. March 28, 1911. No. 13.

ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION

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THE farmer and the resident of the small country town have long felt the need of the electric lamp. They appreciate the adaptability, the cleanliness and the convenience of this method of illumination and would gladly adopt it in their homes, if possible. However, they live too far from any central lighting station to be able to buy power at a reasonable cost. The private lighting plant has been a possibility, but until recently the cost has been prohibitive for the great majority of people. The present state of development of the storage battery and the wonderful improvements that have been made in incandescent electric lamps during the past year have opened up to residents of the country new possibilities in the way of home lighting by private electric plants. The great difficulty in the design of a small lighting plant has always been the size and cost of a storage battery outfit. To start up the engine and dynamo every time a few lamps are required is too inconvenient to be considered. Consequently, it is necessary to have some means of storing the electric energy so that the power can be generated when convenient and used when required. The storage battery makes this possible, but where the ordinary carbon filament incandescent lamps are used as the light producing source, we are obliged to have a large and expensive battery. Each cell of storage battery will give an average pressure or voltage of 2 volts. Hence if 110 volt lamps are used, at least 55 cells of battery will be required. Moreover, when the battery is almost discharged, each cell will give only about 1.8 volts, so that if the lamps are burned at full brilliancy when the battery is almost discharged, a few extra cells will be required, making perhaps 60 in all. Since the carbon filament lamps are very inefficient light producers, the cells will have to be of large size, that is, have large lead plates and containing vessels, if they are to operate many lights for a length of time. Of course, the number of cells required may be decreased by using lower voltage lamps, say 25 or 30 volt lamps. The low voltage carbon lamps have an even lower efficiency as light producers than the 110 volt size. Hence, even though these lamps enable us to use fewer cells, each cell must be of larger size, if the lamps are to be burned as long as before without recharging the battery.

During the year 1908 there was put on the market a new type of lamp having a filament made of the rare metal, tungsten. With these lamps a given amount of energy will produce about three times the candle power that would be produced by an ordinary carbon filament lamp. Electrical energy is measured in watts, one of which represents $\frac{1}{746}$ part of a horsepower. With the 110 volt, 16 candle power carbon lamp it takes from 3.1 to 3.5 watts of energy to produce a candle power of light. With the tungsten lamp of the same voltage it requires about 1¼ watts of energy to produce a candle power. Consequently, when using the tungsten lamp for a private plant, it will take much smaller storage cells to operate a given number of candle power of lights than it would if carbon lamps were used. These new lamps are made, and are on the market, in 25 to 30 volt sizes. They give 20 candle power and consequently require only about 25 watts of energy to operate them. These lamps will make possible the cheapest kind of a plant.

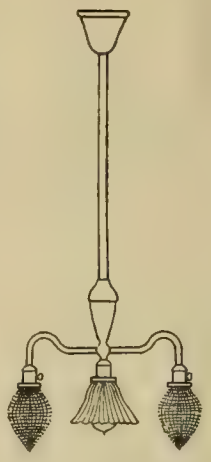
Besides being cheaper to operate than the carbon lamp, these tungsten lamps will burn a greater number of hours. The carbon lamp will, under good conditions, burn about 500 hours, and at the end of that time, the candle power will have fallen 20 per cent; i. e., if when new it gives 16 candle power, at the end of 500 hours of service it will give but 12.8 candle power. The tungsten lamp, however, will often burn for 1000 hours, and during that time will lose only 10 per cent of its original candle power.

It is a fundamental principle of good artificial illumination to keep the illumination of objects as strong as is required for the uses to which they are put and to keep the intensity or brilliancy of the lights as low as possible. The first part of this principle can perhaps

be readily appreciated by the average person, but the second part is directly opposed to his conception of how lighting ought to be done. It seems to him that to get good illumination a great brilliancy is required. and that anything that reduces the brilliancy of the light source tends to decrease the quality of the illumination. To understand this part of the principle it must be remembered first, that intensity or brilliancy of a light source, for example, an incandescent electric lamp, refers simply to the amount of light coming from each square inch of surface on the light-giving source, that is, the filament. If a diffusing globe is put about the lamp the filament itself is not seen and the light will appear to radiate from the entire surface of the globe. With a properly made globe the amount of light that is lost in passing through the glass is small so that the total amount of light given off will be almost the same as from the bare lamp. The amount of light per square inch of the surface, that is, the intensity, is much less than before since it now radiates from the entire surface of the globe instead of from the small filament. It must also be understood how the human eye acts under lights of different intensities. The eye, by means of an adjustable opening, called a pupil, endeavors to receive always a constant amount of light by contracting or dilating as the light is intense or dim. When the light reflected to the eye from any object is intense the pupil contracts so as to shut out a large part of the rays. When light of only low intensity reaches the eye from any body, the pupil opens wide so as to admit sufficient light to enable the eye to see the object distinctly.

Imagine a room illuminated by an unshaded 32 candle power lamp hung rather low, and that we wish to see clearly a book on a table near the lamp. To see the book, of course, some of the light must be reflected from it to the eye. Since it is close to the lamp the book receives considerable light and it would naturally be supposed that sufficient light from it would reach the eye to enable us to see it clearly. So it would if the eye were free to adjust the opening of the pupil to the intensity of the light that is received from the book. However, since the low hanging lamp itself is almost in the direct line of vision the rays from it are also reaching the eye. These rays are so intense that the eye to protect itself must almost close the pupil. In doing so it also prevents sufficient light from the book from reaching the interior of the eye, so instead of seeing the book clearly we see it only indistinctly and at the same time have an unpleasant or even painful feeling caused by the forcible contraction of the pupil. Because we do not see the book comfortably we are erroneously led to assume that the light is insufficient.

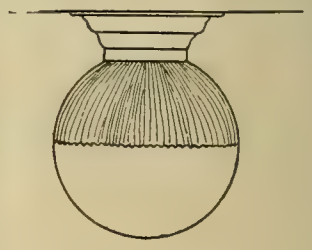
Suppose we place over the lamp a diffusing globe, for instance, a round frosted globe. The intensity of the light is now cut down a great deal, but the total



Living Room Fixture



Adjustable Bracket Fixture



Reflecting Ball for Veranda

amount of light is not greatly decreased. Now when we attempt to see the book the rays of light which reach the eye from the lamp itself are much less intense than before. Hence the pupil is left more widely open, and even though less light is reaching the book than when the lamp was unshaded, the eye is enabled to receive more reflected light from it, and the book can be seen more clearly. Moreover, because the pupil is not so closely contracted, the eye feels much more comfortable, and the dazzling effect is much decreased.

Let us make one more change. Let us raise the lamp high enough so that the direct rays from it will not reach our eyes when we look at the book. Now as we have taken the lamp further from the book so that it receives less light than before, we will remove the round globe and replace it with a tulip or bellshaped shade. This will deflect the light from the lamp downward so that the book will receive about the same amount of light as formerly. Now when we look at the book, there is no direct light from the lamp reaching the eye. Hence, the pupil can adjust itself to receive the proper amount of light from the book, and, since the book itself is receiving sufficient light from the lamp, the eye will receive enough reflected rays from it so that it can be seen clearly.

In our attempt to illuminate the book so that it could be seen clearly and comfortably, it will be noticed that our efforts have been directed, first, towards getting the light upon the book and second, towards diffusing the light, or towards keeping the light screened from the direct line of ordinary vision. These results should be the end toward which all efforts in illumination are directed. They are obtained by the careful placing of the lights, and by the use of proper shades and globes.

Contrary to the popular idea, the selection of shades and globes should not be made primarily with regard to their decorative qualities. Properly designed and constructed shades and globes are made either to send the light in some desired direction, to diffuse the light, i e., decrease its intensity, or to combine the two pur-

poses. A person selecting a shade for a light should then bear in mind the location of the light, where the strongest illumination is desired, and whether the light needs to be diffused. A shade or globe should then be selected that will fulfill the required conditions. Many manufacturers will furnish diagrams showing how each particular shade or globe made by them diffuses and distributes the light. From these diagrams the proper selection can best be made.

Unquestionably the best shades and globes are those made from clear transparent glass similar to the Holophane globes. These have the inner surface of the glass given over to the flutings or prisms used solely for diffusing and softening the light. On the outer surface there are flutings calculated to deflect these diffused rays into directions where needed. Although the material is clear, transparent glass, the prisms and flutings diffuse and reflect the light perfectly while at the same time there is but small loss by absorption. These shades are designed in three classes according to the service that is required of them. One class (A) throws the strongest illumination directly downward, the second (B) gives a strong illumination in all directions below the horizontal, while the third (C) throws the strongest illumination slightly below the horizontal.

Opal, opaline and ground glass globes and shades give a well diffused light, but there is a considerable loss of light by absorption. The ground glass globes have the disadvantage of being difficult to keep clean. If properly shaped, these globes will throw the light in almost any desired direction.

The ordinary plain glass shades having fancy designs etched upon them, such as are supplied with many electric light fixtures, are of little value except for what little decorative qualities they may possess. They change the distribution of the light to only a slight extent and the amount of diffusion is almost negligible.

Opaque metal and silvered glass reflectors are very satisfactory for deflecting the light in any desired direction, but they give no diffusion and always make a room look dark and cold on account of furnishing no light to the ceiling. They also give too great contrasts between intense light and darkness so that the pupil of the eye, as one looks from place to place about the room, must continually contract and dilate so that it is soon fatigued.

FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

S. Z. Sharp

APRIL 1, 1911, is the fiftieth or golden anniversary of the beginning of higher education as it affects the Church of the Brethren. On April 1, 1861, Kishacoquillas Seminary was opened by a member of the Church of the Brethren. Before free schools were granted, a number of our members had select schools confined to the common English branches, but before that date no member of the Church of the Brethren had over attempted to teach the higher branches. In this seminary were taught besides the English branches, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, the sciences, higher mathematics, instrumental music and painting. It provided a complete ladies' course in which several were graduated, and a number of young men were prepared to enter the sophomore class in Jefferson College. The first session opened with thirty-six students and closed the year with seventy-eight. Besides this school, the writer helped to establish five colleges. All had great obstacles to meet but none so great as at Kishacoquillas Seminary. On April 12, the same year, Fort Sumter was fired upon and the Civil War was on. One of the professors and some of the students joined the army. Besides the difficulties encountered by all the colleges started by Brethren, this institution had to meet the perplexities engendered by a civil war.

From that memorable day, April 1, 1861, must be reckoned a new era for the Church of the Brethren. From that date the principal continued in the field of higher education for more than forty years, assisting to start and develop four of the colleges conducted by Brethren and acting as president in three of them. From the day on which Kishacoquillas Seminary was started, the educational sentiment began to grow in the church. A number of young members attended this school to prepare themselves for teaching. One became a founder and promoter of what is now Juniata College, Pa. Six months after the starting of Kishacoquillas Seminary, James Quinter started an academy at New Vienna, Ohio. Salem College at Bourbon, Ind., and other attempts by Brethren followed. To advance the educational sentiment, the writer edited educational departments in several periodicals. In one of our articles occurred the following sentence: "The educational sentiment in the church is bound to grow and you might as well try to stop the Nile with bulrushes as to stop its progress." This gave offense to some of our conservative elders and the writer was called on to acknowledge his offense before the District Meeting. We carefully wrote out and presented the following: "We stated in our educational column that you might as well try to stop the Nile with bul-

rushes as to stop the educational sentiment in the church; at this some of our members were offended and we are sorry for it." The comical part is that this was satisfactory.

Now as we look over the past fifty years and compare the conditions in the church then with what they are now, we are made to wonder. A prominent minister in another denomination remarked to me, "The educational progress made in your church during the last fifty years is phenomenal in the educational history of our country." Fifty years ago we could find only two or three members besides ourselves who had received a classical education or who could translate Latin and Greek. One of these was Elder Louis Kimmel, A. M., who afterward started Plum Creek Normal School. Another was Eld. O. W. Miller, A. M., president of Salem College. Elder Henry Kurtz was an educated Lutheran minister before he joined our church, but we do not know the extent of his education. Now we count our classical scholars by the hundred. Some, after graduating from the Brethren's Colleges also graduated from some of the best universities in the land with honor. Others studied in some of the best universities in Europe and still others are occupying chairs in colleges and universities outside of our church.

Fifty years ago there was but one school conducted by a brother with less than fifty members and members' children; now we have ten schools conducted by Brethren with more than a thousand students coming from Brethren families. Then for seventy-five or more years we did not seem to have a single author in the church. After the publication of "The Spiritual Magazine" by Sour and Mack in 1763, we have not been able to find a book written by any of our members until 1866, when Elder Peter Nead published his "Nead's Theology." Now the books published by our members would make a good sized library. Then our publishing interests, worth a few hundred dollars, were housed in the loft of a spring house; now they include a two-hundred thousand dollar plant with all the modern improvements of a first class publishing house. Then we had only a single small monthly publication, now we have ten periodicals reaching more than fifty thousand readers. One of the things that especially afford the writer great satisfaction is to notice the many good writers, both brethren and sisters, who contribute to our periodicals, and the periodicals themselves are a credit to any denomination. Then our entire membership scarcely reached sixty thousand, now it is estimated to be ninety thousand, or an increase of fifty per cent. Then our Annual Meeting was represented by two hundred delegates or less and could be accommodated in a large meetinghouse; now there are usually over four hundred delegates and it will tax the largest auditorium in one of our largest cities to accommodate the meeting. The difference in the spirit of the meeting and the manner in which it is conducted are as marked as anything else. Then we had no missionary system, and not a single missionary in any foreign field. Now we have a well organized missionary system, with over half a million dollars of an endowment and missionaries in Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, France, India and China.

It is safe to say that the educational progress in our church has not only developed colleges, but has been a potent factor in giving us a more able ministry, developing our publishing interests, giving us literature of a higher grade, made authors, and prepared missionaries for the foreign fields. Thus far the Lord has helped us and in proportion as all these activities shall be led by the Holy Spirit will they prove still more successful. Those of us who can look over all the achievements of the last half century are ready to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Fruita, Colo., Feb 1, 1911.

THE PEARL BUTTON INDUSTRY

Grant Mahan

We use and see about us a great many little things of which we know very little. The average person does not concern himself as to how his pearl buttons are made: he just wears them on his garments, and lets it go at that. And yet, though the manufacture of the buttons is very simple, this same person would find a visit to a button factory instructive and interesting.

First, of course, one must get his pearl before he makes his buttons. This is not as easy as it might be, for pearls are not to be found everywhere. For instance, the Mississippi River is the only one in the middle West where good pearl can be found. The white, pearly substance from which the buttons are made is obtained from live clams or mussels taken from the water while alive. A good many are taken from the river each week. Dead clams are useless, as the dead shell soon becomes hard and splits under the application of the many tools that are used in button manufacturing. To supply the demand of the many factories, the river is dragged from St. Paul to Memphis. The price paid for the shells varies, but for several years it has crept steadily up. They used to sell

for five dollars a ton. The present price is probably about four times that amount. There is no telling what it will be a few years hence, for the demand is greater than the supply; and that makes for higher prices.

Comparatively few people know the method of clam fishing. It is generally thought that the shells are gathered along the shore; but such is not the case. Healthy, living clams are rarely found on the river side. Along the river may be seen boats especially designed for clam dragging. Rows of small barbed harpoons are lowered to the bottom of the river in groups, and the disturbed fish close their mouths on the spears of the dredge. They are drawn up and made ready for the factory.

In almost all button factories the labor is done by women and girls. This is because the wages are very low, too low for men. Yet the investors in pearl button factories seldom receive great returns for their expenditure. It is easy to see why this is so. There is necessarily much waste in the making of buttons; and while the price paid for shells has increased, the market value for buttons is less than it was in former years. This is no doubt due to the fact that factories for the manufacture of pearl buttons are so numerous.

Whole rows of girls sit before their machines in a typical factory, and the machines move so uniformly that they seem to be impelled by a single worker. The operators have to be exceedingly attentive to their work. A glance from her machine will often spoil the whole piece of pearl upon which the woman or girl is working.

A shell is divided into halves, and then a circular saw cuts out round sections of the thicker part. The number of sawings depends upon the size of the shell and of the button to be made. Then the circular pieces are cut out and the edges are dressed on lathes. They are next put into receptacles similar to barrel churns, containing marble dust, and are churned until they become quite smooth. It often requires hours to complete this process.

After this the eyes are drilled, and when the edges are dressed, the buttons are sewed on cards, the same sizes being put together. They are also assorted as to grade or quality. Small buttons demand the same amount of work as the larger ones, but are necesarily sold at a relatively lower price.

This is an outline of the labor needful to produce an ordinary pearl button. Finely carved buttons require special care, and involve more skilled work and greater expense. Large establishments frequently order the plain unfinished buttons and have them carved to suit the changing fashions, or decorated according to the liking of their customers; and some of them are made very pretty. But these are too high in price for the common run of people.

DANCING

D. Z. Angle

USUALLY the dance begins shortly after nightfall and continues until a late hour, or an early hour next morning. To do this, either the dancers have not worked hard physically the previous day, or, if they worked, most of them find themselves miserably tired, and liable to sleep much of the following day, which is that much time sacrificed to a pastime which gives no particular benefit nor any addition of practical knowledge, but in most cases tends to lower the moral and physical powers. The dancer's chief aim is pleasure. To the dance go all classes, the only requisites to participate being good clothes, bodily skill, activity and ability to pay entrance fee. Character and intellect usually count but little. Therefore, the drunkard, the gambler or the most vicious may be partner to the pure, innocent but aspiring young girl, anxious for jolly, agreeable acquaintances. Alas! too often in such a place they prove her ruin, the alluring trap to ensnare, and rob her of the much sought social freedom, contaminating her pure thoughts, staining her good name by the loss of honor and virtue, which debar her from admittance into good homes, and deprive her of the respect and esteem of the pure and upright. While the home dance may be composed of a select group of the better class of people, still that does not alter the tendency downward, for as long as men have passions and are allowed to meet unbridled and unrestrained to pursue only pleasure, there are sure to follow extremes of impure thoughts and actions, which stain and mar the character. They lead, maybe unseen to us, to future degradation and complete demoralization.

Without ennobling and restraining influences, such indulgences lead to "envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, of which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Gal. 5:21. "For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. 5:8.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Josephine, Born 1763; Died 1814. Chapter IX.

THERE are two women who rank perhaps highest in interest and importance of modern times. To an extent their histories are parallel. The life of each was surpassing sad. One was a repudiated queen; the other was a repudiated wife. One suffered execution; the other barely escaped doing so. One watched with quaking heart the lurid Revolution dawn; the other saw the calamitous phenomenon fade away. These women were Marie Antoinette and Josephine.

Marie Antoinette, being a foreigner, was the inevitable victim of the nation's enmity and wrath. Josephine, being thoroughly a French woman, was the recipient of the people's love and adoration. The majesty of Marie Antoinette, and her austere manner, were above the common people's ken; but Josephine's charm of manner and her magnanimity flowed to the hearts of the laity, even to the extent that she earned for herself the imperishable title of "Josephine, the Good."

Marie Antoinette, whose lofty spirit never forsook her, and whose majestic bearing caused her to beg pardon of one of the sheriffs, whose foot she accidentally trod upon in ascending the scaffold steps, was a true daughter of the Cæsars; but Josephine, whose heart was pained for a brotherhood's distress, and to whom a subject's wrongs were more than kingly sign, was a true and cherished daughter of the nation. Why so beneficent a sovereign and so loyal a wife should have been compelled to resign a husband and a crown, seems passing strange. Anon, we shall study the cause which brought it all to pass.

When the Revolution was at its direst and king and subject were alike menaced by dangers of every type, and no life was safe, even within that secure chamber of Public Safety, a young man stood beneath the window where Louis XVI. stood helpless and insulted to the last degree with the red cap of the Jacobins thrust upon his kingly head. The young man, fired with the spirit of indignation, vowed that the French people needed a wholesome lesson, and that they should shortly learn it at his hands. That young man was Napoleon Bonaparte.

The little Corsican made his vow come true. After many vicissitudes, which we cannot now dwell upon, Napoleon had quelled the horrors of the Revolution, and the streets of Paris, which had been deluged with blood, to the extent that cattle would not walk therein, were restored to something akin to order. With meteoric promptitude, as well as surpassing astuteness, he had established himself in power which was almost absolute, and which savored strongly of the throne. It was at this period of his life, when he was but twenty-five years old, yet celebrated the world over, and when his fame was upon all lips, that he wedded the widow of an executed nobleman, Alexander Beauharnais, and Josephine was thus brought into immediate prominence, from which she should one day indeed descend, but only to pass into a deeper veneration and an abiding love, which will never pass away so long as history shall live.

Let us first glance at Josephine, when she was a little girl on the sunny island of Martinique. Here she was born, and that event was speedily followed by another whereby she was bereaved of both parents. Subsequently she was removed to the home of a childless uncle, who owned a large plantation. Here she was established amongst scores of negroes, with whom she mingled freely, and who regarded her as something divine. She, in turn, exhibited great kindness of manner toward them, revealing the same amiable nature among the lowly people on the plantation that she afterwards revealed upon the throne. From these companions she selected the celebrated Euphemia to be her personal attendant, whom she never forsook through all future changes. Perhaps Josephine imbibed a tinge of superstition from her dusky companions. At any rate, she attached some stress to the prediction of an aged negress, who pretended to divine the future, that she should one day be Queen of France.

Meantime, an attachment had grown between Josephine and a young man of the vicinity named William. But her relatives were bent upon a more illustrious marriage, and encouraged her to form a union with a young nobleman who was then in the locality on business of recovering the estates which had been wrested from his family in that awful deluge of plunders and bloodshed. Being little more than a child, she was caused by strategy to believe that William had been untrue, and soon she became the wife of Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, the young man who had by this time recovered his vast estate.

Because of inadaptation of temperament and also sadder causes, she was extremely unhappy in this marriage. Nevertheless, she remained faithful to her hus-

band in word and deed, braving insult, hardness and prison, and even facing the guillotine rather than forsake him. To him she bore two children,—Eugene, her beloved and illustrious son, who was afterwards viceroy of Italy; and Hortense, beloved also and illustrious indeed, yet whose history was destined to vie with her noble mother's in sadness and disaster.

Her husband, having fallen a victim in the Reign of



Josephine Beauharnais.

Terror, was duly guillotined,—she had read her own name in the list of aristocrats, who were to be executed on the morrow, and was resignedly waiting her fate, when suddenly the whole prison was thrown into a wild state of commotion by a voice that trumpeted to the multitude that the tyrant was no more. This tyrant was Robespierre, and the fatal knife to which he had condemned so many had at last glided into his own neck. Little wonder such wild shouts of rejoicing! The prison doors swung wide open, and with that throng Josephine walked forth a free woman.

Some time after this event we find the brave lad, Eugene, kneeling before Napoleon Bonaparte, pleading that his father"s sword might be restored to him. The boy's filial spirit pleased the famous general, whereupon he promised Eugene that the desire of his heart should be granted, which promise he speedily fulfilled. In recognition of this kindness, we find Josephine seeking admittance to Napoleon's presence to thank him. This was their first meeting. To what other meetings and doleful partings it was the presage, all the world knows.

Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Rose Josephine were married March 9, 1796, and the heart of this patient woman, which had hitherto endured so stormy a life, was at rest at last. It signified little to her that her bridegroom was some seven years younger than herself,—it signified alone that he loved her and that she loved him. The fervent, loving spirit of the little girl of Martinique was intensified a hundredfold. To her it was a sacred and solemn thing to be loved by so great and good a man as Napoleon Bonaparte, by whose side she ever assumed the attitude of unworthiness. I think her love verged upon idolatry.

In justice, be it said to the memory of Napoleon, that he loved his wife fervently and dearly. There never was a moment when he did not love her above all women, which in our esteem, adds the greater weight of disgrace and sin upon his head. The world has pitied and even forgiven men, who, finding themselves intolerably miserable with one woman, have gone to another because they loved her. But it has never pitied, nor will it ever forgive this man for deliberately and wantonly going from this woman whom he loved passionately, and who loved him beyond his ken, to seek another whom he knew not, and therefore did not love, merely to gratify a selfish ambition. Although his sentiments may have been altogether different in callousness of purpose and repugnance to all pure minds, he ranks with Henry VIII. of England, and the dissolute old Leopold, late King of Belgium, and we justify him not one whit more.

For the first short years of their married life, Josephine was tranquilly happy. Her sweet and gracious manner drew many friends about them, and it was, to a measure, her popularity which won for Napoleon his success. At least, through her the world saw but the best side of his character. Elegance and delicious repose of spirit graced all her days at the Consulate, and through all his duties as First Consul, no pang smote Josephine, or evil whisper tortured her heart with wild questionings of the morrow.

But as time rolled on and glories multiplied for Napoleon, her sky darkened. The day she was crowned Empress her heart was filled with the most dismal forebodings. "My descendants shall long sit upon the throne," said Napoleon in his coronation speech. Josephine's clear intellect was not slow to perceive that her husband's ambition was to create a Napoleonic dynasty, and her thorn in the flesh was the knowledge that she had borne Napoleon no child. The craftiness of his statesmen, coupled with his own vain nature, conceived the idea of a divorce; and these whispers reached the ears and scorched the heart of Josephine. Several skirmishes with the English and the Austrians had taught him that he must needs win the good graces of the powers of Europe. Therefore, he straightway cast his eyes about for a princess who might cement these benefactions to his name. He first thought of negotiating for the hand of the Grand Duchess of Russia, but receiving a decided rebuff from that quarter, he concentrated his meditations upon the Archduchess of Austria, the frivolous and utterly silly Marie Louise. All this time Josephine's heart dashed

to and fro like the waves of the tempestuous ocean, but Napoleon, in his mad career, was too busy with his plans to pay much heed to it. Afterwards, however, he had aboundant time to think about it all, as he sat upon his lonely rock at St. Helena.

There indeed came a lull in her anguish when her daughter, Hortense, who was then Queen of Holland, gave birth to a prince. Hortense was the wife of the brother of Napoleon, and had always been a great favorite with the Emperor. The forecast now was Napoleon would receive him as his heir and appoint him his successor. The Emperor, himself, indeed, had admitted as much, and the subject of the divorce was abandoned. But when hope was at its highest and peace reigned supremely, the little child, who was now five years old, died suddenly of croup. This incident filled the court with dismay, and from that moment poor Josephine knew that her doom was sealed.

Therefore, Napoleon's ambition fought the battle with his love and conquered. Let no one think the struggle was of little moment with Napoleon. In fact, no skirmish which he had ever engaged in against the kings of the Continent had meant so much to him. He weighed both interests in the balance,—Josephine with her charms, Josephine with her wealth of unbounded love for him,—ah, her love! that was what touched his heart and filled its labyrinths. But then that wonderful dynasty that was to live forever! To Napoleon's mind it overweighed the first consideration, and his good angel folded her wings and turned sorrowfully away, while he made his decision in favor of the youthful princess and the possible dynasty. Ah, could he have but known that in the years to be, the King of Rome, his son by this ill-devised union, should lie in a premature and forgotten grave, while Josephine's descendant, the son of Hortense and Louis Bonaparte, should rule over France, under the proud title of Napoleon III.! Thus did Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of nations and the founder of thrones, write his own doom in invisible tracings, and who shall say that he deserved not the fulfillment of the same?

I once saw a painting which showed Napoleon in the act of revealing to Josephine the plan of the divorce. The memory of its ineffable sadness clings about me still. Josephine had fallen at his feet in a deathlike swoon, while the expression of Napoleon was despair, compassion and terror, blended into one. This scene was largely the portrayal of the artist's imagination, we admit; but what actually happened was that she did fall in a swoon so intense and deep, and of such prolonged duration that her life was despaired of, and that upon the first signs of returning consciousness, Napoleon, who had stood the image of condemnation sculptured in marble, fled from the apartment like a lost soul seeking to evade torment; thus revealing himself, whom the world worshiped, because of his bravery, to be the meanest and most contemptible of cowards!

Three months after the divorce was consummated, Napoleon wedded the jubilant princess, Marie Louise. He demanded that Hortense should be first bridesmaid, from which distinction the heart of his true wife's daughter recoiled. But the will of the Emperor was imperious. It was a glad day for the Austrian Princess, and as for Napoleon, he received the congratulations so benignly that no one could have dreamed that the idol of his love was not the woman by his side. One year after this event, the object for which Napoleon had bartered his honor and his peace of mind was granted him,—a son! The infant was presented to those present and to the world, under the elaborate title of King of Rome. To Napoleon's mind the greatest of all events was now achieved, for the glorious dynasty was founded. Could the veil of the future have been lifted for one moment, he had shrunk from beholding the revelation. For this, his son, will be lying upon a couch in a far distant land, shorn of the pompous title of King of Rome, and dignified alone by the plain title of Duke of Reichstadt. Alas! he will be hastening to the grave, neglected and deserted, in his semi-conscious moments, crying in that plaintive voice of his: "Ich gehe unter den Boden. Ach, meine Mutter! meine Mutter!" But Marie Louise will not be able to hear him; for she shall be far away, dreaming elysian dreams with her lover, the Count of Neipperz!

Josephine remained the true friend of Napoleon through all future life. "*Mon ami,*" was the endearing term by which she ever addressed him. She said: "The circumstance from which I derive the truest honor is not from the title of Empress, but from the fact that I had once been the wife of Napoleon." Napoleon had proclaimed the decree that she should retain the title of Empress-Queen, and settled upon her several palaces and an astonishing income. He had also proclaimed that all majesty and queenly homage should be rendered her. But these benefits and empty honors were but mockery to the heart of her who had once said: "Oh, to be loved! This thought sufficeth for my immortality!"

In subsequent life, notwithstanding the violent jealousy of Marie Louise, Napoleon and Josephine often met and talked, but always in the most guarded manner. Once, indeed, we find them in close and sacred converse. It was their last interview. All Europe was in arms against Napoleon, and he had returned a fugitive from Moscow. The clouds were thickening around him, the allies were driving him as the wind, and the dazzling princess, for whom he had renounced his true and beloved wife, had flitted to her father's domains with his little son, the King of Rome. All friends save Josephine had abandoned him. He clasped her hand, he rained tears over it, he cried out in his agony that she was his only friend in all the

world, and called God to witness that he loved her to the end.

After his removal to Elba, Josephine plead to be permitted to follow him; and most gladly had she shared his exile, but the allies prevented her. Here the tidings of her death reached Napoleon, but his love for her could not die. Once during the Hundred Days, he fled to the halls of Malmaison, which afforded him a brief refuge, and wherein he spent his last day as a free man. He visited the rooms hallowed by the memory of Josephine. He knelt by the bed upon which she had died,—she who had embellished so many years of his life! All the joy and sorrow of the past flooded over him and bore witness that he had been his own deadliest enemy. In this supreme moment of his anguish, the fickle Marie Louise was forgotten. In suicide he seeks also to forget his woes, but the decree of fate is stronger than the decree of the Conqueror,—*Napoleon is doomed to live!* From the eastern window he hears the booming of cannon,—ahead, around and underneath he sees nothing but evil doom. "Ah! Josephine!" he cries; but the only answer is the tumult of advancing troops. He knows not where to look for shelter. He knows not whither to flee. "Ah," he groans in the anguish of his spirit, "if I had not forsaken this woman, God had not forsaken me!"

One year prior to this stormy scene, within the spacious palace of Malmaison, Josephine had peacefully breathed her last. Beloved through life, she was loved even to the end. Around her deathbed were gathered the notables of Europe. Near by stood the Emperor Alexander, of Russia. A little nearer knelt Hortense and Eugene. She clasped Napoleon's portrait to her breast. "O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the weary desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great sins, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings?" This was the dying prayer of Josephine.

A moment later the Emperor Alexander bent over her lifeless form and murmured: "She is no more! that woman whom France named the beneficent,—that Angel of Goodness is no more."

Johnstown, Pa.

WHY TOLSTOY LEFT HIS HOME

ACCORDING to a letter published in the *American Review of Reviews,* the plan for Tolstoy's exile was made by him thirteen years ago. This letter, which the Count asked to be handed to his wife after his death, was as follows:

DEAR SONIA: Long have I been tormented by the discord between my life and my beliefs. To compel you all to change your life, the habits to which I myself had accustomed you, I could not; and to leave you ere this I also could not, believing that I would deprive the children while they were little of that small influence which I could have over them, and would grieve you; on the other hand, to continue to live as I have lived these sixteen years struggling and irritating you or falling myself under those influences and temptations to which I had become accustomed and by which I am surrounded I also cannot, and I have now decided to do what I have long wished to do: go away, because, first, for me, in my advancing years, this life becomes more and more burdensome and I long more and more for solitude; and, secondly, because the children have grown up, my influence is not needed, and you all have livelier interests which will render my absence little noticeable.

The chief thing is that just as the Hindus nearing 60 retire into the woods, and as old religious men seek to devote their last years to God and not to jokes, puns, gossip, or tennis, so for me, entering my 70th year, the all soul-absorbing desire is for tranquillity, for solitude, and, if not for entire harmony, at least not for crying discord between my life and my beliefs and conscience.

If I did this openly, there would be entreaties, pleadings, criticisms, quarrels, and I might weaken perhaps and not fulfil my decision—yet it must be fulfilled. And so, pray forgive me if my act causes you pain, and, above all, in your soul, Sonia, leave me free to go and do not repine or condemn me.

That I should have gone away from you does not mean that I am displeased with you. I know that you could not—literally could not—and cannot see and feel as I do, and therefore could not and cannot change your life and sacrifice yourself for something which you do not recognize. And therefore I do not blame you, but on the contrary recall with love and gratitude the long 35 years of our life, especially the first half of this period, when you, with the maternal devotion of your nature, so firmly and energetically bore that which you considered to be your duty. . . .

Good-bye, dear Sonia,

Your loving LEO TOLSTOY.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Mexican Insurrection.

THE causes which led to the Mexican revolution have existed for many years. The people have plead with President Diaz hoping that he would right their wrongs and redress their grievances. The causes might be summed up as: The abolition of peonage, the right of suffrage, equal and just taxation, local self government, taxation with representation and education of the peons. The people have suffered at the hands of their ruler until they have been forced by necessity to rise against him. The revolutionists are demanding the rights which have been denied them ever since President Diaz came into power.

Diaz's First Foothold in Mexico.

IN the early part of 1876 while Lerdo de Tejada was president, Diaz organized a revolution which resulted in the overthrow of the president and in the accession to power by Diaz. The next year he was proclaimed constitutional president and continued in office until 1880 when he was succeeded by Manuel Gonzales. In 1884 Diaz was again elected president and has held the office ever since. During his early terms of office a number of small revolutions took place but were promptly put down and the leaders in every instance shot.

Centralizing Power.

WHEN Diaz was reëlected his first work was the "strengthening of central power." He became the government and his word was law. At that time Mexico was traversed by great lines of railroads and developments were taking place on every hand. Diaz was at once entangled by the "magic meshes" of Wall Street. Mexico offered a great field for investment and American capital poured in. At the advice of Wall Street those laws which were a handicap to foreign capital were revised and the laws were made to favor the rich. As foreign capital developed Mexico Diaz became rich until today he is the possessor of many millions, although when he came into power he was a poor man and heavily in debt. His power became absolute and the constitution was changed at his will. He denied the people their liberty, and every protest against his tyranny was met with bullets, until more than 60,000 political prisoners during his tenure of office have been shot by his order.

Citizens of Mexico.

THERE are three distinct classes of citizens in Mexico—the aristocrats, the middle class, and the peons or slaves. The peons are without ambition and show little more intelligence than dumb cattle. The middle class owns more or less property and bears the burden of the government, being ground down by heavy taxation. The small farmer pays to the government a large per cent of the value of his farm products. He pays a direct tax on his work horses, work oxen, stock of all kinds, chickens or anything he may grow on his farm. He pays no land tax, for to tax his land direct might be to tax the rich land owner. So the land tax is done away with and the farm products are taxed. Then the small merchant pays a tax which is out of all proportion to that of the rich merchant. By this system the rich are made richer and the poor are made poorer. While being taxed to death for the benefit of the few, the people have no voice in the government.

The Revolution is General.

THE revolutionary sentiment in Mexico today is not confined to any one state or section but is general throughout the republic. It is not carried on by the peons, for as we mentioned before, they are without ambition. It is a revolution of the great middle class, the bearers of the burden of the government, who are asking for that which they believe to be right. Many



Making the Sparks Fly. From Cleveland Plaindealer.

of them have been educated in this country where they received their ideas of freedom and liberty. They claim they are asking for the same rights that the American colonists asked for in 1776. Their dream is to establish in Mexico a government similar to that of the United States. Abraham Gonzales, one of their leaders, said: "What the citizens of the United States would settle by the ballot the Diaz government would settle by bullets." Mexico now has little hope of winning unless she receives help from some other country. Ninety per cent of her people, ground down by long years of tyranny and oppression, are revolutionists at heart, while the governments army is largely composed of convicts. Time and again the government has called for volunteers but there has been no response. On the other hand the revolutionists are getting volunteers daily, until now they have 12,000, men on the field, well armed.

The Officials.

A WRITER has said that "Mexico is a land of splendor and squalor; of wealth and poverty; of pleasure and misery; of lords and slaves, with a great middle class coming between whose shoulders bear the burden of government and whose feet tread the path which eventually leads to serfdom. Honor is almost unknown in high officialdom, while grafting is regarded as legitimate. If a high official, in his grafting, becomes so bold or careless as to permit himself to be caught by those above him, he is 'disgraced' by being removed to another section of the country or is given another job. Let him, however, express one sentiment contrary to the Diaz policy, and he not only loses his office, but is indeed fortunate if he does not go to jail."

Coronation of King George V.

PREPARATIONS for the coronation of King George V. are being made in England. There are many things to do and millions of dollars to spend in order to comply with precedents and observe formalities that have become as essential and sacred as the unwritten constitution of the British people. A coronation is not essential to authority; it is simply an appropriate ceremony like the parade and the delivery of an address at the inaugural of the President of the United States. Several of the most important kings of Europe have never been crowned. The Kaiser of Germany and the King of Spain, the King of Sweden and others have never had such a ceremony.

A Bond Between the King and His Subjects.

THE King of England is wedded to his people by a ring. The story goes that when Edward the Confessor was walking near his palace at Westminster one day he was accosted for alms by a pilgrim bound for Jerusalem, and, having no money on his person, gave the beggar a ring. When the pilgrim reached Jerusalem he reported the incident to the patriarch at the Holy Sepulchre, who blessed the ring and told the pilgrim to take it back to London and restore it to the king. This was done and the same ring was used at the coronation until the Reformation, when a new one was made, engraved with the cross of St. George.

Anointing Observed in the Coronation.

ENGLAND is the only monarchy in which the ancient Jewish rite of anointing with oil and chrism is still preserved, and it is said to have been copied by Edward the Confessor after the coronation of Jehoash as described in 2 Kings 11.

The anointing of the king is from an ampulla, or vial, of holy oil which, according to tradition, was given to Thomas à Becket by the holy virgin in person while he was praying at the cathedral at Canterbury one night. The ampulla is in the shape of an eagle, seven inches high. It is made of pure gold and the holy oil pours through the beak of the bird. At a certain point in the ceremony before bestowing the crown the archbishop of Canterbury anoints the king by making a cross upon the crown of his head and the palms of both hands, saying:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil as kings, priests and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed, and Nathan the Prophet, so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated king over all these people whom the Lord your God has chosen you to rule."

The large square stone, which is fastened in the seat of the ancient and rudely constructed coronation chair, which may be seen at Westminster Abbey, is believed to be that upon which Jacob slept the night that he saw the vision of the angels ascending and descending the ladder. This stone, according to the legend, was taken to Egypt, thence to Spain, and finally to Ireland, where it was used as the throne of the Irish kings for centuries. It is known as the "stone of destiny."

Disturbance Between Russia and China.

THE Russian minister, M. Korostovetz, delivered Russia's ultimatum to the Chinese foreign board on March 14. It caused much surprise among the officials, who seemed not to realize the gravity of the crisis.

It is pointed out that for many weeks the press throughout Asiatic Russia has been supporting the desire of the military for the annexation of Mongolia and northern Manchuria, but the Chinese foreign board does not anticipate a serious invasion. Some express the hope that the United States will interfere and propose arbitration.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

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Woman Suffrage.

IN the February 21 issue of the INGLENOOK there was an article on "Woman Suffrage" by Nora E. Berkebile which has aroused a good deal of interest among our readers. They apparently believe there are two sides to the question and would like to have both sides discussed. On page 302 of this issue you will find an article by Nancy Underhill telling why she believes in "Equal Suffrage." We have just received two other articles on the same subject, which will be published in the near future. Perhaps there are others who would like to give expression to their convictions. If so we would be glad to have them and if they are suitable will be published. Woman Suffrage is more prominently before the public today than it has ever been in the history of the past. It is one of the indications of the social unrest of the time, in which woman is trying to find her proper sphere. The question is whether women shall concern themselves in affairs governmental (or direct their activities in other channels).

The Blues Again.

PERHAPS you are not of the whistling kind and would rather sing. That is just as good and for some people serves the purpose better than whistling. If the blues come from physical weariness a cheerful song will do much toward relieving the fatigue and help one to get a new grip on one's self to tide over the period of depression. The reason most of us do not sing during our moody spells is because we never take the time during our gayer hours to analyze the meaning of a single song. The singing during the happier time of our life is largely mechanical and we respond only to the rhythmical effect of the music. That is good for the time being but it does not help us any during the hours of melancholy. It is an imposition upon our friends to allow ourselves to fall into a deep fit of gloom. Every man owes it to himself and to his friends to take the pains to learn to understand his own temperament and disposition, and how to take care of himself during his hours of depression. There is some song to fit every man's mood and the trick is to find that song, and then keep it. For example, some time during your leisure hours pick up Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and look it over carefully. Find out when and where he wrote it and what was his mental and spiritual condition at the time. Of course you will not be able to get this information without making a careful study of his life and the time in which he lived. If you will take the pains to do this "Lead Kindly Light" will speak a new message to your soul and may fit you in some hour of despondency. Every man should have at least three favorite songs that he has carefully analyzed which he can sing when his spirits are drooping. Don't growl. Sing. It makes you look better.

Knowledge Is Not a Luxury.

A PROPER knowledge of the forces of life is not a luxury but a necessity. A man tells us knowledge and culture gathered from books do not help us any in raising hogs and corn. Perhaps not. If he is primarily in the hog business, it might be well to stay there. If, however, he is in the living business, there is no doubt that a little time and thought given to those things now will add several years to the other end of his life and will make the latter end a little more enjoyable. Dying is expensive and puts one's friends to a wonderful lot of inconvenience. No man has a right to recklessly wear himself out and then throw himself helplessly on the hands of society, waiting for the time when he can somehow get out of this world. God placed men into this world to live, not to die, and he means for us to stay here as long as possible and live life to its fullest.

Ignorance a Source of Unhappiness.

THE miseries in many homes which reach their climax in wrangling and divorce are often due to the narrow, meager, starved mental life of the family. The house is only a place to sleep and board. The higher interests in the better things of life are not made a vital part of the union. The attractions of literature, art and music are barred from the home and life becomes a dull routine of monotonous duties. Then the members of the family begin to seek diversions elsewhere to get away from the pressing cares of life. It's no wonder that there are so many five cent attractions found in every nook and corner of our land. They are here to supply the demands of the wonderfully large number of five cent people in the world. When once the father and mother and children of the homes together read good books and study pictures and listen to inspiring music the nickel attractions, dance-halls, and saloons will all be put out of business without any trouble. The home should be a place where the members of the family are taught to distinguish between good and bad mental food as well as between good and bad food for the palate. Thousands of homes are absolutely devoid of anything to stimulate the minds of the members of the family. Why should there not be at hand a little shelf with a few good books and magazines so the members of the household might have some time with a poet or an essayist and so fill the drudgery of life with the breath of a noble world? A united interest in a book or a picture would drive away a thousand discords which only too often end in broken homes and finally in divorces.

Religion in the Home.

WHY should a man relegate the happiest privilege of his life to his preacher rather than to take advantage of it himself? We might as well make our homes a sanctuary the year round and dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Much of the religion in our homes has been reduced to a mechanical system until the family has lost interest in it. Parents have come to depend upon Sunday-school teachers to perform a duty which cannot be delegated. Public worship and public instruction are good and hold an important place in the moral development of the individual but we must not depend upon them entirely for our religious growth. They hold something of the same relation toward our spiritual growth as a public eating house holds toward our physical well-being. A hotel is a convenience and a necessity for the public, but it is unfortunate for a man when his wife is so poor a cook that he is forced to take his family to a hotel every meal to feed them. If we should be forced to eat at a table where we should have to eat the same thing every meal every day, eating would become an objectional duty. Where, however, the mother knows how to prepare dainty dishes in a hundred different ways and is always bringing some new surprise, eating becomes a relish and a pleasure. Just so with the religion in our home. When we insist on doing the same thing in the same way that we have done it for many years, we make it lose its interest. It takes just as much careful thought and ingenuity on the part of the one who is directing the family worship to make it interesting and attractive as it does on the part of the mother to prepare dainty dishes for the table.

Æsthetics.

WE make our houses and they turn upon us the image of our own taste and fix it in our very nature. Our own ideals and surroundings corrupt or refine our souls. The dwelling, the walls, the windows, the roof, the furniture, the pictures, the ornaments, the dress, all act upon the imagination and determine its contents. If a family realizes this truth it will seek to beautify the objects which are silently writing their nature upon the man within the breast. Imagine one woman with high ideals, in a community where the houses and yards are bare, untidy and ugly. What can she do to communicate her ideals to others? First of all, she can create about her, with the wisest economy of her resources, a home which shall serve as a model. Then she can invite some of her neighbors to sit with her occasionally while all discuss the art of making beautiful homes. Such talks are conducive to decreasing the slandering of reputations and increasing the general happiness of the community. By pleasant discussions the tastes are refined, and soon the entire community will have a new vision of beauty. The economic value of a place is materially increased by carefully beautifying the premises, but the highest consideration is the happiness which it brings into the home.

The Arithmetic Problem.

SEVERAL of the arithmetic class have sent in the correct solution for the problem published in the issue of Feb. 28. Following is the answer:

First engine, 91⅓ tons. Second engine, 458⅓ tons. Third engine, 641⅔ tons. Pusher, 1008⅓ tons.

The names of those who sent the correct answer are:

Lawrence Schultz, Huntington, Ind.
C. Brewer, Eldora, Ia.
Noah Rhodes, Norborne, Mo.
Martin E. Stauffer, Smithboro, Ill.
Jacob I. Fyock, Lovejoy, Pa.
D. A. Ebaugh, Upperco, Ind.
H. H. Ritter, Los Angeles, Cal.
Arthur Shuster, Spokane, Wash.
H. E. Skyler, Erie, Pa.
John Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill



THE HOME WORLD



EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Nancy D. Underhill

THAT most excellent article recently published in the INGLENOOK, under the title of "Woman Suffrage," leads a few of us to wish to see the matter presented in such a way as to allow a peep at both sides of the picture. As our American people are usually in favor of equity, and as all Christian people doubtless believe that the woman was created to walk beside her husband, not to crawl at his feet, so doubtless our worthy editor will allow both sides of this matter an equal privilege of presentation. First, allow me to say, that I, like many others, do not care for the privilege of equal suffrage *for ourselves*. We are so busy with the important affairs of home life, and some of us are so much more deeply interested in spiritual things, that we dislike to take the time necessary to study political affairs, in order to vote intelligently. But when we do not care for it, we are not obliged to use our privileges. It can do us no harm, and there are some who do care very much, for the privilege. Then why should I, or others, wish to deny the franchise to those who wish to have and use it? It certainly can do no harm. Those who are capable of training sons to become useful citizens, who will make the wisest use of their privileges, surely must be capable of making the same wise use of such privileges. It is true the "suffragettes" of England have behaved in a manner which seems to us unbecoming. But we think the people of that nation are naturally more arbitrary in their disposition, than are Americans. Who ever knew of a great political achievement, without a correspondingly great effort? It is assumed that equal suffrage has accomplished no good in Colorado, yet, in regard to temperance, both sides (those in favor of, and those against the sale of liquor) agree that the women's vote has been instrumental in abolishing many saloons. If the saloons on every corner are a good thing, to furnish loafing places for our boys, then let us abolish "woman suffrage." In regard to the kind of men who seek official power, the influence of women is just beginning to be felt. It has not accomplished much yet, it takes time to work reforms. It is thought that the exercise of the privileges of franchise makes women "mannish." As far as my observation goes, those who are mannish since obtaining those privileges, were mannish before. Unfortunately, some are naturally of that disposition. The franchise did not make them so. Since it has become customary for women to vote in this State, I notice, wherever I have been, that election day is very much more quiet, peaceable and orderly than it ever was before. The women in this State nearly all vote. They go quietly to the polls, cast their vote intelligently, and go home to attend to their affairs there. Out of respect for their wives, mothers, sisters and lady friends, the men also behave themselves much more decorously than they used to do before we had equal suffrage. Several years ago, we could scarcely attend a school-election without becoming nauseated by the tobacco smoke and liquor fumes. Now we are not troubled much with such things even at the general elections. It is true that some women are inclined to make themselves officious, seeking notoriety, neglecting the more suitable vocation of "home keepers" and at last becoming somewhat sore because of failure to achieve success in some line of ambition, they denounce the entire right of franchise. Anyone of sober mind can see that this is unfair, and that we should not allow ourselves to be greatly influenced by that particular class of politicians. The woman who has (according to her own words) worked for a certain political measure, "day in and day out" for years, and then publicly denounces that for which she spent so much time and effort, acknowledges herself to be a failure. There are both men and women of that sort. They are failures. But ought we sober-minded fathers and mothers who love our homes, our children, our neighbors and our country,—ought we to be wafted about by every breeze of thought or theory that such people advance? We are acquainted with a few excellent women who, finding it necessary to help earn a living, have worked side-by-side with the men in the field. Since equal suffrage came in, they have sat beside those men acting as clerks and judges of election. They were just as capable as were the men, and it seemed to us, that it was a better way, according to their physical strength, to earn a few dollars toward the support of their families. It is suggested that the happy wives and mothers do not care for equal suffrage. Certainly not! If all were in positions of

heavenly bliss (as the happily married should be) there would be no need whatever of the ballot. But how about the poor slave of a drunken husband? Shall we deny to our most needy sisters the privilege of trying to make their own conditions better and of saving our boys as well as theirs from the pitfalls of sin? Maybe they can not accomplish all the good they wish by means of the ballot, but I am proud of the noble men of Colorado and elsewhere, who are willing to grant them the privilege of *trying* to make conditions better. It is asserted that scores of women have been guilty of voting first the Republican ticket and then the Democratic, because there was more money to be obtained thereby. Are there not thousands of men who have been guilty of that same offense? Because some are weak, ignorant or vascillating, shall we deny the right of equal privilege to those who are true, honest, faithful, steadfast and pure? Rather let us strive to so use our privileges, as to honor our divine Author of Justice and to become a still greater blessing to our worthy brothers who have so unselfishly granted equal suffrage to the weaker vessel. It is the intelligent, faithful lover of home, the true woman, who shrinks not from duty's place at her husband's side who must make our privileges a blessing to all mankind. We may not boisterously demand equal rights. But let us never raise voice or pen to hinder others—perhaps far more needy than we—from helping to form those laws which our beloved daughters and sons must obey. As loving mothers and faithful wives, let us seek to make the very best use of every privilege. We notice that where women are respected, as in America and all civilized countries, there is a higher degree of civilization, and better government than where she is a slave.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

THE two years previous to the grasshopper year in 1874 the settlers poured into Kansas like a flood. The government had opened these new fertile prairie lands to homestead entry, offering 160 acres to everyone who would take possession and cultivate the land. You can readily imagine that this started the prairie schooners to moving. Every road pointing westward was lined with every conceivable sort of conveyance—ox teams, mule teams, horse teams, one-horse gigs, cows yoked up, cows leading behind, chicken coops hung on the side, tin pans, pots and kettles swinging in the wind, wagons covered with white, wagons covered with old carpets, wagons only half covered,—if at all,—wagons filled with all manner of luggage, men, women and children piled on top of the luggage, chickens crowing and dogs barking; all triumphantly wending their way westward "to Kansas or bust."

Every company along the road (mostly by streams of water) nightly sent up their curling streams of smoke from the camp fires made by motley groups of new-formed friends, intent upon satisfying the keen demands of a mover's appetite with the fragrant viands steaming in the camp kettles, and then in friendly chat whetting up each other's prospects and hopes concerning the Eldorado to which they were bound, before lying down to sleep under the wagon on the hay. These moved along in the morning only to give place to the new arrivals pouring in day after day.

The stream found its outlet in Kansas and Nebraska, and the quarter sections of land were squatted upon and gobbled up almost like the grasshoppers afterward took the vegetation. And what settlements! Here a family living in a 6x9 tent; there another, living in their covered wagon; others in holes dug in the ground (dugouts); still others in sod houses; here and there a board shanty 12x14. All kinds of sheds and shelters were thus hastily improvised to break off the wind and weather. All kinds of make-shifts and privations were endured, still looking forward to the time when better things could be provided. Nearly everyone was very scantily provided with money, or much of property. Nearly everyone was poor in this world's goods, and all had to direct their attention at once to breaking up the virgin soil as soon as possible, and getting something planted to feed the hungry mouths.

Considerable had been done along this line. Gardens were growing, truck patches planted, small fields of corn were ready to ear, potato patches were flourishing. The early garden vegetables were pretty well gone and our mouths began to water for the potato soup and roasting ears—but the grasshoppers! the grasshoppers!

They came down like a cloud over Kansas and Nebraska. They left not a green thing. The leaves of the trees, the bark of the smaller twigs, the weeds and the grass all disappeared like magic before the devouring storm. Clothes left hanging on the line were eaten into holes. Gardens, onion beds, fields of corn, truck patches, everything showed only the bare earth after the devourers were through with their work of de-

struction. The magnificent and promising yields of corn were harvested in a day. The fruit trees were stripped. Every hope of the husbandman was gone. Even the sheep and the cattle went lowing and bleating over the bare prairie in want and desperation, astonished to find their pasturage of the day before completely gone, and not a spear of grass available for their grazing.

Some workmen who were building a wall at Jewell City had left their coats lay unprotected during the day. They needed new coats the next day. Tobacco that was in the pockets was stolen and devoured; but thousands of the poor locusts lost their lives in their attempt to satisfy their hunger upon the plugs of tobacco, for it proved a poison to them and they fell and expired in spasms in a minute or two after they had taken the poisonous stuff. Where windows and doors of houses were left open the building was filled with the swarming hordes, and all open springs and wells had to be cleansed after their departure. A neighbor who had a nice onion patch sought to protect his crop by piling heaps of old brush over it. But this only furnished a nice shelter for the hoppers. They crawled in under the brush and had a feast. When they were through there were only hollow places in the ground where the onions had been.

They seemed as dry as they were hungry. Neighbor McCormack, who chewed tobacco, noticed that they swarmed about him, licked up his spittle and fell over dead. They came like a cloud. In a day or two more they were gone, moving off in swarms to the South and East, in search of more food. But they left a blank in their pathway—a blank in the fields—a blank in the hopes and upon the faces of the people.

So from poverty and privation, the condition seemed to be one of starvation—starvation for men, women and children, horses, cattle and all. In this sad state of affairs some, that had teams able to travel, got into their wagons and started back East to their "wife's folks." But many were unable to get away and were compelled to face a coming winter with poor shelter, scanty clothing and starvation staring them in the face. What could we do? We called meetings over the State and formed Aid Societies. Churches went to praying. At Burr Oak, Kansas, the Brethren called a meeting and worshiped, praying for guidance. As a result two brethren were sent East to the churches, and the rest of the church resolved itself into a distributing agency. That winter $10,000 in money and fourteen carloads of supplies were sent in the care of the Brethren Aid Society in Jewell County, by the loving and tender-hearted Brethren and others, of the various Eastern church organizations. As a result the pressing wants of every one throughout the northern part of the county were supplied, and not one perished for want of subsistence. Bro. Allen Ines, who attended to the distribution at Burr Oak, had as many as sixty persons to feed per day; persons who had come to him hungry and to seek supplies for their families.

In 1886 I was back on a visit to the old home at Iowa City. There on the street corner I met the same old man who had sold apples and fruit on the corner for thirty years. "Well, how are you getting along in Kansas?" said he. "Oh, pretty well now. A few years ago we had to come begging for food, but now we are furnishing you with wheat and corn and cattle and hogs in abundance to repay you for your charity then." "Yes," said he, "and I am now selling Kansas apples right here on the corner."

R. D. 1, Box 222, Carterville, Mo.

HELPFULNESS IN THE HOME

H. D. Michael

In the graded Sunday-school course of lessons being prepared at present to fill the needs of the primary scholars, several lessons are given to teach and impress upon the minds of the coming generation the idea of helpfulness in the home and what joy it brings to all when the motive that prompts it is love. It seems to me that many of us grown-up children could well take a lesson in the same line.

Look back over the past few years and you will surely agree that in the springtime all is hustle and hurry, both for the men at their work and for the women in the home. From early dawn till the shades of night overcome the twilight, neither the man nor the housewife has any leisure time of which to speak. All concerned are quite busy through spring, summer, and fall; then comes a change in many instances and especially on the farms.

The housewife has no appreciable decrease in duties at this season, but finds it more difficult to wash and dry clothes and keep them mended, and her other duties are not light. The husband, however, has more leisure time and spends much of it in reading, visiting or hunting, or in sitting in the little cross-roads store or some such place to tell "yarns" and while the time away.

Husbands, why not be more helpful in the home and show the love you have for your wife? Help her wash; and you might cook an occasional meal

while she works at something else. I have found that my wife appreciates such help and I think that would be the rule rather than the exception. . It would be an evening up of duties, a bearing of one another's burdens which is very commendable indeed.

Then, too, it would give your wife more time to do some of the sewing she may have long planned to do. It would give her more time to read as you do, and improve her mind and it would also give her nerves and muscles a rest from the swish and whirl of last summer's busy season and in that way prevent some of the sickness that would be contracted by a worn-out or run-down system.

That is not the only benefit, either, for it will be a pleasure not only to your wife but to yourself as well and you can become more intimately acquainted with her than ever before. Her work that you have probably heretofore thought of as being but a little thing, will no longer seem the same, for you will know just how much work there is in each part of housekeeping and how hard that work is to do. It will put you more in touch with your wife and you will know better how to sympathize with her. On finding a meal not ready when you come from your office, shop, field or wherever your work has been, you will never again feel so much like speaking an unkind or cross word as you may have felt at times.

And, young man or boy, if you help your mother or sisters you will not regret it in after years, for the time may come when you will need the knowledge you might thus gain and the time is almost sure to come when you will no longer have the opportunity of giving that help. And the ability to give such help in an easy, graceful way may be much desired, some time, for you may wish to help some one that is not your mother or sister and who is not *yet* your wife.

Chicago, Ill.

ORIGIN, CHANGE, AND MEANING U. S. FLAG

J. Anson Wilhelm

WHATEVER else a nation has, it wants a flag. The flag flies over it in peace and in war, on land and on sea, on schoolhouse and ship, as the emblem of liberty. There is nothing men are more proud of and will do more to preserve; many a brave man has lost his life in trying to save his country's flag.



Betsy Ross House, Philadelphia. Where the First Flag Was Made.

When the colonies went to war with Great Britain they had no flag. In Virginia in 1775 they used a flag having the figure of a rattlesnake and the words, "Don't tread on me" on one side and on the other, "Liberty or Death."

About the same time a ship left Boston, having a white flag with a pine tree in the middle, above which was written, "An Appeal to Heaven." On Fort Sullivan in Charleston Harbor was raised a flag having a rising moon and the word "Liberty" in the corner.

The United States saw the necessity of a universal flag and so on June 14, 1777, Congress passed a resolution declaring "that the flag of the thirteen United States be stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing the new constellation."

In 1794 Congress decreed that after May 1, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes alternate red and white, and that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This change was made to mark the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union.

The stars and stripes were then equal, and a star and stripe were to be added with the admission of each

new State. It was soon realized, however, that the addition of a stripe and star for each new State would soon render the flag too large and a resolution was accordingly passed by Congress, April 4, 1818, reducing the number of stripes to thirteen—representing the original Union—and making the stars twenty in number. It was furthermore enacted that a new star should be added for each new State admitted into the Union. The flag now contains thirteen stripes, seven red and six white stripes, and corresponding to the forty-six States, it contains forty-six stars.

According to tradition, the first flag known as the "Stars and Stripes" was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia, Pa., about whom succeeding years have thrown a glamor of patriotic romance. We are deeply grateful for the pacifying emblem, the red, white, and blue, which reveals to us valor, purity, and veracity.

Lebanon, Pa.

SECONDHAND CLOTHING

Maud Hawkins

"Let us not play with Margory any more, girls," said proud Porsha. "Her people are very poor and she wears nothing but secondhand clothing. Her frocks, coats and shoes were all worn by some one else before she received them."

"That is no great sin," said thoughtful Faith Garland. "So were your clothing worn before you came into possession of them."

"Why Faith, how can you talk so? You know mama would never allow me to wear cast-off clothing."

"That is true, not cast off willingly, but stripped forcibly from the owners."

"Faith, that is worse than calling it cast-off. But you are joking, for you know that papa buys all my things in the city, and he would never think of taking any clothing from any one or allow me to accept any as a gift."

"Well, if he does not, he encourages the practice by buying them from those who make a living by selling clothing which were once worn by others."

"Why do you talk so, Faith? My papa never brings home anything but brand new stuff, right from the store."

"Yes, but they have all been colored, pressed and made over, so no one would ever suspect that they had kept other bodies warm before your papa bought them."

"Well, if papa ever did buy anything of the kind he was deceived in that way."

"Oh, no, he was not deceived, for he often inquired of the merchant if he would guarantee those flannels to be strictly all wool from those individuals, and when told that they were, he was sure to take them."

"Why, Faith, you talk just as though you were serious, and I don't think it a bit nice of you to go on that way about my papa."

"Indeed, I am in earnest. Let me prove it to you. First your pretty shoes were worn by a dear little thing until some one killed it, in order to get the shoes for you to wear."

"Oh, Faith, killed it!"

"Yes, and your stockings and cloak were worn by some other individuals until they were caught and their covering stripped from their backs. Your nice silk hood was the covering of many dear little bodies, but they were thrown into hot water and scalded to death, in order to get the material to make it. It was not crimson then, but a very delicate cream."

"I am going to tell papa and he will never buy any more things of those wicked men."

"Yes he will, else you will have to go without. Your dress was taken from a hard-working little creature who is most always tired from carrying burdens over the steep Andes Mountains in South America. The quills on your hat were taken from a mother by first killing her. She left four little children who starved because there was no one to feed them. Your pearl pin ornamented the home of an individual who was destroyed when it was taken from him. The comb in your hair was taken from another. The buttons on your coat, also your mittens, scarf, gloves, and even your tooth brush were taken forcibly from their owner, as were your coral necklace, ivory-handled knife and penholder."

"Oh, oh, Faith, don't tell me any more, for I feel sorry for those people anyway just as if it really were true. Just like when you read a story that you know is not true, but you feel sorry just the same."

"Even the hair mattress on which you sleep was taken from its owner. Your pretty little hand bag also was taken from the owner who lived away down in Florida, and one Monday as he was lazily basking in the sun, he was shot by some one who hid in the bushes, and the material taken from him to make a good many bags. Even the candles that you had on your Christmas tree were taken. The glue which fastens your chair was taken without the consent of the owner. The plumes on your mama's bonnet were clipped from the owner with sharp shears as he lay bound with strong cords. Your beautiful furs were the covering of an

innocent animal that was caught in a trap, and then shot in order to get his glossy coat for you to wear around your neck."

"Oh, I know now. You mean that most all of my clothes were worn by animals before I got them. I never thought of that before. I am sorry I ever spoke so of Margory. I am no better than she. I will always remember whose secondhand clothing I am wearing."

THE CHINESE FAMINE.

ERNEST P. BICKNELL.

RECENT advices from China indicates that conditions in the famine district are as bad as have been rumored and are growing worse as days go by. Two and a half million Chinese will die for the want of bread if assistance is not rendered immediately. This number comprises nearly the entire population of the northern part of the provinces of Kiang-Su and Anhui.

The famine in China is the direct result of the great floods which inundated the provinces mentioned last summer, ruining the crops. Consequently there was no harvest and the supply of food on hand was not sufficient to sustain the people of these sections until the next harvest. In fact, unless prompt aid is rendered there will not be a next harvest, as the Chinese will eat the seed instead of planting it. During the first days of the famine mothers endeavored to sell their babies to provide food for themselves and save the children from starvation. Now they are trying to give the children away in the hope that those to whom the babies are given will be able to feed them. Along the banks of the Grand Canal the victims of this terrible calamity are living in mud and water, with only shacks of matting over their heads, hoping against hope that they may exist until boats bearing the staff of life come up the canal to relieve them.

Writing from Hwai Yuan, via Nanking, E. C. Lobenstine, of the American Presbyterian Mission, describing the conditions which exist in the country immediately about Hwai Yuan, says:

"The magistry of Hwai Yuan has an estimated population of 300,000 persons. The number of famine sufferers—those who must be relieved or die—in this magistry alone, amounts to, approximately, 200,000—70 per cent of the entire population. Last year the flood was the worst here in many years, and the crops were poor. The wheat suffered from drought and only one-third was saved. This year about half of the wheat was harvested, but in the region north of Hwai two tornadoes and then the flood carried away practically everything.

"The need here is great, and the condition of the poor is as serious as that in other parts. Reports come in daily of people dying of starvation. The poor who have children are trying to sell them, but even they will not sell for a pittance. Help is needed at once. As soon as the real cold and wet weather sets in the death rate will increase greatly.

"One million people are dependent on outside relief, and these will die of starvation if relief is not given and they are kept in this region. Five months must be counted on, and a family cannot exist on less than one cent per head per day, if for that.

"We are eagerly hoping for help from the Red Cross Society."

This statement only gives an idea of the conditions in one portion of the great famine district.

"The plague is creeping southward towards this famine district. It has ravaged Manchuria, and thousands of refugees who have fled to Chefoo, in Chantung Province, have carried it there. Hundreds of deaths occur daily. The frozen ground prevents the burial of the dead and long rows of coffins lie on the roadside. American Consul-General Wilder, at Shanghai, cabled to the Red Cross that people stricken with this plague die within a few hours, and that it is of so fatal a nature no one ever recovers. The people have at last consented to cremation and several thousand of these bodies have been burned.

"The Red Cross has sent from Manila Dr. Richard Strong and Dr. Oscar Teague, plague experts, to aid the Chinese government to fight the spread of this fatal pestilence. It is now only about 150 miles from the provinces in which the famine exists, and if it ever reaches there the result will be appalling."

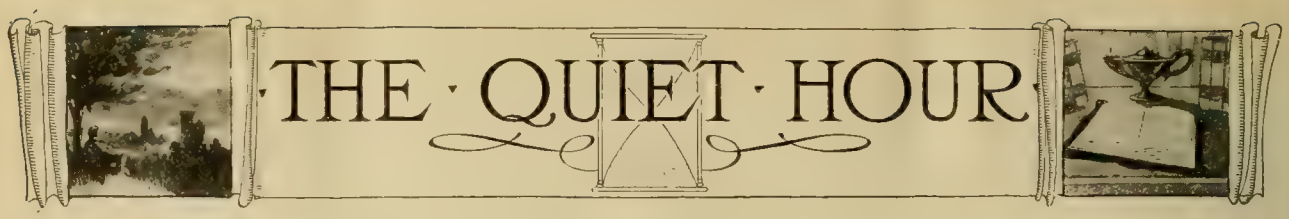
President Taft, as President of the American Red Cross, has sent out an urgent appeal to our people to aid China, which is suffering from these dual calamities. Contributions of money can be sent to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

If the people of America desire to help these sufferers in China they must act immediately. The Red Cross makes all remittances to China by cable, through the State Department, thus insuring safe passage of funds from the giver to the beneficiary and the speedy application of such funds where they will do the most good.

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—A. L. Barbauld.



A BIBLICAL DISTINCTION IN PRAYER

Dr. Wilbert W. White

MAY I call attention to a distinction between what may be called the causal theory of prayer, and the reflex influence of prayer, and the medial theory of prayer? This last is the biblical doctrine of prayer,—that asking is a means to receiving,—so vitally related to receiving that if we do not ask we do not receive. The reflex theory is distinct from this in this way; there are those who claim that prayer does not change anything; that nothing comes as the result of prayer,—nothing outside of ourselves,—it changes us; we are brought into line with the will of God, but this inexorable will of God is operating and it is ridiculous for us to imagine that we may influence God in any way. Prayer simply has a reflex influence upon the one who prays and brings that person into a state of mind which makes him receive that which comes and which would have come, anyhow. A famous illustration, used by a famous preacher once in a famous sermon on prayer, is this: Here is a large vessel out in the harbor at anchor, and over there, some distance away, is a little boat, and a rope is thrown out to the little boat. The person in the boat, by means of the rope, draws himself up under the shadow and protection of the larger vessel. There is no change in the larger vessel, but the operations of the one in the little boat bring him up to the larger vessel. This is a very prevalent theory of prayer in the Church of God today. Many people have found this a refuge in their unsatisfactory experience in prayer. They have concluded that the scriptural emphasis of getting things through prayer must, somehow or other, be out of proportion, and that this other idea is the true one. This is all wrong.

To use an illustration to make more clear the distinction between the medial theory and this moral influence theory, may I refer you to the sower? He goes out to sow his seed. He derives benefit from the open air and the exercise in the field. That is the moral, the reflex influence in the illustration, but he would not do that were he not expecting to reap. He sows his seed as a means to the end, reaping. That side of the illustration presents the medial theory. The man who goes out and sows with a view to reaping a crop, has all the benefits of the other, and more, and we maintain that there would not be much praying if there were really a conviction that, after all, prayer is related to receiving.

The causal theory I need not speak of, because it involves the idea that God actually is changed as a result of new information which he receives from us, very much as the great King of Persia was changed when Esther came in and told him about Haman. We believe that God knows all beforehand. We cannot give him any information on any subject, but we believe also that he has appointed prayer as a means of doing things, and that he comes into us by his Spirit, and moves us to ask for things that he intends to bring to pass,—things that he can bring to pass only through our asking; that this is so vital that if we do not pray those things would not come to pass. . . . We believe that things are prevented from coming to pass, and that things are brought to pass by prayer. So much on this point,—the prominence of asking as the means of receiving.

The second thought is this, the prominence of the idea that there are prayers which, for a reason, are not answered. Too many people have the idea (because of their ignorance of it) that the Bible teaches that any prayer that anybody may care to make, is bound to be answered. But the Bible stands right against that kind of an idea, for the Bible presents to us instances of unanswered prayer,—instance after instance is recorded here in the Scriptures of unanswered prayer, and reason after reason is given why prayer is not answered. It would be a very interesting line of study for you to go through the Bible for these unanswered prayers, and to discover the reasons.

"Let him ask in faith, nothing doubting: for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." This is a very clear warning that a certain kind of prayer is not going to amount to anything.

"Ye ask and receive not." Is that not clear enough that there is prayer that is not answered?

The supplication of a righteous man availeth much,

indicates that there are kinds of supplication which do not avail, and that there are kinds of people who pray who are not heard. There comes to my mind that striking statement in Isaiah where Jehovah addresses the formal worshipers through his prophet and tells them what they are doing, and towards the climax of the address he says, "When ye make many prayers I will not hear." (See Isaiah first chapter.)—*Bible Record.*

CHANCELLOR KENT AND GOETHE.

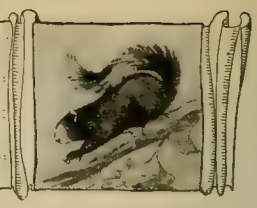
"THE general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice and fortitude; and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life" (Chancellor Kent).

"It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest" (Goethe).

TREE FULL OF BIBLE LORE.

A student of Holy Writ has composed biblical statistics in this novel form:

STUDIES



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IN THE GARDEN

SELECTION OF SEEDS

William Mohler

THIS is a good time to plan for better seeds for another year. The best of seeds are none too good. What is meant by the best of seeds are seeds that are not only sure to grow, but seeds that will also produce maximum crops.

The wastefulness of haphazard seed selection is not often taken into account until harvest time. Even then the loss from this cause is too often placed elsewhere.

The loss from the indifferent selection of seeds is not fully realized until the planter is impressed with the fact that it costs just as much to grow a poor-yielding plant as it does to grow a good-yielding one.

From a lot of early Ohio seed potatoes I selected the best looking ones and planted them. The plants made a good, thrifty growth, promising a good yield, but when I dug the potatoes the crop did not turn out so well as I had expected—barely making me a profit. Too many of the plants produced only one or two potatoes. Fine, large ones they were, but not enough of them to pay for the expense of growing them. To get a profit from the patch the large producing plants had to make up the loss. If all the plants had done as well as the best ones did my profit on that patch would have been fully fifty times what it was. If it had not been for the good producing plants scattered through the patch, I would have lost money on that planting, although I was careful to select the finest potatoes for seed. I do not know but that I would have done better if I had selected smaller potatoes for seed. I learned that the bin or crib is a poor place to select from. What I found true of potato plants, I find true of everything a farmer plants; that is, the poor-yielding plants eat up the profits of the better plants.

The problem to be worked out is how to get rid of the poor producers. The answer is: Plant only the best producing seed—a thing easily said, but not so easily done,—but it can be done in a great measure.

When the seed of the Livingston Globe tomatoes were first placed on the market I paid twenty cents for forty seeds. The seeds were pure and the variety good, yet at harvest time I found as great a difference in the yield of individual plants as I found in the potatoes. Some of the finest specimens were grown on plants that did not produce more than a dozen tomatoes. If I had selected tomatoes for seed from a basket, I would have done as I did with the potatoes—selected the best specimens. This would not have been far out of the way if I had been growing tomatoes for exhibition; but since I was growing them for a large crop, I selected seeds from plants that were heavy producers of large, smooth tomatoes of the right color. By following this line of selection for three years I practically eliminated the poor-yielding plants and increased the yield threefold without any increase of expense for cultivation. What I made by selection was clear gain.

One of the State Experiment Stations in following the line with wheat that I did with tomatoes developed seed that produced sixty-two bushels per acre, when the seed from which it was originally taken produced but twenty-five bushels per acre, under like conditions.

In seed selection the thought should be firmly fixed in the mind that none but the seeds from the best producing plants should be planted. In the selection of seed corn the right way to do is not to select the largest ears grown in the field, but it is to select for seed the largest and best ears grown where the stand of corn is the closest. The stalk of corn that will produce the best ear in a full stand is the kind of plant for a big crop. Everything gained by improved seed is clear profit.

THE POT HERBS.

WHEN ordering seeds or plants, this spring, include in your order a supply of the garden herbs used for cookery and for family use. They are easily raised, and should find a place in every garden. Once having raised, gathered in the proper season and dried your own herbs, you will be loth to patronize the grocer or druggist afterwards. Sage, mint, rosemary, lavender, dill, and dozens of other things will grow with little care, some of them being perennial, others biennials, and the annuals generally "seeding" themselves. The uses for some of them are almost without end, and many of them are "good medicine" and harmless. —*The Commoner.*

RECENT POETRY

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

D. R. N.

Many a fragrant isle must lie
Under the blue of a Southern sky,
Or my weary soul would faint,
'Mid sordidness, and greed and taint,
As it follows the gleam of the Grail,
On a dim and shadowy trail,
Hurrying ever on and on
Through eveningtide and through the morn.

Yes, a fragrant isle must be
In a far-off Southern sea,
And a bower arched o'er
With honeysuckle vines that pour
Sweetest incense from their flowers,
In the calm and dreary hours
On the circumambient air
Of this distant island fair.

When the summer roses bloom,
And is gone the winter's gloom,
I shall seek this dear retreat
And the bower's lovely seat;
And if perchance I find thee there,
With a red rose in thy hair,
I will breathe into thy ear,
And entreat that thou wilt hear,
A secret sweet divined by thee,
Revealed unconsciously by me;
But if empty be the bower,
Henceforth from that fateful hour
I shall tread the path of pain
In winter, snowfall, and in rain.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

ROWLAND.

If counting o'er the vanished years
That mark thy life's brief span,
Thou findst they have brought to thee
True love for God and man,
Then let thy heart be glad.

Should thoughts of failure in the past
Bring thee a saddened mood,
Look in thy heart, and if there dwells
A stronger love for good
Then let thy heart be glad.

If still the blessed power is thine
Another's heart to cheer,
If thou canst aid with heart and hand
The Master's service here,
Then let thy heart be glad.

If, in thy later noonday hours,
Thou canst look above
And trust thyself and all thy cares
With him whose name is Love,
Then let thy heart be glad.

DREAMS IN THE NIGHT.

MARY GERMAINE.

Dreams in the night in the winter chill
Of the old, ghost-haunted room,
With the tap of the larch on the window-sill
And a thread of light in the gloom
From the same cold star that once beguiled
The watchful eyes of a frightened child.

Dreams, sad, sad dreams, of the tearful day,
Handling the old familiar things,
Sighing, and packing them all away;
While each wan moment its memory brings,
And the same bleak wind comes back to blow
His cheerless whistle across the snow.

Dreams, haunting dreams, that ghostlike call
When the first, red morning glow
Glints tassels of larch on my chamber wall,
And, waking, I bid them go.
But gray they huddle 'twixt me and the sun,
For these haunting dreams and my heart are one.

—Lippincott.

SONNET TO APRIL.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

The blustering cold March winds, now, are o'er,
And glad earth smiles to see the winter go.
'Tis gone, arbutus, peeping, seems to know.
Now, April showers seem, awhile, to pour,
Their teardrops glisten, then, are soon, no more,
Almost from sunshine, their tears start to flow,
Then smile and bid May flowers bloom and grow,
Not like March winds, do April's howl and roar,
But softly whisper to flowers and bird
And kiss the cheeks of flowers, sweet to see
Which by warm suns, from waking earth are stirred.
The crocus and sweet violet, smiling, seem to be,
All nature, now, doth give approving word;
While joyful little birds sing in the tree.

"LOOK UPWARD."

HOPE ISBELL.

Look up, dear heart,
The earth is draggled
And dank with rain,
And strewn with wreck
And red with stain;
But the sky is blue,
The sunshine bright,
And sweet is the song
Of the lark in flight;
And God in heaven rules day and night,
Look upward.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. April 4, 1911. No. 14.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

Milo F. Hale

AS we pick up the daily paper to read of the happenings of a few hours before in far-away lands, we seldom stop to consider the great amount of thought and work that it has cost during thousands of years to develop a system whereby we could give others the benefit of our ideas and perpetuate them for future generations.

It would be interesting to study the progress that has been made in the methods of conveying thought. First, possibly by signs with the hands, afterwards by crude pictures, and finally by our complete system.

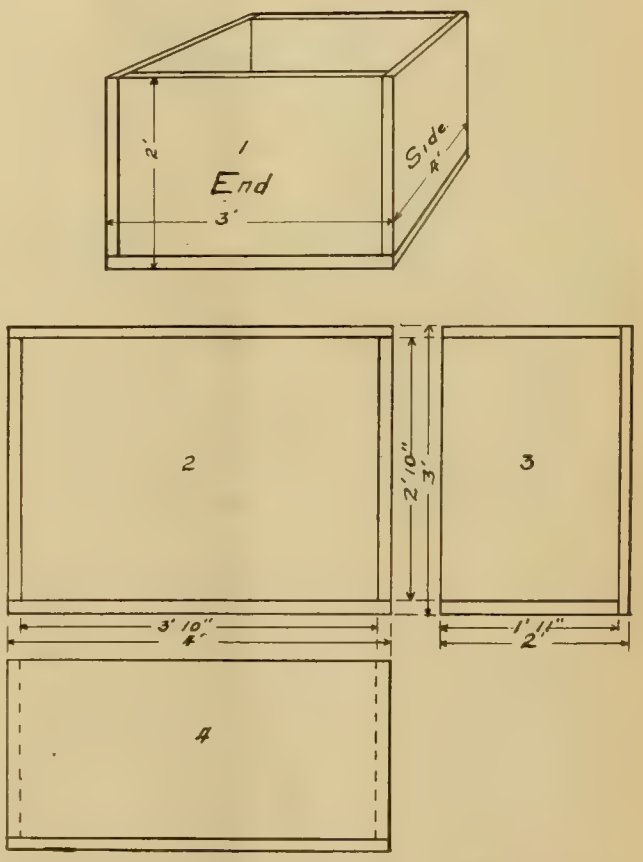
As new conditions arise new demands are made along this line. When Morse invented the telegraph he needed a new form of alphabet. With the introduction of the aeroplane a new engine must be designed and the disappearance of the forest demands something different in the way of building material.

We are living in an age of inventions. Our great ocean trade demands wireless telegraph; our cities demand fireproof buildings; our inland trade demands quicker and safer transportation, and our farmers demand better machinery.

All these new articles must be supplied at the factory, and it will take thousands of pieces of different shapes and sizes in their construction. When a factory wishes an article made for a special purpose, the work is placed into the hands of a special designer who places his thoughts on a paper in the form of a drawing.

You can imagine how difficult it would be to explain in writing some new form of casting for a plow or binder. But make a few sketches of it from different sides, giving proper dimensions, and the work becomes quite simple. Thus we see the necessity in this age of new inventions, of a special method of expressing our thoughts along this line, and mechanical drawing is meeting the need very satisfactorily.

We have been using this form of expression so little in common life that we hardly realize how much it might be used, if we knew a few of its principles.



To the designer in a factory it is an absolute necessity. The man who makes the pattern for the casting must know how to read the drawing that is placed in his hands. The same is true of the man in the machine shop. In fact, everyone who has a part in the making of the article should be able to read the design of the originator. It is easy to see how necessary a course in mechanical drawing is to the architect, and to the man who follows his plans and constructs the building. We can readily see how convenient it would be for the man who is having the building constructed, although in many cases he must wait until the building is completed, then pay to have it changed to suit him, or use

it without being suited, just because he could not see the form of the structure while it remained in the form of a drawing.

Possibly some of the readers of this article will say that they can not learn to read a mechanical drawing and will pass the subject on. It is not difficult, and any one interested, with a very few lessons, can learn to read a simple drawing.

To give an idea of the nature of a mechanical drawing let us use a simple box without a top. This is shown in a common perspective drawing marked No. 1. The box is two feet high, three feet wide and four feet long.

To get the true relation of the different parts we must make several views of the box. The first would be by looking down on the box while it is placed in its natural position. This is called the top view and is shown by drawing No. 2. Here are shown all the lines that could be seen by looking straight down on each part of the box. The lines show that the sides extend the full length of the outside of the box, while the ends extend the width of the inside. The dimensions are shown to the right and below the view, the length of the outside being four feet, marked 4′ and the inside three feet ten inches, marked 3′ 10″. The number to the right shows that the outside width is 3′ and the inside 2′ 10″.

This view does not give us any idea of the height of the box, so we must give one or more other views, and the drawing marked 3 is called the end elevation. It shows the appearance of the end of a box. This gives us an idea of the height, and the dimensions are given below the drawing. The total height is 2′, and the height on the inside is 1′ 11″. This view shows that the bottom and sides of the box come even with the end and that the bottom extends the total width.

Another view is often necessary, and we have shown this in drawing 4, which is placed below the top view. It is called the side elevation and shows the side view of the box. Here we can see the edge of the bottom, but the side hides the end boards. However, we know the end boards are back of the sides and therefore show them by dotted lines instead of solid lines.

In some irregular-shaped objects it may be necessary to make more than three views and in other cases it may be necessary to make a drawing of the inside as it would look if cut into two parts.

Our explanation is quite brief, but we hope it is sufficient to give you an idea of what a mechanical drawing is, and I am sure that a little study along that line would be of considerable value to every one. If the farmer wishes to plan for a building and employs a good architect to draw it, he reads the drawing with some degree of satisfaction. If he wishes a brooder for his chickens he can make a drawing and get a much better idea of its appearance when finished than in any other way. Or, if he needs a casting for some piece of machinery and does not wish to send to the factory he can make a drawing of it and have it made at some foundry near home.

To be able to read a book of designs of barns, silos or anything for the farm would be of great value to the farmer and undoubtedly would be worth many dollars to him.

PEACE VS. WAR

Blanch Bonsack

"Am I my brother's keeper?" I am, and he is mine. As with man to man so with nation to nation. Is it the duty of the United States to see that Great Britain is properly treated by her sister nations? Is it the duty of Germany to see that Japan receives justice from other nations? Is it the duty as well as the privilege of each nation to see that every other nation is properly treated and well protected? Yea, verily. Why then, this social and political unrest? Why this continual strife among peoples? Is it because the golden rule is obeyed? No, a thousand times no. It is in fact the Apostates' Greed versus the Apostles' Creed. Some of the causes for this strife and unrest are jealousy, pride, and selfish desires.

One nation is jealous of another because she is gaining that for which the first is striving, the other is proud because of her success. There springs up at once a spirit of enemity between them and war follows. We need only to turn back the pages of history to see the strife among nations to control the world; to see how the reins of government were held by one nation and then another; to observe the brief periods of peace between their strivings. But what does all this mean? To one—loss of noble lives and glory of victorious triumph; to the other—loss of innumerable noble lives, defeat, and dishonor. And yet we crown such men as Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon,—the very instigators of such movements,—the very butchers of men—as the gravest and bravest of the world's heroes.

However, a more modern cause for this continual unrest is international prejudice. Nations judge each other without due examination. Nations are accused of that of which they are innocent.

Three large influences, however, go to counteract this obstacle. The newspaper gives us daily an account of the actions of our neighbors on the opposite side of the globe. Travel teaches us that after all our black-skinned and yellow-skinned brothers are not so vastly different from ourselves. The internationalization of men of learning in the world's congresses of doctors, lawyers, engineers, journalists and peace commissioners, is the third and final influence. All these help us to see that a man is not dangerous simply because he does not dress as we do, or does not speak the same language that we speak.

Another obstacle which hinders a better international understanding is the patriotic historian who brings to light the bravery and valor of his own country rather than that of his rivals. It has been said that most of the school histories have been written by those who know little of real history. Line upon line, page upon page, yea, book upon book, is found in our libraries, dealing with the subject of war; but only here and there do we find a short paragraph dealing with peace. And is this in harmony with the teachings of the Prince of Peace? Reverse the conditions and the facts would tend to be more ideal. We need only to emphasize arbitration and disemphasize wars. For after all which settles disputes—war or arbitration? Which of the two is the sane, sound, rational, and righteous way of settling differences? This question can be settled by any person, with a reasonable amount of intelligence without very much hesitation.

And when we appeal to another side of our Christian natures we feel more keenly the injustice and hostilities of bloody and cruel warfare. How many widows and fatherless children are left to battle the struggles of life alone? How many mothers spend many sleepless nights, weeping for their son who has given his life for his country? How many? I repeat, how many? Almost a countless number. How many men in fighting for their native land have suffered hardships unknown even to their comrades? Fifteen billion lives were lost during the historic period by a process which selects the strongest for destruction and the weakest for survival. Three billion dollars are spent annually in the United States for pensions. Two billion dollars paid annually as a result of past wars. Two hundred millions annually spent for army and navy by a country which has on her own continent no neighbor capable of endangering it. All this, and in a Christian nation, whose flag has already been stained by the blood of heroes in time past, and at the same time contains the very emblems of peace and purity! What is more emblematic of peace and calmness and quietude, than the unclouded, blue sky, studded with millions of sparkling star gems? And, mark you, from these inconsistencies, it seems folly to attempt to develop an international feeling of peace by continuing to make our armies and navies stronger. Why, the very inconsistency of our actions accuses us of infidelity or gross incompetence! For who would establish a friendship by pointing a gun at his neighbor?

Peace and War,—oh! they mean so much to us. The word "war" depicts to us all the horrors and bloodshed of the battlefield. We hear the clang and clamor of marching armies. We behold fiery steeds and glittering array. We witness deadly onslaught. We picture the return of the conqueror. But list! There is another picture. On yonder battlefield we see the dead and dying. The very earth itself groans beneath their ragged forms. Yes, but this is not all. Look with me, if you will, to the agonies suffered and heartaches borne by Washington and his men at Valley Forge. We see the bloody footprints in the snow left by our own American soldiers. Yes, and we see the sufferings of our own fathers in Andersonville and Libby prisons. Oh! the picture is horrible enough, but pictures can not appease hunger when bread and water are needed! When the word "peace" is uttered, it is as if the Master himself had said, "Peace, be still," and the storms of war are past. Yea, there springs up before us a calm and peaceful picture as of a placid lake upon whose glassy surface a canoe floats gently in the pale moonlight, in which is seated an Indian maiden, as free and happy as the birds that flit from tree to tree, by day, on yonder shore.

Were Napoleon, Cæsar, Alexander, any the greater for their continual warring? You say "yes," for therein lies their greatness. But wherein lies true greatness? Had they not been greater heroes by originating a movement which should have abolished forever cruel war from the face of the earth and have settled their international disputes and problems by arbitration?

Recently such movements have been started. The first peace society in the world was founded in New York in August, 1815. The next year the English Peace Society was founded, the first in Europe. These little societies have led to such world-wide movements as the International Arbitration Tribunal and the International Court of Justice. These organizations are doing a good work and we wish them Godspeed.

May the day be in the near future when the "dove of peace" can fly from shore to shore, carrying messages of peace and friendship from nation to nation; when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither know war any more"; when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter X. Hortense, Queen of Holland, Born 1783; Died 1837.

In far-away France, within the celebrated church of Rueil, stands a funeral monument around which many distinguished travelers have gathered. The sculpture, which is of white marble, represents a woman and an angel. The woman wears a regal diadem, while the filmy folds of a long veil completely enwrap her form. She is kneeling in the attitude of prayer, her eyes raised heavenward. Before her are strewn a crown, a few laurels and a lyre; but her face bespeaks a sense of contempt for these trinkets, which are so unsatisfying upon earth, and much more so in the face of immortality. Above the statue floats the angel, who, with a consoling gesture, shows the melancholy Queen the eternal spheres. On the pedestal is cut this inscription: "To Queen Hortense. Her son, Napoleon III."

This is all that earth retains of Hortense Beauharnais, the child who sought, at the peril of her life, the prison where her parents awaited execution; of the radiant and loving-hearted girl who later graced the halls of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries; of the majestic Queen who afterwards sat upon the throne of Holland; of the sad woman, grown prematurely aged, who ended her years within the stately, though silent, Castle of Arenenberg. The child of the Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, the sister of Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, the step-daughter and sister-in-law of the Emperor Napoleon, the wife of Louis Bonaparte, the mother of the future Napoleon III. This is all that remains to earth of her,—this and her sad history.

We would fain share the angel's benediction, as we kneel at the tomb of Queen Hortense. We would turn our eyes whither its finger points; we would fain believe that on those eternal shores earth's woes are all forgotten. To the over-wearied heart the thought uppermost and sweetest is the thought of rest. Let us believe, to that eternal sphere, where the angel points, poor Hortense has found an entrance and is enjoying the tranquil and blessed rest.

We kneel long by the monument of Hortense Bonaparte, and muse upon the vagaries of Fate. We note the brevity of human grandeur. We contemplate the fate of sovereigns in general. Let us, for one moment, review the individual characters of these studies: What vanished glory! What histories! Yet which one of them was really happy? Not Marguerite, Queen of Navarre; not Catherine de' Medici; not Mary Tudor; not Mary, Queen of Scots; not Marie Antoinette; not the grief-stricken Duchess of Angouleme; not Josephine, and surely not Hortense! Could they arise, with their pale faces and in their winding sheets today, they would speak to us in tones depreciatory of earthly splendor and attest to the declaration of the preacher, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

When she was not yet eighteen, this adored daughter of Josephine, and beloved stepchild of the Emperor Napoleon, fell in love with a young man who had won honors as a general, yet who was nevertheless beneath the station of Hortense. It was at this time that Napoleon was rending dynasties and creating thrones according to his will. He had constituted Joseph King of Naples, established Jerome upon the throne of Westphalia, and had but recently declared his scholarly brother, Louis, to be King of the Hollanders. Having married off the remainder of his family, though little to their own liking, it mattered not, he cast about in his mind to whom he should wed this remaining and handsome brother. After more speculation than discussion he decided it should be his stepdaughter Hortense. The young lover, into whose keeping Hortense had surrendered her heart, figured not the slightest in the decision. He was at that moment absent upon regimental duties, and the Emperor was busy arranging to have the nuptials well over before he should return.

For his part, Louis Bonaparte was already betrothed to a lady of his own choosing, whom he loved with a deep and abiding passion, but that fact was of no importance whatever. Apparently, there was but one power which was of importance in France at that period,—namely, the amazon hero, Napoleon Bonaparte. To oppose the Emperor would mean disaster.

It is true, Hortense had set up a defense as touching as it was futile. She had referred to her exceeding regard for the Emperor, and the benefits she had received from his magnanimity, solely. She had declared her veneration and nameless love for her mother, whose safety and peace of mind this step promised to secure. Yet above all, she pleaded for her own heart, which beat alone for the young and distant lover, for alas! it could never beat for another. But Napoleon surprised her into dumb obeisance, by declaring that he considered her protests extremely squeamish, and was pained that a woman upon he had lavished so many benefits and so much care, could be

so weak. Henceforth, Hortense was mute, while the preparations were concluded with astonishing dispatch, and all the world marveled at the brilliant marriage of this stepdaughter of the Emperor.

Without his consent and against his desire, Napoleon had established Louis Bonaparte upon the throne of



Hortense, Queen of Holland.

Holland. Yet finding himself compelled to be King of the Hollanders, he resolved in his heart to become "every inch a Dutchman." Had he, in the same spirit, upon finding himself a married man against his will, resolved to become every inch a tender husband, a true home might have been built, even out of the wreckage of those two hearts. But Louis Bonaparte did not resolve, be it said to his sorrow and everlasting shame.

As for Hortense, she made a noble effort toward amicability and took as sanguine hope as she might for the future. Whatever her faults may have been through subsequent years of suspense and heartache and hopelessness, she at least strove in the first period of the conjugal life to keep her husband and herself from utter abandonment. It is a sad picture which history affords, of this young girl, always brilliant and amiable, as she was petted and adored, in the first days of her married life assuming the habits of a recluse, and yearning, though vainly, for one kind glance or word of approbation. She ever became attentive to the sombre bridegroom, and we lose a degree of our former esteem for this scholar and husband, when we find him advertently declaring to his wife that he had resolved to save himself from the common fate of husbands by fortifying his heart against all formal advances, however guarded they might be, or well-cloaked under the conventional mantle of attachment, or any other feeling of finer sentiment.

Thus we see the gulf between the royal couple widen, and Louis devotes himself wholly to the welfare of his subjects and to the deeper researches of the scholar, while Hortense grows pensive, and at last gives herself over to the abandonment of despair. Thus the portrait of this woman at twenty-five is no longer the portrait of the girl of eighteen. Her step has lost its blitheness, her shoulders are noticeably drooped, and there is in her eye that yearning intensity of expression which invariably attests to suffering and sadness. Yet Hortense is still beautiful, and through these years of humiliation and wretchedness, has lost none of her queenly bearing and high-born grace. Nevertheless, like the bewildered wayfarer in the desert, she famishes for the water of life, yet feels as hopelessly and surely that the consuming thirst shall never more be slacked. To the secret chamber of her husband's heart she is both unbidden and unknown. She implores God to mercifully blot from her remembrance every picture of the happy past, while Louis becomes more loveless, more silent and gloomier than ever. Poor Hortense! Poor Louis Bonaparte!

An event was finally approaching which was to transform the heart of Hortense to very wormwood, and we would fain she would have been spared the agony. The world, with its evil tongue, had been whispering unjust things about her,—about her and the Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte. Notwithstanding all his faults, and perhaps gallantries as well, let no impure sentiment be imputed to him in his relation to this woman. Love her, he always did, tenderly and well, but it always was in the sense of a father caring for his child. It is true, the contempt and disrespect with which Hortense was treated by Louis Bonaparte, kindled Napoleon's wrath, and about this time he wrote his brother that the King of Holland was in duty bound to treat the Queen with at least common decency; and did he not at once restore to his stepdaughter the rights of both sovereign and woman, he should have none other than himself to reckon with. All this time great preparations were going forward in the palace, while a few mutual and loyal friends were trusting that baby hands should draw the wandering hearts together.

We wish Queen Hortense might have felt the full and common joy of motherhood, in the birth of her babe, Prince Napoleon Charles. We wish she might, if but for one moment only, have thrust from herself the knowledge that evermore, as she nurtured and watched her child, the poisoned arrow of calumny should stab her soul. God had verily given, according

to his own sanction, this child to her, but the world would not believe it. She was a true and wedded wife, yet within her husband's house, an alien and even worse, she must henceforth be. Yet, upon this subject no word had ever passed between Hortense and Louis Bonaparte; but the day of revelation was hastening.

For the space of five years little Napoleon Charles abode as a bright angel in the royal palace of Holland; and the truly deep love which the King lavished upon the little prince attested to the fact that in his heart he claimed him as his son. It seems strange, indeed, that this intrinsic and common interest should not have drawn the estranged hearts together; but it did not. It was by this time generally known that he was to be the heir of the Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, and successor to the throne of France. Not so much as a whisper was longer heard concerning a divorce between Napoleon and Josephine. Hortense grew almost glad in the knowledge that her mother was to be spared the sorrow and ultimate disgrace, and felt that at least this good had resulted from the unhappy and ill-advised union.

Five years had passed away, and it was a festive day in the royal palace of Holland. Guests of distinction were present from abroad, and there were music and rejoicing. But ere morning dawned the King strode into the nursery whither the Queen had madly preceded him. Little Napoleon Charles was convulsed in the agonies of croup. That night, for the first time, the tears and sobs of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense blended. The King prostrated himself at one side of the bed, the Queen knelt at the other, and with white faces and quaking hearts, watched the flickering light of their little child go out. Ah, could a reconciliation have been effected even at that sad hour! But it was not.

I think the acme of Hortense's suffering was reached when Louis Bonaparte enjoined her to repent of her weakness for the Emperor and confess her sin, and that peradventure thus would God forgive her. By cold reserve and bitter insinuations had Louis upon several occasions exasperated the suffering woman to bitter replies; but this speech smote her absolutely dumb. She gazed long into her husband's eyes, with a glare in which defiance and despair mingled. But there was no love in the look. I think from that moment forth Hortense absolutely hated Louis Bonaparte.

But so long as she considered herself the wife of Louis Bonaparte so long did wifely duty and decorum guide her. Yet from these bonds she purposed in her heart to free herself. Though, if a sister of the Emperor was not permitted to change her residence or travel on the Continent without his sanction, how much less was a sister-in-law and stepdaughter supposed to dictate in so much more serious matter? Yet Hortense equaled herself to the emergency, and though she continued, for a time, to dwell under the same roof with Louis Bonaparte, at her demand, they dwelt thenceforward no longer together as husband and wife.

About this time Hortense wrote her mother that longer existence with the King of Holland was impossible. We have already studied the character of Josephine. We know that her nature ever inclined to forgiveness. Had she been the wife of Louis Bonaparte, however unhappy the relation might have been, she had made the best of it. She would have made his fireside cheerful. She would have leaned very tenderly upon his arm in the evening walk. She would have magnified his virtues alone, and published to the world how good and generous he was. She would even have endeavored to solace him, because he could not love her. In keeping with this sentiment, she wrote her daughter in a tone of gentle rebuke, exhorting her to remember the number of beautiful and truly rare qualities her husband possessed, urging her to consider his interests, and above all, calling to her remembrance the fact that "whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." This irritated the heart of Hortense, which was already goaded beyond endurance, and she answered her mother in this ignoble manner: "I suppose you share the universal opinion, and had therefore rather keep me at a distance from the Emperor." This was the unkindest act of which we know that poor Hortense was ever guilty; and unkind and contemptible it was to an unpardonable degree. Yet, while we make no apology for the same, in great mercy let us remember that her brain was tortured and her poor soul stung with a deadly and unspeakable anguish. Listen to the comforting reply of this magnanimous woman: "I wish my poor child understood me as well as I do her, for then she would be assured that her mother knows, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the scandal is impossible." And what Josephine so absolutely knew, all the world now sanctions,—that to a woman like Hortense Bonaparte, such grossness were impossible!

But the furies were no longer to be appeased. So the King and Queen went their separate ways,—Hortense, with their two remaining children, traveling incognito over the Continent, while Louis, sorrow-laden, sought a retreat in Italy, a King without a crown, a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a sojourner without a home.

Who is that being of dignified bearing, within the shelter of Arenenberg Castle, who suffers so utterly, yet so like unto a Queen? It is, indeed, the sad woman rid of all illusions, who, when the divorce between the Emperor and Josephine was pending, said to Napoleon: "My reputation is tainted, my health is broken,

I expect no further happiness in this life. Expel me from your heart if you wish, bury me in a convent if it seems best. I desire neither throne nor wealth, but give my mother peace!" Ah, her mother's peace! This was the boon for which she had bartered her heart's best wealth, but it had profited nothing! For this had her life's hope been murdered, and her first-born and beloved child gone to the grave with a stain upon his name, yet in face of the sacrifice was her mother destined to live in unutterable anguish and at last die of a broken heart. Oh, it was pitiful!

Thus it came to pass that while the world sighed briefly for the demise of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense, in the seclusion of her palace of Arenenberg brooded over the fruits of this marriage, which Louis, in his memoirs, himself declared to have been "celebrated in sadness." Through all these years of wretchedness she had not forgotten the young lover, the hopes of a union with whom had made her girlhood days so glad and full of promise! Ay, she had not forgotten, for a nature such as Hortense Bonaparte never can forget. If undisturbed in her radiant dream, how different her life had been,—how different had been that of Louis Bonaparte! Both had such bright hopes; both had such good traits; both, such exquisite ideals, and both had loved so ardently and truly. Poor Hortense! Poor Louis Bonaparte!

In these last sad years it means little to Hortense Bonaparte that the regal diadem glitters upon another's brow. Around her are scattered rare collections of art, in which her soul once reveled, but she heeds them not. Near her is the untouched lyre, and it would be no consolation could she even know that her own creation, the "Partant pour la Syrie" was soon to be made the national air of France. Nay, it could be no glory to her now, did she even know that her only surviving son would shortly be the illustrious Napoleon III. To her it were, indeed, "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Poor Hortense Bonaparte! We can no longer see the angel for the tears which we neither regret, nor of which we are ashamed. Neither can we exonerate her from all blame. We can only bow our hearts and trust that the Savior of the sinning and sorrowing world, in his great mercy, and within his enrapturing embrace, has received her!

IN THE NORTH OF THE NORTH STAR STATE

Life and Work at the Camps of the Skibo Timber Company

Mary E. Canode

Part Two.



Logging Engine and Train.

THE camps of a company are usually located in clearings surrounded by dense forests. The distance from the main settlement varies from five to twenty miles. The camp buildings consist of a large cooking and eating house, a bunk house, a small office, a blacksmith shop, barns for the horses, and a double walled and well banked root house or storage room which takes the place of cellars in moderate climates.

The spacious cooking and eating apartment is built of logs. Small windows and skylights furnish a limited supply of daylight. The two big range stoves standing side by side are kept steamed up most of the time by the busy cook and his "cookees" or helpers, usually two in number. The all around, useful man who scrubs the floors, supplies the kitchen with plenty of wood and water and is always ready to jump and run at the beck and call of the chief, the cook—this most useful of all useful fellows is known by the euphonious name of "bull cook." And his work is well done, for to one's great surprise the floors are found to be as clean as the proverbial, "clean enough to eat on," floors of the Pennsylvania housewife.

The eating apartment, which occupies the greater part of the kitchen, is furnished with a number of long tables fitted out with tin dishes and drinking cups. Backless benches take the place of chairs for the hungry men who file in and surround the tables at the bugle call of the cook.

By a strict rule the meals are eaten in silence almost as marked as that in a prison dining room. That is

because Mr. Cook wants the dining room cleared as quickly as possible that he may have ample time to put it in proper shape for feeding the same crowd of from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five men that will come trooping in five or six hours later. So of neccessity he must place a limit to the swapping of lumber jack stories at the table.

The cooks are men and prove their efficiency not only by what they cook but by how well they cook and bake without eggs, milk or butter. Hospitality in the extreme is characteristic of these denizens of the camp kitchen, for the hungry visitor who has perhaps tramped some miles through the woods to enjoy the unique sight of a lumber camp is invariably urged to have a cup of tea which means a pint basin of tea and a big dinner thrown in. One would not think of declining the invitation. The cleanliness of everything, the palatable looking cakes, pies, doughnuts, tarts and boiled and roasted cookery; added to this the novel experience of eating in a camp kitchen and in the very heart of nature is more than even the most fastidious could resist.

Not all meals are eaten in the camp kitchen. When the logging is some distance from the camp, the meals must be prepared, kept hot and carted over to the men at work. The old lunch horse is hitched to a sled containing a low, closed box which has two apartments, one for the pots of beans, potatoes, roasts and gravies; the other for bread and pastries.

At the logging place the jacks see to it that a good fire is started in time to have a kettle of water boiling, ready for the cookee when he arrives with the lunch cart. A rude table of baby logs is quickly constructed for setting out the dinner. The cookee prepares an abundance of hot tea, blows the dinner horn, places the pots and boxes of eatables on the table and then calls out "Dig in," and they all dig in. Each man disposes himself as he finds most convenient wherever Jack Frost nips weakest and the snow flakes fall lightest and hastens to eat his dinner before it has time to freeze on his plate. Dinnering out is not considered one of the joys of lumbering. Working in the cold, bracing air of this climate creates such an appetite that men consume twice the quantity of food that is eaten in doors. But even the most hardened lumber jack does not take great pleasure in eating his meals with icicles under his eyes and nose and snowflakes peppering his dinner. Neither do the cooks relish the idea of putting up lunches for day and night crews and washing the dinnering out dishes.

The company owns a number of horses but many of those used are rented from railroad contractors. The kind, generous nature of the lumber jack is shown in the way he treats all animal life with which he comes in contact. All the horses are pets. Great, strong fellows they usually are. The teamsters will watch their chance to "swipe" sugar or cookies from the table or coax the cooks to spare some of the older pastries for their favorites. Out in the woods the horses always receive first attention and begin eating their dinner before the lumber jacks receive an invitation to "dig in" for theirs. When dinnering out continues for some time, the birds and squirrels learn to call for their share.

The camp foreman usually has the only dog in the camp. His dog and the barn and kitchen cats are petted by all, while the billy goat which has been sent as mascot with the horses to keep them in good health is petted and teased until his goatship becomes a bundle of emphatic spunk.

Amusements are few. There is not material or opportunity for reading. Many of the modern lumber jacks are foreigners, usually Swedes, who can not read English. Mouth organ and violin music, songs and stag dances give a little variety to the evenings. In the permanent absence of the ladies some of the jacks are marked to represent ladies by having a handkerchief tied upon one arm. All work and fun must end before nine o'clock for at that hour comes the call "lights out," when every jack of them is supposed to be snugly fitted into his hay wallow with his bunk mate and as many other live companions as may have decided upon him as a particularly desirable host. Lumber jacks are very jealous concerning their peculiar possessions. A jack without graybacks in his shirt and night visitors in his bunk feels like a friendless fellow, worthy of being despised by his companions.



Dinnering Out. Camp Six.

In the bunk house two tiers of bunks on either side of the room are furnished with hay and blankets. Only a few carry pillows with them to the woods. The "turkey," a canvas bag filled with his belongings, is usually the lumber jack's downiest pillow.

A big wood stove in the middle of the bunk room is kept well fired up and serves to keep the frost line at the doors. Above it and around its pipe are strung lines and lines of the ever essential hay wire upon which the wet socks, shirts and mittens are hung for



EATING CAMP.—CAMP SIX.
Reading from the Left—D. E. Morrison, Foreman Irving, Second Cook, Head Cook, Water Cook.

drying while the owners are enjoying very solid comfort, breathing in the fragrant airs of the room and breathing out all varieties of snores.

Each camp has a foreman whose work it is to order the cutting of trees. The notcher cuts into the tree some distance, in the side and in the direction that the tree is wanted to fall. Then the sawyers saw through from the opposite side till the cutting is nearly reached and the tree is felled. The swampers trim off the branches, clear away from around the fallen tree, making room for the sawyers who saw the log into twelve, sixteen or eighteen foot lengths. These lengths are then either snaked out to the skidway by being dragged out of the woods by a log chain and horses or are taken out on drays, small sleds that carry only one end of the log.

The skidways are the places where the logs are piled in order for loading. The logs are piled or decked crosswise on this foundation, sometimes to a height of thirty feet. Sky hookers, cant hook men or crooked steel men are the names applied to deckers. They are proud of their accomplishments in the way of handling logs and cant hooks and from their great heights look down with contempt upon the fellow who can only wield a saw or an axe.

The great logging sled is drawn up to the side of the skidway and the work of loading is done by means of a jammer. This is a rude derrick arrangement of long or rather high poles with a pulley at the top from which extend chains for drawing and swinging the logs. Horses are hitched to the ropes from one side of the pulley and do the work of raising the logs. When a sled is loaded it is drawn out to the main iced road and placed in position to be attached to the train that is pulled by the great logging engine.

The engine runs partly by sliding and partly by sprockets which both propel and keep the iron monster from sliding sidewise on the road. From eight to twelve sled loads compose a train. Each load on the larger sleds represents a car load of lumber. The loads are hauled to a landing either up river or near the mill location and placed on the frozen river to await the thaws and the spring drive down river. When the saw mills start up in mid-winter the logs are hauled to the river bank near the mill where they can be rolled into the hot pond as they are needed for sawing.

The occurrence of forest fires often means great danger to the camps and mill settlements, and losses to the company. During the fires of last spring, Camp Four was totally destroyed and was rebuilt during the summer. Many valuable trees were entirely burned. Others were injured so that they had to be cut during the past winter. A fired tree will always become infested with worms if allowed to stand until the second summer. A dismantled and deserted camp after all the logging has been done around it is a most desolate sight.

Skibo, Minn.

"THE SIGN OF SPRING"

A. Chard

We see already the signs of spring,
The skipping rope begins to swing.
Strawberries, strawberries, you hear once more,
As the peddlers swarm about your door.

Your wife, she wants a new spring gown,
As good as there is in the town,
Your neighbor did his wife one bring
So you must do the same this spring.

The decorator's wagon is on the run
For cleaning house has now begun.

The new spring styles you see galore
Displayed in windows of many a store.

The coal man now can take a rest
The ice cream man now smiles the best.
Your food must now be put on ice
If you wish to keep it fresh and nice.

On the hobo's face there is a smile,
He'll be leaving town in a short while,
The country lanes have charms for him
When the birds begin to sing.

—Record-Herald.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Initiative and Referendum.

THE initiative and referendum have attracted considerable attention during the past few months. By intitiative we mean the people must be permitted to initiate legislation, to start it, to bring the proposition to the attention of the voters. Under the initiative a petition can be filed and when the percentage of voters required by law has signed the petition asking for the submission of a definite proposition then that proposition must be submitted and the people vote on it, and if the majority vote for it, it becomes a law the same as if the legislature had passed it as a statute.

The referendum means that when the legislature passes a law, a certain percentage of voters can, by petition, ask for the privilege of voting on that law. If that percentage signs the petition, then the question comes before the people, shall this law be a law or shall the people veto it: if, when the question is submitted, the majority of the people oppose the law it falls, and if the majority favor it, it stands.

Gain by the Initiative and Referendum

THE initiative and referendum strengthen the representative and at the same time protect his constituents. They strip the lobbyist of his power, for when he comes to a representative and says, "Now I want you to help pass this bill, we are greatly interested in it": if it is a bill that ought not to pass, and the representtive knows it, he says, "It is no use, we have the referendum in this State, and if that bill is passed it will never go into effect for the people will stop it, and then I will be disgraced." And if the lobbyist says, "Don't pass that bill, we are opposed to it," the representative says, "The people want it and if you don't give it to them, they will get it by petition." These reforms have been slow in getting started but are now rapidly gaining popularity. They are closely akin to the recall which holds that the people should have a man who represents them. If he is not faithful the people should have a right to recall him and put a faithful man in his place.

Postal Savings Banks: A Lesson.

THE postal authorities again report the success of the forty-eight savings banks which were "experimentally" opened early in January under a very imperfect law. The number of accounts, the average total per office, the average account, the character of the depositors—all tests indicate that the new institutions supply a real want.

Moreover, as leading bankers have admitted, there has been no withdrawal of deposits from private banks in the spheres of the postal banks' operation. The fears and misgivings of the opponents of the act have not been justified in the slightest degree. The money has come out of "stockings" and "holes"; the depositors are generally aliens who distrust private banks or miners and farmers who could not conveniently use the private savings institutions.

Congress has made an appropriation for the extension of the system of postal depositaries. New banks are to be opened in suitable places, but these are to include only one first-class postoffice, that of Washington, D. C. Great cosmopolitan cities must wait a little longer. Congress is still timid and backward. As a matter of fact, there is no excuse for continuing to treat the postal savings bank as experimental. We have no doubt that they "have come to stay"—to the advantage of all and injury of none.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Direct Election of Senators.

CONCERNING the direct election of senators the *Saturday Evening Post* says:

"While the Senate debated submission of the Constitutional amendment for direct election of its members by popular vote, the British Parliament was assembling to decide how and to what extent the veto power of the House of Lords should be limited. A point urged against the proposed amendment, in the Senate debates, was that direct election of members of that House would weaken our celebrated "check and balance" system of government. The grand model for that system, it is well known, was found by the Fathers in Montesquieu's notion of the British Constitution, and it has often been pointed out that Montesquieu's notion was erroneous, for in England there was no such sharp division of the powers of government as he imagined. Since his day the executive branch of English government has been quite swallowed up in the legislative branch. A majority of the House of Commons governs both executively and legislatively, except for such check as may be imposed by the House of Lords, and there is little doubt that at the present session of Parliament the power of the Lords to impose a check upon the Commons will be much limited. It may indeed practically disappear. It is rather odd that, a century and a quarter after the Revolution, England is less afraid of actual government by the people than we are."

Secretary Fisher.

CONCERNING the new secretary of the interior, a Chicago dispatch says:

"Walter Lowrie Fisher, newly appointed secretary of the interior, has been one of Gifford Pinchot's stanchest supporters in the matter of the conservation of natural resources. He was president of the Conservation League of America and is now vice president of the National Conservation Association, which succeeded the league, and of which Mr. Pinchot is president. Next July, on Independence Day, Mr. Fisher will be forty-nine years old. He was born in Wheeling, W. Va., and received his education in the Marietta, Ohio, College, and the Hanover, Indiana, College. He was admitted to the bar twenty-three years ago and has since been in practice at Chicago. He always has taken a deep and active interest in conservation, and has been identified with the so-called reform wing of the republican party. He was instrumental in the formation of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, and was its president in 1906. His greatest fame comes from his work in assisting in reorganizing the street railway system of the city out of the chaos in which the late Charles T. Yerkes left it. He was made special traction counsel for the city five years ago. His plan of reorganization found few friends when first announced, but the attorney stood by his guns through the courts and before the voters and brought it to a successful issue. Recently Mr. Fisher was appointed a member of President Taft's commission to investigate the feasibility of regulation of stock and bond issues of railroads. He was said to be in New York to attend a meeting of the commission. Mr. Fisher is vice-president of the National Municipal League and a member of the following clubs: University, City, Chicago, Literary, Cliff Dwellers, Onwentsia and Skokie Country. He belongs also to the Chicago Historical Society."

Grey's Attitude Toward the Peace Treaty.

THE London *Daily News* gives the following as Sir Edward Grey's private feelings toward President Taft's plan of establishing perpetual Anglo-American peace:

"What troubles me," said Sir Edward, "is the possibility of the peace efforts running too far ahead of the peace sentiment. While showing unmistakably our desire for an all inclusive arbitration treaty between England and America we should avoid expressions and acts tending to indicate that we have any special or urgent reasons for moving rapidly in the matter.

"Nothing presses us in the direction of the mooted treaty but considerations of common sense and humanity.

"For my part I believe that the main impetus should come from America. That powerful and relatively isolated nation can act without that suspicion of motives which the proximity and power of our neighbors and the comparative complexity of our foreign relations make easy for those so inclined.

"They say we are seeking relief and possible succor against an hour of crucial difficulty. As a matter of fact we are quite prepared to help ourselves, and, besides, our great neighbors are friendly.

"Only the wish to take a long step forward in civilization impels us to acclaim President Taft's initiative, which seems to foreshadow not only permanent peace between America and England, but a general movement toward the abolition of war."

Exit the Old Guard.

THE Chicago *Tribune* furnishes the following, in a Washington dispatch, concerning the retirement of the "old guard:"

"Washington, D. C., March 4.—When Congress adjourned there disappeared from the Senate a few men who have stood consistently for the interests of the people, and a large number who closed their public careers by voting to retain William Lorimer in the senatorial seat he occupies.

"To the 'old guard' the sound of the gavel of the vice-president striking his desk as the hands of the clock pointed to midday resembled the thud of earth falling upon the political coffins of their departed leaders and comrades. The list of men relegated to oblivion includes:

"Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island.
"Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut.
"Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan.
"Thomas H. Carter. of Montana.
"Chauncey M. Depew, of New York.
"Charles Dick, of Ohio.
"Frank P. Flint, of California.
"Eugene Hale, of Maine.
"John Kean, of New Jersey.
"Samuel H. Piles, of Washington.
"Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia.

"With the exception of Aldrich, all of the above men voted for Lorimer's retention in the Senate. Aldrich would have done so had he been in Washington, being Lorimer's 'bell-wether.'"

Reciprocity and the Farmer.

A LITTLE while ago every one was hurling criticism against Congress because we had a tariff revision "up" instead of "down." Now that the same question is again before Congress in a different form the standpatters are making a desperate effort to confuse the supporters of a lower tariff. President Taft is urging reciprocity with Canada. The standard of living in these two countries is practically the same. The cost of production is about equal and as cheap labor is to be found in this country as in that. Thousands of American farmers have emigrated to Canada and they are as intelligent as our own citizens. Whoever talks of the Canadian reciprocity treaty as if it meant competition with an inferior class of people is only trying to pull the wool over our eyes until the standpatters have gained another victory.

The question now is whether we are really wanting a tariff reform or whether we have just been making a noise. To reject it in the next Congress will simply strengthen the grip of the standpatters. Whoever assists them is sheltered under their cloak and is betraying the best interests of the farmer.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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A Good Hustler.

A RECENT mail brought a letter containing twelve new subscriptions for the INGLENOOK. These were secured by a man living in a community where there are only five families that are members of our church. Besides these, there were fourteen others, making twenty-six in all for that day. The preceding day's mail brought thirty new subscriptions. We are much pleased with these results, but we would like to have every member of the church and all of their neighbors become readers of the INGLENOOK. What do you suppose might be done in your neighborhood toward getting new subscribers? You can help to make the INGLENOOK better and make your community better by asking your friends to read it.

Thin Promises.

IT is always disappointing to find a man who fails to measure up to our expectations. When we first meet a stranger we generally place an estimate upon his ability and his station in life. There is always a keen sense of gratification when he surpasses our highest hopes, but we feel somewhat humiliated when he falls below the standard we have set for him. Most men could fill the requirements set for them by the world if they would always produce their best. Generally, however, we try to cover our failures by explaining that we were not at our best when we failed. Some years ago while traveling through the country I was obliged to stop at a farmhouse for the night. It was a hot August day. Late in the evening the farmer came home from a hard day's work. After he had finished his chores and had waited for some time the lady of the house announced that supper was ready. As we went to the table she explained: "It's been very warm today and I have not prepared much for supper but we will hope for a better breakfast." The next morning at a late hour she called us to breakfast and said: "I don't have much for breakfast but we will hope for a better dinner." Several months later while passing through the country again I was obliged to stop at the same place for dinner. The lady again explained: "I don't have much for dinner but we will hope for a better supper." Her poor husband had lived with her for years apparently expecting something better every meal but he was dwindling away to skin and bones in the vain hope of ever getting anything better. We owe the world our best today and if occasionally we can spring a surprise by doing a little better the world is that much ahead.

The Upper Rung.

A YOUNG lady was seeking employment in a large office building in Chicago. Thinking that the elevator was not to be used by anyone in search of work she walked up to the twelfth floor, intending if refused to knock at the different doors as she went down. When asked why she had not tried the lowest floor first, she replied that after being discouraged by repeated refusals her legs could carry her down but they might refuse to carry her up.

Since every individual has only a limited amount of strength, it is wise to measure it well in planning a personal campaign, so as to use what we have in direct pursuit of the goal we most desire to reach. No man can rise higher than he aims. We need to fix our gaze on the highest rung of the ladder. We may be forced by circumstances to take a lower place, but had we aimed at the lower, we should have been forced by similar circumstances to one still farther down. Every man and woman enjoys some rare moments of being, if only in imagination, what he or she longs to be. If one aims and never attains, something of the spell of the summit descends upon him and becomes a part of his atmosphere. Such a one may walk with his feet upon the earth yet move with his head among the clouds.

The nobleness of living consists of finding the higher things of life, which are held in store for those who take the pains to search for them. The best is never revealed to the sluggish mind, but to that one which has been whetted to a sharp edge by constant use.

A Humane Plan.

SEVERAL years ago Dr. Melvin Overlock, a factory inspector of Massachusetts, found among the employés of a factory at Worcester a girl with incipient tuberculosis. He told her that she must quit work and go to a sanitarium. She replied that she had no money. The inspector went to the head of the department and told him if he could make it possible for the girl to go to a sanitarium she could be cured; otherwise her death was certain. The employer took up the matter and sent all of his employees who were suffering with tuberculosis to a sanitarium at the company's expense. Other New England factories have taken up the same plan until twelve hundred have fallen into line. One of the legitimate expenses of manufacturing in New England is that of sending employees who have incipient tuberculosis to a place where they can recover. They not only recover, but they come back to the community as trained experts on how to prevent tuberculosis by fresh air, cleanliness, sunshine and saving their energy.

The Confidential Friend.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you. Snore, and you sleep alone. There are some things that a man ought to keep under his own hat. That is, it is not necessary for the entire community to know his business and all his personal affairs. It is manly for a man to discuss everything with his wife, but it is cowardly for him to discuss some things with his neighbors. If he has any little troubles the community is not likely to help him but they may blister them a little more until he has a big sore. The confidence game is not confined to New York and Chicago. There are quite as many people ruined by it in our home communities as in the large cities. When a man begins to pat you on the shoulder and whisper in your ear just watch him a little. Of course, it is not necessary to be suspicious of people and lack confidence in your neighbors, but it is necessary to tend to some of your own business and not let it concern your neighbors. Certainly, a man should not have anything in his life that would be a dishonor to him if it were known by every one about him, but it is better for him to keep some of his affairs to himself.

Money in Obscure Corners.

FREQUENTLY a farmer finds that he has been missing easy money because he has been content to plod along unthinkingly in the well-worn rut of community practice. Certain standards of production, both in quality and quantity, become fixed in almost every community, and many farmers think they must retain those standards as final. Go into almost any community that has not been disturbed by some adventurous spirit and it will be found that common opinion has fixed the number of tons of hay which it is expected an acre of ground will yield. The man who undertakes to show that a decidedly higher yield can be obtained is often made to feel that he is not only presumptuous but is an outright heretic. If he does not accept the fixed standards he is looked upon as an enemy to accepted traditions. Hundreds of communities can be found where certain crops almost universal in their nature and entirely universal in their demand, are neglected to such an extent that the locality is obliged to import the product from outside. There comes the opportunity of the wise farmer. If he has initiative enough about him to discover the demands of the community and can learn how to supply those demands from his own farm, he can find a storehouse of wealth at his own door.

The Home of the Irish Potato.

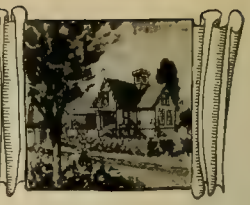
WE generally think of the New England gardens as having been cultivated until the sand got thin and they were not able to produce anything but scenery and stones. Last year, however, in Aroostook County, Maine, where men wear skates most of the year, the aggressive farmers demonstrated the value of wornout soil. Irish potatoes were raised averaging 220 bushels per acre. That is more than twice the average yield of Greeley, Colo., the famous potato district of the West. The entire potato crop for Maine last year was 27,940,000 bushels. The highest yield from any one farm in Aroostook County was 735 bushels per acre. The wide awake farmers took opportunity by the forelock and netted a nice profit for their pains. They studied their soil, bred their seed and selected their market. They did the thing that can be done by every man who has a single square rod of earth at his disposal. Hundreds of farms are being abandoned under the plea that they are worn out, when in reality they are still fertile but need intelligent cultivation.

A Valuable Source of Information.

EVERY farmer has at his disposal valuable information about his stock, soil, seed and methods of cultivation, furnished by experts, whom he as a tax-payer helps to support. The government issues thousands of pamphlets every year giving the results of the investigations of these men, which can be had for the asking. Every State has its own experiment stations where the soil of the State is carefully studied and growable crops recommended. Careful application of the knowledge provided in this way would double the wealth of every State. Of course, it will take ambition and energy to accomplish anything that will mean unusual success. Mere plodding never takes one beyond the hod-carrier stage. Mingling brain and muscle will take much of the drudgery out of hard work.



THE HOME WORLD



THE BEAUTIFUL

R. C. Flory

WHAT is more wonderful, more beautiful than the flowers which God has given us so richly? Who can be associated with the pure and the beautiful in nature without being made better and nobler by it? Nature is the one thing in this world which has maintained its purity as God created it.

As we study the life of our Savior we find he was a student and a lover of nature. He seldom taught his disciples but that he drew most beautiful lessons from nature. All nature spoke to him. The stones, the fields, the plants, the birds, the trees, the flowers—all spoke to him revealing the kingdom and his Father. He saw the kingdom of heaven in the mustard plant. Again, illustrated the kingdom by the sower sowing seed in the field. He saw in the lilies the most beautiful example of the ideal life. He admired the rich glow of the sunsets. He heard the songs of birds. Through all these the Father spoke to him. When Jesus wanted to get nearest the Father he sought seclusion away from men; out on the mountain side or in the wilderness among the rocks, trees and flowers; amidst the pure meditative influences of nature. He spent hours, nights, days, weeks at a time in the solitude of nature communing with the Father. Is there any lesson here for our getting close to God? Do you remember where Jesus retired when the burden of the world was so great upon him that he sweat great drops of blood? Out in that beautiful garden, where the fragrance of flowers softened the night air; where the rustling leaves spoke words of comfort to his aching heart; where the stars shed their soft, radiant light upon his prostrate form. In such a place he sought to gain the comfort and strength needed to face the cross of Calvary.

Thus, our Lord spent much time among the pure, elevating influences of nature communing with the Father. This he did after commencing his ministry. How much time he spent in nature as a boy we know not, but judging from what we know of his later life he must have spent many of his boyhood days out in the fields and on the hills among the flowers, the trees and the birds. He had a sweet mother and a noble father who taught their little Son to love the flowers, the birds and all that is sweet, pure and beautiful. I imagine I can see that happy home. Not a rich home, but an humble, neat little home set among beautiful trees with some lovely flowers which he with his father and mother had collected from the hills. The highest interest of the devoted father and mother was the welfare of their Son. All other matters were of secondary importance to the training and developing of that Boy for the Father's business.

Should not this be the ideal of every home? But is it, even in what we are accustomed to call Christian homes? How many fathers and mothers are there who recognize this great command and promise—"Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you"? Do you truly believe this? "Yes," you say in words. But how many say so by their actions? There is a common proverb—"Actions speak louder than words." Is your first and highest interest the welfare of your children? Are you preparing them for the Father's business, or is your greatest interest in coining hard, cold dollars? Are you more concerned in your business, in farming, in raising cattle and hogs than in the development of those immortal souls intrusted to your care? We think it a very poor policy in these modern times for a man to carry on business, to farm or even to raise hogs without taking one or more papers or magazines devoted to his particular line. But how many young people have joined their lives with a loved companion and assumed the responsibilities of rearing a family without once thinking of taking a magazine giving invaluable information about the rearing of, and the caring for the family? Is the raising of hogs of more importance than the developing of precious lives for eternity? There is nothing that impedes the moral, nor degrades the physical life of the people today more than ignorance in the home. But in this day when such publications as *The Mothers' Magazine* can be had for fifty cents, and the *American Motherhood* for one dollar, can there be any excuse for parents remaining in ignorance about the greatest and noblest privilege on earth—the rearing and developing of children into strong, noble men and women well prepared for the Father's business?

I heard a speaker say not long ago that the young people of today are being taught from babyhood up to reverence the dollar above all else; above manhood, above character and even before God. He said further that it is a miracle nowadays when a young man or young woman turns from the dollar and lives for his fellow-men. Is there any truth in this? Think a moment. What are you teaching your sons and daughters to reverence? Are you giving them the best you have? Are you cultivating within their hearts a love for the beautiful, the noble, the pure, that which will mould their lives for time and eternity? This can be done in no better way than by making the home beautiful. Nothing will chase children from their homes quicker than disorder, untidiness and unkind words. The developing mind naturally seeks the beautiful if it is given half a chance. Therefore when life is made a hard grind for the boy or girl and they have no encouragement from father or mother to develop the æsthetic side of their natures life becomes a burden and they revolt. When the backyard is filled with trash; old boxes, sticks, tin cans and so forth; when the front yard is in weeds and the pigs cultivate them; when the barnyard is full of old boards, the fences broken, the sheds rickety and all is unpainted and unsightly, how can any boy or girl be satisfied in such a home? But have order, cleanliness, trees, flowers and let every member of the family be interested in maintaining them and you will find boys and girls who love their home; boys and girls of manhood and womanhood and of character.

I once heard a man, who was traveling through the country, say he could tell the character of the people before he met them. He said he was seldom mistaken. How did he do it? He read their character in the appearance of their homes. It is almost universally acknowledged by students of human nature that a person's character depends almost entirely upon his environment. How many parents object to spending a few dollars for the beautifying of their homes on the ground that they can not afford it now and will wait a few years, which usually means never. Parents, we cannot afford to wait a single year. What do a few dollars amount to when compared to noble and beautiful character in our children?

Teach your children to raise flowers, care for them and to take pleasure in caring for the lawn and making beautiful the home and you shall have gone a long way in making their lives happy for this world and for eternity. How can we expect to enjoy the beautiful in heaven unless we learn to love it in this world? I once heard a lady say, "There is a boy who loves flowers, you can depend that he will not go far wrong." Gather your children about you, talk and plan with them how to make your home more beautiful, get some good flower catalogue, read with them the descriptions and together choose a number of varieties and you will soon have both the boys and girls equally eager to be beautifiers. Their thoughts will be turned from mischief into channels of usefulness, kind words will take the place of unkind, smiles chase away frowns, and a still small voice will call the lives of that home to a noble service.

Let us encourage our children to love the beautiful. Let them broaden out; give them an education in a Christian school. How many parents are stunting the minds and characters of their children by surrounding them with the wrong environment, as the Chinese encase the feet of their baby girls and prevent their developing? Which is worse, to bind the feet or to bind the mind and character? We condemn the Chinese. What may God do to us? Let us awake to our great responsibility. We have great opportunities. Parents, we have rare talents intrusted to us. How are we using them? Let us do all to the glory of God. May our highest interest be the developing of our children for the Father's business.

A MULE'S TESTIMONY

A DRIVER had been brought before the judge, charged with cruelty to animals in that he had been driving a galled mule. The prisoner had an expert witness in a veterinarian, who testified that the sore on the mule's back did not pain the animal in the least.

The judge listened attentively to the long technical opinion, and then demanded to know where the mule was. He was informed that it was harnessed to a wagon on the street in front of the court building. The judge ordered that court be adjourned for five minutes.

He took his cane and proceeded to the street. He approached the mule, and with the end of his cane touched the sore spot on the animal's back. The mule almost kicked the dashboard off the wagon. Once again the judge touched the sore with his cane, and the frantic beast almost demolished the wagon with his kicking.

The judge returned to the bench. The prisoner was called before him.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony you have had introduced in your behalf to show that the sore on the mule's back does not pain him I will fine you $50," announced the judge. "I asked the mule if the sore hurt him, and he said it did."

THE AFFECTIONATE MISUNDERSTANDING

H. K. Ober

MANY are the fertile farms which dot the quiet valley through which the beautiful *Chiquesalunga winds on its merry journey to the sea. The peaceful country folk living serenely on these pleasant acres near the head waters of this sparkling stream certainly are drinking the nectar of simplicity and contentment. No rushing Twentieth Century Limited disturbs their serene atmosphere by its shrill locomotive whistle or its thundering rumble as it spins along on the twin rails of steel, bearing its heavy burden of human freight. No stock market fluctuations disturb the sweet sleep of these blessed country people; for they have not allowed poor judgment to get the better of their good sense (in a desire to get rich quick) by dabbling in the extreme uncertainties of promotion and speculation. No elaborate systems of theology pervert their simple faith in God, for they live too near to him. They see his tender mercy in the exquisite morning dawn, in the gorgeous sunset, in the glittering sunshine, and in the soothing rain. Their eyes behold the cunning of his hand as he paints with innumerable colors the myriads of blossoms from the orchard trees to the lowliest little violet or buttercup in the meadow. They feel his gentle breath in the soothing summer breeze. They hear his voice in the rippling stream as it sings its songs of praise unceasingly. They hear his tender words as he speaks to them in the rolling thunder of the summer shower. So near to him do they live that joy and peace with them is that real blessedness of which the Author of it all spoke so tenderly when he lived on this same beautiful sphere.

Back from the country road on the right side of the greenly carpeted lane which is so quaintly lined by towering oaks and walnuts, stands the quaint, old-fashioned farmhouse surrounded by a spacious lawn. The sugar maples seem to fan the old house as their sweeping branches are swayed gently to and fro by the delightful summer breeze. The gaily colored flowers which nestle in their well trimmed beds seem to be laughing and dancing as they nod toward the accustomed places of the two sweet old faces of grandfather and grandmother which were usually seen at the window or on the porch. But during the last few days not the fragrance of all the flowers nor the warbling of the many birds was able to bring, even to the window, the longed for faces.

*Chiquesalunga is an Indian word. It is the name of a beautiful stream flowing through the northern part of Lancaster County, which has been called the "Garden Spot" of the world.

What means this lull in the farm's occupations? Why these sad faces on this beautiful morning? Why the absence of the merry laughter of the happy grandchildren who used to romp so gaily over the velvety green of this great lawn? Why this suppressed speaking and this anxious look on the faces where joy and mirth were ever present? Why these frequent visits by the gracious neighbors? Why these folded shutters which were always open? Ah, yes! It is the same old story of change. That grim reaper had entered this quiet community and plucked therefrom the sweet soul of a much loved, a highly esteemed husband and father,—an honest and useful Christian citizen.

The activity of the entire community seemed to cease in honor of this noble man. Not a neighbor failed to call at the house of mourning and with deep emotion tried they all to speak the tender words of sincere sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family, and especially to the widow; for she had been the honored and affectionate helpmate of her devoted husband for more than sixty years, and in later years, this couple had been the ministering angels of this neighborhood. They had visited the sick; they had comforted the sorrowing; they had aided the suffering; they had fed the hungry; they had clothed the naked. Now the entire community see their first opportunity to render a service in return for the many which they received at the hands of this saintly couple; hence many were the willing hands that arranged the numerous details for the funeral service.

On the funeral day, a large concourse of people assembled to pay their last tribute of sincere respect and kindly regard to this devoted friend and neighbor. No eulogy was needed for many times more impressive than any words of sincere praise could have been, was the simple, unblemished life of this departed friend,—so full of genuine good will, so rich in noble deeds. All felt the deep sorrow and loss but not one could realize the feelings of the family. Even the sturdy sons and daughters of this patriarch could not comprehend the agony of their own patient mother. They in their vigorous health and strength could bear the sorrow,—for had they not seen during the last few years the tottering figures of their devoted parents grow feebler? It was clear to them that soon they would have to give them up. It was only a matter of God's wisdom as to which one should be called first. For some time they were preparing to become resigned to this very thing of seeing the pale hands folded in

their last peaceful sleep. Why would not mother feel just as they did? She who was so much older. She who had seen similar events in many homes of this community. She who was so ripe in all the phases of life? Why would she not be even more resigned to her fate than they? Why this agony of soul? Why this unfathomable grief from which she seems to refuse to be comforted? Certainly they had lived together so long that either one of them could not expect anything else. In this strain reasoned her noble-hearted sons and daughters as they stood conversing in groups on the lawn after their return from the family burying-plot which was located on the homestead.

"Yes, that is one side of the question," said Uncle Peter, a kindly old neighbor who was known by that name in the entire community, "but have you ever stopped to look at it in a different light?" There are a series of epochs in even as peaceful a life as your noble parents have been living. Sixty-seven years ago they joined hands and hearts in the beginning of their united walk through life, full of hope and stout of heart, with a strong determination to make the best of life. How well they have succeeded! A few years later [pointing to John] you, their first born son, was given them. Soon the family began to increase in size and numbers. As the many cares and duties claimed father's and mother's attention, working for the common interest of their happy family, their leisure moments became fewer and fewer. You children were all small then, but this epoch soon changed to the time when most of them were grown. The first weddings began to be celebrated. Their field of interest and human activity was continually increasing. Next the little grandchildren began to pay the happy visits to grandfather and grandmother, to the uncles and aunts who were then fast attaining to manhood and womanhood. Soon even this epoch changed. How soon! Do you remember when father decided to quit farming? I remember it as vividly as though it had been yesterday. I was present when the addition was added to the old house which stands here as stately as ever. What a strong, hearty man your father was then! The following spring your youngest brother, Samuel, was to begin farming. He and his lately wedded wife were to live in the new part of the house and father and mother were going to spend the balance of their life in a well-earned and peaceful retirement. This marked another epoch. From that time on their sphere of activity began to narrow. The large extension table was reduced to its smallest capacity; for now only two, father and mother, sat around the familiar board. Do you know that was twenty years ago. Now all these years they spent together in cheering each other, in serving each other, in comforting each other, and in doing many deeds of kindness to others. They spent all their time in each other's company. If chords of love and true affection ever united two hearts and caused them to vibrate as one, surely theirs did. I am not surprised in the least at your gentle mother's agony for she at this loss of her bosom companion is experiencing a wound the pain of which not one of us can comprehend. Boys, be kind to mother. Try to understand her."

"Well, I never thought of that. I suppose you are right," said the several brothers in concert. "Thank you for mentioning it. I am sure we shall profit by it," said John, as he turned toward the house.

Just then all the members of the family and the near relatives were summoned to assemble in an upper room (as was the custom of this locality) to listen to the reading of the will of the deceased.

Mother was tenderly guided to the large rocking chair which was placed near the center of the room. A number of chairs were placed near hers and the remainder of the company remained standing, arranged along one side of the room, all watching Mr. Brown, the country squire, who had taken his place near the little bureau which stood almost directly opposite to mother's chair.

"Are they all in?" said he, wiping his goggles and setting them in place on his nose so that it will be easy for him to look out over them when not reading.

"I suppose you all know that it is customary to call the family together on such occasions and to read to them the will of the departed one. We have now assembled for this purpose," he said, peering over his glasses.

"I will now break the seal of the envelope which contains the last will and testament of Abraham Dare." While saying these words, he ran the sharp blade of a small penknife through the end of the large envelope and drew therefrom the important document. In a clear, strong voice he began to read:

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
ABRAHAM DARE.

Be it remembered that I, Abraham Dare, of the Township of Rapho, in the County of Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this to be my last will and testament.

First:—I order and direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon after my decease as can conveniently be done by my hereinafter named Executors.

Second:—I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Mary, the sum of One Thousand Dollars to be paid to her in cash at once.

Third:—I give and bequeath unto my son, Samuel, the plantation or homestead, which is to be valued at Fifteen Thousand Dollars, and upon which shall remain charged the sum of Seven Thousand Dollars, the interest of which at the rate of five per cent per annum shall be paid semi-annually to my said wife during her natural life. At her

death said sum shall be equally divided among all of my children share and share alike. With the absolute and express understanding that my beloved wife shall have, for life, the full right and privilege to live and reside on the premises if she so desires. In short it is my express will that my beloved wife shall be well provided for and that no money or efforts shall be spared to make her happy and comfortable.

Fourth:—All my household goods, horse and carriage, all the residue of my estate, real, personal, or mixed, I order to be converted into cash and of this amount Two Thousand Dollars are to be placed at the disposal of my said wife to enable her to furnish her rooms with new furniture and carpets as she may desire. The balance of my estate shall be equally divided share and share alike among all of my children, their heirs or legal representatives.

Lastly:—I nominate and appoint my two sons, John and Amos, or the survivor of them, to be the Executors of this my last will and testament.

Witness my hand and seal this eighth day of July A. D. 1901.

Signed, sealed and published) by the said testator as his last) will and testament in the pres-) ence of each of us,) Abraham Dare (SEAL)
)
James Brown)
)
Henry L. Wilson)

For some time after the last word of the document had fallen from the lips of the stately squire, there was nothing heard save the ticking of the old grandfather-clock on the stairs and the suppressed sobs; for really there was not a tearless face in the crowd, except Squire Brown's and he had long since become accustomed to such scenes. Mother had listened with an empty stare but she had understood very little; for her mind did not dwell on earthly possessions. The prolonged silence began to embarrass even the sedate Mr. Brown. Finally, John broke the silence by saying, "Squire Brown, there is one clause in that will that does not sound like father at all."

"What's that?" said the squire abruptly.

"Are you sure that father wanted to have all the furniture, the horse and carriage and all those things sold? Are you sure that he did not want them to remain as long as mother remains?" asked John, deliberately.

The squire's flushed face became rather cloudy as he made reply in the following words: "At the time of drawing this will for your father we discussed that matter in full. He wanted to have everything remain just as it is until after mother's decease, but I told him the better plan will be to sell the worn 'stuff' and to furnish mother's rooms more modernly. I told him that in place of the hard old settee, mother ought to have an up-to-date sofa, in place of her old-fashioned rocking chair, she ought to have a suite of modern, upholstered easy-chairs."

"Well, I thought it did not seem like father in the least. Your plan may be of good intentions but it will not prove satisfactory, I am afraid," said John, calmly and thoughtfully.

"It is in his will all the same and we will have to be guided by the will," retorted Squire Brown rather decidedly, forgetting that the will plainly showed that the widow's happiness was to be the paramount issue.

No further discussion followed. The younger brothers and sisters in the family were very favorably impressed with the idea of equipping mother's apartments with new furniture in modern style, never thinking of the fact that what would please their fancy might not suit mother in the least. Several of the grandchildren were to remain with mother as a temporary arrangement for the night and Samuel and his family were eager to make her as comfortable as human assistance could make her. The many friends and neighbors returned to their homes, leaving behind them a lonely and homesick widow.

A month later found mother's rooms elegantly furnished but with the coming of the "new" the "old" had to go. They were trying to execute their father's will, and yet with all this, mother became more lonely, more homesick, and more depressed, much to the surprise and distress of her affectionate children who blindly thought they were doing their best. Slowly they began to see that evidently they had made a blunder somewhere.

After careful consideration, John finally decided to bring about a change. He had felt from the beginning that the strongest wish of his father's will had been violated in the execution of the fourth clause of the will. He also began to see that the last part of the third item was his father's real desire. Without further delay, he called a conference with his brothers and sisters and laid before them his plan which was to buy back as far as possible every article which had been sold and thus to make mother's rooms as nearly as human hands could make them, just as they used to be. This was unanimously agreed upon.

Mother was to be taken for a drive and during her absence, the change was to be wrought. On her return, all the family had gathered to see her complete surprise. In an instant they saw the light come back into her eyes as she sank into the old family rocking chair and beheld her former rooms once more.

A beautiful scene was that which followed as her sturdy sons gathered her up in their arms, penitently asking her pardon for the extreme cruelty which they had inflicted so thoughtlessly upon her. At the close of that memorable day they all returned to their homes with lighter hearts and wiser heads for they had learned well their lesson.

Several years have passed since then and mother is still rocking in her comfortable chair. Her knitting needles are her constant companions but of late her

thin pale hands can scarcely move them any more. As her children pay their frequent visits to her, they can not hide the large hot tears as they steal down over their cheeks; for as they behold her frail form they know that at best, it will be only a few more days until they will have to follow her to her last peaceful resting place, where each one of them shall love to linger and repeat with a fuller, richer, deeper meaning the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." All of them truly rejoice at the fact that they saw their error in not understanding even their nearest and most devoted friend—their queenly, pious, patient mother.

DRESSING A SMALL BOY

Thomas L. Masson

IT was necessary for the small boy to be dressed. His mother was temporarily engaged with company, and the father, brave and undaunted, offered himself as a sacrifice. He never had done such a thing before, but he thought he knew how.

"I will dress you, Willie," he said with a sweet smile. "Have no fear. Papa is on the job."

He picked up a garment with two large holes in the middle and white buttons placed at irregular intervals around the heavens, like a star map.

"This goes on first," he said with a lofty air of confidence.

"No, it doesn't," said Willie. Even he knew better than that.

"Ah, yes," observed papa, picking up another garment that he immediately recognized as a shirt. "Slip this on, Willie. And these," he continued, "are your drawers. Let's see. Here, put your feet in these holes."

Willie did, and papa started to button the first piece, which seemed to be a sort of corset, to the lower garment.

"Hard luck!" he exclaimed, as he discovered that it was wrong side out. "Why didn't you tell me, Willie?"

"I never know, myself, papa; honest I don't," said Willie.

Willie's papa held up a new garment that he had just discovered.

"What's this?"

"That's my shield. And, oh, papa, where are my stockings?"

"Why not slip them on last?"

Papa picked up the garments in question and discovered that there were long garters attached to them, that apparently wound around Willie's neck and were then guyed to some of the buttons on the side. There was no trouble about buttons. They were everywhere

"Take off all your clothes!" he roared. "Don't you see that these garters must go first? You're a nice specimen of a boy!"

He snatched off the clothes. Then he got the pieces together like a picture puzzle.

"Be calm," he muttered to himself, "and all will yet be well."

Willie shivered.

"Put this shirt on," said papa, sternly.

It was done.

"Now this waist-band."

It was done.

"Now this waist, these drawers. Wait until I button on these garters. Here we are, little man, almost ready."

Papa was beginning to smile with joy.

"Takes us to get dressed, eh? Now your waist. Yes, here is the bottom. This goes over this. No, this goes over this. No—hold on!—this goes under this. Never mind. Mama will never know. Now for his little trousers. Ha! We are getting there."

At this moment mama appeared.

"Oh, John dear!"

Papa turns to her with a smile of triumph.

"Well, well, isn't this all right? Look! I have actually dressed him!"

"Oh, John dear!"

"What is it, what is it?"

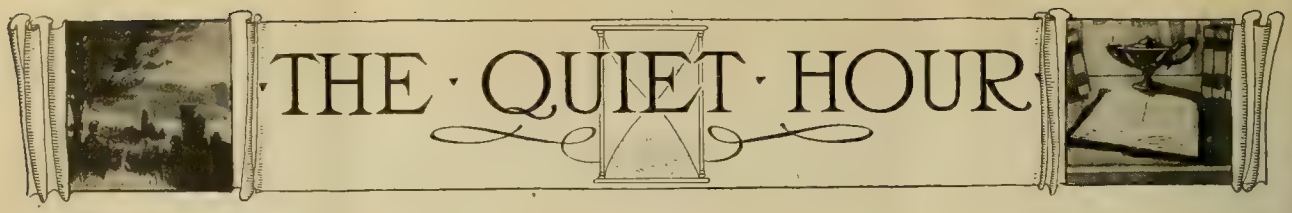
"Don't you see that you have left off his health band?"—*Lippincott.*

POINTS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse finally.
When you punish, punish good naturedly.
Commend often; never scold.

—Jacob Abbott.

SUPT. J. M. GREENWOOD of Kansas City, Mo., in his annual address to his teachers, recommended greater simplicity and less extravagance in the graduating exercises of high schools. Girls, he said, should be taught to buy and make their dresses for such occasions.



The Wheels of Justice and Unanswered Prayer

SHE carried a baby on one arm and three others not much larger formed a frightened group at her side, as she walked timidly forward in response to the clerk's announcement of the case of Forcible Detainer, Blank vs. Jones.

The plaintiff, a wealthy citizen, whose name often appeared well up on subscription lists for worthy objects, and who had splendidly endowed a worthy charity which would perpetuate his memory, was represented by an agent who handed up to the court a landlord's "five-day notice," and gave the necessary testimony which much experience in similar cases enabled him to condense into scarcely more than a dozen words, indicating that the rent due on the first day of the month had not been paid and the notice requiring payment of the overdue $6 within five days under penalty of forfeiture of the lease, had been promptly served on the second day of the month. The court files with the bailiff's return upon the summons, showed that on the eighth of the month the suit had been begun and service had the same upon the defendant.

The court turned to the little group. "Are you Mrs. Jones?" "Yes, your honor." "How about the rent?" For a moment she hesitated. Apparently this was her first experience in court and the responsibility of being both lawyer and client in a case involving such serious consequences to her little flock appeared to stagger her. She seemed about to collapse, but shifting the baby to her other shoulder and leaning a little on the tallest of three at her side, she raised her eyes bravely and met the court's.

"We were a little behind with our rent this month," she said, "because the baby has been sick and I had to stay home with her three days. My husband has had consumption for most a year, and he can't take care of the baby now when she's sick. When I offered the rent to the agent he wouldn't take it, but I have saved it for him, if he will take it and let us stay," and emptying the contents of a child's purse into her hand she held it out eagerly towards the agent.

The representative of the estate had been standing with a bored expression upon his face. "Your honor," he remarked, "this tender was made after the expiration of the five days and came too late. We cannot be bothered serving notices upon these people, and wish to obtain possession."

The judge turned to the woman, "Cannot you find rooms somewhere else?" he inquired. She was weeping now, and even the lawyers in the crowded court room, accustomed as they were to such scenes, began to show some interest. Putting both arms around the restless baby and struggling a moment for the voice which had left her again, she slowly replied, "I think I could find some other rooms, but it would cost me $3 to move and I would have to kill my children first, nobody wants children around any more." The room was very quiet now.

The judge turned and looked out of the window. He could almost see from where he sat the splendid charity founded and maintained by the man whose name appeared on the file before him, and he seemed to be trying to solve some difficult problem. When he spoke it was to the agent. "You represent a very wealthy client. Hadn't you better take her money and allow her to remain?"

"My client's wealth has no bearing upon the issues in the case," replied the agent. "We are asking for nothing more than the law allows us; we are entitled to justice."

The defendant glanced wearily around as if half expecting some champion to come forward and refute this preposterous claim, but no one moved. At length the court spoke: "What this man has said, madam, is true, your offer of payment came too late, and they are under no obligation to accept it. This is a court of justice and I have no power to compel him to allow you to remain. You must vacate the premises in five days or the bailiff will be required to set your children and furniture on the sidewalk. Mr. Clerk, call the next case"—and the wheels of justice moved on.—*The Newer Justice.*

* * *

PRAYER is that sincere longing of the soul for a communion with the Great Power outside of itself.

* * *

A SHORT noonday prayer gives one a new grip on life for the afternoon duties.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

IN the Old Testament we have a happily made collection of the best things in the ancient literature of the Jews, and in the New Testament we have another anthology of the finest of the narratives and letters which were produced by certain writers of the same race under a new and exceedingly powerful spiritual impulse.

The fountain-head of the power of the Bible in literature lies in its nearness to the very springs and sources of human life—life taken seriously, earnestly, intently; life in its broadest meaning, including the inward as well as the outward; life interpreted in its relation to universal laws and eternal values.

There is no other book which reflects so many sides and aspects of human experience as the Bible, and this fact alone would suffice to give it a world-wide interest and make it popular.

Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere.

Though there have been many brilliant censors and assailants, no one has surpassed, or even equaled, in the estimation of the world, the literary excellence of the Book which they attacked.

The largest and most important influence of the Bible in literature . . . comes from the strange power of the Book to nourish and inspire, to mold and guide, the inner life of man.

The hunger for happiness which lies in every human heart can never be satisfied without righteousness; and the reason why the Bible reaches down so deep into the breast of man is because it brings news of a kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.—*From the Century Magazine.*

The House by the Side of the Road

Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away in the night;
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

THE CRISIS.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light. —Lowell.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

TABLE MANNERS

Nancy D. Underhill

WHO does not deplore the present decline in table decorum? Many children of the present day are inclined to monopolize the conversation, each trying to make his voice heard above all others. They will reach and grab and cry out, "Ont this," and "Ont that," meaning "I want this or that." Some make their wishes known by yelling: "Bread!" "Cake!" "Pie!" or "Meat!" They eat noisily like pigs, lean over their plates, spread their arms upon the table, and keep their feet in motion. We see those things even in the homes of respectable Christian people. Shall we allow the teaching and training of our godly ancestors thus to retrograde? We may enter the home of almost any respectable American family, and the table will be spread with delicious viands, served from costly dishes upon expensive table linen; even decorated, ofttimes with flowers purchased from the greenhouse. But the manners of the children! We'd rather partake of a dry crust upon a bare table, where old-fashioned piety and gentle manners are still in vogue. We like the way of our grandparents, who observed the rules of kindness and when all were seated around the table, even the smallest child knew that he must keep still until the plates were upturned. There was a quiet moment; then grandfather (or father or mother, or some other person) would bow his head and ask the heavenly Father's blessing upon the food about to be received, expressing heartfelt thanks for the same. All the children and mother bowed their heads and kept very still. When the "Amen," was said, all could turn their plates over, and father would help them to the good things which they desired. After "grace at meals" the children never seemed inclined to be so noisy and boisterous, as they are in families where the good old custom does not prevail. They were required to behave decorously, and they did. Does any one regret having been brought up in that way? Why not the present generation adopt a similar course? Why not you, brother and sister,—why not I? Why not your family, dear friend, who are not church members? It is such a beautiful custom. It is so very helpful to our young people in learning the lessons of self-control, as well as simple good manners. Thus they learn from infancy to practice self-restraint, patience and quietness, as well as the greater lessons of thankfulness and prayer. It is becoming for all, whether professors of religion or not, to express thanks for the good things which are given to us. If a neighbor or stranger does ever so small a favor for us, we say, "Thank you!" When God has lent us the use of his land, and has bestowed his rain and sunshine to cause our crops to grow, is it not meet that we thank him? When our Heavenly Parent has given us the strength, wisdom and ability to obtain the good things which we enjoy, is it not mete for us to thank him? Shall we be ashamed to bow our heads in the presence of our families, at our own tables and express thanks to God for his goodness to us? We are not ashamed to say "Thank you" to any stranger. Why be ashamed to say it to our loving Father? Let us begin today to thank our heavenly Father and ask his blessing upon us as we partake of his bounties.

HELPS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

JENNIE NEHER.

A VERY handy receptacle for the little school girls' hair ribbons can be made by taking one foot of No. 12 steel wire, bending it in the shape of a brass towel rack, then nail it to some convenient place on the wall. By having it thus arranged, the little girls can see at a glance which ribbon is wanted, and much time and trouble are saved from hunting for misplaced ribbons.

A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the shape of a maple leaf, four inches long by four inches wide, with stem one inch long and one-fourth inch wide, by first cutting out one leaf of pasteboard and two of silk, placing the one of pasteboard between the two of silk. Then buttonhole stitch all around the outside edge with silkateen. Cut three more leaves, either from felt or cloth (if cloth is used, buttonhole stitch around the edge of the leaves to prevent frailing); then, with a few stitches, tack them to the stem. It is very nice and useful to keep in your writing desk.

Worn out India linen dresses can be used to make very nice handkerchiefs, by cutting squares the desired size, then hemming them nicely on the machine, making a three-fourth-inch hem. By using the best parts of old linen tablecloths, good napkins and wash rags can be made.

IN THE GARDEN

STRAWBERRIES

Benjamin R. Curry

When thinking of planting a patch of strawberries, the first thing is to locate the piece of ground on which they will do well. Strawberries do best on a sandy or gravelly loam. They do not require very rich soil, although if the soil is lacking in plant food it can easily be supplied by adding fertilizers.

The ground selected should be where some cultivated crop has been growing previously, as sod land contains many insects injurious to the plants, such as cutworms, grub-worms, etc. Also the location should be where it will receive plenty of sunshine.

The plants can be set either in the spring or fall. Spring planting is done in April and May, while fall planting is done in August and September. Previous to setting the plants the ground should be deeply plowed and thoroughly pulverized. Then rows three feet wide should be marked off and the plants set eighteen or twenty-four inches apart in the rows. Select thrifty, well-rooted plants with small crown, and when the plants begin to make runners they should be trained so as to make matted rows about twelve or eighteen inches wide. There will then be space enough between the rows to cultivate and also useful for a walk when gathering the berries.

After the second crop has been harvested, the runners can be allowed to take possession of the cultivated middles. And as soon as the desired quantity has taken root, the old plants can be spaded under and the young plants cared for as before. In this way you save the trouble of setting a new patch every two or three years; and by mixing fertilizers with the soil when needed and caring for the plants as garden vegetables by keeping the weeds down and cultivating shallow, the same piece of ground can be used for a number of years.

As soon as the ground freezes in the winter the plants should be covered with some material to prevent thawing and freezing, which heaves the plants out. The material used for mulching should be as free from weed seed as possible. Cane pomace, pine shaving, leaves or straw are best. It should be thick enough to cover the ground well, and when spring comes the greater portion of it should be taken off.

AN IDEAL HOME GARDEN.

There are flower gardens of many types. All of us have seen specimens of the slovenly type, where the yard was a confused jumble of uncommon grass, unpruned shrubs and riotous flowers, no telling where a bed ended or began, and in their uncongenial surroundings the beautiful flowers losing half their loveliness. We all of us have seen, too, especially in ambitious town gardening, an elaborate system of serpentine walks, beds cut in fanciful stars, crescents and intricate geometrical designs, everything as formal and exact as though laid out by a compass and square, the beds showing contrasting masses of color, wrought out in carpet-like patterns, and to bring out the design more clearly, every branch or flower that breaks the formal boundary lines is mercilessly clipped, that nothing may obscure the outlines. The haphazard style and the carpet-bedding style may be taken as the two extremes of gardening. Without professing admiration for the former, I have decided objections to the latter. There must be something depraved in the taste that would sacrifice all natural grace and the charm peculiar to each flower, simply to show glaring patches of color, or to show what ingenious crooks and turns can be made without confusing one line of colors with another. Away with this stiff, unnatural, unartistic arrangement! Of the two evils, give me the tangled flower garden, overgrown by June roses, bouncing bets and morning-glories.—*J. M. G., Floral Life.*

A garden is a sacred spot that is consecrated by toil; that proclaims the beauty of utility, and the utility of beauty; that is redolent with memories of friends; that becomes the haven of hope and contentment when other worldly things seem vain.—*Macfarlane.*

If your lamp-wick smokes, soak it in a little vinegar and water.

RECENT BOOKS

Jim Hands,

By Richard Washburn Child.

JIM HANDS is an excellent portrayal of character, moving the reader from smiles to tears. The author has the peculiar faculty of presenting the realistic, filled with unusual flashes of insight of human life. Mr. Child has a style of writing that is entirely peculiar to himself. The incidents are unfolded with all the skill of a born story-teller.

Price $1.20 net. Published by Macmillan Company, New York.

The Home Garden,

By Eben E. Rexford.

MR. REXFORD has prepared a valuable handbook, for the use of those who have a little piece of land for the growing of vegetables and small fruit, and who from lack of experience, do not know how to go to work in the right way. His presentation of the subject is simple so it can easily be understood by the amateur, and still is entirely scientific and reliable. He gives detailed instructions concerning the preparation of the soil, the care of the garden, the implements to be used, and the varieties of vegetables and berries to be planted. One chapter is given to a discussion of Insecticides and Fungicides, and one to the Gardeners' Calendar, in which he tells what the gardener should do each month. The book is cloth bound and has 198 pages with eight full-page illustrations.

Price $1.25 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Uncle Walt,

By Walt Mason.

THIS book is distinctly American. Walt Mason is the American Poet Laureate. With his philosophy of sunshine and happiness he has won his way into the hearts of millions of people, and never fails to carry good cheer into the homes where he is admitted. The book contains nearly two hundred of the best Prose-Poems ever written by Mr. Mason. It is a wholesome tonic to any one at any hour of the day. The cover is in several colors on cloth. The body is printed on high grade paper, and is deckle-edged and gilt-topped. It has two hundred pages of poems written in Walt Mason's prose-poem style.

Price $1.25. Published by George Matthew Adams, Chicago.

The Land of Living Men,

By Ralph Waldo Trine.

MR. TRINE, author of "In Tune With the Infinite," has made "The Land of Living Men" an interesting and stimulating book, dealing with the individual and his latent powers, and with his relations to and powers in the community, the State and the nation. He presents in a fascinating, concrete, clear-cut manner a survey of the conditions that exist among us in the social, economic, and governmental fields. He also discusses the causes of these conditions coming into our midst, and the chief agencies still at work increasing and aiming to perpetuate them. In handling these questions the author has avoided all triteness common to such subjects and has prepared them for the average reader who does not have time to make an exhaustive investigation of the matter. Many sane and practical suggestions are offered tending toward a fuller and richer personal, as well as community and national life.

Price $1.25. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The Miracle of Right Thought,

By Orison Swett Marden.

THE author arouses the reader to discover the wonderful forces within himself and utilize them in lifting himself out of the region of worry and anxiety. It helps him to eliminate the discords and frictions of life and helps him to make of himself what he has longed to become. It teaches that fear is the great human curse which blights lives, makes people unhappy and unsuccessful. The author holds before the reader an optimistic, hopeful attitude of reality, believing that things are going to turn out well with us and that we will succeed and be happy. He points out that most people neutralize a large part of their effort because their mental attitude does not correspond with their endeavor, so that although working for one thing they really expect something else, and what they expect they are likely to get. The book is worthy of perusal by men in all stations of life, who long for a larger vision of life and a new conception of the reality of God.

Price $1.00 net. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. April 11, 1911. No. 15.

EASTER IN MANY LANDS



Eastre, or Ostara.

THE Saxon goddess Eastre, or Ostara, goddess of spring, whose name has survived in the English word Easter, was considered goddess of Nature's resurrection after the long death of winter. She was so dearly loved by the old Teutons, that even after Christianity had been introduced they still retained a pleasant recollection of her, and refused to have her degraded to the rank of a demon, like many of their other divinities, and transferred her name to their great Christian feast. It had long been customary to celebrate this day by exchange of presents of colored eggs, for the egg is the type of the beginning of life; so the early Christians continued to observe this rule, declaring, however, that the egg is also symbolical of the resurrection. In various parts of Germany, stone altars can still be seen, which are known as Easter-stones, because they were dedicated to the fair goddess Ostara. They were crowned with flowers by the young people who danced gaily around them by the great bonfires,—a species of popular games kept up until the middle of the present century, in spite of the priests' denunciations and of repeatedly published edicts against them.

A Persian Custom.

FRANK BELLEW.

IN ancient Persia, many hundred years before the birth of Christ, the people were all worshippers of fire, according to their religion, as communicated to them by their prophet Zoroaster. There was a first great spirit who had existed from all eternity. From him came the first light. From this light sprang two brothers, Armuzd and Ahriman. Ahriman grew jealous of his elder brother and was condemned by the Eternal One to pass a thousand years in utter darkness. On his release he created a number of bad spirits to oppose the good spirits created by Armuzd; and when the latter made an egg containing good genii, Ahriman produced another full of evil demons, and broke the two together, so that good and evil became mixed in the new creation. This is the legend of Ahriman and Armuzd. In memory of it the Persians of the present day, on a certain festival in March, present each other with colored eggs; and it is, perhaps, from this that we get our similar Easter custom.

Simnel Cakes.

IT is an old custom in Shropshire, England, to make during Lent and Easter a sort of rich and expensive cakes, which are called Simnel cakes. There is an old legend current there which explains the origin of the name. Long ago there lived an honest old couple, boasting the names of Simon and Nelly. It was their

custom at Easter to gather their children about them at the old homestead. The fasting season of Lent was just ending, but they had still left some of the unleavened dough which had been from time to time converted to bread during the forty days. Nelly was a careful woman, and it grieved her to waste anything, so she suggested that they should use the remains of the Lenten dough for the basis of a cake to regale the assembled family. Simon readily agreed to the proposal, and further reminded her that there were still some remains of their Christmas plum pudding hoarded up in the cupboard, and that this might form the interior, and be an agreeable surprise to the young people when they had made their way through the less tasty crust. So far, all things went on harmoniously; but when the cake was made, a subject of violent discord arose, Sim insisting that it should be boiled, while Nell no less obstinately contended that it should be baked. The dispute ran from words to blows, for Nell, not choosing to let her province in the household be thus interfered with, jumped up, and threw the stool she was sitting on at Sim, who on his part seized a besom, and applied it with right good will to the head of his spouse. She now seized the broom, and the battle became so warm that it might have had a very serious result, had not Nell proposed as a compromise that the cake should be boiled first and afterwards baked. This Sim acceded to, for he had no wish for further acquaintance with the heavy end of the broom. Accordingly, the big pot was set on the fire, and the stool broken for kindling, whilst the besom and the broom furnished fuel for the oven. Some eggs, which had been broken in the scuffle, were used to coat the outside of the pudding when boiled, which gave it the shiny gloss it possesses as a cake. This new and remarkable production became known by the name of the cake of Simon and Nelly, but soon only the first half of each name was preserved and joined together, and it has ever since been known as the cake of Sim-Nel, or Simnel.

Hot Cross-Buns in England.

"Good Friday comes this month, the old woman runs
With one-or-two-a-penny hot cross-buns,
Whose virtue is, if you believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."
—Poor Robin's Almanack, 1733.

It is an old belief that the observance of the custom of eating buns on Good Friday protects the house from fire, and several other virtues are attributed to these buns. Some thirty or forty years ago pastry-cooks and bakers vied with each other for excellence in making cross-buns; the demand has decreased, and so has the quality of the buns. But the great place of attraction for bun-eaters at that time was Chesea; for there were the two "royal bun-houses." Before and along the whole length of the long front of each stood a flat-roofed, neat wooden portico or piazza of the width of the footpath, beneath which shelter "from summer's heat and winter's cold" crowds of people assembled to scramble for a chance of purchasing "royal hot cross Chelsea buns" within a reasonable time; and several hundreds of square black tins, with dozens of hot buns on each tin, were disposed of in every hour from a little after six in the morning till after the same period in the evening of Good Friday. Those who knew what was good better than newcomers gave the preference to the "old original royal bun-house," and at which "the king himself once stopped," and who could say as much for the other? This was the conclusive tale at the door, and from within the doors, of the old original bun-house. Alas! and alack! there is that house now, and there is the house that was opened as its rival; but where are ye who contributed to their renown and custom among the apprentices and journeymen, and the little comfortable tradesmen of the metropolis, and their wives and children, where are ye? With thee hath the fame of Chelsea buns departed, and the "royal bun-houses" are little more distinguished than the humble graves wherein ye rest. —*William Hone.*

Old Good Friday Customs in England.

At St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield, the church wardens proceeded to an old tomb of a lady whose name is unknown, and threw down upon it twenty-one new shillings which were picked up by twenty-one of the oldest widows of the parish. The gravestone was in the floor, since the will of the donor (some time before the Great Fire) had decreed that any widow who from pride would not stoop for it should have no sixpence.

At Allhallows. Lombard Street, the custom prescribed in the will of Peter Symonds in the year 1865 is faithfully carried out. He directed that "60 of ye youngest boys of Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School) should attend divine service on Good Friday morning at Allhallows Church, each to receive a new penny and a bag of raisins."

At Brighton, formerly, the entire fishing community used to engage in the amusement of skipping the rope all through the day, which was known as Hand Rope Day.

In Suffolk plain rice boiled in milk is considered the orthodox dish for Good Friday.

In nearly all the Sussex villages not only boys but grown-up and even very aged men play at marbles on Good Friday. It is considered as wrong to omit this solemn duty as to go without the Christmas pudding, etc, It seems to be the object of every man and boy to play marbles as much as possible; they will play in the road at the church gate till the last moment before

service and begin again the instant they are out of church. Persons play at marbles on Good Friday who would never think of playing any other day, and it seems, moreover, to be regarded as an amusement permissible on a holiday.

One writer conjectures that it might have been appointed as a Lenten sport to keep people from more boisterous and mischievous enjoyment.—*Folk Lore.*

Easter Eggs in France.

On Easter Eve and Easter Day, all the heads of families send great charges, full of hard eggs, to the church, to get them blessed, which the priests perform by saying several appointed prayers, and making great signs of the cross over them, and sprinkling them with holy water. The priest, having finished the ceremony, demands how many dozen eggs there be in every bason. These blest eggs have the virtue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and are to be the first fat or fleshy nourishment they take after the abstinence of Lent. The Italians do not only abstain from flesh during Lent, but also from eggs, cheese, butter, and all white meats. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen, all bestrewed with flowers, and place round about it a dozen dishes of meat, and the great charger of eggs in the midst. 'Tis a very pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons, when they expose on side-tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honor of their Easter eggs, which of themselves yield a very fair show, for the shells of them are all painted with divers colors, and gilt. Sometimes there are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid. The table continues, in the same posture, covered, all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them in that time are invited to eat an Easter egg with them, which they must not refuse.—*Emilianne.*

Hanging Judas in Mexico.

In North America, Mexico appears to be the only place where Judas plays the important part assigned him all over South America, as in Spain and Portugal. Holy Saturday is the day especially devoted to him. His effigy, made as hideous as possible—which is very hideous indeed, since his creators are endowed with the ardent imagination of their race—is placed upon funeral piles and burned with immense glee; he is flogged, hanged, and maltreated in ways without number. In the City of Mexico such hatred is particularly and picturesquely violent. On Good Friday morning booths are erected in all parts of the city, where many Judases are sold, grotesque and distorted of visage, garbed in uncouth attire. All day long images large and small are bought by men, women and children, by dozens, by scores, by hundreds. On the morning of Holy Saturday, the city, to the believing mind, is transformed into a vast place of execution. Ropes stretch across the street from house to house; from every rope a Judas hangs, filled with straw and gunpowder, black and very ugly swaying in the sun. He is everywhere swinging stiffly, like a three-day gibbeted corpse; hooted at, cursed in vivid Spanish with all terms of infamy and shame. But a few minutes before twelve comes a sudden hush, a rent of stillness in the blare of noise. The crowd stands listening for the signal of noon from the bell of the cathedral waiting keenly, strained in attention; only the Judases still swing to and fro in the sunshine, passive, unconcerned. The signal comes, booming over all the city. On the instant frenzy smites the town. Every luckless Judas is cut down by yelling men and cast headlong into the flames. He explodes, individually and collectively, with dreadful noise and much vile-smelling smoke; this is the tainted soul of him fleeing forth to hell which he has merited. His end is greeted with furious rejoicings, shouts of triumphs, parting yells of defiance.—*C. Bryson Taylor, in Everybody's Magazine.*

Egg-Rolling in Washington.

March and April in Washington spell for the adult the perfection of a climate which at its best no capital on earth can surpass. Color, fragrance and an almost indefinable sense of the appropriate, are pervasive. The spring odors and flowers seem suddenly to flood the gardens and lawns. In the tiny six-by-two bed under a bay-window and in the stretches of living green by the river, the daffodils have succeeded the crocus; hyacinths and flaring tulips fill the borders, and even the stems in the hedges are full of color. Over every tree there is a smoky veil where the swelling leaf-buds have blurred the winter tracery of bare twigs against the sky, but are not yet heavy enough to cast a shade.

Only the children seem energetic, especially on Easter Monday, the great day for Washington babies. Along Pennsylvania Avenue they stream — well-dressed, nurse-attended darlings mingled with the raggedest little coons that ever snatched an egg from a market-basket. The wide street looks as if baby-blossom time had come, for there are hundreds of the children who on this special afternoon storm the grounds of the White House for their annual egg-rolling. Long ago the sport took place on the terraces below the Capitol, and a visitor to the city then wrote:

"At first the children sit sedately in long rows; each has brought a basket of gay-colored, hard-boiled eggs, and those on the upper terrace send them rolling to the line on the next below, and these pass on the ribbon-like streams to other hundreds at the foot, who scramble for the hopping eggs and hurry panting to the top to start them down again. And as the sport warms those on top who have rolled all the eggs they brought finally roll themselves, shrieking with laughter. Now comes a swirl of curls and ribbons and furbelows, somebody's dainty maid indifferent to bumps and grass-stains. Over yonder a queer eight-limbed creature, yelling, gasping, laughing, all at once, shakes itself apart into two slender boys racing toward the top to come down again. Another set of boys who started in a line of six with joined hands are trying to come down in somersaults without breaking the chin. On all sides the older folk stand by to watch the games of this infant carnival which comes to an end only when the children are forced away by fatigue to the point of exhaustion, or by parental order. No one seems to know how the custom began."

When the games proved too hard a test for the grass on the Capitol terraces, Congress stopped the practice, and the President opened the slope back of the White House. No grown person is admitted unless accompanied by a child, but even under this restriction the annual crowd is great enough to threaten the survival of the event.—*Anonymous.*

Easter Day.

I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer still struggling to affect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.
Thank God, she still each method tries
To catch me, who may yet escape,
She knows,—the fiend in angel's shape!
Thank God, no paradise stands barred
To entry, and I find it hard
To be a Christian, as I said!
Still every now and then my head
Raised glad, sinks mournful—all grows drear
Spite of the sunshine, while I fear
And think, "How dreadful to be grudged
No ease henceforth, as one that's judged.
Condemned to earth forever, shut
From Heaven!"
But Easter Day breaks! But
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say?

—Robert Browning.



Easter Morning.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou didest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love thee for the same again:
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

—Edmund Spenser.

An Easter Message.

Set aside, if you ever had it, the notion that immortal or eternal life is something to come by and by, after you have died and risen again from the dead. Understand that immortality is a present possession. You are immortal or you never will be. Then consider what are the laws of this spiritual life, this immortal life, this eternal life, compliance with which is necessary to the maintenance of it. First of all, you must desire it. It must be an object of controlling desire. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled," but they must hunger and thirst. The second condition of the spiritual life is seeking it from him who is the reservoir of life. That is, it is prayer; for prayer is

not primarily asking for God's things, it is receiving life from God. Spirit with spirit can meet, says Tennyson. Prayer assumes that spirit with spirit can meet. Come to God that you may find strength, health, comfort, inspiration. Some of you will say, First I must know there is a God before I can pray. You are wrong. First you must pray that you may know that there is a God. You must live before you can believe. If you would have a right to the tree of life, if you would have the right to know that there is a tree of life, you must seek this immortal life here, and seek it from the God who is here, and seek it through the channels that he opens for you. Live here and now the immortal life; and then if you are mistaken and there is no life after the grave, still you will have been immortal. We must have the immortal life here and now if we would have a rational hope to have it hereafter. This is my Easter morning message to you.—*Lyman Abbott, in a sermon preached at Cornell University on an Easter Sunday.*

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XI. Victoria, Born 1819, Died 1901.

AFTER having tasted of the apples of Sodom, by reason of our last study, it is as though we heard the chord of some soft-sounding lute, or caught a glimpse of dazzling sunshine from the lofty eminences of the gardens of Mouley, in attempting a review of the life of that good and venerated Queen of England, Victoria Alexandrina, daughter of the Duke of Kent, and granddaughter of George III.

The secret of her goodness and usefulness does not lie in the fact of her coming in line of the old kings of England, so much as in the significant one that she had for her mother, that immaculate, virtuous and exceedingly sensible princess of German origin, Victoria of Saxe-Coburg.

At the time of her birth Victoria was not regarded as the heir to the crown of England, for three lives, with their possibilities for posterity, stood between her and the throne, namely, George IV., the Duke of Clarence, who was afterwards William IV., and her father, the Duke of Kent. Notwithstanding the improbability of the event the Duke of Kent seems to have had some notion of the high station which awaited his blue-eyed baby girl, for he had said with emphasis: "Look at her well. She will one day be Queen of England." Nevertheless, he was destined not to see that day, for when his daughter was less than one year old, death claimed him a victim, and his last words were a prayer that God might bless her and stand by the Duchess, her mother, in the great responsibility of rearing her.

The Duchess of Kent had vowed unto her heart a vow, and that was that her daughter should grow up uninfluenced by the vices and evils which were the insignia of royalty at that period. So while George IV. reveled in all the voluptuousness of luxury and wickedness, the Princess Alexandrina, as she was known through young girlhood, lived a very quiet and ordinary life with her mother at Kensington Palace. So quiet and unassuming was this life, indeed, as to be frowned upon by George IV., who considered the royal liberty of his niece to be infringed upon by the correct and unbending Duchess, and decided thereupon that the young Princess should mingle more freely with the elite at court. In accordance with this sentiment he issued a summons, "commanding" the princess to appear at a ball which was to be the marvel of the season. But the Princess had been duly commanded by the Duchess, her mother, to remain at home, and knowing perfectly the temper of the lady she had to reckon with, the young Princess humbly obeyed the latter summons. This incensed George IV. to the last degree, and the Duchess of Kent was thenceforward the victim of his animosity and vulgar toasts. But what signified the attitude of George IV. to the virtuous and God-fearing Duchess? Still less, perhaps, than to his outraged and banished wife, poor Caroline, who had but recently ventured from her exile, and braving the King's violence, had demanded to be crowned queen.

So while George IV. and his retinue were doing the honors of royalty the future sovereign of England was doing the homely duties of the ordinary girl,—sewing her gowns, observing complete obedience to her instructors and superiors, and learning to be a wise and good woman. She daily walked with her mother, visiting the distressed and sick; she played with her dolls, some of which are still extant; she read books suitable to her age and character, always ate a light supper and invariably retired early. The routine of her daily life was as clock work. No duty was left undone. None ever waited while another was begun. Each detail was a significance to the little girl in Kensington Palace, and if the doll's apron was begun, it must needs be finished ere the much-coveted play with Tabby-cat could be indulged in.

Her rank was advertently concealed from her, and she was about thirteen years of age when she learned

her place in the succession. The knowledge was imparted in this wise: Her mother had a table of the genealogy placed within the history she was studying. She unfolded the extra leaves, examined the contents, cast a wondering look at her governess, and said slowly: "I did not know I stood so near the throne!" "It was not thought necessary that you should, madame," replied the governess. She was very thoughtful for a moment, then said solemnly: "Now some girls would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but more responsibility." Then raising the index finger, she added reverently: *"I will be good!"* Ah, it was no prophetess, but only a very wise little girl who saw, in the distance, the difficulties for the lady-sovereign of England! And it seems hardly possible for us, who lived at the time of her demise, and had watched her fame spread over continents and heard her lauded from sea to sea, to believe that there ever was a time in the history of this good and gracious woman, that the difficulties were of so great a magnitude as to render her unpopular, and that this queen of blessed memory was hissed at in public! It may make her memory all the dearer and more blessed, when we remember that, to a great measure, this unpopularity was due to her efforts to elevate in her kingdom him whom she had so eminently elevated in her heart,—Albert, the brave and good Prince Consort,—for the nation had not yet learned his worth and were jealous, lest the foreign prince should overstep the rights of their elect and sovereign lady. But let that pass.

George IV. had done with his revelries and wickedness; William IV. had reigned for seven years and was gathered to his fathers; and at midnight there suddenly came a loud rap at the door of Kensington Palace. It was the Archbishop of Canterbury, urging that he must see the Princess with all speed. The keepers at the door answered that the Princess was sleeping and must not be disturbed. "But," demanded the Archbishop, "sleep must needs give way to the business of the State." So the Princess was summoned. She came downstairs in her robe of night, with her large, blue eyes filled with a wondering light, and her fair hair all unbound, falling about her shoulders. "We greet your Majesty in England's name," cried the Archbishop of Canterbury. The young Queen of England reached forth her hand whilst tears stole down her cheek. Her voice was very clear, notwithstanding. "I beg your grace to pray for me."

The first act she did as sovereign of England fitly revealed the generosity of this noble woman. She had written a note of condolence to the widowed queen, her Aunt Adelaide. It was addressed to "Her Majesty, the Queen." Some one remarked it should be directed to the Queen Dowager. "I am aware of that," replied the young sovereign, whose kindness ever surpassed her dignity, "but I will not be the first one to remind her of her altered position." She also gave orders that the flag on the castle, which was at half mast, from respect to the late King, should not be drawn up on her arrival, when she went to Windsor, a few days later, to visit the bereaved Queen.

Another act of hers, however, gives us a hint as to how independent this youthful Queen could be. We have already mentioned that prior to her accession to the throne, she was known as Princess Alexandrina. But the day she was crowned Queen, she dropped this name completely. It had been given her in honor of the Czar Alexander, of Russia. "Under the circumstances, it might savor of dependence," quoth her youthful Majesty, "whereas we are both independent and competent." Soon after this event, her enthusiasm waxed even a degree hotter, when she gave one of her lords in waiting to understand how supreme her mandate really was. It related to a matter of etiquette, and she had dared to digress from a long-established rule. One of her lords complained that she was trampling upon a time-honored custom. A flush of anger, indeed, mantled the brow of the sovereign lady. "Mere etiquette, and even weightier matters," quoth her offended Majesty, "are subject to the will of the Queen of England. You will observe the change, as I have stipulated." And he did with due energy.

We esteem it a mark of filial affection, which caused her, at the elaborate State function, where she made her final appearance as heiress presumptive, to grieve in taking precedence of her mother. Though being merely a formal and ceremonial act she regretted it exceedingly; for to her, who had ever deferred to her mother, it seemed almost like a sacrilege. But this public affair, and others which she subsequently mingled in, detracted nothing from the true attitude of mother and daughter. Of no ordinary type was the love and homage which was rendered by this daughter unto this mother, even to the hour when the venerated Duchess of Kent died in the arms of the beloved Queen of England.

For beloved Victoria had become in the fullest sense. Everywhere she was the object of admiration and respect, and wherever she went, magnificent ovations awaited her. But Victoria did not suffer the splendor of royalty to blind her eyes to common joys, nor the glittering trappings to detain her from a more glorious and satisfying state. How entirely she was *a woman* was revealed in the beatific vision of her entrance into the sacred duties of wifehood. We can not refrain from presaging this event with the truly beautiful poem dedicated to her by Mrs. Browning upon this occasion:

And now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.
She vowed to rule, and in that oath her childhood put away;
She doth maintain her womanhood by vowing love today.



Queen Victoria.

O lovely lady! let her vow! such lips become such vows,
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.
O lovely lady, let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!
And though she be no less a Queen, with purples hung above,
The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground;
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes of retinues about her sweetness wait.
She vows to love (who vowed to rule) the chosen at her side.
Let none say: "God preserve the Queen!" But rather, "Bless the bride.
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream,
Wherein no monarch, but a wife she to herself may seem.
Or, if ye say, Preserve the Queen! Oh, breathe it inward low—
She is a woman and beloved! and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble Prince, who takest her by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love our lady of the land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,
And true to truth, and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind,
Which not by glory and degree takes measures of mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing!

And now upon our Queen's last vow what blessings shall we pray?
None straightened to a shallow crown will suit our lips today.
Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad as free,
E'en to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she! send up loyal shouts, and true hearts pray between
"The blessings happy peasants have be thine, O crowned Queen!"

It is such a pretty romance in which Prince Albert is the hero and the youthful sovereign of England the charming heroine. It reminds one of the fairy tales of old wherein the brave knight came and carried off his lady love, "and was happy with her ever afterwards." Only this brave knight did not carry the lady far away, as the knights in fairy tales always do, but abode with her in her great domain, making her people his people, and teaching them with charity and infinite patience how good and courageous withal, a foreign prince could be. I have seldom read a more charming love story than that of Prince Albert and Victoria of England.

Victoria had been upon the throne two years when this brave Prince left his German home to see the youthful Queen and woo her. It was speedily noised abroad that Prince Albert had been accorded a gracious greeting by the British nation, and most of all by the British Queen. The adaptation of their temperaments rendered their pursuits mutual; hence, their meetings were very frequent and very pleasant, withal. Gradually an unmistakable presentiment pervaded the English nation, and it required no prophet to foretell what the end would be. Over the continent fellow-sovereigns were noting events and asking of the watchmen whether the day be breaking. Ay, it was indeed breaking, and a day of eternal rapture and unbroken peace it was to be for Victoria and the great and good Prince Albert!

There was, however, one phase of this romance which caused the young Queen sore perplexity. It was the technical point in royal etiquette, which demands that in affairs of the heart a sovereign must not be approached. In other words, it devolved upon Victoria to put the momentous question. Thus we find the ready-witted Queen, who had declared herself to be both independent and competent, and who had expounded promptly to her remonstrant lord, trembling before a mere prince of foreign soil, debat-

ing how she might more aptly frame her speech. But her rare executive ability perhaps bridged the difficulty. At any rate, we soon find Prince Albert writing to old King Leopold, that the Queen of England had made him the very happiest man on earth, by telling him she loved him; and away over in Belgium that patriarch of kingly dynasty, who had hoped so ardently for this union, bowed his head and murmured: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

Victoria and Prince Albert were married in St. James' palace in 1840. The Archbishop of Canterbury had judiciously asked what he should substitute for "obey," in the marriage ritual. "Let the ritual stand as it is," replied this noble-spirited woman. "While as sovereign, I must maintain my rights, as woman I shall shrink from no wifely obligation." It is interesting to note that within the short period of sixteen years, her family of nine children were born. There were two evils which Queen Victoria evidently frowned upon,—namely, race suicide and divorce. Her attitude to the former was attested to by the goodly troop of descendants, and to the latter by the significant fact that she absolutely refused to receive any divorced persons at Court. Nor did the high station of the parties involved, in any case, alter her decision. Victoria's aim throughout life was to perpetuate the peace and purity of the home; and she was one of the very few sovereigns whom scandal never touched.

Being thoroughly in love with her husband was eminently a reason for this; and completely at rest with her own heart, possibly she could not fully sympathize with those less favorably environed. It is a touching and sacred thing to trace the domestic life of these wedded twain. Jar and discord could be heard alone from without. There was no discord within. For theirs was a true union of souls. Carrying her about in his own strong arms, when she was ill, personally attending to all her wants, reading to her, counselling her, comforting her, Prince Albert proved himself an ideal husband. And ever seeking his renown, deferring to his wishes, and filling his heart to overflowing with acts of tenderness and love, Victoria proved herself a model wife. It was in the presence of this great exaltation of tenderness and respect for each other that their children were reared; and Victoria's end was typified by the end of the virtuous woman of the Scriptures: "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

The German hymn so oft repeated by Prince Albert, has been translated as follows into English:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure.
God bless our daily bread; and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure.
In death unto his peace awake us
And heirs of his salvation make us!"

It is more than interesting, it is elevating to pursue the history of these married lovers, whose sentiment for each other never grows old. The political achievements of Victoria we leave to be more fully defined by those better versed in political ethics. It is her life as a woman which more emphatically appeals to us. Though the tenderest and most devoted of mothers, we forget not that she was a courageous disciplinarian, and a command once given was not to be commuted. Thus we see the Princess Royal just blossoming into womanhood, who was a whit inclined to coquetry, brought into a most confusing dilemma. She had accompanied the Queen and Prince Consort in a drive, and the brave bearing of the young officers of the escort perhaps turned her head a trifle. At length she advertently dropped her handkerchief over the side of her carriage. Instantly a half dozen heroes sprang from the saddle to regain it. "Stop, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Queen; "leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief." Accordingly, she alighted and picked from the dust the bit of cambric and lace, resuming her place beside her mother a sadder, though wiser princess.

It was this same beloved princess who had been the victim of the royal rebuke when she was a much younger person. A sailor had once carried her aboard the royal yacht. As he set her down upon the deck he said: "There you are, my little lady." The child, who had not liked being carried, frowningly replied: "I am not a little lady; I'm a princess!" The Queen, who had overheard her daughter's speech, said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be, some day."

Let us match the above instances by the following anecdote: "Two of the princesses, when very young, happened to go into a room where a servant was polishing a grate. In a spirit of girlish mischief, they insisted upon helping her, and when they had obtained possession of the brushes, instead of polishing the grate, they polished the servant's face. The servant in leaving the room, encountered Prince Albert, and was overwhelmed with confusion. The Prince on seeing the woman's black face, inquired the reasons and was told the truth. The Queen was made aware of the circumstance, and she was presently seen crossing the court toward the servants' quarters, leading the two princesses by the hand. The woman, who by this time had probably washed her face, was brought forward, and her Majesty then made her daughters ask the servant's pardon." We supplement these anecdotes with the fact that each daughter of the Queen was obliged to learn to make her own dresses, and that there was no detail of cooking and housework with which they were not familiar.

In the early years of her widowhood the Queen had caused her tomb to be prepared beside that of Prince Albert, the sarcophagus intended to receive her resting upon a marble figure of the Prince. Here, at the close of her goodly reign, the weeping nation bore her. The epitaph, composed by the Queen, herself, is simply this:

Victoria—Albert.
Here at last
I rest with thee.
With thee in Christ shall rise again!

MORE OATS

Charles H. Keltner

OF the crops, corn, cotton, hay, wheat, oats, and potatoes, the oat crop of the United States ranks fifth in value. It is estimated that the average value in millions of dollars for five years, 1903 to 1907, was 293. While this crop is raised in many sections of the world, the United States ranks first in its production. In the year 1906, 964,904,522 bushels were produced within our borders. The average number of bushels per acre for the same year was 31.2, the lowest State average being fourteen in Florida and the highest 43.7 in Utah. This crop, however large these figures may appear, is always in demand. The surplus from the farms finds ready market as horse feed in our large cities.

It is now generally recognized, however, that oats is not a profitable crop on high priced land, at the price which it usually brings. Its value to the farmer rests largely with its importance in the system of crop rotation. If it must be grown, and common experience seems to indicate that it should be, in climates adapted to it, the end to be desired is an increase in yield per acre.

The author knows that there are many factors which effect increase in yield, such as thorough preparation of the seed bed, excellent quality of the seed, best methods and time of planting, etc. But there is still another factor which progressive farmers are recognizing; and that is ridding the crop of the effect of smut. The author has at different times gone into oat fields and made a statistical study of the individual heads in different parts of the field. In almost every case, when the study was made in company with the grower of the crop, the latter was greatly surprised at the high percentage of diseased stalks. Students often report that farmers usually make their estimate too low. It is estimated that for the entire United States the annual reduction in yield of oats because of smut amounts to 8%, while actual experiments have shown as great a loss in some seasons as 20 bushels per acre. Taking the conservative estimate, 8%, one can readily see, if he refers to the crop statistics in the annual Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, that the loss for the entire country was more than $20,000,000. To the student who has seen the oat seed treated and the smut practically all killed, the loss in money which the farmers of this country might have saved seems lamentable; for but little work and almost no outlay in money for formaldehyde will practically eradicate the pest.

Smut is a plant parasite. The black material which the farmer sees in the grain as it stands in the field is what we might call the fruit of the smut plant. In fact, it is masses of very minute spores which are harvested with the oats, thoroughly mixed with the seed grain in threshing and, if unkilled, it is planted again with the seed to begin new life at the same time that the oat seed germinates. The spores, as they grow, force their hyphae into the minute oat sprout. Receiving their nourishment from the young oat plant, they advance through the whole plant, finally producing spores again on the oat head, completely absorbing the material which the oat plant should have stored in its own seeds.

The method of treatment which the author's students use in the laboratory is simple and may be practiced in the following manner: Dilute one pound of formaldehyde (sometimes commercially labeled formalin) with 35 gallons of water; apply this to the seed oats on a level floor with a sprinkling can, mixing the oats by shoveling it; and wet it, not in excess, but merely until it feels moist and sticky to the touch. Shovel the mass into a heap, cover it with a canvas or blankets and leave it for half a day; then spread it out to dry before planting.

Frequent test has shown that, when the above treatment is carried out carefully, the vitality of the seed is not affected at all. Surely, since there is so little outlay necessary, farmers who till high priced land should treat their seed oats and harvest that average of 8% which is now being lost.

Mt. Morris College.

If you want to please a woman,
There'll be no vain regret
If her birthdays you remember
And her age you will forget.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Gov. W. R. Stubbs.

GOVERNOR W. R. STUBBS, of Kansas, is one of the promising men rapidly coming to the front. During the past year he has made himself conspicuous by his strict enforcement of law and his stern demands for justice for his constituents. A few years ago the State of Kansas was annoyed by a number of lawbreakers and boot-leggers. The liquor dealers in fear of the federal government would secure the federal stamp which was required by law to be posted in some conspicuous place. Under the protection of their seal they openly violated the State law with little fear of molestation. There had grown up the practice among revenue officers to permit these lawbreakers to go from place to place and peddle liquor. An even more demoralizing practice was to allow a man caught without a government permit to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and allow him to go about his illegal business. Gov. Stubbs wrote to Pres. Taft and asked that the cooperation of federal officers and lawbreakers be stopped. The President agreed that the matter should have attention but for some reason the case lagged in the revenue department. Gov. Stubbs went to Washington and saw the President, and followed up his demand with letters and telegrams until the attorney general by order of the President sent instructions to the United States district attorney, saying:



Gov. W. R. Stubbs.
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> The United States government is clearly aiding and abetting in the violations of these laws by compromising proceedings for the enforcement of the internal revenue laws by the mere payment of money penalties. * * * You are therefore instructed in the future in prosecutions for violations of the internal revenue laws as a general policy to refuse to compromise all liability by the payment of money penalties and to endeavor to secure conviction and imprisonment for some reasonable time in punishment of this class of offenses.

This action reverses the practice for years in dry territory and makes the boot-leggers' business much more difficult.

About a New Party.

IN the Senate the bitterest fight of the regular session was over the Lorimer case. Eleven Democrats and thirty-five Republicans voted for the Illinois Republican; eighteen Democrats and twenty-two Republicans voted against him. It was Bailey, leading Democrat, who fought most desperately in Lorimer's behalf, threatening to tie up appropriation bills in order to force a vote. Nine Democrats joined twenty-four Republicans in defeating, by an exceedingly slim margin, the resolution for direct election of Senators. Some Democratic Senators were most active in hindering the tariff board bill, and stood shoulder to shoulder with stand-pat Republicans in opposition to Canadian reciprocity, while in the House seventy-seven Republicans voted for the reciprocity agreement and eighty-eight voted against it. This agreement is the most important measure of Mr. Taft's administration, the measure to which in greatest degree he pins his

political hopes; and in respect to it the Republican President must depend very largely upon Democratic support in Congress.

The best reason for thinking there will be a new political party is that, for legislative purposes, there are no longer any old political parties. If there is to be any party alignment it must apparently be a new one, for in Congress the old one has disappeared. Of the thirty-three Senators who defeated the resolution for the direct election of the members of the Upper House ten retired on March 4. This makes the Senate simply more Insurgent and tends more completely to obliterate the old party lines.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The Japanese War Scare.

THE Japanese war scares have been started so frequently that they hardly serve as a good joke any more. Communications between private citizens in the two countries can hardly take place any more without some one starting a war alarm. The following message from the Emperor of Japan to the President of the United States should at least in a measure show the relation between the two countries:

I was already well convinced that you had given no credence to the false and wicked reports regarding Japan, but it was especially a source of profound satisfaction to me to receive from you the assurance that the relations of amity and good understanding between our two countries were never better or more cordial than at this time. I am most happy to be able entirely to reciprocate that assurance.

Eastern Capital in Texas.

MR. W. E. CURTIS, special correspondent for the Chicago *Record-Herald,* has recently made some investigations in Texas, and has found a large number of undeveloped resources.

Although there is a general understanding in the eastern States that the laws of Texas are unfriendly to corporations and to foreign capital, it may be said that public sentiment is veering in the other direction. The feeling is becoming general that something ought to be done to induce outside capital to come here for investment and to interest itself in developing the rich and unlimited resources of the State. I am assured by bankers and other men of financial responsibility that the difficulty has been more in the radical application than in the letter of the laws, and they point to the successful operation of the thousand industrial and commercial corporations which have been conducting their business without the slightest interference and with great profit.

Several representatives of the manufacturing corporations outside the State have also assured me that they have never had the slightest difficulty in transacting their business, although they admit that demagogues and fanatics, of which Texas has her full share, have endeavored to make political capital in their attacks upon the Standard Oil Company, the International Harvester Company and other so-called trusts, and have endeavored to convince the public that railways are the enemies of mankind.

You can fool all the people some of the time, and that has been the case in Texas. Doubtless these demagogues can fool some of the people all the time, and there is likely to be freak legislation in the future as there has been in the past. But no one can fool all the people all the time, and a majority of the population of Texas are sane and sensible men.

Educational System in Texas.

THE public educational system of Texas ranks with the best in the United States. Briefly stated, it consists of a State university, an agricultural and mechanical college, a college of industrial arts, four normal schools for training white teachers, one normal and industrial school for colored boys and girls, and a system of high schools and common schools. The University of Texas is at the head of the State public school system. It is doubtful if any other educational institution in America has grown more rapidly or more substantially during the last quarter of a century. Conceived by the founders of the Texas republic, the constitution of 1836 declared for a general system of education. Numerous attempts were made by pioneer Texans to build and maintain a State university, but it was not until 1881 that the present institution was located at Austin and real university work started.

A New University at Dallas, Texas.

J. R. BABCOCK, Secretary of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, in speaking of the university to be located at Dallas, Texas, made the remark:

In looking over the field and taking counsel from those knowing Texas and the opportunities in north and east Texas it was decided by some of the leaders of the Methodist church that Dallas offered the best unoccupied territory for the founding of a great institution that there was in the United States. This was confirmed by a number of prominent educators and those familiar with educational affairs, notably Dr. Wallace Butterick, the head of the general board of education of the Rockefeller Foundation. Carrying out this idea, therefore, at the general conference of the M. E. Church South, held at Asheville, N. C., early in the spring of 1910, the question was discussed and it was decided unofficially that if Dallas would make an offer for the building of an institution in that city that the leaders of Methodism would pledge themselves to carry out a plan for a great university. The proposition was presented to the Dallas Chamber of Commerce and was immediately taken up. The spirit which actuated the Dallas citizens was a realization that there was needed in the city of Dallas a proper educational institution that should draw to the city the highest and best class of citizenship, and that it should offer opportunities for higher education and round out the civic life and the activity of the town from a commercial, industrial and educational standpoint.

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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A New Series of Articles.

On page 358 of this issue will be found an article on "Foods and Their Principles of Cookery," by Mrs. Frances Bell. This is the first of a series of articles on this subject by Mrs. Bell, which will appear in the Inglenook twice each month for a little while. The articles will be of interest to our readers because they discuss all the foods which are required for the nourishment of the body, and the principles which are employed in preparing them for the table.

Easter and Life.

What Christ brought into the world was not new truth but fresh life—not so much principles and precepts unknown before as an enlarged capacity of moral obedience and growth. "I am come into the world that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." This is an authoritative description of Christ's mission. The qualifications for standing in the line of Christian affiliation are moral and spiritual growth. It should be impossible to deny the name of Christian to any who can show any genuine likeness to him. This test might bar some loudly professing pretenders and admit some, who are classed as heretics. At any rate it would finally gather in from diverse communities the pure, the self-forgetting, the genuine and make Christianity as wide as Christendom. It is the yearly resurrection of a new life within us that makes Easter a significant occasion for us. If this does not take place the day can mean nothing more than a celebration of a past event. If there is no yearly resurrection of life within us, our moral and spiritual powers are likely to lay encased in a tomb of self-righteousness, which perhaps some day will surprise us as an idle mockery.

Observance of Special Days.

There are several reasons why we should place special significance on such days as Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas. If we are to follow a progressive line of Christian development we need at regular intervals to stop and survey our vantage ground. If we have gained none the indications are that we are dead and we need a new start. If we have gained one we need to stop and measure to make sure it is properly plumbed. A review of the significance of the day should give us a higher realization of the meaning of life itself. Sometimes men excuse themselves from a proper observance of holidays, believing that all days should be alike and of equal significance. Usually those men live entirely in harmony with their doctrine and don't place a very high value on any one day. As a result they never take the pains to make a searching personal examination of their own moral deportment, and in a short time have a pretty good opinion of themselves. A proper observance of Easter should mean the breaking down of the good opinions we have of ourselves and a new springing up of more wholesome life.

Bad Economy.

Millions of dollars are invested in country and village schoolhouses and churches. Usually they are built something like a farmer's implement shed with an organ box clapped on top for a belfry. The schoolhouses are generally looked upon as a shelter for the children while they learn their a-b abs, and the church a place where grown folks ease their minds by paying an hour's respect to their most loved fraternity. Every village of any consequence has from three to seven churches and one schoolhouse, each of which is a very small center with a tendency to divide the community rather than unify it. The common village interests are seldom found, and as a result the young men and young women go away to other centers of activity. Then comes the cry that the city is drawing the best people from the country. The fact is, however, the city is not attracting them half so much as the country is driving them away by its dire dearth of social stimulus. The noise and dirt and smoke of the city are not one whit inviting while the pure air, the flowers, and fields of the country hold a charm for every one. But it is not the dirt that invites the people to the city nor the flowers that drive them from the country. It is the fact that in the city they are jostled elbow to elbow with their fellow-beings. Let the churches cease their dissensions and become a center of activity, and the country will become a more desirable place to live. Let the schoolhouses be re-designed with some architectural effect, and open them for social gatherings

where the young people of the community can mingle and there will be fewer people going to the city.

Utilizing Public Buildings.

Mr. Egerton Winthroppe, of New York, urges that the schoolhouses should be made attractive places, and should be kept open all the time so that the young people could assemble there for social gatherings. Why not? The schoolhouses should be used to their utmost capacity. They represent a large investment of money and their purpose is to uplift. Why should they be closed while young people are being driven or drawn into questionable resorts? Music, pictures and harmless games should be used to make the schoolhouse inviting. The influences which make for character must enter into rivalry with the influences which degrade. Until the more dangerous temptations can be removed there is special reason why every possible effort should be made to offset these temptations. The nature of youth must be considered and provision must be made for the gratification of every healthy social desire. There is much to be done before either our churches or schools will render their maximum of service.

City Employment.

Thousands of brilliant young men and young women go to the large cities and work for wages that afford them only a scant living. They are obliged to do work that is not at all agreeable. Many of them come from homes where parents offer them every imaginable inducement in the way of land, implements, and stock to get started on the farm. In the small towns and rural communities high wages are offered and yet it is almost impossible to get any help. Many of the western farmers offer from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month for men and correspondingly high wages for women, giving them board and washing so there would not need to be a single dollar of expense. In the cities the employment bureaus are crowded every day, and thousands of men are out of work continually. The average employee in the city does not get more than fifty dollars per month while the actual living expenses in many cases exceed fifty dollars per month. Yet, in the face of all this people go off to the city. And under the present conditions it is perfectly natural that they would. In the large cities is where they find the crowd. There is where they can freely mingle with their fellows, and be in an ever-changing throng. The majority of young men and young women have a craving for social mingling, and they care more for that than for money and an easy start in life, consequently they are willing to sacrifice all the conveniences of the country and endure all the discomforts of a dirty city for an opportunity to satisfy a perfectly natural desire.

The Salvation of the Rural Homes.

Parents in the rural districts, who have sons and daughters growing into manhood and womanhood, are continually praying that their children might be kept on the farm, only, a few years later, to be forced to bury their tears in their pillows because of their unanswered prayers. In many cases these tears might be saved and the children placed into a better career if the parents would help answer their prayers by making their community a more desirable place to live. If some of the wealth which the children later squander in the city would be wisely expended in providing suitable healthy social stimulus the children of the community would be better off and the parents would be saved many heartaches. In these days with the enormous wealth of the country, the rapid railroad transportation, and the efficient automobile facilities there is no reason why the rural districts should not have the best that can be secured anywhere. First-class lectures and concerts can now be carried to the remotest corners of the country, without any inconvenience to them and with untold profit to the community. Too many people think more of their public buildings than they do of their children and as a result, their empty public buildings they have always with them, but their children only a little while. Every rural community should be supplied with the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual stimulus that can be secured, because there the atmosphere is unpolluted by the stint of evil tendencies. If you would save your children when they are a little older, make yourself a vital factor in your community and see that it is supplied with the best that can be secured.

The Results for March.

What we now want is ten thousand new subscribers for the Inglenook. During the month of March we received five hundred new subscriptions. That is encouraging, but now we should like to double that number during the month of May. There are thousands of homes that would like to get a weekly magazine for one dollar per year and we would like to get acquainted with them. We will be much obliged if you will help us to get acquainted. They will be pleased to have you tell them how to get the Inglenook and the new Cook Book, and you will get a better magazine. The more subscribers we have, the better the Inglenook can be made. We will be glad to send sample copies to your friends. Our last edition of the new Cook Book has been exhausted and it will be about two weeks before the next edition will be ready to be mailed, but all our new subscribers will receive their copies as soon as they can be mailed.



THE HOME WORLD



WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE MOB?

Effine Rhiner

YES, doubtless, Premier Asquith could give a better rendition than any of our grandfathers, as to Paul's hint concerning disorderly women; also that he sees the fitness of enjoining upon them to be "keepers at home, to love their husbands, to love their children."

I see, before me, the mad crusade sweep on. To what? To sorrow, to regret, to an unspeakable fate, even, from which there is no redress. And wherefore? To make more pure the home which, after all, was God's first institution? To make more beautiful the conjugal state, than which, Christ himself declares there is none other so close and sacred? To make more glorious the spiritual unity, to which end both men and women, together with the Godhead, are to be helpers, yet each in his place and his degree? Is this the meaning of the riotous women clamoring for headship, under what they carefully define as equality of rights? Is it indeed to this end,—better children, better marriages and a better Christian status? Nay, we can not think it! Because the women who count for most as Christians, wives, and mothers, are not found in any bedlam of riot. They have neither the time, the opportunity nor the desire. Neither are they seeking careers, nor seeking to eclipse their husbands, nor yet seeking to render obsolete the command: "Be fruitful, and replenish the earth."

Were this a thesis upon marriage, I should enjoin upon woman, as she values her soul, and her peace of mind, never to marry a man until she has found her Master; that there is no happiness, nor even safety in married life outside of this. But this is not a thesis upon marriage, but a criticism on woman suffrage. Therefore, I consider my remarks strictly in joint with my subject, when I declare that I never heard of a new convert to the doctrine but I think: There goes another, who has, no doubt, forfeited the right to be a wife and mother.

I do not wish to be harsh. I should perhaps apologize, to an extent, when I remember the lifelong toil and biting sacrifices of my sisters, who have borne the standard (their standard, if you please) with all the marvel and hardiness of their sex. I should be silent, perhaps, in the presence of such martyr-like endurance, while they—albeit it is with the desperation of despair—make a final effort to plant their banner, though the jeering crowd storms its last star to shreds! It reminds me of the storming of the Bastille during the French Revolution. Perhaps that thought animates them also, and now I come to think of it, perhaps they have borrowed that martyr-like aspect of bearing from the historical chronicles of those days.

Let me meditate a moment. I do not know just how many stars the "New Woman's" flag consists of, but if each one is to represent a whim, no doubt about a hundred and one. The chief one, as we can not help knowing, signifies Liberty, that patron saint, which is elevated upon a very high and sacred shrine, and is, of course, modeled after their ideal of perfect freedom, and therefore to such a skeptical person as myself, appears a most desolate and jaded virgin. She clings, however, with vise-like grip to those heavy scales, which are, no doubt, intended to weigh the faults of men. Ah, that poor, doleful Goddess of Liberty!

Now, I would have more patience with this goddess and would even strive to overlook her arrogance, were she more consistent. But she deceives her worshippers. She makes such flattering promises of "higher rights and privileges," and then after the poor deluded votary has straddled over hill and vale with her war cry, braving bitterness and hardness and disgrace and has at last valiantly planted her banner upon no man's land, she looks shrineward and suddenly beholds herself transformed after the similitude of her goddess. By this time she is a desolate virgin indeed! So let me repeat: Ah, the poor, doleful Goddess of Liberty!

The only type she has really any power over is the abnormal prodigy of womanhood. For his part, man stands by unscathed, though a trifle shaky through sheer pity. He would like to save her from her doom; he would like to raise a hand and warn her of the obstacle ahead. Indeed he would fain gather her in his arms and whisper to her that it is a vain hope,

that it can never be, that even should she attain unto it, it could not satisfy, that it is against God's will, that man can be tolerant to a certain point, but that there is no bound, if once passed, whence there can be no retracing,—that the Creator was wise in his creation, and that he created them male and female!

Ah, they would like to sound the warning, but are too gallant, these fine, generous, noble-hearted American men of ours,—God bless them!—and do not like to threaten. This reminds me that it is the Goddess of Liberty who threatens. She calmly holds her scales and signifies that if man does not weigh according to her demands, there may perhaps be dissension, and possibly riot.

But it was the American man to whom I referred in the above comments. I would not stake my soul upon the gallantry of Premier Asquith; and if you would have a verbal answer as to the English policeman's sentiments toward the New Woman, you must ask him what he thought of her when he bore her outright in his arms that fateful night. Ah, yes, even foreigners may be able to teach us a lesson. And these flights of imagination carry us even to the wilds of Scotland. What if some preacher in our day and generation should rise up in the similitude of Knox, and tell us face to face, the end of "blaspheming women"? What if he should thunder his harangue into the ears of the Goddess of Liberty? Wouldn't she cringe? Ah, the poor, trembling Queen of Scots would not compare with her!

But God, also, has a pair of scales, and he shall one day,—yea, he has already placed the New Woman in the balance and found her wanting. "Wanting? In what?" hisses the worshipper of Liberty in a wasp-like voice. So since the American man is too timid to answer, and John Knox is dead, and Premier Asquith so far away, I shall, myself, make bold to answer my opponent:

You are wanting in every attribute which makes the woman. You lack in grace, in charm, in *soul*. Sex is a circumstance of inevitable environment, and each attempt you make to unsex yourself, does but show off your folly to perfection. You can not be a man, try as you will; yet by persisting, you can make yourself a fool.

MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR

M. M. Winesburg

FATHER was rather old-fashioned and believed in strenuous treatment, when the boys failed to "toe the mark" as he laid it down for them; while I, a skinny runt of seventeen, or thereabouts failed utterly to appreciate his reprimands, although I suspect I often deserved severe treatment. But whether I deserved it or not, like all other boys, I deemed myself a man and a badly-used one, too. The result of those thoughts was to find me, early one morning, on a forty-mile trip to an uncle's home in another county.

In fact, it was so early in the morning when I started, that the moon was still shining, and the family were all asleep in bed, when I climbed out at the window with my little budget on my back. Daylight found me puddling along the road, determined to make the trip or die; for father had been rather forcible the night before, and my back was still smarting from his effort to teach me wisdom.

My road was through a rather rough and hilly country, and farmhouses were few and far between. But what cared I for a little thing like that? I had a dollar in my pocket, and the night before I had visited mother's pantry as I went upstairs to bed. I did not want to take the trip altogether hungry. I don't know how many miles I made my first day on the road, but I do know that I did not travel very fast toward the close of the afternoon, for I was getting very tired, and before night came on I could hardly drag one foot after the other.

That night I slept in a fence corner, and woke up the next morning so stiff and sore that I could hardly move to get out of my open-air bed. This day I did not start out as sprightly as I had done on the preceding day, and by the middle of the afternoon I was fagged out completely. My feet were so blistered and sore that I was traveling with my shoes slung over my shoulder, and my supply of food was all gone—and had been since I left my sleeping place; for I had eaten my last scrap for my breakfast, and so far I had not yet found a place to get a fresh supply. Therefore, things did not look so promising as they had on the preceding day. The farmhouses were few in number and they all stood away back from the road. I had trudged on hoping to find a house near the highway until I was almost famished, and I was wishing myself back home again. I suppose that I would soon have been blubbering, but just as I had reached the blubbering stage, I also reached a branch road, and just as I was passing it, a light

wagon whirled out of it into the road where I was traveling. As the rig came alongside of me, the driver pulled up his horse and asked:

"Going far?"

"Going to Glassburg. How far is it yet?" I asked in turn.

"Gee', kid. You'll not make it there tonight," laughed the man. "Glassburg is a good fifteen miles away. I reckon you had better hop up here, and go with me for the night. You look about played out."

I wasn't about played out, but I was clear played out and I didn't feel much like hopping. I climbed into the wagon with the best will that I ever had done anything, and I surely felt good to sit there and let something else do the walking.

About a mile farther on we again turned from the main road and went through a lane back to a farmhouse, which stood in an orchard well back from the highway. At the house was another man, but I saw no women folks anywhere. But, as I afterwards learned, there were only two men, who were keeping bachelor's hall and farming, and buying cattle as a sideline. The man at the house did not seem overly pleased to see me, yet, after a few words with the man with whom I came, he soon began to stir up the supper. And bachelor hall or not, I thought that supper was the best I had ever eaten, and I really was ashamed of the amount of grub I stowed away.

Of course, the men asked me a good many questions, and while I told them freely about my uncle, I took good care not to mention that I had run away from home. Before we left the supper table, the man who had picked me up on the road told me I had better stay there a few days and rest up, and that they probably would be going into Glassburg about the end of the week with some cattle, and I could go the rest of the way with them.

When we left the table I was so stiff and sore that the cook kindly told me to stretch out on a couch, which stood at one side of the room, and rest myself. I was glad enough to drop down on that couch, for, as a farm boy, I was more used to riding than walking, and my feet were blistered from toes to heels. The last thing I heard was the rattle of the dishes out in the kitchen. The next thing I heard was some one saying in a curt tone: "Come on now. It's time to go," and I opened my eyes in time to see some one going out through the open door. I was half awake and half asleep. I thought that command had been for me, and I threw off the cover some one had thrown over me and slipped from the couch and followed. Outside I could dimly see two forms crossing the yard, for it was dark now, and I followed sleepily after them. Out of the yard and across the field they went, and I followed some distance in the rear, sullen and silent, for I was just awake enough to walk, and sleepy enough to feel ugly at being aroused from sleep. So I trudged along in silence.

I don't believe the men ever looked back; and if they had, I doubt if they could have seen me, for it was so dark that I was following more by sound than by sight. I thought they never would stop. After crossing the field they went down into a hollow and then up the hill on to the other side, which was full of bushes. Now, the only way I could tell that the men were still ahead of me was by the rustling of the bushes. But before I got half way up the hillside the bushes had slapped the sleep out of my eyes, and I was awake enough to wonder where the men were going and what they were going to do away out there in the darkness. Then some instinct also caused me to stop and listen whenever the noise in front of me stopped.

At last the men stopped, as I knew by the sound of their voices, and then I could no longer hear the rustle of the bushes, or the crunching of the feet in front of me. But I crept stealthily closer and was soon able to locate the men. In fact, I was pretty close to them, and as my eyes were now used to the darkness I could see them when they parted some bushes and vines in front of me. Then they vanished from my sight, seemingly into the hillside. The same instinct that had caused me to stop whenever they did, now bid me to be very careful, and I crept up to the spot where the men had disappeared. Then I found myself in front of a ledge of rock.

For a moment I stared at the straight-up-and-down ledge, as though I expected to see the men sticking to its sheer wall like flies. But, as I did not see them, a small morsel of sense flitted into my mind. Then I asked myself: "What did they come away out here in the darkness for; and, were they really calling me?" As I could not answer my own questions, I began to think of robbers' caves. For many books which I had read were not complete without a robber's den. And I crept into the bushes at the foot of the ledge and got the dandiest thrill of my life; for I crept right into an opening in the rocks big enough for any one to get into, provided they stooped and went in on all fours—and that was the way I went in. I crawled some distance and then I tried to rise, cracked my head against the rocks and fell back on all fours again. I crawled on a short distance, and then I caught a glimmer of light and stopped again; but, as the light didn't come back toward me, I took heart and slipped forward once more.

It was solid rock beneath me, and I made no noise at all on my hands and knees. I was soon looking into a good-sized room, or cave, and my two friends were there, starting a fire and pottering around as though they meant business of some sort. While I

was debating as to whether I would go on in or not, the man, who had been cook at the house, said: "Lon, I wish you hadn't brought that little beggar home with you. Suppose he wakes up while we are gone, then what?" "I think you can rest easy on that score Jim," laughed my friend of the road. "I'll bet my old hat that kid will have to be pulled out of bed in the morning. But if he does wake up he'll only think that we have gone off to bed and left him asleep where he was, and he'll roll over and go to sleep again."

Then I knew that they thought I was still back at the house asleep. They had not been calling me when they started; and I scented that they might not be very glad to see me just then. So I snuggled down close to the wall, with a desire to know what they were going to do. In the meantime I found out, and had some thrills while I was finding out, for they made a silver dollar. I watched them at the work for a long time. So I slipped back out of the tunnel, and found my way back to the house. I sought my sleeping place on the couch, as I knew that was the best place for me to be at the time, but I didn't go to sleep right away.

I had struck a real romance. They were a bunch of sure-enough counterfeiters, only they didn't wear masks like all the counterfeiters did, that ever I had read about. But this was something new in the line, I thought; and, to tell the truth, I was as pleased over my discovery as if I had struck a gold mine. I was not thinking of telling on them or having them arrested, but I did think how I would like to be back home among my boy friends, so I could brag about what I had seen. I gloated over my find until I heard the men coming into the house, and then I drew the cover over me and played sleep. I must have played it pretty well; for, after standing in the doorway for a while, they went on upstairs and left me alone where I was. Then I went to sleep, but not until the clock told me it was after midnight. I slept soundly the remainder of the night and had to be called in the morning. At the breakfast table my friend of the road asked me if I slept well, and I saw them exchange glances, as I replied that I had slept like a log.

All day I lounged around, for my feet were so sore I could hardly walk and I was still pretty stiff. My counterfeiters were right jolly fellows and I rather enjoyed myself. I learned that their names were Lon Fanning and Jim McPherison, but that is about all I did learn. By the next day I was feeling pretty spry again and, under liberal doses of a healing salve, the soreness had about all left my feet. I had not heard the men leave the house the past night, but they could easily have done so without my knowing it, for we had gone to bed early.

After breakfast on the second morning, Fanning told me that he and McPherison were going away after some cattle, and that I could just make myself comfortable until they came back, for he could not tell how long they would be gone, and if all things went well they would go to Glassburg the last of the week, or the first of the coming week.

After the men had ridden away, I stayed at the house for a while. Then, for a change, I strolled down to the stable. At the stable door I found a bright new silver dollar. I was not expert enough to be sure that it was counterfeit, but I judged it was; and, while fooling with the coin, an idea came into my head to visit the cave while they were gone. So I went back to the house and, after shutting its doors, I started. But before I got to the gate I happened to think: "What if Fanning and McPherison should come back while I was gone, they might think that I was prowling around where they didn't want me to; and then again, they might think that I had skipped out for town. But then, there was my budget, which would show that I was somewhere around." So I went back to the porch and sat down. Then another idea came to me: "Why not take all my belongings with me, and then if they would return, they would be sure to think that I had lit out and, of course, I could see if they had come home, and would not need to return to the house at all." I had walked the biggest part of the trip and I could surely walk the rest of the way, if I had to. Then upstairs I went and got my scanty belongings, but as I passed the kitchen door, I thought of food and, going into the kitchen, I sat down and ate a lunch and then stuck a slice of bread and meat into my pocket, and still a larger one into my duds. Into another pocket I put a candle and some matches, and away I went for the cave in the hillside.

I hid my budget at a good place in the hollow, and then up the hillside I went until I found the ledge, and then it was no trouble to find the mouth of the cave. I dived into the tunnel and crawled until I knew I was in the cave. Then I lit my candle and exploited to my heart's content. I saw lots of things that I knew they used in making the money, but the money itself interested me the most, for I found a lot of it in a box. But the only thing I stuck to was a flawed dollar I picked up by the side of the box, and that one I dropped into my pocket, along with the one I had found at the stable.

When, finally, I blew out my candle and crawled back out of the cave, I was all puffed up over my counterfeiters; still the cave lacked something. It ought to have another outlet. Then I looked around and found a deep split in the ledge, which I thought must run close to one side of the cave, and I walked into it.

After a short search I found a large hole which seemed to run in the direction of the cave, and I crawled into it, never stopping to consider that it might be a snake's or a skunk's den, as well as an opening into a cave. I had crawled a few feet when the place seemed suddenly to widen out, as I could no longer feel the rock on the side of me. Then I thought of my candle and matches, and, rising up on my haunches, I fished the candle and matches from my pocket and struck a light. The flicker of the candle showed me a yawning black gash at one side of me; but, before I had time to investigate it, a stinging, blinding shower struck me full in the face, and choking, I reeled and went down. But I struck solid rock pretty soon with an awful jolt, and lay quite sick for a bit, too sick to move. I had crawled into a skunk's den. But where was I now? Just at that moment I was too sick to care where I was; but after a long time of agony the sickness wore away some, and I began to think about getting out of that place. I was lucky that I had held on to my candle, and as soon as I was able I struck a light.

Then the full horror of my situation was revealed. I was down in a regular pocket in the ledge, with no outlet but the one above, and the wall of the pocket was as smooth as your hand, on the side where I had fallen in. What was worse still, I could not reach near to the top of the wall. The pocket was not more than four or five feet each way. At one side of the pocket water trickled down the wall and went on down through the rocks at the bottom, while far above I could see a faint streak of light where the water seemed to come from. But of what help would that be to me? I could not climb up to that rift above, although it probably kept me from smothering in that hole. But I didn't think of that when I wanted to leave that dreadful place; and, after propping the candle up between two rocks on the floor, I tried to climb up the wall, but it was like trying to climb up the side of a house.

I tried the wall time and again, only to meet defeat, until finally I wore myself out and sank down in despair. Here I was buried alive in a hole I could not get out of without help. And who would help me? No one knew I was in there, and it was not likely that any one would come that way to find me. I was doomed, and as the awful fact burned in my brain I screamed aloud. My candle was burning low. It would soon be gone, and a wild rage surged over me. Then I again jumped at the wall and yelled and beat it with my fists, and kicked it with my bare feet. But all that was done hurt my own self, and in my rage I knocked the candle over and it went out and left me in darkness. Then I dropped down and gave it up.

Oh! how I wished myself back home again! What a fool I had been for running away! Now mother would never know what had become of me; or if I were only back at the farmhouse, instead of being down in that awful hole to die of hunger and thirst. The very thought of this was appalling enough without the stern reality which would soon come. My throat even then was parched from yelling, and I crept over to where the water was trickling down the rocks, and wet my mouth and tongue. I would not perish for water, at least. Then I also thought of the lunch I had stuck in my pocket. It might keep me alive for a little while. But then what? And in my agony of helplessness I huddled down on the floor of my prison and yelled and cried until I was exhausted. Then a feeling as if I didn't care for anything came over me, and I fell asleep.

When I woke up I heard voices near me, and it was some moments before I could recall where I was. Then a great wave of joy rolled over me. Somewhere near were human beings, and I thought I would yell until they heard me. But before I could command my voice enough to yell—for I seemed all choked up—I heard some one say plainly:

"That old polecat must be around again. This place stinks. I'll bet she has crawled down in that hole again." And then came the sound of a moving rock and a stream of light poured into my prison.

That voice struck a new terror into my heart, for it was Fanning's voice. I didn't want to yell now, so I kept quiet and heard Mr. McPherison say testily: "Never mind the polecat, Lon. Let's get to work. We don't want to stay here all night."

"Well, I'll just scare it away anyhow," was the reply, and a spurt of flame darted into my prison and a bullet pattered against the wall. I instantly moved and made a noise, and that brought several more bullets against the wall, but none of them came near where I lay. Then I heard Mr. McPherison growl out:

"Stop that shooting! Suppose some one should be around and hear you, and you know we'll not be using this place long now. So let the skunk alone."

"I don't think there is any danger of any one being around here," grunted Fanning, "and I think I scared that skunk away, for I heard it climbing up the wall." Then the stone was shoved back over the opening again.

But Fanning had not fitted the stone back very closely, and a thin stream of light still filtered into the pocket. I must not lose the location of the opening. So I crawled silently over until I could touch the rock with my hand, and then I flattened out and lay quite still. I was overjoyed at the chance of escape from that horrible hole; but still I had reason enough left to know that it would be better for my dog hide to let Fanning and McPherison leave the

cave without knowing I was so close to them. I might get a bullet not intended for a skunk, if they found out that I was in that pocket.

Where I lay I could hear almost every word spoken by the men, and I supposed that they thought I had skipped on to town. I was quite willing that they should think so, while I thought of what a fool I had been. I had acted the part of a turkey in looking up all the time to find a way out, while safety had lain at my feet. I thought the men never would leave the other cave, and I was cramped and numb from being still so long, but I was afraid to move. Oh! how glad I was when they left, and then I was in total darkness again.

I waited and listened, until I thought they were out of the tunnel and on their way down the hillside. Then I tried the stone and found it easily pushed aside. But before I tried to crawl through the opening, I hunted up the stub of my candle and lit it to see how big the hole was. It was not very large, but neither was I. So I pulled off my coat and threw it out into the cave, and then tried to wiggle through the opening myself. While my candle held out, and for one time at least, I was glad that I was like a bean pole; for, if I had been fleshy, I never would have made my way through that hole. As it was, I almost stuck fast. It was such a close shave that I had to wiggle through edgeways, and I was panting and sweating when I landed out in the cave.

My candle was all burned up, but I still had a few matches left and I struck one or two, to see to put back the stone over the hole, and to find my coat. Then I struck out for the outer world. I had more than enough of being underground. Outside of the cave I only stopped long enough to get a good full breath of the fresh night air, and then I struck down into the hollow where I had left my budget, which I soon found, for the moon was now giving a pale light, and then I struck for the road and I found it. Then I felt safe enough to sit down and eat the lunch which I had with me. The skunk smell didn't prevent me from eating what I had in my pocket, either.

I tramped the remainder of the night, and in the afternoon of the following day I arrived at my uncle's home, pretty well tuckered out. My uncle was somewhat surprised to see me. But he didn't even scold me when he learned that I had run away from home. I had arrived in town ahead of Fanning and McPherison, and that was the main idea with me. Still I said nothing to my uncle about the counterfeiters. The men had been kind to me, in a way, and I was young enough to question as to whether it would be just the square thing for me to betray them. I probably would not have told on them, but late that evening my uncle came into the house denouncing counterfeiters up one hill and down another, and wound up by wishing that he knew where all the counterfeit money was coming from. And then I forgot everything else, only that I knew where it came from, and I blurted out:

"Uncle, I know where it comes from. I saw them making it." It was out now, and to my uncle's questions I told my whole adventure. I also showed him the dollar I had picked up at the stable door and the flawed one I had found in the cave. When I finished the story my uncle clapped me on the back and said: "You're a lucky boy. Do you know that there is five hundred dollars' reward for the information you stumbled on to?" Then he hurried me off to the office of the county sheriff, and there I had to tell the story all over again.

Well, the upshot of that was: When Fanning and McPherison came to town with their cattle, they were gobbled up with the goods on them. That had been the game they had played all through the surrounding country—buying up cattle and getting rid of lots of counterfeit money in the purchase, and then selling the cattle for all good money. They had been working the game for a long time, and the whole State was pretty well loaded up with bad money.

After the men were safely lodged in jail, I had to guide a party to the cave in the hillside, where they found the tools to make the money, and a large bulk of the money too. When we got back to town again I found father there waiting for me. It seemed that he got a little uneasy about me and had followed me up, for he knew pretty well where to look for me. He and uncle had a long confab; and then he and I had a sort of compromise, and I went back home with him, the richer by five hundred dollars, and had the name of having discovered the counterfeiters, although I really didn't deserve any praise on that score, for the discovery had really been no effort on my part. I had done wrong in running away from home, and that fact had been seared deeply into my brain during the hours of horror in that pocket in the hillside, when I thought I would never see that home again. I had also caused my parents some hours of worry on my account, especially my mother. Yet from that time on, father and I seemed to understand each other better than we ever did before. Probably he, too, remembered that he had been young at one period and had to learn wisdom, for my greatest trouble had been that I must work a thing out in my own mind, and then do the work in my own way, or I botched the job; and father supposed that I bungled to get rid of the tasks.

But, after we had gotten better acquainted on that never-to-be-forgotten journey back home, we always talked a difficult task over before we began it.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

Triumphs of Modern Science.

THE science of our day has carried the processes of automatic registration to a marvelous degree of accuracy and completeness. The combined self-registering thermometer, barometer, and instrument for recording the humidity of the atmosphere is a well-known object of interest in health resorts and places where people have leisure for little beside the weather and its effect upon their physical well-being. Moment by moment through all the twenty-four hours the delicately adjusted mechanism responds to the incidence of heat or cold, to the pressure of the atmosphere, and to the damp or dryness of the air; and moment by moment through all the day the tiny fingers move and the minute ink-pencil draws its ascending and descending lines and curves, and prints its weather chart. In the earthquake zone the seismograph responds as readily to the oscillations and vibrations of the ground, and marks their range and volume unerringly upon the map. A thousand such instruments are devised by man's ingenious brain and are employed by him for his convenience, comfort, or culture, from the gas meter or the taximeter, which nobody suspects of rigid adherence to scientific truthfulness, to the finest instruments of the observatory and the laboratory, where the supremely important matter is absolute fidelity to the facts of things.

We ourselves are such instruments of precision. We have, as a part of our physical equipment, and we are, in ourselves as spiritual beings, self-registering appliances which without volition, without consciousness, and with unerring accuracy observe, note, record and safely put away the record for eternal use as testimony for us and against.

Wonders of the Human Brain.

The gray matter of the brain witnesses our good or ill. When once the man of science has made his instrument, and made it right, and adjusted it for its task, it begins its work. It will go on working without his aid and in spite of him. It may get out of order through interference from without. Or the man who has made it may destroy it. But while it remains in existence as it came from its maker's hands it will go on registering, and nothing but violence will stop it. The human brain, as it has come from its great Creator's hands, from the moment that life courses through its convolutions, and as long as it remains un-ravaged, un-destroyed, will go on recording. The blow of a club on the outermost covering of it or the thrust of a knife into one of its delicate hemispheres or a clot of blood within it may damage or destroy it; but while the brain remains a brain and the instrument of thought it will continue to take evidence, docket it, and put it away for reference with infallible orderliness and care. When Macbeth in his sore trouble of soul for his wife's distraught mind demanded whether the physician had any skill to "raze out the written troubles of the brain" the physician confessed his impotence. But when the doctor went on to add "therein the patient must minister to himself," he asked what, if the question should be interpreted in prosaic literalness, the modern physician knows can never be accomplished though Birnam Wood should move to Dunsinane!

Concerning Character.

On the physical side of it we call this a re-arrangement of molecules. On its moral side it is—character. That word itself is remarkable—a history and a sermon are in it. For we use that self-same word to describe written or printed marks, as when we say, "printed in Roman characters, or in Old English, or what not," and to connote the constitution, disposition, or temperament of a living human being. This calls for explanation. What is the genius of our language that it names an ink-mark on a printed page and the sum-total of the attributes of man or God by the same word "character"? The explanation is striking. This is one of the words which we describe as red-veined with the life of the ages. The word is Greek. It is from the verb "charasso," meaning to engrave, to stamp as with a die, and it means the figure engraved or indented. Then in its moral, human sense character is that which is indented, engraved, stamped upon the soul of us, the distinct and peculiar marks made upon the individual soul, a living, integral, indissoluble part of ourselves. Our thoughts, emotions, acts, have stamped this character upon our souls, even as at the same time they have automatically registered themselves in the structure of our brains. Did you say that our modern knowledge had dissipated into thin air the wild dreams of the recluse on Patmos? Did you hear it said that the Revelation is a nightmare which needs a revelation to explain it? And did you read that science could not find the soul and was disposed to expel God from his own universe? Not a word of it is true. Books are still kept, call them what you will. The record is preserved.

The Dwarfing of the Soul.

"ACCORDING to their works," says the scripture; and the literal-minded person who has been interested in the theological quibbles in which past generations delighted may think he would like to start and strike again the time-honored balance of faith and works. I advise you to do nothing of the kind. For our purpose, faith is work and work is faith. As the spirit that is in us so shall our actions be, and as our actions are so shall the soul become. The acorn falls from the oak and the oak springs from the acorn; as a man purposeth in his heart so is he; and as he speaks, does, and suffers so is his soul shaped. Here is a man of narrow faith and narrow spirit. His outlook upon life is narrow. His nature is parsimonious. Perhaps he never was built upon big lines, but there were the rudiments of things in him, and he might have grown. But he has become smaller and narrower. Generous impulses when they were felt were never allowed play. Emotions were starved. The high faculties of vision, the tender instincts of charity, were alike repressed until atrophy set in. So far from growing to his full height, he is a dwarf, a pigmy. And it is his soul that is dwarfed within him. His narrow faith is written in his brain, if you could see it; it is written in his soul and you can see it. For the strange paradox is true: the visible brain we cannot see and the invisible soul we do see! The record has been written automatically. The Almighty Artificer has made no mistake with his instruments of precision. More unerringly than the best thermometer or barometer or hydrometer, the *soulometer* has marked the course of his degeneration with invisible ink.

The Soul Seen in the Face.

And here is a man of large and lofty spirit. Early he came under influences of love and gentleness, and early the mind that is within him made them its own. He thought and loved, he aspired and prayed, his soul grew large. The good and the beautiful made their appeal to him and he responded to their approach. He loved the song of birds and nature flowing free, and he loved his fellow-men. His faith in man and God was generous and broad; his hopes were high; and his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. And you can see it in his face. It is all there, all written in the books. It is written in the brain where you cannot see it; it is written in his soul, and the soul's records are secure. Did not Emerson once quaintly suggest that there is a relation between bulk and moral force and that we might settle the rights and wrongs of many a political question by weighing a hundred advocates of each of the contending parties? I suggest to you a more practical and convincing method of judging upon a large scale the effect of differing theories of life. Gather together into one view all the people you have ever known or seen or can think of who love the church better than the saloon, and all the people you have ever known or seen or can think of who love the saloon better than the church! If it could be done, no living human being upon this earth who is capable of connecting two ideas would ever need to read one single printed page of argument against either upon "the fruits of the liquor traffic" or "the evidences of Christianity." The question would be settled forever. Emphasis is a curious thing; and we mean something vastly different when we say a person is good-*looking* from what we intend when we say he is *good*-looking. It may be that there are some of us who try to be good who have to confess that we have narrowly escaped being homely—in the American sense of the word.—*Christian Herald.*

MY POWER.

NORRIE E. BERKEBILE.

As I rock my boy to slumber,
As I kiss his pale, pure brow,
I have visions of the future—
Visions I'll not tell you now.

But I wonder as I rock him
At this great demand for power
By the women of the present—
Women of this day and hour.

For the hand that rocks the cradle
Rules the world, someone has said,
And who knows the future greatness
Treasured in my darling's head?

Let them have the power of voting—
Go to legislative hall;
But give me my home and children
And my power surpasses all.

EASTER.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

Oh! Easter morn! Glad Easter morn!
How blest are they who sing thy praise;
"A Savior risen," greets the ear.
Go, carol forth your sweetest lays,
"A Savior risen," all may own,
Makes glad the earth from zone to zone.

Let organs peal till earth resounds!
Sing, all ye choirs, your happiest strains!
The Crucified ascends on high,
And evermore, triumphant reigns.
"A Savior risen," all may own,
Makes glad the earth from zone to zone.

Go, deck your altars and your board
With fairest flowers earth may yield,
And vie with nature's happiest moods
In all you do, and all you feel.
"A Savior risen," all may own,
Makes glad the earth from zone to zone.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FOODS AND THEIR PRINCIPLES OF COOKERY

Mrs. Frances Bell

BEFORE we take up our regular series of articles on foods and their preparation for the table, we will notice briefly the different classes of foods and their relation to the body, for which they furnish, heat, weight and energy.

RELATION OF FOOD TO THE BODY.

In a study of the body and the foods which nourish it, we find that different foods are made up of different elements, the most important of which are protein, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and water. These elements are necessary in the body, to build and repair its tissues and furnish it with heat and muscular energy. Foods are divided into different classes, according to the elements which they contain. It is these different classes of foods and their princples of cookery that we shall discuss in later articles. We will notice how to prepare them so as to bring out all their nutritive value and at the same time render them attractive to both the eye and the palate.

Let us observe briefly these elements which make up our food, so that we may be able to understand their principles of cookery when we discuss them later.

Protein is familiar to us in the lean of meat, the white of eggs, the gluten of wheat, etc. It forms about eighteen per cent by weight of the body of the average man. When taken into the body, it furnishes heat and energy and to some extent is stored in the body as fat. Protein is most abundant in meats and fish, but eggs, cheese and cereals also contain large quantities. The legumes, beans and peas contain protein in fairly large proportions.

Carbohydrates is the general term applied to starches and sugars. These elements are found chiefly in vegetables and fruits, although milk contains a considerable amount of sugar called milk sugar. Starches and sugars form only a small proportion of the body, less than one per cent, but they are important foods. They form an abundant source of energy and are easily digested. When more is taken into the body than is needed for immediate use, it is sometimes transformed into fat.

Fats occur chiefly in animal foods, as meats, fish and butter, but they are also abundant in some vegetable products, such as olives and cotton seed and are also found in some cereals and various nuts. The amount of fat in the body varies greatly with food, exercise, age and other conditions.

Water is an element which may not seem to come under the class of a food, as it yields no energy to the body but it is nevertheless an important consideration in our food. It forms over sixty per cent of the weight of the body, forming a part of all the tissues. It is found in practically all the food we eat, but our foods do not furnish it in sufficient quantities for us to depend upon that source alone.

Minerals form only five or six per cent of the entire weight and are found chiefly in the bones and teeth, but are also present in the other tissues and in solution in the various fluids. They yield little or no energy but are indispensable to the body. If it were not for the minerals present in the blood when we cut ourselves we would bleed to death. A certain kind of mineral causes the blood to clot and thus saves our lives.

PREPARATION OF FOOD—COOKING.

We have discussed to some extent, the elements which make up our food. Now we wish to notice briefly the preparation or cooking of food. In the first place we might ask, why do we cook food? Because, we have learned that the cooking of food has much to do with its nutritive value. Many articles which are quite unfit for food when raw are very nutritious when cooked. It is also a matter of common experience that a well cooked food is wholesome and appetizing while the same material badly cooked is quite unpalatable. All housewives will testify to this fact. Hence the necessity of proper cooking. There are three chief purposes in cooking. First, we cook our food to change its condition, so the digestive juices can act upon it more freely. Heating often changes the structure of food materials, so they can be more easily chewed and more thoroughly digested. Second, cooking renders our food more appetizing by improving its appearance or flavor, or both. When our food is attractive to the taste, the flow of saliva and other digestive juices is quickened and thus digestion is aided. The third reason for cooking our food is to kill by heat any disease germs, parasites or other dangerous organisms it may contain. This is a very important matter and applies to both animal and vegetable foods.

ERRORS IN COOKING AND ECONOMY IN FOOD.

A great deal of fuel is often wasted in the preparation of food and even then a great deal of food is badly cooked. Over cooking is just as bad as under cooking and its effect upon digestion often worse. To replace dear food badly cooked with cheaper food well cooked is important for both health and purse.

With reasonable care in cooking and serving, a pleasing and varied diet can be furnished at moderate cost. The dearer cuts of meat and more expensive fruits and vegetables should be avoided if strict economy is necessary. Real cheapness or dearness of food depends not only upon its market price but also upon the amount of nutrition it contains. The ideal diet is that combination of foods which supplies the body with exactly sufficient material to meet its wants, without imposing any burden upon it. An attractive table with nutritious food will be an efficient means for making home life more enjoyable. We should not live to eat but we should make that which we eat healthful and attractive in order that we may live efficient and helpful lives.

In our next article we will begin our discussion of the class of foods whose food value is chiefly due to the protein which they contain.

Eggs and their principles of cookery will be our first subject.

EASTER RECIPES.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

AT this Easter season we must not forget the ancient and time-honored custom of eating eggs, paschal eggs, as our forefathers used to call them. In these days of hurry and worry we are apt to forget or neglect the old landmarks, as it were; but this should not be so, for it is just these things and their associations which make many a bright spot in our memory as we look back to our childhood days.

In case you are tired of the old ways of cooking eggs, in the following recipes you will find some that are well worth trying:

Buttered Eggs.—Heat omelet pan. Put in one teaspoonful of butter; when melted, slip in an egg and cook until the white is firm. Turn it over once while cooking and add more butter as needed, using just enough to keep the egg from sticking.

Stuffed Eggs.—Cut four hard-boiled eggs into halves, crosswise; remove the yolks, wash and add two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard, and salt and pepper to taste. Add enough melted butter to make the mixture thick enough to shape. Make into balls the size of original yolks and refill whites; arrange on a serving dish; pour over one-half cupful of melted butter and reheat.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil the eggs for twenty minutes and make a cream sauce. Prepare a slice of toast for each egg. Put them on a baking dish and pour some of the sauce over them. Next, place a layer of the whites of the eggs, which have been cut into thin, narrow strips and sprinkle with a part of the yolks, which have been rubbed through a sieve. Repeat by layers and finish with a thick layer of sauce. Three minutes in the oven will make this dish ready for the table. Garnish the dish with parsley or other greens.

Poached Eggs.—Into simmering, slightly salted cream, carefully drop (so as not to break) one egg at a time. Dip the cream up over the eggs; remove them before they are hard and place them upon individual pieces of hot buttered toast, then turn over them the remaining cream.

Dropped Egg Hash.—Make a fine hash of potatoes, beef, and bread crumbs; drop this on a buttered griddle, and fry both sides brown. Place it upon a platter, and cover each with a dropped egg.

Baked Eggs.—Butter a deep pie plate; break the eggs into it and sprinkle with a little salt and grated cheese. Bake this in the oven until the whites are well set.

Chicken and Eggs.—Beat well six eggs; cook them in butter, and when they begin to harden, add a cup of cold, boiled chicken cut into large pieces. Stir this until it is well heated and serve at once.

Egg Sauce.—Thicken one pint of milk with a dessertspoonful of flour; add the well-beaten yolk of an egg, stirring rapidly; season with a little salt and butter.

Hard Boiled Eggs.—After removing the eggs from the water, take off the shells; drop them into a bowl of hot, salted water, and keep them in a warm place until wanted. Before serving place a layer of lettuce or water cress in a pretty dish. Lay the hot eggs upon the greens, and strew more lightly over them. This is an ornamental dish, and the eggs peeping through the fresh sprays of green invite the appetite.

"I HAPPIED HIM UP."

AGNES is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you; that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns'. And oh, mother, Walter was cross; but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed. "Why, what a happying time you have had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips, and just be happy.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Flunkers—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Professor—No sir, neither do I. But it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.—Good-day.—Yale Record.

The teacher asked the little boy his name.

"Jule," replied the lad.

"You mustn't say 'Jule,'" explained the teacher, "You must say 'Julius.'"

Then she asked the next little boy his name and he piped up, good and loud, "Billious."—Lewiston Journal.

During a conversation between an Irishman and a Jew, the Irishman asked how it was that the Jews were so wise.

"Because," said the Jew, "we eat a certain kind of fish;" and he offered to sell one for ten dollars.

After paying his money, the Irishman received a small dried fish. He bit into it, then exclaimed: "Why, this is only a smoked herring."

"See?" said the Jew. "You are getting wise already."—J. S. Ketcham.

The department store clerk was gallant and obliging. The lady shopper was petulant and not to be pleased. For twenty minutes he unshelved roll after roll of blankets without arousing her purchasing interest. At length she said: "I don't intend buying anything—I am only looking for a friend."

"Wait a moment, madam," said the clerk, in his most Hymettan tones, "there is one more roll left on the shelf. Perhaps your friend is in that."

A fashionably dressed young woman entered the post-office in a large Western city, hesitated a moment, and stepped up to the stamp window. The stamp clerk looked up expectantly, and she asked, "Do you sell stamps here?"

The clerk politely answered, "Yes."

"I would like to see some, please," was the unusual request.

The clerk dazedly handed out a large sheet of the two-cent variety, which the young woman carefully examined. Pointing to one near the center, she said, "I will take this one, please."—Everybody's.

An old artisan who prided himself on his ability to drive a close bargain contracted to paint a huge barn in the neighborhood for the small sum of twelve dollars.

"Why on earth did you agree to do it for so little?" his brother inquired.

"Well," said the old painter, "you see, the owner is a mighty onreliable man. If I'd said I'd charge him twenty-five dollars, likely he'd have only paid me nineteen. And if I charge him twelve dollars, he may not pay me but nine. So I thought it over, and decided to paint it for twelve dollars, so I wouldn't lose so much." —J. T.

Among a party of Bostonians who spent some time in a hunting-camp in Maine were two college professors. No sooner had the learned gentlemen arrived than their attention was attracted by the unusual position of the stove, which was set on posts about four feet high.

This circumstance afforded one of the professors immediate opportunity to comment upon the knowledge that woodsmen gain by observation.

"Now," said he, "this man has discovered that heat emanating from a stove strikes the roof, and that the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required were the stove in its regular place on the floor."

But the other professor ventured the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window in order that cool and pure air could be had at night.

The host, being of a practical turn, thought that the stove was set high in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed under it.

After much argument, they called the guide and asked why the stove was in such a position.

The man grinned. "Well, gents," he explained, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stove-pipe overboard; so we had to set the stove up that way so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."—Lippincott.

WANTED HIS REBATES.

"Since the abolition of the 'pass' idea," recently remarked a railway man, "officers of transportation companies have been relieved of much importuning from persons desirous of riding free; but now and then an instance occurs of some individual trying to get the best of the companies.

"One of the funniest I've ever heard of came within the experience of an agent of a company whose steamboats ply the Great Lakes. It is a standing rule of this company that clergymen and Indians can travel on its boats for half-fare. A short time ago the agent in question was approached by an Indian preacher from Canada, who asked for free transportation on the ground that he was entitled to one-half rebate because he was an Indian, and the other half because he was a clergyman."

JUST ONE MORE KISS.

A pious old citizen of Utica went to the train the other day with his daughter, who was leaving for college. Securing her a seat in the car, he passed out and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left her seat to speak to a girl friend in the rear of the car, and at the same time a grim old maid slipped into the vacated seat and moved up to the window.

Unaware of the important change, the old man hurriedly put his head up to the window and said, "One more sweet kiss, pet!"

In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction, "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!"

He scatted.—Judge.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. April 18, 1911. No. 16.

Panama--Its Future Openings for Americans

Bernard N. Baker

ONE of the interesting questions that I think it would be wise for the people of the United State to take into consideration in connection with the building of the Panama Canal is the future disposition of the force of employes, among whom are a great many Americans, now engaged in the building of the canal and the railroad operations in the Canal Zone, who will lose their positions. The total number of employes, from report under date of March 3, 1910, including the Panama Railroad Company's force, was 38,732 men. From now on, as the work has reached what might be termed the apex, there will be a gradual reduction in the force of employes. A great many of the laboring men are West Indians from the various islands, many of whom will return to their former homes. In addition to this enormous force, there are also a great many all through the Canal Zone who have taken up homes, dependent upon the requirements of this force. What is to become of these men? Of this total, which represents only able-bodied men (their families would largely increase this number), is it possible to find homes in the republic of Panama, and could they have a reasonable chance of making life a success? First, would the republic of Panama, as now constituted, welcome such permanent settlement? From my own experience, undoubtedly they would. In several talks with President Arosemena, of Panama, he expressed a very great desire for the Anglo-Saxon race to find settlement on the lands of the republic as a means of developing its resources; and also in conversation with a number of other leading Panamanians the same opinion seemed to prevail—that it would be very desirable, and welcomed by them; that the natural position which our own government must always have in its investment in the Panama Canal would be a subject of great interest and one that would never lessen with time; consequently, they must always look to our country as a natural ally for the sovereignty and protection of their own country.

One day, when I had the pleasure of calling on President Arosemena, a fine, sturdy-looking American named Scott came in and requested an interview. He stated that he had been a shovel engineer, working on the Panama Canal for four years, and that he was from Huntingdon, Pa. During his holiday seasons he had returned home several times and found that he suffered from the climate so much that he determined, if he could get some encouragement and the necessary land in the republic of Panama, to make a permanent settlement. He and three other engineers with their families were in a somewhat similar position, and had agreed to become permanent settlers in the republic after the completion of their work. He had been authorized by them to visit the lands in the northern part of the republic with a view to making homes for themselves and settling there. He stated that he had made a trip to the north, to David, and found the opportunities there so encouraging that he determined to settle if he could secure the land from the government on reasonable terms and also secure protection. After he left I discussed this question thoroughly with President Arosemena and he told me that such changes could be made in the laws as might be necessary to allow Americans to own land in the republic. The present law, I understand, prevents this unless a citizen of the republic of Panama has the same rights in the United States as a citizen of the United States would have in the republic of Panama. He assured me that this law, he felt, would be remedied and the question covered by an act of the assembly.*

The question of annexation is one that has never been considered, as they know the United States does not desire such a measure; but they would certainly welcome keen interest by the United States in all that would lead to their betterment and progress. Does the opportunity exist for successful development of the resources of Panama through the Anglo-Saxons joining with the people of Panama? I believe undoubtedly it does.

*The National Assembly has since enacted a law permitting citizens of the United States to own land in the republic.

There are a great many important questions that must be considered. One of the most important at the present time is the proposed development of the country by railroad facilities. The Canal Commission, at the request of the Panamanian government, has surveyed a line from Empire, a point on the Canal Zone, to the town of David, about 280 to 300 miles, and only about thirty miles from the Costa Rican boundary.

At the time of writing, the complete report of the engineers is not available; but in a talk with a number of the engineers in a general way there seemed to be great differences of opinion as to the desirability of building such a line and the opportunity after construction of its being made profitable. There are many difficulties to be overcome in the construction of the line. Although the first section of twenty or thirty miles after leaving the town of Empire would not offer opportunity for immediate development, yet after this has been passed to the northward, in the Province of Chiriqui, there seems, from a study of the subject, a very great opportunity.

The raising of horses and cattle has been remarkably successful. It is a fine, open country, with enormous areas of pasture lands, offering great possibilities in the stock-raising industry. There are also in that section many large coffee plantations being successfully conducted by Americans. The opportunities in timber and lumber are also great. Already one American has established a mill for the manufacture of lumber and has built his home in the midst of the timber section and on the line of the proposed railroad. That the mineral resources are great has never been questioned, and the finding of a very large number of valuable gold ornaments in the old Indian tombs indicates that at one time this country must have produced large amounts of gold.

Then, too, this railroad would furnish a natural link in the proposed Pan American line which some day must be realized.

Agriculture in the tropics is always a difficult problem, and one will always find great differences of opinion among residents of the Canal Zone and surrounding territory in regard to this. I am informed, however, that there is a small plantation of only five acres devoted especially to truck gardening near the town of Empire, in the Canal Zone.

The owner of this plantation informed me that his net profits from these five acres in supplies sold to the Canal Zone would average $10 per day. Two young men from the States, and both of them from Baltimore, have started in a very energetic way, and I believe a very successful way, a plantation of 500 acres, situated on the east side of the canal near Panama, which they are now developing. They are now planting 100,000 cocoanut trees, in addition to large quantities of banana trees, and clearing the land to raise alligator pears and vegetables of all kinds.



Phœnix City Lands Big Prize.
Hoffman, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The republic of Panama very naturally is particularly anxious to see the proposed railroad built. The opportunities for building it now are probably very much better than they would be after the canal is completed, because necessarily the Canal Commission has a very great deal of railroad equipment and material that will become useless as the canal nears completion. They also have a large construction force, with equipment, which can be utilized by the railroad, whereas after the canal is completed all the material necessary for construction and equipment of a railroad line would have to be imported, and this would add very great additional expense to the undertaking. Besides, I believe the republic of Panama would greatly prefer, through its administration and assembly, to make arrangements with American interests to build this railroad rather than with those of Europe, because they know the interests of the United States must necessarily always be with them on account of their large investment in the Panama Canal. Consequently concessions would be made by the republic of Panama on much better terms to American than to any other foreign interests. The people of the republic have been imposed upon so often by foreign corporations, and also by

self-seeking interests among themselves, that they would welcome any honest, just proposition from an American syndicate, and would assist, as far as they possibly could with their limited resources, in the matter of securing bonus, as well as large land grants, for a syndicate undertaking the construction of this railroad.

In addition to this I am sure they would pass such laws as would fully protect the future of the interests. And then this would give an opportunity for settlement and for the development of the most desirable sections of the republic of Panama by the Americans and others who will lose their occupations through the completion of the canal. Naturally, in selecting the route for the construction of the canal the one through the lowest sections of the republic was chosen. Consequently, it lies in the section of warmest climate, whereas in the provinces to the northward there is high land with a very desirable climate and also large savannahs, or prairies, very similar to those in the western part of the United States, of high elevation, fine climate, and capable of growing all the fruits and produce of the tropics, as well as those of the more temperate zones. All down the west coast of South America on the high plateaus the same conditions exist, showing the possibilities for fruit culture throughout the entire year.—*Pan-American Union Bulletin.*

IN THE NORTH OF THE NORTH STAR STATE
THE MILL SETTLEMENT

Mary E. Canode

Part III. Skibo Lumber Company.

SHOULD one of our readers be picked up from a busy city of the Middle West, or taken from one of the prairie farms and carried by a convenient flying machine to be suddenly dropped into the northern end of the Mississippi Valley he would find nothing resembling the broad acres that geographical study has pictured. And should that one chance to be dropped into our mill location his first question upon taking in the scene would doubtless be, "Savage or civilized?"

But flying machines have not, as yet, ventured into these regions and the visitor must needs make his approach either by stage or on foot over the hog-feed roads in summer, or fine and undrifted sleighing roads in winter, from the station four miles away to the northwest. On his trip he will experience varied emotions as he tries to adjust his thoughts to the surprising conditions.

On emerging from the timber the great lumber piles break on the sight. Then the mills, pouring forth steam and smoke, speak of life and activity. Many low, unpainted buildings, discolored by the weather, sometimes stripped with new pieces of lumber to keep out the storm, have been placed without much attempt at regularity on either side of the Saint Louis River and present a most grotesque appearance.



Viewing Skibo from the Mill.

Twenty-five cottages promiscuously scattered around furnish homes for the families of the mill workers and camp foremen. As many one-room shacks are used by the single men while a long, low bunk house provides room and shelter for the extra floating population of workers. The swampy sides of the river have been filled in by the ever convenient hog-feed and sawdust; forming sawdust boulevards for residences that have been built upon this filling with neither cellar nor wall beneath. In the fall the buildings are all well banked with sawdust to keep out cold and mud.

These paintless houses look rude and queer outside, but within are quite comfortable and are usually as cozy and nicely furnished as many town residences, for most of the families have moved here from towns or cities to remain until the timber has all been logged, when it is expected the place will be deserted.

A large saw mill and a planing mill form the central features of the location. A general boarding house, company store and office, schoolhouse, woodman hall, barns, store houses and a spur of the Iron Range Railroad are important accessories.

As most of the lumber is shipped to the Eastern States by way of the Great Lakes the shipping stops in the fall, and the sawmill closes down for re-

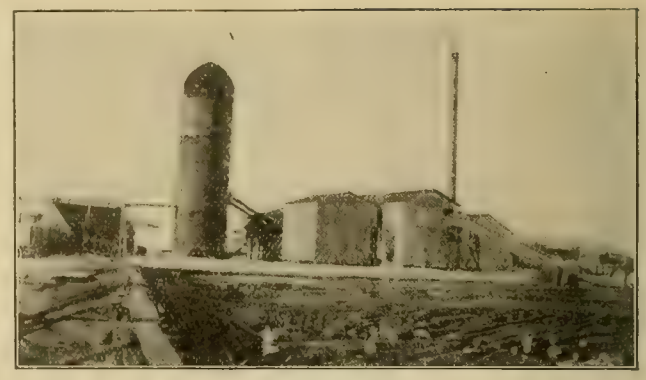
pairs while it awaits the new logs that are to be taken out during the winter. This is the time when the mill workmen take their vacation, if they care to do so. The fortunate young lumber jack who has a home usually visits it during this period of rest. Others choose to go to work in one of the camps. January or February finds everything ready and the men back and anxious to start the mill humming again.

While the mill work is suspended the floodgates in the river are opened, the old hot-pond wall is removed and the river left free to cleanse itself of the accumulated debris of the working season. Several weeks before starting-up time a new pond is constructed. Steam from the engine exhausts shoot into the water day and night which keeps the water from freezing and makes it possible for work to be done in the narrowed channel. Double board walls extending across the river bed, one above and the other below the mill, form the enclosure of the hot-pond on which the logs are floated to the slip. The walls are filled in with sawdust.

The slip is an inclined plane leading from the hot-pond to the mill. An endless chain arrangement carries the logs up the slip into the mill where a cant hook man rolls them on the deck, another inclined plane down which they gradually roll to be pitched by the "nigger" on to the carriage. After the log is once on the carriage, complicated machinery, levers, saws and carriers convert it into lumber of varied sizes and grades.

As might be supposed there is a great amount of refuse material trimmed from the ends and edges of the lumber. Of this waste the lighter material finds its way to the iron mill or "hog" where it is ground up for road making. The larger slab ends are hauled to the homes free of all charge to be used as fuel. What the town cannot use as fuel is carried by machinery to the great consumer and burned. Thus tons of good fuel are wasted because its transportation to places where it is needed would be too expensive. The fuel used for heating the boilers is sawdust which is gradually sprinkled from troughs into the fire pits. The sawmill is kept running day and night.

In this milling location every possible care is taken for protection against fires. Before the buildings were erected a tract of one hundred sixty acres was cleared. In this region of high altitude and light atmosphere materials are more inflammable than in lower lands, and fires break out and burn easily. Fires are of such common occurrence that the usual question, "How did it start?" is almost preposterous. How to keep fires from starting is the matter in hand most of the time during dry weather, if by chance there are no fires in progress. Barrels of water and fire pails are kept in place along the driveways of the lumber piles during the summer. Water is pumped from the river through



Sawmill, Hot Pond and Consumer.

underground pipes, and hose is kept ever ready to be attached to the hydrants at the first alarm of fire. During the forest fires that raged in many of the lumber regions the past spring and summer, fire brands from the burning groves frequently traveled across the cleared area and fell upon house roofs and lumber piles threatening the whole settlement. Cars were kept ready to carry the inhabitants away at any moment in case the surrounding fires should outrun the vigilant fire fighters.

For years our nation has been waving aside the question, "What will we do when our great forests have all been destroyed by the ruthless hand of man?" as though ignoring the problem would help to stay the disaster. But even more destructive than the hand of man is the terrible forest fire which burns both the tree and the seed that it has dropped to reproduce itself, and lays waste great tracts of valuable timber and leaves in its wake the desolate sight of charred trunks above and barren rocks and burned logs in the swamps below. A good heavy rain of a few days' duration will put out the fires, but scarcely a week of clear weather passes before others have started.

So our northern forests are passing away. What the fires do not destroy the lumber companies take out. What the lumber companies count worthless for building material the tie and pulp wood companies finish up, leaving perhaps some small promising trees which will make thin timber in time, providing it escapes all future fires.

One might ask, "What of this region after the forests have all disappeared?" As it now is there are no inhabitants other than in the camps and lumbering locations and towns along the railroads. No farming is done save the cultivation of his little patch by the occasional lonely homesteader. Hills and boulders, swamps and hollows, that now help to make the forests so picturesque and mysterious, will then be unsightly reminders of past glories.

The question will perhaps remain unanswered until our great country has become so thickly populated in the more level and less rocky regions that the immigrant population of the future will find it necessary

here to take up his abode and make the deserted land yield him a livelihood. Perhaps these great boulders may be wanted to fill up the muddy roads of our proud prairie States. But this is the Iron Range country, every portion of which seems to have its share of iron ore when the prospector sets out to find it. Perhaps, ere many years, the lumber jack will have given over his denuded haunts to the Austrian or Montenegrin miner or Finlander farmer who will learn to value the richness of this rocky soil.

BRICKMAKING

John H. Nowlan

DID you ever visit a brickyard when the kiln was being burned? If not, embrace the first opportunity to do so, for it is an interesting sight. Well do I remember the visits to the kilns that were being burned at the yards near the town where the days of my early boyhood were spent. All the work then was done by hand. The earth was shoveled by hand, wheeled in barrows to a large hopper, where it was mixed with water by means of what to our juvenile eyes looked like a gigantic coffee mill. From there the mud was taken to tables, where it was placed in molds, then dried, and finally burned.

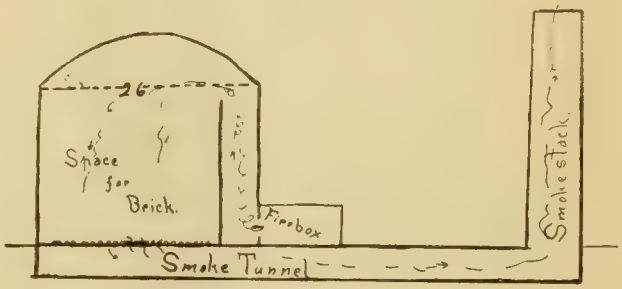
But now the *modus operandi* is greatly changed. Wishing to see the methods of today the writer visited a modern, up-to-date yard in this county. Some of the best brickmaking material is to be found in this county. Clay is superior to shale for making brick. Mortar does not adhere to shale brick as well as to clay brick.

The clay in the yard under discussion is a glacial deposit. The indications are that one of those prehistoric streams cut a channel through the moraine near here, and as the flood swept past left varied deposits on the bank. About a mile up stream are immense hills of sand, while a short distance down stream is the pit of molder's sand. Between them and to some extent partaking of the nature of both is to be found a field of brick clay covering many acres.

The clay is scratched loose with an instrument much resembling an "A" harrow; then when it has dried in the sun sufficiently to work without sticking it is hauled into sheds by means of teams and scrapers. After drying there about six weeks it is passed to the pulverizers, where it is ground fine, then elevated to a height of about ten feet and allowed to fall on a screen, which removes all sticks, pebbles, etc.

Below this is the press. The pulverized clay is pressed into molds at a pressure of 1,600 pounds per square inch, or about twenty-five tons to a brick. Four bricks are made at one operation. They are very hard, the edges being sharp enough to lacerate the hands of the workmen. Each brick weighs about six pounds when pressed and five pounds when burned.

The capacity of the plant is 20,000 per day, or about



Section through kiln.

two car loads. They are counted by an attachment which registers each act of pressing, and the number indicated, multiplied by four, gives the output.

The kilns, four in number, are cylindrical brick structures twenty-six feet in diameter. Here the brick are placed, two on edge one above the other, and then two more on them, but placed at right angles. This insures a smooth "face" to each brick and the method of piling allows the heat to reach all parts of each brick. They are dried in the kiln for six or eight days, draught without heat being maintained, otherwise they will check. Some plants have a special drying room.

They are now ready for burning. The heat passes up in a chamber at one side of the kiln, passes down between the brick, through a vast number of openings in the floor, and from there to a smokestack seventy-five feet high.

For eight or nine days a temperature of about 2,200 degrees is maintained. This is tested by means of a pyrometer. Specially-prepared porcelain tubes, imported from Germany, are placed in the walls and in them are two wires of platinum and platinum-rhodium. The application of heat induces an electrical current, which is measured by means of a galvanometer.

After burning, about ten days must elapse before the bricks are cool enough to handle, and even then they are rather warm. This makes the time required to complete a kiln about one month.

* * *

ONE of the scientists has found out that eating sauerkraut prolongs life. But why prolong it if one must eat sauerkraut?

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter XII. Eugenie. Born 1826.

IT was a decided bluff to French court circles, a topic for world-wide gossip, and an event almost unparalleled in the annals of history, when the imperial throne became the receptacle of a woman in whose veins not the least vestige of royal blood mingled. It was Eugenie de Montijo, a Spaniard, who, fortunately, had nothing save her marvelous beauty and an empty title wherewith to recommend herself, who had become the wife of the Emperor, Napoleon III., which well-nigh gave Parisian society its death blow.

Nevertheless, the princely crowd stood spellbound amidst the lavish grandeur of Notre Dame, each one intent upon a glance at the imperial bridal pair. The vast assemblage was breathless while the Emperor and his bride knelt upon velvet cushions and the prelate offered the sacrament formula and the prayer: "God of Abraham, God of Isaac!" Marvelously beautiful, indeed, and resplendent in her queenly robes, was the Spanish bride! Men contemplated with wonder her crown of diamonds. In the years to be they were to contemplate with even greater wonder her crown of thorns.

Let us, for a moment, study the attitude of the Emperor, himself, to this drama, in which he was so prominent an actor, and which, though presenting itself tragical of aspect, to the French government, was regarded by the outside world in the light of a veritable and immense comedy. Napoleon III. had emphasized the fact that he had toiled for the peace and had won many glories for France, but declared that at no time had he achieved a blessing fraught with prospects so flattering, and added that the happiest moment of his life was not when, amid the exclamations of the people, he was proclaimed Emperor, but that when he stood at the altar and clasped hands with her who was the type of all goodness and sweetness. He was touched to an unspeakable degree by the combined modesty and benevolence which caused his bride to pen that famous epistle to the Senate, thanking them for their manifest esteem in presenting to her the costly jewels valued at six hundred thousand francs and at the same time, begging to be allowed to decline the token, and asking to have the gift converted into an asylum for women.

Nevertheless, perhaps the world at large does not know how ardently Napoleon III. had desired to wed a wife of royal blood. In connection with these reminiscences we recall the fair young Queen of Portugal, for whose hand he was once a candidate. Thus we also reflect upon the pitiful outcome of his attachment to the Princess Mathilde, the daughter of the dethroned King of Westphalia, whom he poetically declared to be the personification of graciousness, yet who evidently lacked grace to link her life to his. He had, at one time, sued for the hand of a princess of Sweden, but was promptly piqued by the straightforward answer that the princess did not like his face; while the sequel to his aspiration for one of the English princesses was scarcely less complimentary. So much for Napoleon III., as a lady's man, or beau ideal.

But the ambitious Countess of Montijo had decided in her heart that he was good enough for Eugenie, her daughter. I doubt not, had the case been reversed, she had likewise decided in favor of Ludwig II., the mad ruler of Bavaria, notwithstanding the fact that he sometimes made ugly faces at the mirror, and upon rare occasions admitted that there were times when he would not swear that he was not crazy. The prestige of the sovereign, together with the fame of that wondrous artificial moon which floated in his chamber, had gone far to atone for his mental defects, and had even pacified her at those critical moments when he imagined himself to be the black eagle from Persia. But why mention the mad King of Bavaria in the same breath with that of the proud Napoleon III.? The exalted Countess would have had us duly understand that the imperial gentleman, whom her daughter was about to wed, was a very extraordinary prince.

The first glimpse we have of the Countess of Montijo is at the court of the young Queen Isabella II., where she was the chief lady of honor. But, through some misdemeanor, which tradition does not explicitly define, the Queen refused to pardon her conduct, whereupon she and her young daughter were dismissed from court. When we recall the attributes of Isabella, who herself was ultimately outlawed, we may, perhaps, justly calculate upon the gravity of the offense. Thus it is that the twain go forth to seek other shrines, and we soon find them, with bearing befitting princesses, mingling with the elite of Paris.

Eugenie was well versed in the art of coquetry. Yet the court of Napoleon III. did not take it seriously that her charms bewitched the Emperor's thoughts betimes. It was only when he gave explicit orders to the ladies of the court, who had treated her with con-

tempt upon several occasions, that this procedure must be discontinued, that the true aspect of affairs asserted itself and speedily alarmed the nation. His ministers lost no time in informing his majesty that such alliance boded France no good, stating that the Spanish girl was beneath the dignity of the Emperor, and adding that they regarded her as an upstart. The court, in various ways, made known to Eugenie the selfsame



Empress Eugenie.

sentiments, whereupon Eugenie complained to the Emperor that the lords and ladies failed to render to her the homage befitting her prospective rank. It was one day on their return from the hunt. Napoleon III. suddenly drew rein in the midst of the gentlemen of the escort, and grasping a branch of laurel, constructed a crown of the leaves. This he placed upon the brow of Eugenie, saying calmly, "Take this while waiting for the other."

To be candid about the matter, unless tradition errs, Napoleon, at the outset, had not intended marriage, but had proposed to live with the Spanish beauty on terms akin to those on which some of the former sovereigns of France lived with their favorites. But Eugenie, with the crown and sceptre ever blazing before her mind's eye, modestly declared that she could receive no benefits and grant no favors outside of wedlock. So in wedlock the Emperor resolved to seek her.

He summoned the Council of State, the Senate and the Assembly, and in an address which savored faintly of an apology, explained to them the reason why he had decided to marry. Stating to them that he plainly recognized the fact that the alliance he had in view was not in accordance with old political traditions, neither with their wishes, he entered upon an encomium of Eugenie: "Though not of royal blood, she is in all ways fitted to be my Empress. Gracious and good,—of this I am certain,—she will recall the virtues of the Empress Josephine. Moreover, lose not sight of her religion,—a pious Roman Catholic, like myself, she will offer fervent prayers." Ah, Eugenie! He prophesies well of thee; for thou shalt indeed offer many prayers, both fervent and heartrending!

Meantime preparations were hastened for the great wedding. But so strong was public aversion to the match that even the courageous heart of the ambitious Countess was subdued and filled with morbid forebodings. Denunciations were upon all lips, and ridicule was so prevalent that the people of Paris significantly pricked at their flesh, implying that they were sleeping, and wished to awake from an oppressive dream. Finally, however, there came a lull in the jubilant aspirations of the shrewd Countess of Montijo, and she somehow got the fate of her daughter mixed up with that of Marie Antoinette, and there were even times when she went upon elaborate shopping tours, that she fancied herself going to an execution instead. But these were very unreasonable fancies, she told herself, and anon comforted her heart with the bewildering maze of imperial dignity—and imperial diamonds. And at last the wedding bells pealed forth.

The wedding was the sensation, not only of Paris, but of all Europe. Eugenie, marvelous in her costume, as well as in her beauty, stood benignly at the side of the bridegroom who was almost twenty years older than herself, and received from the prelate the greeting, "Your Majesty," as though she had been accustomed to the appellation from her cradle. Then she swept from the cathedral with a bearing significant that France was now enriched by an Empress, bowed sweetly to the market women, who threw loads of violets at her feet, and amid deafening shouts of: *"Long live Napoleon III.! Long live Eugenie, the Empress!"* was magnificently driven away in a carriage of glass and gold. Whereupon the sanguine pen of De Lamartine, which embellished beyond measure all he wrote about, summed up events by declaring: "The Emperor has just realized the most beautiful dream possible to man—to raise the woman he loved above all other women!"

Scarcely had the marriage bells ceased ringing when Eugenie surprised the court circles by varied acts of benevolence and solicitude, which betokened a wholesome nature; and her outlined visits to the hospitals and factories were now the chief topics of conversation. Nor were these charities assumed, neither the ephemeral diversions of a flighty mind, for Eugenie persistently threw out her influence and exerted

her sympathies in favor of the working class and the unfortunates. Gradually men had ceased to regard her, in their opinions, as they had long since been compelled to do in their comments, as an upstart and a nobody, and she was considered authority upon all social questions, even to the extent that her husband was upon political ones. We have erstwhile noted that the sentiments of the French people are susceptible to fluctuation. By this time there was scarcely a home in France which did not have Eugenie's portrait upon its walls, and which was not loud in its praises of the attributes of "our Empress." In matters of manners and dress she was the supreme criterion, while in France and far-distant lands she was known as beautiful Eugenie.

It is true, there were some orthodox imperialists, who, in their hearts, regarded her birth as a blot, graciously acceding that she was the embodiment of every good thing, barring that of origin. But when, a few years after her marriage with the Emperor, Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, paid her a visit, the question was settled, and from that time forth no one disputed the point of her social status. Many curious persons, intent upon noting her demeanor in the presence of the Queen, could not but acknowledge that the candor of the manner and gracious bearing, even of Victoria, could not surpass her. We wonder whether Eugenie fully realized what this first visit from Victoria meant to her. We know she realized to the full measure the meaning of the second, years later, when this self-same gracious and renowned Queen condoled with her in true sisterly sorrow, when she was a dethroned sovereign, and an exile at Chiselhurst.

It is as interesting as it is surprising to note with what rapidity Eugenie had risen to the eminence of fame and glory. And when, at the time of the Orsini plot, she voluntarily threw herself in front of the Em peror, to shield his life by imperiling her own, the people's praises knew no bounds and their homage bordered upon idolatry. That was a brave deed of Eugenie! And to this day there are people in France who dote upon the picture of the young Empress entering the great halls, a few moments later, with pale face and eyes radiant as stars, and her glistening, white robe red with blood!

She was now the cynosure of national pride, and so dearly was she beloved that by the time the Prince Imperial was born, millions of hearts were throbbing with the wild pulse of uncertainty. At one time it was thought that Eugenie would die, and all over the empire went up fervent prayers that God might vouchsafe life to their beloved Empress. At no time was she the subject of such world-wide interest and solicitude, unless haply, upon that memorable day when she became a fugitive and a wanderer upon the face of the earth, amidst the roar of the cannon of 1870.

That a streak of vanity ran through Eugenie's nature can not be denied. Otherwise, she probably never would have urged Napoleon to undertake the war which brought the unremediable havoc. It has been charged that she was the organizer of the plot, and whether justly or otherwise to her is attached more blame, in France, today, than to any other person. To be regent exalted her vanity and to an extent, perhaps, compensated for the absence of the Emperor and the young Prince Imperial in Germany. "On to Berlin!" was a song to her ears which should be exceeding glorious by and by. With this end in view she had told her boy to be courageous and bade her husband be resolute and hopeful. She is said to have even referred to the battle as "my war." But in less than a fortnight evil tidings were borne to her.

The French were losing ground and the Prince Imperial was wounded; and later dispatches apprised her of the fact that the Emperor was threatened with evil doom. Eugenie appealed to the populace of Paris, but alas! found their faith in the government shaken, and a revolutionary spirit depicted on every side. Then one fateful day a telegram announced to her that the Emperor had been taken captive. Then, indeed, the world appeared less fair to the dazed eyes of Eugenie, and she reached hither and thither, like a man grasping in the dark. In anxiety bordering upon insanity she devised every scheme wherewith to baffle the spirit of discontent, and so strenuous were her efforts that she neither ate nor slept. Through the empire, over the signature of "Eugenie," went forth this proclamation: "Let there now be but one party among us, that of France; let us have but one standard, that of honor. I shall be in the midst of you, and you will see me faithful to my duty: the first where danger threatens, the foremost to guard the banner of our empire!" But the only answer was "Abdicate," and "Down with the Spaniard!"

Eugenie was now driven to the last extremity, and seeing her generals and her ministers forsake her, one by one, and her army break solemn league, she comprehended that nothing remained for her save an angry mob and, haply, the guillotine. At this juncture she decided upon flight, but was nearly prevented from this alternative by a young urchin in the throngs who recognized her by her famous hair, notwithstanding that she was disguised and wore a heavy veil, whereupon he shouted: "The Empress!" A friend who was assisting in Eugenie's escape, quickly drew the attention of the crowd by cutting the lad a smart blow upon the face, saying: "Take that, you traitor! I will teach you to yell 'Empress' when the republic has been proclaimed!" And while the crowd was enjoying this spectacle of loyalty Eugenie made good

her desperate escape, by feigning to be a lady of less import. Eugenie made her way to England and threw herself upon the bounty of Queen Victoria. The Queen's magnanimity was as broad as Eugenie's flight was bitter, and an establishment somewhat in keeping with her late rank was granted her. Here, later on, Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial joined her.

But it was a sad reunion for the deposed imperial family; for the Emperor, through hardship incident to the captivity, had contracted an incurable disease, and suffered acutely. His hopes had departed with his glory; but Eugenie resolutely baffled despair and trusted that her husband should yet reinstate the Napoleonic dynasty. Steadily, however, Napoleon's strength failed; and, as a last resort, his physician advised an operation. This Napoleon refused to consent to, but Eugenie, regarding it to be his only chance for life, persuaded him to submit to the ordeal, which, unfortunately, he did not survive.

Straightway her enemies construed this act of Eugenie's into baseness, publishing the circumstance far and wide, and charging her with assiduously conspiring to cause her husband's death, when the truth of the matter was that she was so prostrate over the outcome and so utterly heartbroken that she was not able, even, to be present at the funeral.

Meanwhile her son, the young Prince, was winning laurels at a military school. To him her bereaved heart turned, and she consoled herself as best she might with the prospects of his future. As the years went by she told her heart that in her son should be fulfilled the miracle of the dynasty. But while she was dreaming this fair dream, the heroic Prince was dying in Zululand.

The long exile was ended for beautiful Eugenie. With her husband and her son, both lying in the grave, her heart sorrowful, her thoughts upon eternity and her ambition for heaven alone, the French nation has nothing further to fear from this woman who once played so prominent a role in politics. Directly in view of the site of the Tuileries, whose halls she once swept in queenly majesty, she has erected for herself a dwelling which she occupies at leisure and muses upon her vanished glories. Ah, in those salons, how many beautiful women had worn the crown and swayed the sceptre, and she the last of the great regime! Yet, like unto her predecessor, Josephine, and Hortense, her mother-in-law, to her it is exceeding "vanity and vexation of spirit." One of these days shall be spoken above her uncrowned head the words she now murmurs in memory of the crumbled throne: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" Even now, from the eternal shores, comes the unmistakable message: "Behold, I come quickly!" And beautiful Eugenie, her hair as white as the driven snow, pauses in her prayers to answer: "Even so. Come, Lord Jesus."

FREAK SHADOWS IN OIL

In the crude oil producing regions in California there are scores of large ponds of this material. After being pumped to the surface, the petroleum is emptied into depressions in the earth, where it remains for a time. Later the crude oil is placed in barrels, large metal cans, or else in big reservoirs. These oil ponds are known as "sump holes."

There is one very peculiar thing about these "sump holes," and that is in the way of producing what are known as "freak shadows." These are real shadows, but, notwithstanding this fact, they are decidedly "freaky." If the sun is brightly shining and a person stands for a few moments on the margin of the "sump hole," so that his shadow falls on the surface of the petroleum, and he then quickly changes his position, the dim shadow remains just where it was originally cast. In other words, the "shadow does not follow the substance."

This may seem like a paradox, but it is true. The instant a person shifts his position his shadow is again cast in a new place, yet the former shadow remains unchanged. The longer a person stands in one particular spot, the longer will the former shadow be visible.

Hundreds of experiments have been made along these lines, and every time the same results have been produced. The simple explanation for this phenomenon is that under the hot sun gas is being constantly generated down in the body of the petroleum, and it rises to the surface in the form of little, minute bubbles. So very small are these bubbles that they are scarcely visible to the naked eye. Millions of these wee-bubbles are rising to the top all of the time, when the bubbles break and the gas is liberated, passing into the air.

Both the gas and bubbles are so very super-sensitive to the temperature that even one's shadow cast for a moment across them is affected. The temperature is lowered. Whenever the substance quickly changes position the shadow remains until the rays again warm up that spot and the shadowy outline slowly fades away. Of course the "freak shadow" may be seen for only a very few seconds.—*Scientific American.*

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Another American Congress.

THE Sixty-second Congress opened on April 4. A Democratic House was organized after a lapse of sixteen years. The Senate is still Republican, but the old guard control has been shattered by a progressive balance of power.

Champ Clark, elected speaker of the House by a vote of 217 against 131 for James R. Mann of Illinois, 16 for Allen Cooper of Wisconsin and 1 for George W. Norris of Nebraska, sounded the keynote of not alone Democratic interest in the new situation in these words:

"We are this day put upon trial, and the duty devolves upon us to demonstrate, not so much by fine phrases as by good works, that we are worthy of the confidence imposed in us by the voters of the land, and that we are worthy of their wider confidence. We will not shirk our duty; we shrink not from the responsibility."

New Senators.

SEVENTEEN brand-new senators took the oath of office. Twelve of these new senators were Democrats and they were the center of interest, as many of them succeeded Republicans. The new senator receiving most attention was O'Gorman, who came to Washington fresh from breaking the long deadlock at Albany. The aged Henry Gassaway Davis, former senator from West Virginia, was radiant in the Democratic cloakroom before the session began and afterward on the floor. He had come expressly to see a Democratic senator from his State escorted down the aisle by a Democratic colleague to take the oath. Just before the gavel fell a group that attracted much attention was one composed of Mr. Davis, Senator O'Gorman, Vice President Sherman and Senator Root. Senator Johnson of Maine also was one of those whom the spectators were anxious to study, and no less so were some of the leaders who will have him for a colleague. Senator Bailey conferred with Senator Johnson and devoted considerable attention also to Senator O'Gorman. Senator Bailey is busy at present cultivating friendships that are important in the work of organization and the factional clashes that are expected to follow.

Busy Outlook for Extra Session.

WHAT of good or evil for the people will come out of this Congress will be the all-absorbing question before the public for nearly two years. Already it is apparent that its deeds will determine the fate of political parties, make and unmake presidential candidates, and otherwise leave their impress upon the nation's history. With the assembling of the new body there will begin the setting of the stage for the presidential contest of 1912, and the two great parties will launch their maneuvers for capturing the approbation of the people.

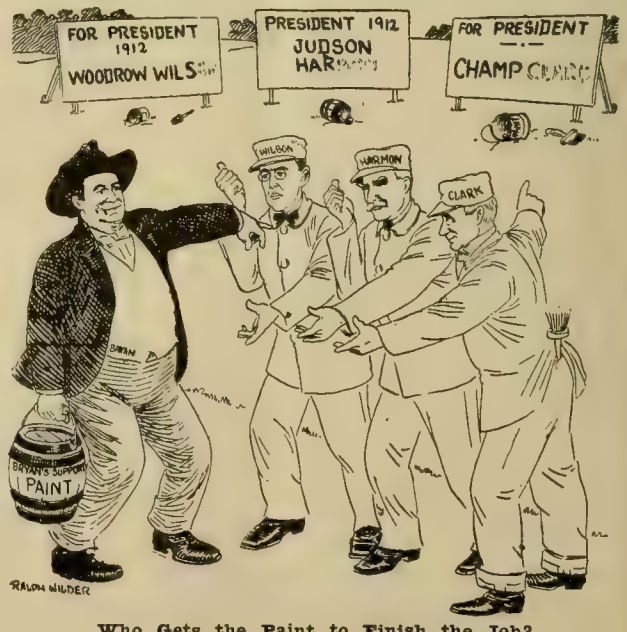
The Democrats are starting out to bid for a national indorsement by giving the people, or trying to give them, the kind of a tariff that the election last fall indicated is wanted.

Although President Taft called the new Congress to Washington at this time to act on the reciprocity treaty which the last Congress refused to enact, the new body is not bound to confine itself to this subject. The Democrats have served notice that they place no bounds to their program of legislation.

Program for the Present Congress.

THE Democrats mapped out an initial program of policy for Congress, the principal items of which follow:

They voted to abolish sinecures and perquisites on the pay roll of the House of Representatives approximating $20,000 a year.



Who Gets the Paint to Finish the Job?
Chicago Record-Herald.

They ratified a code of liberalized rules of procedure, under which it is asserted the manipulation of legislation by designing interests will be prevented.

They adopted a slate of committees, the chairman and members of which were selected by the Democratic members of the ways and means committee acting as a committee on committees.

They adopted a list of subjects for legislation at the special session, which opened April 4, including reciprocity, tariff revision, direct election of senators, reapportionment, Arizona and New Mexico statehood, additional campaign fund publicity, and department investigations.

Treasury Raid Is Amazing.

THE extent to which the "old guard" had loaded down the public pay roll with personal and political friends is amazing. The list of superfluous patronage was made up by a committee headed by Representative A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania. When this body started its work Mr. Palmer said it expected to lop off $100,000 of useless jobs. Then it was discovered this was only half of the swag which the "old guard" had carried off every year.

The summary of the retrenchment approved by the caucus follows:

Abolished.	*Amount.*
Three jobs in Speaker's office	$ 2,320
Twenty-eight jobs in clerk's office	39,970
Forty-two jobs in sergeant at arms' office	47,050
Twenty-eight jobs in doorkeeper's office	31,340
Six useless committees	12,000
One month's extra pay to each employé annually	50,000
Total	$182,680

Diaz's Message to Congress.

PRESIDENT DIAZ in his messarge to Congress made a few definite promises of reform, although it is difficult to see any marked gain over the former conditions. He conceded to the principle of no reëlection of the President and other executive functionaries, and promised some reforms in the power of local authorities, and the judiciary and rural estates. He stated that his present aim is to set a precedent for the future.

"The change of ministry just effected aims, for example, at satisfying in practice one general aspiration, which is that the political personnel be renovated from time to time. I have not hesitated to part with the services of capable, loyal, and honest advisers, who, for a greater or less length of time, had given me their valued coöperation. My single aim has been to set the precedent of not carrying on the government indefinitely with the same cabinet, however high may be the merits of the persons composing it, and to show that room should be made from time to time to new energies in the direction of public affairs.

"Furthermore, measures will be taken that will demonstrate a firm purpose to give heed to reasonable complaints that are made against some of the authorities, especially those who are in closest touch with the people."

Hopes for Aid of Governors.

"It is to be hoped that in this policy the federal government will be seconded by the governors of States, who by reason of the administrative instrumentalities depending on them, are better able to remedy the evil in question.

"The principle of no reëlection for executive functionaries, elected by popular suffrage, had not of late been broached in any of the legislative assemblies of the republic and for that reason the federal executive had not thought it proper to express an opinion as to a question, which, by its nature, falls within the province of those assemblies. But seeing that the issue has recently been brought up in some of the State legislatures and discussed in the press, the executive takes this occasion to manifest his hearty assent to the principle in question and to declare that if a bill is brought before Congress providing for the periodical renovation of the functionaries referred to the administration will give to such measure its earnest support."

Reform of Electoral Laws.

"Intimately bound up with the adoption of the principle of no reëlection is the question of the reform of the electoral laws, for, inasmuch as the long continuance in power of certain functionaries is believed to be in part attributable to the defects of those laws, it is indispensable without delay to amend them in order to insure the electoral activity of those citizens who are considered capable of voting with a full consciousness of what they are doing."

Message from Taft.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, like many of the American citizens, was anxious to know what was meant by the mobilization of the American forces in Texas. He gave instructions to Ambassador de la Barra at Washington to ask for an explanation of the step.

"That explanation caused a message from President Taft, in which he spontaneously gave assurances that this concentration of forces had no significance which should cause concern to the friendly neighbors of the United States on the south. The withdrawal of American warships, which had been ordered to the waters of both our coasts, and the fact that the land forces are shortly to engage in maneuvers afford the best proof of the sincerity of these assurances which have been reiterated on subsequent occasions."

DURING 1908 there were closed an average of twenty-six saloons every day—more than one an hour.—*G. W. Morrow, in The World Evangel.*

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A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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The Very Busy Man.

Occasionally we find people who rush around like a cat in a sack, and if you say a word to them they tell you they are so busy they don't know what to do. They will stop a half hour to impress the importance of their mission on your mind, but if you try to divert their attention into another channel for five minutes they again remind you that they are so very busy. They forget that all people who accomplish anything are busy, but do not care to burden the rest of the world with the importance of their work. It generally makes one more or less nervous to be around the fussy, hurry-up people very long, and they themselves seldom get much satisfaction out of their rush. The world was not made in one day and great missions generally are not performed in a short time. A little more thoughtful deliberation, and more careful planning would often bring the desired results more quickly and be less straining on the worker.

Don't Mind Limitations.

Man was not placed into this world like a freight car with a limited capacity for usefulness, but like a violin with infinite possibilities. He is placed into the world not a final product but a beginning, not a manufactured article but raw material, not a statue but an unhewn stone ready for the chisel of definite purpose. No one can use this chisel but the man himself. It is only what he makes himself that really counts. It is always disastrous when a man believes he has his tonnage painted in bold letters on his back and his strength must not be taxed beyond that label. No one can tell what he is able to do until an effort is made. We should be growing, expansive, unlimited, and self-adjusting. The limitations are all self imposed. What we are today does not fix what we are going to become, but what we think today determines what we are going to be tomorrow. The spasmotic man spends a large part of his time after accomplishing a marked feat of success in shaking hands with himself, while the growing man hurries on to find a new difficulty to conquer. The man who is continually seeking compliments and congratulations never gets very far beyond the rudiments of the spectacular. The grand-stand player in life generally spends the next season holding an umbrella over on the bleachers. There are plenty of fellows in this world who can look wise, put up a bluff and fool the world for a while, but what the world thinks they are has nothing to do with their real value. Good intentions, brilliant prospects, and faithful resolves are very important but a man must frequently get up and rattle his bones if he ever hopes to become what he now thinks he would like to be.

The Taxpayer.

The man who pays rent never dodges his tax. The man who gets the rent often does. Practically every city of any consequence has a few men who own a large amount of property within the city limits and a large number of men who own no property whatever. The property owner usually has much influence and because his taxes are heavy he insists that the public funds shall be used to improve his part of the city. As a result the money secured by taxation is often used in improving the streets and beautifying the city in the neighborhood of the well-to-do while the poor renter is pushed off to the less desirable quarters. This is unjust, for the property holder in reality is not the heavy taxpayer. He never rents his property without charging enough to cover the taxes and give him a nice rate of interest on his investment. His tenant pays the taxes. He only acts as an agent to collect the taxes and turn them over to the county treasurer. The average tenant has a right to demand the privileges to which he is entitled. He pays for them with hard-earned money and generally feels the burden more keenly than his wealthy landlord.

Great Expense.

Every full-grown man or woman represents a large expenditure of time and money. An economic scholar has said, "It requires twenty years and two thousand dollars to transfer the center of gravity from the stomach to the brain." This expense, of course, must generally be carried by the parents and the community. The death of a strong man at twenty is an economic loss of all that he has cost. His sickness is an injury to the productive forces of the community. Statistics show that in Boston in 1892, the average loss of time for sickness was twenty-four days in the year; in Berkshire fourteen days; in Massachusetts at large it

was seventeen days. The estimated loss from sickness among wage-earners was $15,000,000, and for the whole population $40,000,000. Much of this loss would have been preventable by good sanation. The government could well afford to spend a good deal of money to teach the public how to save this great waste of life by proper care and sanitary living.

Lavish Wastes.

THERE are four great wastes today, all the more lamentable because they are entirely unnecessary. They are preventable death, preventable sickness, preventable conditions of low physical and mental efficiency and preventable ignorance. These monstrous wastes fall like a black cloud over the whole human race, blotting out its fairest years of happiness. To permit this to go unchecked is a relic of barbarism, and is a suicidal policy. An evil more destructive than race suicide is race homicide. The government spends millions of dollars every year for plant health and animal health, while with but few exceptions it does not directly appropriate one cent for the physical well-being of babies. Thousands of dollars have been spent in stamping out cholera among swine but not one dollar has been provided to teach people how to eradicate pneumonia. The Department of Agriculture has expended during the last ten years over forty-six millions of dollars in teaching farmers how to protect their plants and animals against diseases, but no money has been appropriated to teach the people how to care for themselves. Millions of people die with tuberculosis, pneumonia, heart and kidney trouble, and the entire event is accepted by the American people with a resignation equal to that of the Chinaman, who, in the midst of indescribable filth, calmly awaits the day of the plague. Mr. Cooper said, "Sin brought disease into the world, and the Almighty permitted the outbreak of diarrhœa; neither doctors nor any one else could prevent it." This statement is not far wrong. Sin has much to do with disease, especially ignorant neglect which exposes people to disease, and then coolly satisfies itself with referring the responsibility to Providence. Bad theology, gross ignorance and immoral politics are responsible for the sorrow and suffering in thousands of homes.

Dangers in Bad Water.

WATER is one of the necessary elements of the body. Much suffering is due to an insufficient supply of water in the system. Great care, however, must be exercised in the selection of drinking water. In the rural districts and small villages there is often great peril at the sources of the water supply. The filth of the barnyard, which makes valuable fertilizing fluids, is drained into the well and poisons the family and the cattle. The surface wells are especially dangerous, for they take the organic matter from the surface and while the water may be perfectly clear and sparkling it is full of danger both to man and beast. Typhoid fever is very easily carried by this agency. In 1894 twenty-five of the principal cities of the United States had an average death rate from typhoid of 39.6 per 100,000 of their population. During the typhoid outbreak in Chicago from 1889 to 1893 the water supply was changed and the typhoid death rate fell from 159.7 per 100,000 population to 31.4 per 100,000. The holy creed of pure water should be lived up to. There are communities where the colorless liquid is as dangerous as beer and wines, and should be given careful attention.

A Department of Health.

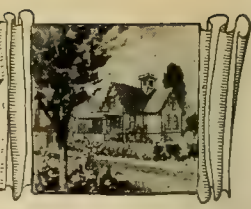
FOR several years there has been an effort made to provide a Department of Health at Washington, which would place another member in the cabinet. This movement has been led by Mr. Irving Fisher, President of the Committee of One Hundred, Mr. J. Pease Norton, of Yale, and Mr. Charles Henderson, of Chicago. During the last session of Congress a bill was proposed by Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, to establish such a department. Such a movement, of course, can not be brought about by a single session of Congress, but must be a matter of growth. It will be worth while for those of our readers who believe in helping to bring about better conditions to write to any of these men, urging continued agitation on this question, and asking that such a department be established.

Texas Farmers.

EVERYBODY in Texas is beginning to realize the importance of introducing manufacturing industries and utilizing to the highest degree the existing resources of the State. While Texas is a new country and abounds in every material from which wealth can be created, far-sighted men have already begun to agitate the conservation idea, and to adopt measures to educate the people to see the advantages of making the most of what they have and wasting as little as possible. A conference of leading men from various sections of the State was called two years ago to consider means for promoting a diversion of crops and more intensive cultivation of the soil, in order that the farmers may derive a greater revenue from their land and their labor. Realizing the absolute dependence of the State upon agriculture for its prosperity, an organization called "The Industrial Congress" was formed to direct an educational campaign among the farmers under the motto: "Less Land and Better Cultivation."



THE HOME WORLD



MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Elizabeth B. Grannis

IDEAL marriage is without doubt the most desirable object to be attained in human life. It concerns most deeply the vital interests of every human being, notwithstanding every person may not be fitted for wedlock. There are exceptions, and there are persons who will render better service unmarried, while all people will render better service if even fairly well mated. The man or woman who has attained greatest achievement along any and every line unmarried, would doubtless have accomplished better results if he or she had been mated with his or her counterpart.

It is better, according to a majority of high authorities, that most people should marry, if they are only fairly well mated, than to attempt to live a life of celibacy. It is far better to remain forever unmarried than to be absolutely mismated. There is a decided increase of intelligent people striving to induce teachers and guardians of youth to aid in training for the highest and most attractive responsibilities in human life—that of marriage and parenthood. Few people, comparatively, have a full sense of their personal obligation to influence on the side of sacredness and value of scientific and spiritual marriage. No jest or flippant remark should be countenanced relative to so serious a human relationship. No office or association is open to any man or woman so honorable, or weighted with so vital responsibilities for weal or woe to the individual and the entire race, when compared with marriage. What intelligent man or woman enjoying the successful and harmonious relationship of husband, wife, or parent, would exchange his or her position for the achievement of any other laudable ambition?

I observed throughout Italy last summer much of splendid service rendered, also much of attributed weakness and hypocrisy practiced as results of many of its dogmas by the Catholic church. While the church teaches that wifehood and motherhood is the chief and almost the only mission for women outside of nunneries, what thoughtful Protestant woman does not perceive the incongruous teaching of celibacy for nuns and priests, who deprive marriage of millions of valuable offspring?

The ship's committee on entertainmment arranged for an open parliament. The committee accepted my question for discussion: "Women Ought Not to Attain Freedom and Equality with Men in Church and State."

The question was put in the negative to secure Bishop Foley of Detroit to open the parliament. His eloquent plea for the subjugation of women to men was supported wholly by male-man interpretation of Scripture. Bishop Foley argued that the Roman Catholic church had bestowed higher honor upon woman than all other religious forces, in her mission of wifehood and motherhood. Is it not a pertinent question to ask the Catholic prelates, or any other advocate of this teaching, in view of the Creator's quoted command to go forth and replenish the earth: Why should not the male-man receive equal commendation with the woman for his participation in the appointed mission, to be fruitful and replenish the earth? If woman was created for this one department of service, let bishops and laymen tell us why she was endowed with equal spiritual, mental and physical qualities with her mate for every sort of service to her fellows? The teaching that male-men only are to serve the race with all their developed powers ought not to debar them from equal honor in husbandhood and fatherhood, in like fashion that the chivalrous man is ever ready to bestow upon wifehood and motherhood.

Subjugation of women in its varied aspects is the most fruitful cause of unsuccessful and unsatisfactory marriages to both husband and wife.

I am amazed at the illogical arguments on the woman question put forth by the best of evangelical preachers and prelates; for example, the intellectual Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is not one grade above the most benighted of Catholic priests in an argument for the subjugation and belittling of womanhood. Every great man who pleads for the increase of large families, extolling womanhood only in the office of wifehood and motherhood, is probably rendering the best service for woman suffrage.

Most ordinary women, with only average appreciation of individual freedom and justice, cannot fail to see, when their attention is called to the matter in pub-

lic prints, the injustice of the arguments used by anti-suffragists, including ex-President Roosevelt. The Creator of the human race evidently intended girls to train themselves and be trained to develop every quality with which they are endowed, for general service to their fellows, or they would not inherit equal variety of ability with their brothers.

Why should women's gifts and virtues be such as to enable them to render similar service with men, if their sphere is to be confined to that of wife and mother, or homekeeping?

Why should a woman be privileged, according to anti-suffragists and certain doctors of divinity, to run her race with equal dexterity that is awarded the fine blooded mare, which is trained to win equal prizes for equal service with the male horse? The fact that a fine speed mare excels as a breeder does not condemn her for other service. She is not handicapped and everlastingly coddled because she is competent to produce rare colts. She is allowed to render service requisite to her highest developed powers along the same lines with the male horse.

Some of us remember the effect of Dr. Parkhurst's irreverent declaration in a sermon preached many years ago near the date when he coined the words "andromaniac" and "andromaniacism" to designate aspiring or ambitious women. From the pulpit of the Madison Square Presbyterian church, he asked the famous question, "How would the Virgin Mary appear leaving the Infant Jesus to the clumsy care of Joseph while she skipped to the polls to cast her ballot?"

What was the silent query of many communicants present to gain spiritual and moral uplift, while they solemnly questioned mentally, "Is it not probable that the Virgin Mother knew by observation, that her husband was neither clumsy nor indifferent in caring for the Infant Messiah?"

Is a human ambassador of the Christ licensed thus to recklessly accuse Joseph in his office of fatherhood, appointed and ordained by Infinite Wisdom of the heavenly Father?

Are women to be pardoned for not learning their duty and privilege, of which they are debarred in the affairs of state, if they fail to continue their appeals for the right of franchise? The most ignorant and unsophisticated of us know that all men, whether male or female, are developed and benefited in every sense by obtaining full political citizenship. I find Scripture teaching sanctions freedom and equality of women with men, and therefore I will continue to work for it until it is accomplished. If we are first Christian, we are admonished to add to such equipment every grace of righteousness and justice for all the people.

The sexes must necessarily be equal. Every girl child should be trained and fitted for self-support—for individual independence and for general service in citizenship. Up to the present time women can and do accomplish more by appealing than by demanding justice and equality with men in all sorts of industries and in everything else. The woman problem cannot be solved by prelates or male-men only. Men of both sexes must assemble in wise council to fairly arrive at just conclusions on social, industrial and all other important questions involving their highest interests.

Women have proven their interest and ability in monetary affairs and in agricultural and manufacturing pursuits. Individual women have illustrated equal ability with men as railroad, lumber and mining promoters, and we all know their records in the professions. What will the coming half century do for women in comparison with the past fifty years?

Progress and development of women in like fashion with all evolutions of the race in past history, will prove her mentally and intellectually the equal of her counterpart in the brotherhood of man.

Speakers and writers in this and foreign countries frequently allude to the fact that the United States grants more divorces than any other civilized country, except Japan. Why? For many civilized reasons. Infidelity in wedlock is a legal misdemeanor in all of our Federal States except Louisiana and Delaware. September, 1907, the law was placed on the statute books of the Empire State, chiefly by the active labors of women, making infidelity in wedlock a misdemeanor punishable by fine, imprisonment, or both. This law in the first two months reduced divorces numerically in the State of New York, to almost one-half, or quite one-half, in every divorce court, according to metropolitan newspaper acknowledgment.

In no foreign country is infidelity in marriage a legal misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment. Most of the legal causes for divorce in our States are just, and prove a higher degree of civilization than to compel wedded people to continue family relations when utterly unfit conditions exist between husband and wife. The causes of divorce should be removed. Children and all people should attain self-control, by being trained for the privileges and responsibilities of marriage and parenthood.

In recent years Indiana has granted more divorces per capita than any other State in the Union. South Carolina is the only State which grants no divorce for any cause. New York is the only State which grants divorces only for the one scriptural cause. All the other States and Territories grant divorce for a number of causes, such as infidelity, extreme cruelty, drunkenness, imprisonment, non-support, etc., to the number of eleven different crimes on the part of the defendant. We might elaborate statistics concerning unhappy marriages which result in divorces in most

of the States to our better understanding of the question under discussion.

Recently Dakota has sorrowed unto repentance for its notorious record for granting rapid divorce, and has legally mended its ways.

There has been no such definite progress made in securing a federal universal law for marriage and divorce as some of us have desired and worked to obtain. The committee appointed for this purpose by Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, at the suggestion of ex-President Roosevelt, was composed of forty-one Governors of the States, representatives from most of the State Legislatures, with special labors by Bishop Doane and Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, D. C. This committee met in February, 1906, and has rendered helpful service, though a federal law of marriage and divorce may be far in the future. The deliberations and resolutions adopted by this congress were expected to influence various State Legislatures in their future discussions for a federal law. There was little said at the Washington congress relative to causes that led to divorce.

The wise seers, without one woman helpmate, dealt chiefly with methods to restrict divorce. Since the committee held its congress, many additional forces have been added, and it is reasonably expected that better methods are being followed which will in the near future result at least in a similarity of State laws for marriage and divorce.

Law-makers and reformers know well the evils of varied and lax State laws, which result in tremendous advantage to conscienceless persons, who are ever ready to cross the State lines and form unrighteous marital relationships.

The National Council of Women in adopting its resolution on the divorce question a few years since, when I was chairman of the resolutions committee, little realized its resolution's future mission, which I may be justified in repeating here:

WHEREAS, Counsellors and agitators in church and state are talking and writing much against divorce, which is known to cause most disastrous results in the family and State, be it

Resolved, That the National Council of Women of the United States seek, through coöperation with church and state, to interest all organizations and individuals pledged to social and civic betterment of the people, to ascertain what are the chief causes which induce or lead to divorce.

Resolved, That we practice and teach better methods of scientific and spiritual marriage, which must result in the better preparation for offspring.

This resolution has influenced and suggested to legislatures, ministerial, educational, purity, and many other conventions which have since adopted it in its full text, or with some slight variation, sending it on by the best tested missionary agent known to the world—the daily newspaper.

Cardinal Gibbons and his prelate colleagues never discuss causes of divorce in newspaper interviews, but always and forever denounce the result of the cause—divorce.

THE DRIVER

Mary Flory Miller

"NEVER mind, Jennie, just lie still and rest. I will dress the yungins and get some breakfast before I leave," said Tom Baker to his sick wife, who, although almost unable to drag herself about, persisted in doing the housework and getting the meals with Tom's help and that of her eldest daughter, Maggie, who was nine years old. The care of the household and the three children, Maggie, Robert and little May, was a heavy strain on the little woman, who had not been real strong since the baby's coming, a few weeks before.

Tom Baker was a kind-hearted, honest, hard-working man, a cab driver in the city of C——, but times were hard and business was dull at present. Some of Tom's regular passengers had left him for other cabmen whose cabs were newer and more luxurious. Tom worked hard to keep his cab in good repair and looking well, but he could not afford to buy a new one at present. His wife's sickness had drawn very heavily on their already very slender savings. The rent would soon be due, the children needed good, warm clothes, his wife good care and nourishing food, and how he could secure the means to furnish these necessities was the great problem perplexing Tom's mind. However, he hid these things in his own heart so as not to worry his wife.

As he moved about, dressing the children and preparing the scanty breakfast which their larder provided, Tom talked cheerfully, trying to hide from Jennie the worries which were harassing his own mind. "Jennie, you shall see what a fine breakfast I can get. You won't be able to refuse eating some of it. I will be your maid and bring your breakfast to your room," he laughed. "Now, Maggie, you may set the table," he continued, "and by that time breakfast will be ready."

Then again addressing his wife, he said: "I feel sure that I shall have good luck today; you'd better send Maggie over to the grocery to get some things for your dinner. Tell him I'll pay him soon."

"Dear Tom," responded Jennie, "how good you are! But I can't send for any more groceries till we can pay our last bill. The groceryman says that times is hard with him, too, and that he can't let us have any more groceries till we have the money to pay for them."

"Well, well," said Tom, cheerfully, "I shall certainly bring home some money tonight. Then you and the children shall have all the good, nourishing food which you need."

"I hope so," responded Jennie, with a brave smile, but her heart was sad for Tom and the little ones as she thought of his hard, patient labor which seemed so fruitless. After they had finished breakfast and Tom was ready to start to his work he said:

"Now, Maggie and Robert, take good care of mama while I am gone and help her all you can. See how much you can do to make mama happy. Papa hopes to bring something nice for all of you when he comes home tonight." Stooping down for his farewell kiss, Tom said to his wife: "Now, don't worry, Jennie, and don't work too hard. Good times will surely come. God won't let us come to want."

Tom went away whistling, but when he was well out of sight and hearing, his whistle ceased and his head drooped, while the big tears trickled down his cheeks. Quickly he wiped them away, saying to himself: "Poor Jennie and the yungins! I can't bear to see them suffering for the want of food and clothing. Oh, that I could only make enough money to make them comfortable and happy! It would only take such a little to satisfy their needs and make them happy, while I see people every day who have so much more than they need and are unhappy and miserable, because of it. Seems like things ought to be balanced a little better in this old world."

Tom worked hard and patiently as usual that morning to get passengers, but it seemed as if nearly every one passed him to take one of the other fellows' cabs which was newer than his. Tom stopped work only long enough to eat his cold lunch and then was on the lookout again for passengers. He went to all those places which he knew were the most largely frequented by people coming and going, but his success bade fair to be like that of the morning. Finally, to his great surprise and delight, Tom saw a well dressed gentleman, accompanied by a lady, beckon to him from a street crossing. Hurriedly driving to the spot he sprang down, courteously opening the door for them. "Take us to Chestnut Street, No. 60," said the gentleman as he entered the cab behind the lady. Closing the door and mounting the box, Tom was about to drive off, when two well-dressed men motioned to him and Tom waited for them. Coming up close to Tom, one of them spoke in a low tone: "See here, driver, if you take these folks to Eleventh Street, No. 10, we'll give you fifty dollars. Mum 's the word." After this startling request the man and his companion entered a cab standing just ahead of Tom's. Visions of what fifty dollars would do for his sick wife and little children at home flashed through Tom's mind as he drove rapidly away, followed by a cab not far in the rear. Should he do it? Why not? The lady and gentleman in the carriage might be bank robbers or escaped criminals of some sort, and the two men disguised officers. Such things often happened. Tom could not be sure, and what was it to him, any way, whoever they might be? Still, he did not feel quite easy. The lady and the gentleman had a genuineness and honesty of appearance which Tom could hardly associate with criminals, while he did not quite like the looks of the two men who had made such an unusual request of him. He could not feel quite easy about them, although he could think of no fault to be found in their appearance. Thus the conflict raged in Tom's mind. The though of the comfort and happiness which the carrying out of the two men's request would mean to his precious, suffering ones at home battled with the uneasy idea that something was not quite right about the two men's request, until he came to the street where he had to turn one way or the other. Summoning all his moral strength, Tom decided, and as he looked back he saw the two men looking out of the cab in the rear with angry, baffled faces.

When Tom arrived in front of a very beautiful mansion at the street and number which the gentleman had given him, he assisted them in alighting and told them of the strange request, his refusal to comply with it, and the expression of the men when they saw he had failed them, warning the lady and gentleman in case the men might attempt further action.

"Thank God!" said the gentleman, "and you, my brave man, for they were undoubtedly thieves who had learned in some way that my wife and I visited the bank this afternoon and took out her jewels, which she wishes to wear tonight at the wedding of a friend. Your action means a great deal to us, as my wife values her jewels very highly; in fact, they are worth thousands of dollars, which I need not fear to tell you, an honest man."

"I am very glad, sir," said Tom, as he took his seat preparing to drive off. "I am glad that I trusted my impressions in regard to both parties."

"But wait," said the gentleman, "I shall not let you go this way. Ask any favor of me that you will and I will grant it to you as far as it lies in my power."

"Indeed, sir," replied Tom, "I expected no reward.

I am very glad that I had a chance to prevent your being robbed. No man shall use me as his tool to carry out evil designs if I know it."

"But I insist upon your taking something for the great service which you have rendered me."

"That's all right, sir," said Tom, "and, thank you, just the same. I couldn't take anything for doing my duty."

Tom's heart was light the rest of that day, although his pocketbook was light as well. Better to have a clear conscience and a light pocketbook than a heavy conscience and a heavy pocketbook, he thought. As long as he had health and strength his wife and children would not starve. However, he wished very much that he could get enough money yet that day to buy some good food for Jennie and the children. As if in answer to his prayer, the tide changed and business became more flourishing the rest of that evening, enabling Tom to buy a few groceries to take home with him.

"Won't Jennie be glad!" he said to himself. When he reached home he was very much surprised to find Jennie in tears clasping baby May to her bosom, while Maggie and Robert were dancing about the floor in great glee.

"Why, how now!" exclaimed Tom, "What's the matter? Have you children been worrying mama?"

"Oh, no, Tom," cried Jennie, "I am so happy that I am crying for joy! Just read this, Tom."

Taking the letter which his wife held out to him, a slip of paper falling to the floor as he did so, Tom read:

Mr. Baker—kind Friend: I am ever on the lookout for men of sterling honesty and integrity, such as you have proved to be this afternoon. I have inquired into your circumstances, and can appreciate what a struggle your decision must have cost you this afternoon. Come to my office at 7:30 tomorrow morning and I shall assure you a good position with a chance of promotion. This check is to tide you over your present expenses until you receive your first regular salary.

Sincerely your friend.

And below Tom read the name of the most prominent merchant of that city. Picking up the slip of paper, which proved to be a check, Tom read: "Pay to Tom Baker one hundred dollars."

It is needless to say that the home of Tom, the driver, was a happy place that night. Jennie, receiving good care and nourishing food, soon recovered her strength and buoyancy, while the children were made happy with plenty of food and warm, comfortable clothing.

Tom is doing well in the store. He has already received one promotion and if he continues his work in the future as faithfully and successfully as he has done in the past, he may some day become a joint partner. So the merchant has told us.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

A. V. Baker

JAY DEMPSEY, junior partner of the Colbyville Coal Mines, swung his leather bag filled with gold about his neck and mounted his mule.

The morrow was pay day at the mines, and Dempsey had drawn the money from the bank with the intention of going by train; but as usual there had been something to prevent the train from making its run, until too late for him. That road could never be depended upon; and Dempsey had learned by experience his faithful little mule was a surer mode of conveyance than the train, which was forever put out of business by washouts and landslides.

But never before had a journey at night seemed so unpleasant to him. The night fell quickly, and was inky black, save when vivid flashes of lightning lighted up the sky and touched the landscape with blue flame. In the distance he could hear the roar of water, and he felt some apprehension about it. That creek could develop into a madly-rushing torrent in a very short time.

A moment later his mule stepped onto the bridge, which had become submerged. The water was up to her knees, and she proceeded with caution. The current was strong, and the wind almost wrenched the man from his saddle. The frequent blue flashes showed him the muddy, swirling water, yawning in hideous whirlpools, as if hungry for its prey. Another bright flash showed him the figures of two men standing on the bank towards which he was struggling.

The mule tugged in fresh terror as the creek seemed to gather new strength; then slipped off the submerged bridge, dragging down her rider.

He gave a frightened cry as the halter slipped through his numb fingers, and the mule shook him free from the saddle down into the cold water, that pulled at him with a demon's fury, that roared in his ears, and filled his nostrils. His heavy coat, boots and leather bag of gold weighed him down unmercifully.

He lost consciousness for a moment, but his faculties came to him instantly as, with fearful force, he

was thrown against a rocky ledge. He realized that now, if ever, was the time for action. Clutching with both hands he managed to hold to some jagged edges of rock that cut his fingers, and the next moment was surprised to find himself hauled unceremoniously out of the water by two men. When he would have spoken he was gruffly ordered to hold his tongue, and another flash of lightning revealed a gleaming revolver. He was compelled to walk through a tangle of bushes and vines, which covered the winding way among the growth of underbrush through which his captors hurried him.

At last another flash showed him an old, tumble-down house; this he instinctively felt was his destination. Sure enough, the door was opened by one of the men, and he was told to enter. A dingy lamp lighted up the interior, and he was surprised to perceive a girl of wondrous dark beauty, who arose to receive them. She looked at the prisoner and instantly a change came over her features. His face had impressed her favorably, but the men saw nothing of the look, and they flung him on a couch, searched him thoroughly, and divested him of his gold.

Dempsey saw a knowing look in the girl's eyes; a look that bade him fight for himself and his gold, but he was so utterly spent he knew resistance would be useless.

The heap of gold was poured on the table and eagerly counted. Dempsey was bound hand and foot and securely tied. Then the two men drank heavily from their flasks, and throwing themselves on the floor were soon in a drunken sleep.

Stealthily the girl tiptoed to them, and stooped to listen. Then, gliding to a drawer she took out a keen knife and cut the thongs that bound Dempsey. She scooped the gold into its bag and flinging on a coat and hat beckoned him to follow, which he did as quickly as his stiffened limbs would permit.

Down to the swelling stream she led him, and bade him enter a boat. Jumping in she seized the oars, and was soon gliding down stream.

"Where is it best to go?" she asked.

"Colbyville Coal Mines. We're right on the way," he answered.

They glided along in silence for awhile, the dip of the oars being the only sound in the still night. At last he spoke: "Do you realize the danger you are putting yourself in?"

There was no answer for a moment, then the girl's sweet voice said: "I have been tempted to try this flight many a time, just for myself; now—it is as much for you as for myself."

"And I owe my life to you; and even your name is unknown to me!"

"You wish to know?"

"Indeed, I do."

"You shall not only know my name, but why I was in that vile place. She paused, and looked out over the dark waters, which were now touched here and there with gleams of light from the moon, as the drifting clouds sailed by.

"My name is Leone Bradzell. My parents died when I was a babe, leaving me to the care of my aunt who kept me until I was ten years old. She died suddenly, and her one servant, an old, wizen-faced woman, in whom my aunt had always been deceived, took control of me. One dark night we went with her son to the dismal cabin you saw tonight. There I lived six years, watched day and night by the woman, and all that time I was ignorant of the fact that it was a den of thieves. Finally I discovered the truth, and was watched more closely than ever for fear I would escape.

"Last week the old woman died. She told me on her deathbed that her son loved me and we would be married on his return. He has not come yet. I suppose he is on a drunken spree. I have watched for a chance to escape, but never has that chance come till tonight. Tonight we have taken a great risk, but I believe we are safe."

The man dropped his oars, and seated himself by her side. "Leone, you have risked for me what you never dared for yourself. It may seem a bit hasty, but I am a pretty good judge of human nature, and know you are the one woman for me. If this comes out all right, and you can find any likeable qualities in me, I am more than ready to protect you in the future. However, I will not press you for an answer now. I will take you to my sister, and if in six months you can trust yourself to me, why, I will try to repay you for saving my life."

There was a half sob as the girl slipped her hand in his, then shyly said:

"I think I know what my answer will be, but time will tell."

* * *

ALL knowledge is born of investigation.

*

WE unconsciously take off our hats to the truth.

*

WE are limited only by our capacity to accomplish.

*

REASON is the sun that dispels the mist of prejudice.

*

THE field of usefulness contains an unlimited acreage.

*

THERE is no night bereft of dawn in life but ignorance.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

SECRET OF PEACE.

REV. HUGH BLACK, D. D., Professor of Union Theological Seminary, contributed an article for the *Christian Herald* in which he discusses the secret of peace. He reminds us that peace is not considered by the majority of men until all business relations have been provided for.

Blindly, instinctively we stretch out our hands and clutch for the things we think will give us heart's ease and a satisfied life. Men do not love money in itself: it is not the mere gold of scrip that men strive and toil for. You do them wrong to think that such a poor thing can be the ultimate aim of even the man who passes for a money-grubber. He has a soul above that. He invests it with imaginative, almost romantic, properties. It is not itself, but what it stands for, what it can do, or is supposed to be able to do; the security it can give from many evils, its power to beat back the distresses of poverty; the capacity it has for pleasure and the satisfaction of desire. They are not always low desires: they may be even very high and noble desires, the opportunity of doing good and carrying forward plans of large reach, the opportunity for acquiring knowledge, of enriching the life with all that art and the best thought of man can do. If we are dupes, we are not always ignoble dupes. What all men long for and strive after is the state of blessedness these particular things are supposed to give. Our aim, beneath all surface aims, is to attain to peace, content of heart, a satisfied life. If Christ then bequeathed that to his disciples, it was indeed a regal legacy.

But when we read the further description it seems as if he were playing with words. He says, "Peace, but not as the world giveth, give I," and that seems a fatal limitation of the gift. By this we have a suspicion that he is taking away what he appeared to give. And yet, when we think of it, is it not a necessary description of peace? For, if there is to be peace at all, it must be not as the world giveth; for the world has never succeeded in giving it to any son of man. Peace is the dream of the race: dispeace is the experience of the race. For a few years men long for happiness, and perhaps achieve it: for ever they are longing for rest. The world cannot give it with all its good gifts; for it belongs to a region which the world cannot reach. The world can give you happiness; it cannot give you blessedness. The world can give you pleasure; it cannot give you joy. The world can give you distractions; it cannot give you peace. These better things are states of the heart, inward gifts, the water of a fountain that springs up from within, conditions of the soul. To win true peace a man must have his thirst for the Infinite appeased; he needs to feel himself held in the keeping of eternal love: he needs to have his soul satisfied and no earthly gift can bring that appeasement.

The Soul's Search for Peace.

We cannot even get near the secret till we give up the belief, or even the hope, that the world can give it. It is not as the world giveth. Wherever else, it is certainly not there! Let the man most fortunate in his surroundings, rich in all the possibilities and opportunities of life, with every avenue of pleasure and power and ambition and knowledge open to him, let him say if the world can give peace. Sometimes it is only when all the gifts of fortune, the world's good things, are torn from a man, that he learns how futile they were, and how little they really did for the satisfaction of life. Shakespeare makes Wolsey in his fall, when his high-blown pride broke under him, realize this. When the killing frost nipped the root of his ripening greatness he saw how insecure the foundation of his life had been; and when his servant Cromwell came to him expecting to find him unmanned, and asked how he was, his answer was:

> Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
> I know myself now; and I feel within me
> A peace above all earthly dignities,
> A still and quiet conscience . . .
> . . . too much honor;
> O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
> Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Dante in exile, driven from all he held dear in life, visited a monastery to leave there the first portion of the Inferno. The story of his visit is told by the prior of the monastery. "As he was unknown to me and my brethren, I asked him, 'What would you?' And he answered not a word, but gazing at the building, I asked him again what he sought. He then, looking round upon me and my brethren, answered, 'Peace.'" How typical of man and the whole life of man the incident was, as Dante turned his burning eyes upon the wondering monks and asked out of his sorrowful heart the one word, "Peace." There was no peace for him, except the peace of soul, which might come from detachment from the vulgar struggles and ambitions of men in Florence. If he could not find it in his Divina Commedia, he could never find it in the fair City of Flowers.

At the risk of wearisome iteration, this has to be said, and repeated: that peace is independent of outside conditions. We cannot advance one inch towards the secret till we see and confess that it is not as the world giveth. Think of the Master when he left this legacy, and spoke so calmly of "My peace." With failure behind him in the world's judgment: and before him a cross! A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! And yet with a serenity of soul, and quiet of heart, with peace brooding in his eyes as he looked beyond the tumult to the triumph. It was a quality of soul, not an accident of fortune.

Spiritual Torpor.

Spiritual torpor is often mistaken for peace, when in reality it is nothing more than indifference and in many cases careless neglect.

Look at Paul his servant, who spoke so much of peace, who had learned Christ's secret, writing about peace to his fellow-believers. He was in prison, after a life of terrible toil and terrible privation, with the care of all the churches, with troubles on every side, fighting without and fears within; a broken and scarred life! Yet as he bore on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, so he carried in his heart the peace of the Lord Jesus. Surely, surely, not as the world giveth.

We find it hard to accept this, hard to give up our feverish attempts to reach peace by outside means. We put down our unrest and dispeace to our uncongenial con-

ditions. If only we had a sweeter environment it would be well with us, we think. It is true that the world sometimes gives a false peace, an appearance of tranquillity of life, when all things go well with a man, and prosperity abounds, and the granaries are full, when health is given and capacity for pleasure. The soul sleeps easily in such days of peace and slumberous calm. But spiritual torpor is not peace; for what about the awakening that must come? Or there may be a spurious peace which is the fruit of ignorance, from a conscience not too enlightened, a taste not too refined, a mind that has never seen the better part of life, from stupid contentment with the lower part, from what Carlyle calls a brutal lethargy.

But this is the damning fact about all forms of worldly peace: that there is no security and no permanence of tenure even. It is a capricious thing, accidental. A slight rearrangement of details, and the palace of dream vanishes. What the world gives, the world can take away, and will take away. None of the world's gifts are evil in themselves, and they may be good gifts of God. The reason why we must not love the world is not because it is evil, but because it is transient. It passeth away. At the best it is not sufficient, it is not adequate as the stay of life. The most fortunate circumstances are only fortuitous after all. At the world's banquet, the richest and rarest, there is suspended the fatal sword of Damocles hung by a hair; and the hair will wear through some time.

Faith the Pathway to Peace.

Apart from this transient character of the world's peace, its quality also is poor and threadbare, and men feel its failure even when they possess it. There are few more impressive and more pathetic pages in literature than those in which Count Tolstoy describes the emptiness and vanity of worldly things in his Confessions. He was a nobleman, in preëminently happy circumstances, with a continually increasing income, respected by friends, praised by strangers, happy in his home-life, with a great position and reputation as an author, enjoying the best of mental and physical strength; and yet he, a healthy and happy man, was brought to feel that he could live no longer. He had to fight against the temptation to commit suicide. He gave up carrying a gun because it offered too easy a way of getting rid of life. The reason was because he felt that life had no meaning for him. He was not content just to exist, and that was all he was doing. His life viewed from the point of reason had no reason for continuance. It seemed a foolish and wicked joke played on him by he knew not whom. He gave himself up to knowledge, and studied science, but all in vain; the same torturing sense of meaninglessness remained.

He came to see and confess that faith alone gave man an answer as to the meaning of life, and the consequent possibility of living. He saw that faith alone could clothe with infinity the finite existence of man, and give a meaning to life which triumphs over suffering, privation, and death. But though he came to understand this, his heart was none the lighter for it. He the rich and learned and illustrious nobleman envied the peasant for his quiet faith. At last when he came humbly to Jesus and bent his neck to the yoke of Christ, he too entered into the inheritance of peace. In the introduction to his next book, he wrote: "For thirty-five years of my life I was a man who believed in nothing. Five years ago faith came to me; I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. What I had wished for I wished for no longer, and I began to desire what I had never desired before. What had once appeared to me right now became wrong, and the wrong of the past I beheld as right. My soul, once filled with despair of life and fear of death, is now full of happiness and peace."

Oneness With Christ Gives Peace.

It is so with every soul of man that comes to Christ and learns of him. He brings us into the same relationship with God as he enjoyed. His peace came from a direct sense of sonship with the Father; and in him we, too, are children, and should have the same peace in our hearts, the peace of perfect love, the peace of forgiveness, and reconciliation, and communion. To know peace a man needs to feel himself pardoned, and sustained by God, and in harmony with his will. Such a blessed state alone can bring heart's ease. The secret of it is submission to Christ, as Lord and Master, whose we are and whom we serve. This peace begins with the forgiveness of sins, and reconcilement to God; but it can only be kept by communion, by a life of discipleship, following Christ, thinking his thoughts, and doing his will, and choosing his way.

So, it is not a peace with the world by compromise, by base connivance, by giving in to its spirit. But this peace is possible even when in the world there is tribulation. Adversity is its opportunity. With the roar of life in ears and brain, we can still be calm. In the busy market-place, in the crowded street, amid the strife of tongues and the weary ways of men, we can be at peace because our hearts are fixed. There is no room for fear or lasting trouble. "My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee."

THE END.

I see! I see the city fair,
I see the gates ajar;
I hear the music ringing out
From symphonies afar.

I see! I see a mighty host
In shining garments dressed;
I see them walking in that land,—
The homeland of the blest.

I see! I see them gather there
Just on the other side;
I see them worship at the feet
Of Christ, the Crucified.

I hear the shouting and the cries
Of rapture and of bliss;
And whisper to my faltering soul:
"Oh! struggle on for this."

—Alden Brens.

BE.

Be what thou wouldst have all men think thou art,
Oh thou who'dst banish fear;
Say to that inmost heart of thine:
What rarer jewel can I keep,
Within this hiding place of mine,
Than my own conscience clear?

—Agness Greene Foster.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Strawberries: Their Culture and Use.

MR. JAMES N. CLARK, in the *Household Journal,* gives the following suggestions for taking care of strawberry plants:

Planting strawberries is a bit of fine art, and there is a difference in opinion as to setting. Some are very careful to spread the roots out flat, but I set them straight down in the ground. When set in this manner they are not so liable to be affected by the dry weather. After the plant is set in I fill the hole about two-thirds full of fine dirt, press tightly and brush dirt over the top, not pressed at all, just a little rounding, so when it settles, the crown of the plant will sit exactly even with the surface. The reason for this is that the runners when starting should have nothing to hinder them. The loose dirt on top will serve as a mulch to retain moisture in the soil and gather it from the air.

The strawberry is a great lover of water. I prefer rain water or water from a creek. Water from a well is injurious by causing the leaves to become puffy and to turn yellow, thus retarding the growth and thrift of the plant. But if it has to be used, I would advise the making of a hole at the side of the plant and pour in at least a pint of water slowly, then brush over with loose dirt to keep the ground from baking and to hold moisture. This should be repeated every day on new settings during the dry season. The best time to water plants is in the morning, from four to six o'clock.

Sprinkling a strawberry bed does more harm than good, unless the water is applied in copious showers at least every other day. Young sittings are very deceiving about growing, and when first set will start out a tiny shoot for a leaf, which depends mainly on the little fibers that start out just below the crown for their support, as the old root soon dies. If kept well moistened, in a week or so these little white feeders will begin to make their appearance. This is the critical stage in the life of the plant, and if well watered they will make a good growth. If not, they get their Waterloo then and there.

Grubs are the worst insect enemy to the strawberry, destroying the plants by eating off the roots, very often devouring them until nothing but stubs remain. Should this occur in dry weather, nothing would save them but a continual saturating of the ground with water.

As to soil, it should be well drained and brought up to a good state of production. Any ground that will produce a fair crop of wheat will grow good strawberries, providing they are properly cared for.

There are a great many setting them out, but comparatively few are raising them. The main cause is gross neglect. Looking them over will not keep the weeds out. You must roll up your sleeves and go right at it with your hoe, giving them a good cleaning out at least every two weeks. But if the weeds get the start of you, it is a heroic job to get them under subjection again.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Materials: Three cups of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one heaping tablespoon of lard, one rounding tablespoon of butter, one level teaspoon of soda, one rounding teaspoon of baking powder and one and one-half cups of sour milk, one quart of mashed sweetened strawberries, one pint of choice, whole berries and one-half cup of powdered sugar.

Way of Preparing: Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and work in the shortening. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk and add this mixture to the other ingredients, making a soft dough. Turn onto the moulding board and roll into a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick. Place it on a baking sheet and bake in a brisk oven until well done. Remove from the oven, and when cool, but not cold, split it and spread the two parts with softened butter and sugar, then add over the lower half the prepared berries, replace the upper half and cover it with the whole berries and the powdered sugar. Serve immediately.

Strawberry Dumplings.

Materials: Two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, one heaping tablespoon of lard, and one and one-fourth cups of sweet milk. One tablespoon of melted butter, two tablespoons of sugar, three cups of sliced berries, and one pint of sauce.

Way of Preparing: Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, work in the shortening and add the milk, making a soft dough. Place on a moulding board and roll into a square sheet one-half inch thick. Brush with the melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Cover with the berries, and roll up as you would a jelly roll. Cut this roll into twelve equal pieces, stand them on end in a rather deep baking pan, and pour over them one cup of the sauce which must be boiling hot. Place in a brisk oven and bake for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot, using the remaining sauce to pour over it.

The Sauce is prepared with the following ingredi-

ents: One pint of berries, one cup water, one and one-fourth cups of sugar, one tablespoon of flour and the juice of half a lemon. Boil together berries and water for ten minutes and then strain. Mix together the flour and sugar and add them to the strained juice together with the lemon juice. Place on the fire and cook until clear.

Strawberry Puffs.

Materials: One-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup strawberry juice, the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and one pint of choice whole strawberries, dipped in sugar.

Way of Preparing: Cream the butter and the sugar, then add the flour and the baking powder, sifted together, alternately with the strawberry juice. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs. Butter a dozen pudding cups. In each of the bottoms place one large prepared strawberry, cover with the batter, put in another layer of berries and cover it with batter. Have the cups a little over half full, place in a steamer and steam for thirty-five minutes, remove from the cups and serve hot with any desired sauce.

Strawberry Pudding.

Materials: One quart of strawberries, one cup of water, one lemon, one-half cup of cornstarch, one and one-half cups of sugar, one pint of whole, choice berries, one cup of shredded almonds and one cup of whipped cream.

Way of Preparing: Place the quart of (hulled) strawberries in a saucepan and add the water, boil twenty minutes, then strain. There should be one pint of juice. Add the sugar and the cornstarch to the juice. Return to the fire, and cook for fifteen minutes. Now add the lemon juice and the almonds and pour the pudding into a small square mold which has previously been dipped in water. Place in a refrigerator until very cold. Unmould, and when serving slice the pudding and garnish with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

Canned Strawberries.

Materials: Six pounds (hulled) strawberries, five pounds of sugar.

Way of Preparing: Wash your hulled strawberries, a few at a time, and drain thoroughly. On a large platter place a layer of strawberries, then one of sugar, and continue this way until you have used up all your ingredients. Let stand in a refrigerator one hour. Have your cans perfectly dry and cold. When your berries have stood for one hour fill the cans running over full, packing the fruit in with a spoon and shaking down well so as to leave no air spaces. Place on the covers, screw down as tightly as possible, wrap each can in paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

These strawberries are fine for shortcakes.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Materials: Two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, two rounding tablespoons of sugar, one rounding tablespoon of butter, one heaping tablespoon of lard, one egg and milk enough to make a very soft dough, three pints of hulled, washed strawberries, one cup of sugar, whipped cream.

Way of Preparing: Sift together into your mixing bowl all of the dry ingredients, except the sugar, then work in the shortening. Beat together the egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add to this one-half cup of milk. Now make a dough by combining these two sets of ingredients, adding as much more milk as is necessary, turn onto a moulding board and roll into a sheet one-half inch thick.

With a large biscuit cutter cut twice as many rounds as you wish to have shortcakes, butter these rounds and fold them together in pairs. Bake in a brisk oven. When done separate each pair, cover the bottom half of each pair thickly with sliced sugared berries, replace the top round and cover it also in the same way. Garnish with whipped cream and serve with a strawberry sauce, made by boiling together one pint of strawberries, one-fourth of a cup of water and one cup of sugar.

After boiling these ingredients together for ten minutes strain and serve it in a pitcher, with your shortcake.

"YOU'RE A BRICK."

When Tom says admiringly to Harry, "You're a brick!" I wonder if he knows how the saying originated.

In the golden days of Greece an ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta, and was shown by the king over his capital. He was surprised to find no walls around the city.

"Sire," he exclaimed, "I have visited nearly all the towns in Greece, but I find no walls for their defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed," the king replied, "you cannot have looked very carefully. Come with me tomorrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

On the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in battle array, and pointing proudly to the valiant soldiers, he said:

"There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick!"

RECENT POETRY

SLEEPY HOLLOW AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Let us leave these dismal city walls
Where sadness like a shadow falls,
And wealth and misery unite
The flowers of human love to blight,—
These gilded homes of pomp and pride,
Where folly, guilt, and woes abide,
And Christ, who outside stands and waits,
Is driven from the palace gates,
Though standing there, with thorn-scarred head
To heal their sick and raise their dead.

We'll hasten from such scenes of blight
To those that shall rest our weary sight,—
Where we can see the hills and trees,
And feel the free-winged, healthful breeze,
And tread the paths, in vale and glen,
Where human love still lives with men,
And where the hearthstone, pure and bright,
Fills happy homes with joyous light.

North of the great metropolis,
A score of miles in rural bliss,
Where Hudson, famed for glorious waves,
His eastern banks with kisses laves,
Lies Sleepy Hollow, known to Fame
As drowsy land, by drowsy name;—
A land it is of sweet repose,
When summer smiles, or winter blows;
Asleep to that which murders sleep,—
Ambition with its dizzy steep,
And love of gold's great shining heap;
Awake to all that waking eyes
And honest hearts should love and prize.

I need not tell
How Irving wove a wizard spell,
With warp and woof of truth and jest,
O'er that sweet vale of living rest:
Irving, now numbered with the blest,
O'er whose green grave a nation mourns,
Whose pen a nation's life adorns,
Whose words of wisdom, winged with mirth,
Fly evermore round all the earth,
Unchecked by wintry frosts of time,
To cheer the homes of every clime;
For whom a world may well bewail,—
But, peace! he sleeps in yon sweet vale!

It bears his name on every breeze,
And graven on its rocks and trees;
Nor could do less and yet approve
That love is just return of love.

He gave its rocks and nooks a name
Which else had been unknown to fame,
And sent it forth from child to sage,
To make its paths a pilgrimage;
He touched the valley with his pen
And lo! it teemed with living men;
His pen a weird magician's wand,
He stretched across the Sleepy Land,—
The land, from sleep of ages free,
Awoke to immortality!

HELP ANOTHER.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

There's a chance to smile,
To make life worth while
To the one who's fettered in shame;
So lend him a hand
And help him to stand,—
A winner in life's mighty game.

There's a word to say
Ere the close of day,
To comfort some heart that is sad,
To lighten the load
Along life's hard road,
And to make some one more glad.

There's work to be done
Ere the set of sun,—
There's a harvest to gather in;
There are souls to save
From their damning grave,—
As the fruit of their folly and sin.

Too soon comes the end
When foeman and friend
All meet at the brink of the stream;
Life's curtain rolls down
On a grave or a crown,—
And ended is life's fitful dream.

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—Isabella Canfield.

WHERE TO SEND CHEER.

Lord help me to live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way
That even while I kneel to pray
My prayer may be for others.
Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for others.

—Sunshine Bulletin.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. April 25, 1911. No. 17.

A PROBLEM IN SOIL FERTILITY

John Woodard

THE Louisiana rice country is a good illustration of what one may expect in any one-crop farming community. Other one-crop countries are just as bad, whether they are in the North or in the South; and the kind of crop, whether rice or wheat, cotton or tobacco, makes no difference. The fact that it is a one-crop country is the cause of the trouble. The reason I write about Louisiana is because I know more about it than any other one-crop country.

Southwestern Louisiana is level prairie land, only a few feet above sea level. The soil was deposited when the country was under water and is mainly fine sand and silt at the surface with clay lower down. Some of the soil is so fine that it feels like flour when dry. This is the rice country and it extends on into Texas along the seacoast. When first placed under cultivation the soil was full of humus and had a nice black color.

In rice culture the land is flooded in the spring as soon as the rice is about six inches high, and the ground is kept covered with water until the grain begins to harden in the fall. The fineness of the soil and the clay in the sunshine is an advantage while the ground is planted, as it prevents loss of water through the soil, but it is hard after the water is drained off, as it prevents the soil from drying out.

Rice farming, like all other one-crop systems of farming, burns out the humus in the soil. This humus is an intermediate stage in the decomposition of organic matter. Humus is constantly changing into simpler compounds, as nitrogen and carbon dioxide gas. These two compounds represent the bulk of organic matter and they pass off in the air and are lost. Carbon dioxide is taken from the air by all the green plants, but nitrogen can be restored to the soil only by bacteria, the most important of which are those living on the roots of leguminous plants, as alfalfa, clover and cow-peas. Nitrogen is very important, being necessary for the growth of all living things, both plant and animal. That is why it is necessary to include legumes in our systems of cropping.

One-crop farming takes away large amounts of nitrogen in the crop, besides allowing large amounts to escape into the air. This must be restored in some way. Restoring the straw is not sufficient, so a crop rotation with some legume is necessary.

In the rice country, having the straw in the ground has been a hindrance rather than a help. It is generally left in a strawstack where threshed. This makes too much organic matter in one place, and the rice makes too rank straw. Even scattering it out on the rice land will not help much, as the flooding excludes the beneficial bacteria, and other bacteria form compounds which make the ground sour, instead of forming those that the plants can use. About the only remedies tried are commercial fertilizers, and turning the land out to weeds for a few years. So we find about half the land in rice and the other half in weeds. The sourness caused by flooding prevents the growth of other crops the first year after raising a rice crop, and the soil is generally too low in humus. It would seem that the place for scattering the straw would be in a field after its last season of rice. Then the next year a legume could be grown.

A large part of the country has reached a stage where it is impossible to keep more than half of the land in rice at one time. The farmer can not afford to have the other half in weeds, so some other crop must be grown. The most of them will turn to forage plants, so animals are necessary to use them. The best animal will probably be the dairy cow. One objection to this is there is no market for cream, so enough people must start dairies to get a creamery. Another objection is the disease known as charbon or anthrax, but it is probable that the State experiment station will soon find a way to prevent it.

In the rice country we find the same damaging conditions found in all one-crop countries. The people live far apart and have no time to be sociable. There is a long period with nothing coming in; then the entire year's increase is received in a lump and is spent at once, if not spent before.

There is plenty of work at good wages during harvest. Then there is little work, with poor wages, or no work, for the rest of the year. The young men and boys make good wages in harvest and spend it; then they get lazy and dissatisfied, waiting for the next harvest. These conditions hold in the New York grape country, as well as in the Louisiana rice country. The remedy is diversified crops, which give steady work at good wages all the year.

Would I advise any one to go to the rice country? That depends. If you are expecting to get rich quick, you had better stay away. Such people have done a great deal to injure the country. But if you want to make your home there, to study the economical and social conditions, and to do your part towards improving the agricultural and social conditions, I would say: Go there for a while and see if you like the country.

The rice country, like all agricultural districts, needs permanent settlers, and not transients. It needs men with brains enough to find out the best system of farming for that country, and capital enough to keep going until they get their system on a good working basis.

The rice country is capable of developing into a rich country, but the weed land must be eliminated, and the rice land decreased. Just what system of farming will be best must be determined by the people who live there and like the country. Transients are the bane of any country, but permanent settlers bring out the best that is to be found.

"THE DECISIVE MOMENT"

Clay Young

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide."

The ability to act at the decisive moment has changed the fate of many nations. Napoleon, by acting at decisive moments, gained the largest empire ever held by one man. Although not always easy to recognize, the decisive moment must come, and oftentimes it marks the turning point of destiny. We, whose most precious heritage is liberty, harbored slavery for many years; and because of it our nation hung suspended between antagonistic sentiments. One of the greatest issues in the history of our country hung in the balance. Then the decisive moment arrived. The stain of slavery was washed out in the blood of thousands, and our nation was swung into the pathway of Union and Freedom.

For generations this country has been striving to expel the saloon from the land. It has been driven from one vantage ground to another; each victory marked by a battle, harder fought and bought with a dearer price than the preceding one, as the enemy became more desperate. Now it has taken refuge in politics. Here it defies every attack; frustrates every attempt to dislodge it from this formidable position. Here it exults in its security, and with fiendish triumph continues its devilish traffic. It is unnecessary to enumerate all of the evils resulting from liquor. Suffice it to say that, since its advent to this country, it has existed as a blighting, damning curse on everything pure, decent and virtuous.

The American saloon is the cause of over six-sevenths of the pauperism and four-fifths of the crime in this nation. "It is the hotbed which propagates communism and anarchy." It is the foster parent of the slums of our cities, the condition of which it is impossible to describe. Talk of Dante's "hell," and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and bleeding heart through the miserable rum-soaked slums of our cities needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror.

Yet it is not necessary to hurl anathemas at politics for shielding this monster, nor upon the voters who make it possible for such politics to exist. But, mark you, it is a false sense of party loyalty that makes men shut their eyes to the public welfare, and by the injudicious use of their ballot, permits such corrupt officials to be elected. For, think how many souls are damned; how many drunkards' graves are filled because of this party loyalty.

We can not underestimate the power of political forces. They have been closely interwoven with every step of our nation's progress. This should be the key to the solution of the problem, but the legislators are too easily influenced by popular passion and excitement, to say nothing of other means of influence, which it is charged are used, for the power of rum to be broken through politics alone.

Is there, then, no hope of purging our nation of this blot to its moral, physical and intellectual welfare? Behold! Through an opening in the clouds of sin and corruption gleams a star of hope. The decisive moment is here! Anti-saloon leagues are formed throughout the country. This will strike at the very

root of the evil without involving party principles. No longer is the position of the enemy impregnable. Their bulwark of defense is shattered. We have them in the open.

Now the liquor dealers realize their dangerous position and seek to stay their impending doom. They cast about for excuses. They play for time. They ridicule the idea of prohibition prohibiting. No, God help us! It does not prohibit. How can it prohibit when, by bribing the police officers, they can keep their saloons open every hour of the week? How can it prohibit when the laws are not enforced; when men wilfully plan to break them; when grand juries acquit guilty parties and shut their eyes to the outrages perpetrated on all sides? No, it does not prohibit under present conditions. But is that any logical reason why we should not have prohibition? Because the statutory laws are continually broken and crimes committed in opposition to them, is that any reason why they should be repealed? No, prohibition does not prohibit; but if we would elect honorable, upright men who are convinced of what their duty to home, citizens and their nation demands, and then have the moral courage to stand up for their convictions, prohibition would prohibit.

Now, they wish to arbitrate—to compromise. They will close their saloons on Sunday; they propose to raise the license fee; they will regulate it. In the words of Lincoln: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society . . . and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but aggravate the evil. No! There must be no more attempts to regulate. It must be eradicated."

Now, they propose to abolish the dives and dens, and retain only the marble mansions and palace saloons. It is only an attempt to retreat behind the barrier of respectability. They can not make a bad thing respectable. "The leopard can not change his spots; nor the Ethiopian his skin;" neither can the liquor traffic change its inherent vices into respectability. No! We will not compromise! We will not stop until we have rescued our nation from this enemy, which pollutes our society and desecrates our sacred institutions.

While they are wavering, let us change them. They may withstand the attack awhile, but we will win. God is on our side. He will protect the right. But be not over-confident. Let us not underestimate the power of the enemy. Not easily will they yield; nor indifferently will they fight. They are desperate. Their wealth, gained at the sacrifice of their souls,—yea, and the sacrifice of thousands of other souls as well,—is threatened. They are resolved to win by fair means or foul. They are rallying their forces for their last resistance. I see on the bloated, debauched features of the liquor demons startled fear and dread; but I see in their bleared eyes furious desperation. O men, we must win! Now is the crucial moment! Listen to the pleading commands of your leader: "O comrades, fight for the honor of your native land! Fight for the homes you love! Fight for the purity of American womanhood! Fight for the honor and integrity of American manhood! Fight in the name of Almighty God until the enemy flees in fear and confusion!

Now, the young men are coming to the front and swelling the ranks. Yes, but we still need volunteers. We are greatly outnumbered. O citizens, fall in line! Fall in line! Help us to make such a furious charge as will shatter the power of the liquor traffic forever!

PECULIAR CONDITIONS

H. D. Michael

NEARLY any one who has moved from one State to another, or from one place to another within a closer range, whether it has been for financial reasons, the health of some individual of the family, or the pleasure of all, has found some objectionable features in one or more of the places. These he calls "drawbacks," and if that person be so inclined, his neighbors will soon be very familiar with the drawbacks of the locality he has left.

A few of the things that we have seen may be spoken of as the Santa Ana sand storm of sunny southern California, a dust storm in the wheat belt of Washington, known as the Horse Heaven country; and while in North Dakota, riding along the broad wheat fields, we had noticed that the wind was blowing somewhat of a gale. As we passed two little girls along the way we noticed their hats hanging at their side, fastened by a string, or rubber, and their hands on the top of their heads. It looked odd, and upon asking one of the party, who lived in the neighborhood, and who was in the carriage with us, we were informed that the girls were holding their hair on their heads.

But in a number of the coast valleys of Oregon another "drawback" is found. The rivers, swollen by

the freshet waters in the winter, overflow their banks and cover almost the entire valley to a depth of three to ten feet or more. Then may be seen the logs and driftwood floating down from the mountains, and often at a bend in the river this driftwood is crowded out of the main course of the river and left floating in the still water in the fields.

Then, too, many other things may be seen floating down toward the ocean. It occasionally happens that some farmer who has planted pumpkins with his corn, or who has raised a field of them for stock feed, has not yet harvested them when an early overflow comes, and when the first water rushes into the field they float out into the river's current, if there is the least current across the field, and the golden-colored pumpkins may then be seen floating off toward their watery grave, unless picked up by people in boats.

And, to vary the scene, the old pigpen, which is build on heavy, split-out timbers as a floor, and which will float, is sometimes seen adrift with a squealing piece of pork in it. Of course, such cases are rare, and they are soon caught by some boatman.

Often stock are isolated upon some high knoll and stay there until their owner comes in a boat and makes them wade or swim to the foothills, or to the barn, which sometimes is built upon a knoll sufficiently high to be safe. But hogs sometimes grow restless, or even frantic, when the water surrounds them, and keeps coming closer and closer until they plunge in and swim, as some did for us, a distance of a quarter of a mile or thereabouts. In an instance or two, I have been told of, they were so crazed that they swam into the river's current, then down with the stream until they were tired out and at last drowned.

An amusing, though it might have been serious, incident, occurred when a middle-aged couple, who had bought a little place near us, awoke one morning and found their house surrounded with water. The overflow was nearly to its highest mark, and when neighbors came in a boat they found Mrs. —— sitting on top of the table and Mr. —— standing in the two or three inches of water that was on the floor, dipping it up and pouring it out of an open window. Of course, it could seep in faster than four men could bail it out, so it kept its level with the water outside.

It is also told that a woman put on wading boots, took her bucket and a long pole and waded out to find their open well, to get some water, but I can not vouchsafe for the truth of that.

But are these things really drawbacks? No one would deny that they are objectionable features, in the sight of some, but is that the basis upon which we may decide that point? It is a very ill wind that blows no one good, and these things may all or nearly all be appreciated by some and be a help in some way.



An Oregon Overflow.

If we judge on a basis of likes and dislikes, even some of the most necessary things would be called drawbacks. Then notice what benefit may be derived from some of them.

An overflow after two, three or four days, recedes, leaving the land enriched, for the sediment settles and covers it from a depth of half an inch to an inch, making the land much more fertile for the coming year. Then the moles are drowned out, and in that way a better stand for the crops raised is assured.

The driftwood is often caught by a number of people, thus affording fuel for the next summer. And though it is necessary to look ahead and plan to be ready for the overflow, there is no need for alarm upon its arrival, though it might look very strange to awake and find your house surrounded by water. Most all of the buildings are put upon ground that does not overflow, or else are built high enough above the ground to be secure. Look again, and you will see that nearly any country that has wind enough to cause the girls to hold on to their curls is also without a very good supply of water on the surface for stock purposes or even for house use, but the same wind can be made to pump the needed supply of water.

In the dust storms and sand storms I see no special benefit to mention, unless it be the enjoyment afforded the children, for in a fairly-tight frame house, after a severe storm, they can write their names or draw pictures in the dust on the exposed floors or tabletops. And still, if it is a westerly wind, during wheat-growing time in eastern Washington, it is hailed as a great help toward insuring good crops, for the heat is kept back and the moist air enlivens and helps the grain. Then in any of the " drawbacks " look for the benefits, and,

" Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them."

It always helps us to appreciate some good that may

come to us, if just before it there has been a hard struggle or a darkness.

You see we need a few things to stir us up, wake us up, and get us in a shape to enjoy the better parts of life. Some of the people living in the torrid zone, where fruits and nuts are so plentiful as to make work unnecessary, become so indifferent and lazy that they are not able to enjoy life; while those living where it gets cold in the winter know they must prepare for it, and consequently, they are energetic, lively, wide-awake and able to enjoy life more fully.

Now, are not the things we often hear called "drawbacks" in reality blessings in disguise—conditions to help prepare us to enjoy life? Remember, they are things from the Creator's hands, and we surely are unable to know better than he what it is best for us to have.

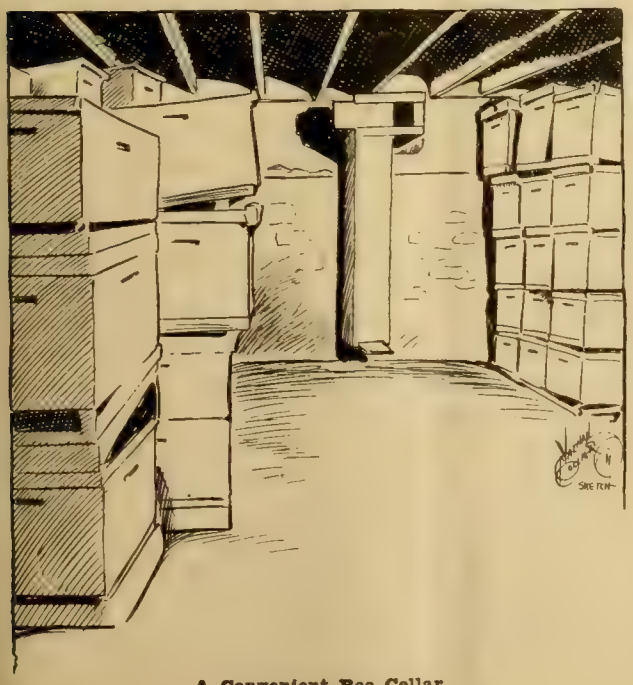
Chicago, Ill.

THE HONEY BEE

D. J. Blocher

OF all living creatures there is none so industrious and economical as the honey bee. It is always at work when anything is to be done, and never attempting to do anything unless there is something with which to do. However, in each case, the bee instinctively finds out more than a whole lot of human beings will do. It is this instinctive, uncertain effort of the bee that aids man in his pursuits of happiness and business, and the commercial progress of the world. This is now considered actual value in the progress of the business world. Therefore, the study of the bee is rapidly finding its way into literature and education. Professional men and women are bringing the bee into their very door yard for pleasure, profit and instruction.

In the working season the majority of the bees die in the field, and their place of death is seldom known. On the other hand, if nothing is to be had the bee wastes no time and energy rampling, but carries water and thereafter stays at home encouraging bees and stores.



A Convenient Bee Cellar.

In the economy of bees, all drones and drone larvæ are killed at the beginning of a honey dearth. Then all freshly-laid eggs will be disposed of as being the least valuable. Next follow the youngest larvæ, and so on as the dearth increases. Should the dearth continue, there will be no brood till honey comes. Should no honey come, the bees will live sparingly and feed the queen to the very last, in the hope of tiding their generation over the crisis. I have known whole colonies to perish and the queen bee live, for the last of the family.

The above illustration shows only a part of the interior of our cellar, where we have stored away one hundred and forty colonies of bees. Most of the bees were behind the skilcher, and could not well be shown. However, this one end of the cellar shows our method of putting away our bees for the winter. One double ventilator is also shown. By this pure air is admitted into the cellar, and the impure air is taken out. There are two dampers to close or open, to adjust conditions inside the cellar to those outside. Most of the time, however, they are open. The honey bee becomes semi-hibernate in winter, and may be confined for six or nine months without injury, if proper precautions are taken. However, no one but an expert need try this in doors, and no expert will try to accomplish such a feat out of doors, as it can not be done. Where sunshine and clouds, heat and cold alternate, the bee does not continue in a semi-hibernate state. It is always ready under such conditions to work if anything is to be done.

It practices industry and economy effectively and to the point. Human intelligence can not equal it.

* * *

HEAVEN doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

Henry M. Spickler

Author of "Around the World" Series. In 3 Parts. Part I.

EVERYBODY struggles for recognition. Recognition is what we all seek. On it we depend for life and its reward. Without it, life is one long wail. Recognized, we live in the sunshine of heaven.

The struggle for recognition begins in the cradle. The cry of the babe is the cry for recognition. All a-quiver is its round little body, reaching out at one end and kicking out at the other, making more and funnier faces in one minute than the best elocutionist in an hour. "Pa-pa-pa! Da-da-da!" this writhing, rolling, rollicking baby, laughing and crying, screaming and screeching, pawing the enemies out of its golden future, struggles for recognition. And he'll get it. That boy will be recognized. Struggling for recognition, kicking the cover off, the babe comes into his possession. He learns to walk and now may better satisfy his wants. He climbs into his daddy's lap; rides thousands of magic miles upon his foot. Learning the wondrous power of human speech he finds another instrument to fight his way. He is full of questions that hang together like links on a cistern chain.

From struggling childhood he struggles into youth, always expecting that laudable reward, recognition. He says less about it, but he does more for it than ever. He dreams of new boots and a check suit. He trains his horse to a swifter speed. He is heard in the medal contest, or runs in the Fourth of July potato race. He grows the biggest corn, struggles with logarithms in college, sends the tennis-ball over the net, or kicks a touchdown on the gridiron; swims the farthest, shoots the straightest, laughs the loudest, all because he wants to be known,—he wants to be used. He wants to become one of the active, honored, reliable, prosperous millions who on the struggle up life's ladder have secured recognition.

The infant has grown into a man. Not lessened, but increased is the struggle. The contest is more severe. He is a struggler with strugglers. He wishes a good job, a red touring car, an elegant office, a good business, a fertile farm, a political position, an admiring audience.

Out of all these wishes arises the desire for a home. Now the struggle begins in dead earnest. He falls in love with some modest girl. He thinks she ought to know it without his telling her so. The struggle increases when more attention is paid to method. His pillow at night is as hot as a flatiron. His appetite is gone. Never mind, he is inventing something on which no patent will be granted, but it may win the love from the only girl who best can help him to win recognition from a busy world. The minister recognizes them as man and wife. They settle in a cottage and take in boarders,—little brownies,—until around the table these little boarders struggle to manhood, to go out into the world as the strongest possible agents for the recognition of that father and mother.

The infant struggles. The youth struggles. The man struggles. Everywhere people struggle. Recognition, reward, appreciation, sympathy are sought by the masses. At this moment millions are dying for simple recognition. They are having a hard fight and are ready to haul down the blue flag of honor and run up the white flag of defeat or the red flag of rebellion. The guardian angels have vanished from their sky. About them, men, eager, bent on selfish success, turn to them the icy shoulder of neglect. The only voice they hear is the voice of crying demons, shrieking: "Give it up! What's the use! Curse God and die!" They have been fighting among comrades whose success has been phenomenal, but from whom they have had no real help. The Chicago *American* told of a miner by the name of John Osmillian, who was trapped in his chamber by an explosion. For days he digged toward the outer world, at last losing his mind in his terrible efforts to free himself from an awful death. He did not know that outside of his prison walls men were digging, night and day, to rescue him. How long the minutes and the hours to that innocent man! Then they reached him. They could hear him raving in there. And when released he dashed at them,—his friends,—biting like a beast, and was taken to the insane asylum. Osmillian believed that no one was helping him; that he was fighting his bitter battle alone. This lack of friends and not the prison walls made him mad.

"How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath a withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chilled at first,—
If checked, in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fog and sink again;
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain head,

Become enthroned in upper air
And turn to sun-bright glories there."

It isn't only the first lift we all need. It is the second, the third and the twentieth. The man who helps another to his first success is a true benefactor. The one who keeps him there, by sympathetic recognition, is the greatest benefactor. It isn't enough to start a man right. He may perish at the very gateway of success. While we were battling with the wintry waves a young sailor on a comrade vessel was washed overboard. His heavy suit made it hard for him to keep afloat, and the swell carried him away. He caught the rope thrown by an officer and clung desperately as they drew him out of the heaving ocean. But his fingers were numb, and just as he reached the rail he lost his hold, dropped back into the sea and disappeared forever.

The agony on that sinking boy's face, the awful despair, is often pictured in the life of the young man entering upon his career. His only capital is an ardent wish to succeed. His hope is in being recognized by those around him. His position is at the bottom. His aspiration is at the top. He is battling in the waves. His place is on deck.

The merchant seeks recognition. His store is full of goods intended to bring happiness to his customers. To attract them he uses novel and expensive advertising. But he must be recognized. The farmer has an abundant crop of corn. He can't eat all of it, so he expects a fair price for his labor. The man at the anvil, the woman over the stove, the stenographer at the desk, the unemployed on the street, all demand recognition. The young lawyer hopes for a client that will bring his forensic powers into the spot-light of publicity. The girl with the voice that makes you think of love and daring, dreams of a vast audience enraptured at the song she must sing. The preacher, glowing in the rapture of his first efforts, longs to tell the story of the Cross, hoping that a friend will bring his name before a more influential parish. But they all must be *recognized*.

The masses cry for recognition. "Will I never see anybody or get anywhere?" cried a little Wisconsin girl in her country home. Yes, Frances, you will see everybody and get everywhere,—after a struggle. Because of the scorn of thoughtless men and the hate of envious women you will have to starve first on crusts and walk when others ride. But when the greatest temperance power on earth, the W. C. T. U., did recognize her, ten thousand of her noble sex sat under her spell at once, and millions read every word ever written by that uncrowned queen.

A street Arab became interested in machines. He was eager to know how things worked,—on the inside. Because of his curiosity foremen turned him down as a nuisance for fear he would go away with part of it in his pocket. He did go away,—but not until he had *all* of it,—in his brain. One day, in old straw hat, he stood, awkward, at the door of a telegraph office, begging the operator to let him talk over the wire. "Certainly," he replied, with a mocking laugh. He called up a distant city. Two dashes, three dots (m, s) rang along the line. He was answered by two dots (i). Then he sent his message. "Too fast," broke in the distant operator, and the urchin slowed up. Then he received from the city man. The instrument clicked at the usual rate. "Faster!" broke in the "hayseed," "faster!" and under that straw hat, in that unrecognized brain ten thousand useful inventions were struggling for recognition. There in that big brain were new modes of telegraphing. The telephone was there, with the soft feminine "Hello" at one end and you at the other. Under that old straw hat was the world's eighth wonder, the talking machine. No wonder the lad cried out, "Faster!" There was something buzzing in that brain that had to come out or it would burst. Edison won recognition. But if friends had not stood by him he might have been crushed into mediocrity or become a gambler. Not every straw hat has under it a brain stuffed with a telegraph system, a telephone and a graphophone, but all of us have there a talking machine. We should be given an opportunity to use it.

The masses struggle for recognition. In the open air in London I addressed three thousand workers in the Royal Arsenal. That crowd of three thousand workers was possible because of their insatiable desire for recognition. In East End, London, I mingled with motley crowds from whose breasts had fled forever any hope for recognition. An English gentleman, looking from his palace window as a gang of such ruffians went by, shrieking and swearing, said: "As I see the brutal, reckless faces and figures go past me it rouses the recklessness and brutality in me also, and fierce wrath takes possession of me till I remember that I was born respectable and rich, and that has put me on the side of the window among delightful books and lovely works of art, and not on the other side, in the empty street, the liquor shops and the foul, degraded lodgings. Should not our nation stop warring with outside foes and give these poor people the pleasure and the hopes of men? I know by my own feelings what these men want: employment which would foster their self-respect and win the praise and sympathy of their fellows; dwellings which they would come to with pleasure, surroundings which would soothe and elevate them."

The masses cry for bread. They want a square meal. Maddened by the pangs of hunger, the French mob swept into Paris, pounding at the gates of the Bastille. Marie Antoinette rolled over and asked what it meant. "Your people have come in from the coun-

try, starving, and clamor for bread." "Bread!" she laughed, "why don't they eat pie!" Driven by hunger the English people knocked at the gates of the King's palace. In a rough, unfeeling voice, the King roared: "What's that noise?" "Your Majesty, they are your subjects, beating at the gates, and they cry for bread." "Bread!" he roared, "let them eat grass." "Father, we want freedom," plead the wretched peasants before the Czar; "a little land, a little happiness, some recognition." And the soft-headed old Nick answered them with a breastful of buckshot!

I wiped the sweat from my brow as I stood alongside the man with the hoe in France. There was no American hope in his face. There was but little practical democracy there. Crushed, heavy, soggy, blunt, but kindly, sweet-tempered and manly he was. I pledged him my aid. "What do you think of this?" said he, pointing to the little plough he was pushing in the soil, and then adding, "Ne pas bas!" ("not at all good"). Twenty years ago that peasant was satisfied. But it is different today. He meant to tell me that his lot was the lot of a slave,—of one who had been crushed by the caste system of Europe. "But I was meant for better things. My wife was to have been a domestic queen, my children schooled. But look at them yonder." Then he took a step forward, his huge jaw elevated, his eyes the strength of ten men; "and by the grace of God and my own backbone, they shall be!" What has happened to that Frenchman? The American Constitution has been shot into that skull. He has heard the bugle call, "the world belongs to him who works," "for every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree." On a German farm I worked sixteen hours a day for twenty-four cents, with socialistic farm-hands, representatives of three million socialists in Germany. The seven men of us each had a hoe, and when the women's gang was with us, it was the woman with the hoe. They asked me about conditions in our country. When I told them that an American farm-hand began work after sunup and left off before sundown, their eyes bulged. When I told them that we hirelings in the United States sat down at the farmer's table with his family, their eyes stood out like marbles. When I told them that we ate the same food, seated at the same table with the farmer's family,—buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, sausage and coffee for breakfast, chicken or roast beef for dinner, lamb and pork chops for supper, cream and sugar, pies and cakes, salads and dressings, ices and meringues, they looked at one another as if to say: "The American is lying to us. He thinks we're fools." They didn't believe any of it, and the foreman watched me more closely to see that I did not cover up the weeds I was paid to hoe out. I saw a woman hitched to a plow with a cow and on the other side of the road sixteen women were hoeing side by side in a forty-acre field, while behind strode a man with a long-lashed whip. The housegirl there is often required to rise at three, make four or five fires and do the work of several girls. She has no social recognition. After the family dines she eats her "bite." The slop from the coffee grounds is her drink. A little German boy complained of harsh usage and insufficient food. Instead of sympathy the master called for a blacksnake and whipped the boy before the eyes of the foreman who had ill-used him, then sent him back to a worse slavery. But the sighs of that beautiful German girl and the sting of that lash have gone around the world. Their German friends here have been calling to them and they are coming to us. They want recognition. So do we. So does the whole world. Every heart is lonely. All are looking for some friend to put them at their best.

Chicago, Ill.

THE PASSING OF GREAT PEOPLE

Dallas B. Kirk

Feb. 1. Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, who piloted the U. S. fleet around the world in 1908-09. He represented the United States at The Hague in 1906. Aged 63 years.

Feb. 1. A. C. Harvey, district passenger agent of the Great Northern Railway Company. Aged 70 years.

Feb. 1. Simon Wing, inventor of the first multiplying camera, and the first Socialist Labor candidate for the presidency of the United States.

Feb. 2. Christian S. Overholt, president of the board of trustees of the Mount Pleasant, Pa., Classical and Scientific Institute, for twenty-five years. Aged 87 years.

Feb. 4. Gen. Piet A. Conje ("The Lion of South Africa"), noted Boer leader.

Feb. 4. Owen Kildare, American author. Aged 46 years.

Feb. 5. William H. DeHart, naval engineer during the American Civil War. Aged 68 years.

Feb. 6. Dr. Leonard P. Kinnicutt, director of chemistry at Worcester, Mass., Polytechnic Institute. Aged 57 years.

Feb. 6. Lieut. Stein, German military aviator.

Feb. 7. George E. Zuber, Pennsylvania pioneer oil man. He was a survivor of a gas well explosion in 1860. Aged 92 years.

Feb. 8. Melville W. DeWolf, vice-president of the Erie Railroad. Aged 78 years.

Feb. 9. Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal church of Pennsylvania. Aged 80 years.

Feb. 10. James Chierson, editor of the Philadelphia, Pa., Inquirer. Aged 73 years.

Feb. 10. Richard Hill, leader of the "Church of Christ," in U. S., born in England. Aged 83 years.

Feb. 10. Dr. Edward G. Janeway, philanthropist and tuberculosis doctor. Aged 70 years.

Feb. 10. Charles Leibert, former cashier of the Bethlehem, Pa., steel works, and trustee of the Moravian College. Aged 55 years.

Feb. 11. Patrick J. Ryan, R. C. archbishop of Philadelphia, Pa. Aged 70 years.

Feb. 11. William Gibbs, oldest volunteer fireman of Philadelphia, Pa. Aged 91 years.

Feb. 11. Baron Albert de Rothschild, Austrian millionaire. Aged 67 years.

Feb. 12. Henry Bellis, father-in-law of Sousa, the noted bandmaster. Aged 83 years.

Feb. 13. John E. Payne, president of the Erie and Western Transportation Company. Aged 75 years.

Feb. 13. William Arringdale. He went to Africa as a missionary with Bishop Taylor, twenty-five years ago. Aged 71 years.

Feb. 13. John W. Harrison, one of the few remaining delegates who organized the Republican Party. Aged 93 years.

Feb. 13. Edwin A. Jaggard, justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. Agd 52 years.

Feb. 14. David Boyle, Scotch Canadian ethnologist. Aged 68 years.

Feb. 15. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, professor of hygiene in Amherst College, Mass. Aged 83 years.

Feb. 15. Henry Cumberland, American correspondent of the New York Sun, from London. Aged 52 years.

Feb. 16. Daisy Drake, from the Drake University, Iowa, missionary to India for fourteen years.

Feb. 16. George Hires, former U. S. Congressman, from New Jersey. Aged 67 years.

Feb. 17. Leroy S. White, American inventor for making seamless boilers. Aged 82 years.

Feb. 19. Dr. W. O. B. Wingate, chairman of the State Board of Health, of Wisconsin. Aged 62 years.

Feb. 19. Jules Lejeune, ex-member of the Cabinet at Brussels.

Feb. 20. Amos L. Allen, U. S. Representative from Maine.

Feb. 20. Mrs. Francis Harper, noted colored anti-slavery lecturer. Aged 86 years.

Feb. 21. Charles Fowler, famous detective of the "Molly Maguire" period. Aged 76 years.

Feb. 21. H. J. McSheey, editor and founder of the Logansport, Ind., Chronicle. Aged 57 years.

Feb. 21. John A. Macaulay, oldest member of the Philadelphia Corn Exchange. Aged 80 years.

Feb. 22. James D. Slade, financial editor of the Philadelphia, Pa., Public Ledger. Aged 49 years.

Feb. 22. Isaac McMichael, general manager of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company, of Canada. Aged 71 years.

Feb. 23. Gen. Brum, French Minister of War.

Feb. 23. Quanah Parker, famous Comanche Indian chief.

Feb. 23. Dr. A. O. J. Kelley, one of the greatest practitioners in the medical world, and author of several medical works. Aged 41 years.

Feb. 24. Joseph S. Evans, oldest Baptist minister in Pennsylvania. Aged 81 years.

Feb. 24. Mrs. Henry K. Harnish, charity worker during the American Civil War. Aged 86 years.

Feb. 27. John L. Carroll, ex-Governor of Maryland. Aged 81 years.

John L. Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, the English author. Aged 73 years.

Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," who wrote for Charles Dickens.

Gen. Alex. S. Webb, chief of staff to Gen. Meade at Gettysburg. Aged 75 years.

Judge Milton J. Durkham, Comptroller of the Treasury, during Cleveland's administration. Aged 87 years.

TO SEE AN ACORN GROW.

CUT a circular piece of cardboard to fit the top of a hyacinth glass so as to rest on the ledge and exclude the air. Then make a hole through the center of the card and run through it a strong thread, having a small piece of wood tied to one end, which, resting on the card above the hole, will prevent the thread from being drawn through.

To the other end of the thread attach a good, sound acorn, and, having half filled the glass with water, suspend the acorn in the glass at a short distance above the surface of the water. Keep the glass in a warm room, and in a few days you will see that the steam that has generated in the glass will hang from the acorn in a large drop of water.

Soon the acorn will burst and the root will protrude and thrust itself into the water. In a few days more a stem will shoot out at the other end, and, in rising, will press against the card, in which a hole must now be cut to let it pass through. From this stem small leaves will soon sprout, and in a few weeks you will have a sturdy little oak tree.

FAITHFUL MEMORY OF A COW.

A FARMER in the town of Perdeal, in Servia, had his best cow stolen from him in May, 1909. No trace of the cow nor of the thief could be found.

Last February a cattle train from Hungary was passing through the depot at Perdeal, when several peasants, the owner of the cow amongst them, recognized the animal that had been stolen three-quarters of a year before, in one of the cars. The former owner protested, but the cow was transported to its destination with the rest of the cattle.

A complaint of his, however, led to the following decision of the Solomonic judge. The cow was to be brought back to Perdeal and let loose. If she returned to her former stable on her own acocunt, she should remain with the plaintiff. After ten months' absence, the cow, without hesitation, after being set free, took the way to her old abode to the greatest joy and pride of her rightful master.—*Farm and Fireside.*

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Progressive Liability Bill.

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey has scored another notable victory. One of the four important measures of the session has become law, after remarkably smooth passage in the legislature. The measure is a comprehensive and progressive employers' liability act. It puts New Jersey among the States that have at last done justice to labor and provided for proper compensation for unavoidable industrial accidents.

The act contains no such feature as the highest court of New York recently felt itself constrained to annul as unconstitutional. There is a compensation schedule for injuries, but its operation is not compulsory. Employers and employés are free to accept it or to fall back on their respective legal rights.

But these "rights" are not what they are under antiquated and unfair common-law notions. The act abolishes, as grounds of defense, contributory negligence, the negligence of a fellow servant, or the presumed assumption of the risks of the trade by the employé. The act is not a "universal compensation" measure, but it greatly extends the liability of employers and insures compensation, with or without litigation, to hundreds if not thousands of careful and honest workers who, under the old law, could expect no relief or justice.

In the light of the New York decision, which was not as reactionary as some think, although subject to reasonable criticism, this New Jersey act is well within the Constitution. It takes no property without due process of law; it merely abrogates certain statutory or judge-made defenses and adopts new standards of care and responsibility in obedience to changed industrial and social conditions.

Three Thousand New Bills Introduced.

DURING the first three days that the House was in session, 3,000 bills were introduced. This flood came in the face of a legislative program laid down by the Democratic majority, which proposes to confine legislation at this session to a few subjects, which are considered the most pressing. Each Congress begins anew. Bills which failed of passage at a previous session must be reintroduced to receive consideration.

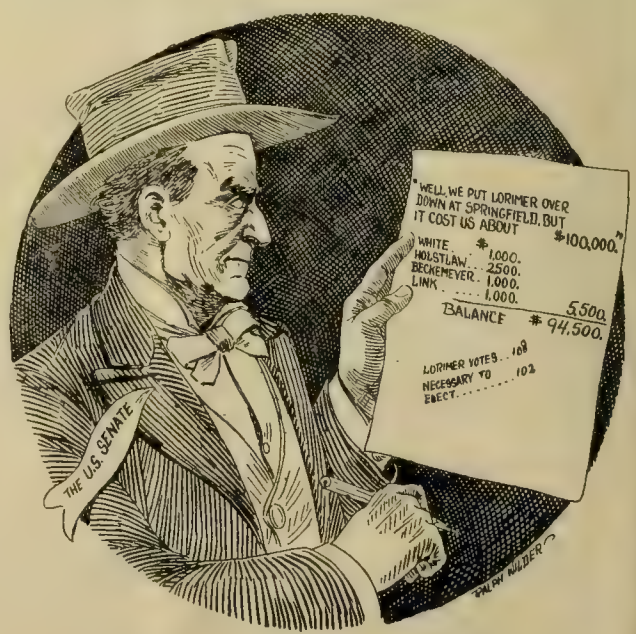
About two-thirds of the bills are private bills relating to pensions and increases of pensions for veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars. A large number of bills to amend the tariff have already been introduced. They are of the popgun variety, dealing with separate schedules and individual articles. There is a struggle on for the distinction of presenting the resolution for the direct election of senators to be given preference by the House committee. Publicity of campaign contributions seems popular among congressmen by the number of bills introduced on that subject. Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico has not been overlooked.

In the Senate less than 300 bills were introduced during the three sessions.

The Lorimer Case Again.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: "The Senate will again be called upon to decide whether Senator Lorimer is entitled to his seat, according to a statement made by Senator La Follette, who introduced a resolution declaring the seat of the junior senator from Illinois vacant.

The revelations of the legislative inquiry at Springfield, involving the President and Senators Penrose and Aldrich, are not a circumstance to the evidence to come, according to this senator. No fear is felt that serious opposition can be made in connection with the



—Record-Herald.

introduction of the resolution, it being maintained that although the Senate once voted to allow Lorimer to retain his seat, the new Senate is quite as well qualified to judge of the qualifications of its members as was the Senate in the last Congress, regardless of previous trials."

Want Lorimer Case Rushed.

THERE was some disappointment when the Senate adjourned in the opening days of the session without a discussion of the Lorimer case. Members are not well informed of the plans of Senator La Follette and his progressive associates expected the Wisconsin man to speak on his resolution ordering a new investigation. Mr. Lorimer was in his seat, and there was a general air of expectancy.

But those senators most active in behalf of the La Follette resolution have agreed to await further developments from Springfield. On the other hand, Democratic senators are not inclined to permit matters to be long delayed. There is a strong impression in the Senate that another inquiry cannot be avoided, no matter whether more damaging testimony is obtained at Springfield or not.

Easter visitors filled the Senate galleries long after the Senate adjourned. Quite unconscious, in deep meditation, Mr. Lorimer remained in his seat for some time after the floor had been deserted by other senators, and proved by the notice taken of him by the visitors that his case is attracting wide public attention.

Senator Lorimer is not ready to talk at this time. He refuses to discuss his plans, and will not admit that he intends to make a speech on the recent developments in his case.

Guaranteed Banking in Oklahoma.

THOSE who have noticed in press dispatches that several Oklahoma State banks have taken out national bank charters will be interested in the following letter written by a gentleman having an intimate acquaintance with Oklahoma banking business:

"When the guaranty law went into effect, there were 490 State banks, with total deposits approximately $18,000,000, and in our last call report for January 7, there were 695 banks reported, with total individual deposits of $54,000,000, showing an increase of $34,000,000 in three years. At the same time the national banks showed an increase of about $8,000,000.

"This State being new there has naturally been a great deal of money coming into the State, and strangers not knowing any bankers or any banking institutions, but having read of the guaranty law, have naturally chosen State banks.

"The banking law has been a subject of a great deal of discussion, both within the State and in other States. At the time it was passed it was discussed pro and con, and the discussion was merely based on the opinion of individuals as to what the results would be. When bank failures came, it was again discussed. However, this discussion was only among the bankers and not among the depositors. There has been approximately $5,000,000 paid to depositors since this enforcement who had their money in failed banks. This money was paid on demand and there has never been a depositor that has lost a cent or been delayed in getting his money."

Our Treaty With Russia.

A DETERMINED effort to force Russia to give equality of treatment to citizens of the United States regardless of religion, has been inaugurated. Spasmodic attempts in this direction have been made from time to time without result. Russian persecution of the Jews is at the bottom of the agitation, but even when American citizens have been humiliated and in some cases subjected to even more serious treatment, our State Department has been powerless to prevent the discrimination practiced. At different times formal "protests" have been made to the Czar's government. Now it is proposed anew to force Russia to cease its discrimination or else bring sufficient pressure to bear on the executive branch of this government to break the treaty of more than three-quarters of a century's standing which nominally grants reciprocal rights of commerce and navigation. Following the resolution on the subject, presented in the House on the opening day of the session by Representative Sulzer, chairman of the foreign affairs committee, Senator Culberson of Texas offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the Senate that the treaty of 1832 be abrogated.

Russia's Position.

WHAT Russia would suffer by the abrogation of the treaty in question would be the guaranteed security now provided for in the existing convention. Of course, in the absence of any treaty, American citizens would not have the same treaty rights some of them now enjoy, but the whole proposition of abrogation is based on the theory that protection that is not for all citizens is not worth having for any. At any rate, it is believed that Russia will find it expedient under the proposed circumstances to make a treaty that will obviate all phases of discrimination.

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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The Man Who Knows.

It's not the things that a man doesn't know that makes him a fool, but it's the things that he thinks he knows that aren't so. The best interests of the world are often hindered by the man who has learned that he knows a good deal, but has not learned that the world at large knows a good deal more than he does. His trouble is he stopped too soon. One of the most dangerous forms of worldliness is ignorance. The Great Teacher in speaking of this class of people said: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." It is never commendable to give the impression that one is absolutely right and that one has found out all there is to be known on the question. The man who has a ready opinion on every question that is suggested generally receives much applause in the first breath of public opinion, but he seldom is relied upon when it comes to the final issue. Stubbornness, snobbishness and talkativeness are no virtues. They have done much toward stopping the wheels of progress, and defeating the efforts of honest men, but have never helped any in making conditions better for the community in which they must be tolerated. Bigotry is a label of ignorance. The man who knows always has a high regard for the opinions of other men even though they may differ with him. There is always a possibility of finding new truth by looking at a question from the other man's standpoint.

The Time Savings Bank.

A large correspondence school has gotten out an advertisement, with a cover in fac-simile of a bank book. On the cover is printed: "The Spare Time Savings Bank in Account with Ambitious Americans." This advertisement has marked the turning point of many young men and young women and has directed them from failure to success. Saving time is an accomplishment that is worth while cultivating, but we must keep clearly in mind the difference between the man who saves and the man who is a miser. Some people give so much time to their work that they do not have any spare moments for anything else. In a little while this brings broken health and then follow misery and discomfort accompanied by inability to carry on useful work any longer. That means wasting a number of years in dissatisfaction. Would it not be wiser to be less miserly of time earlier in life and make the whole lifetime more pleasant? One can really accomplish more by spending a reasonable number of hours in regular work and plan to have some spare moments. These moments, however, need not be wasted. They can be utilized in following some other line of work, which will be profitable and restful. It is a false conception of economy to think that one must spend one's vacation in absolute idleness. People who do this always come back to their work in worse shape than they were in when they left it. The reckless spendthrift sins against society and the miser sins against himself. A happy medium must be found where we are duly considerate of the rights of society and yet remember the obligations we owe ourselves. There are so many opportunities for personal advancement these days that it becomes a sin to neglect them. Many of us waste time most shamefully when we think we are busily engaged in our regular duties. It is sometimes well to make a careful inventory and see how our time is really spent.

Personal Stamina.

Character is the fundamental condition for social betterment. We do not wish to use the word character as a mere synonym for an amiable disposition. We must include more if the word is to stand for anything. Intelligence and strength are duties. Weakness invites pity and contempt. All peoples and professions weed out the unfit. Among the elements of character required by the modern conditions of existence is the desire to enjoy a variety of goods. A man who is content with corn, bacon and a one-roomed cabin, finds no place in the modern industrial system. A civilized man wants many things and is willing to work hard to get them. The heirs of unearned wealth and the parasites who live upon the common fruits of toil are generally the first to declaim against the vices of the poor. The vices of the rich are hidden under satin robes and they fail to see them. There is an immense amount of criticism about the wastefulness of the "lower" classes on the part of those who, if they were paid according to the value of their social service, would be clothed in rags and fed on pancakes. The parasite who lives from the profits of inherited wealth, and wastes his time is not as good as the pau-

per who honestly asks for the aid of his fellow-men. A rich manufacturer is a trustee of social capital. No reasonable person objects to an unusual expenditure of money on his part for personal use so long as those expenditures give leisure for higher forms of service, and bring into the common life finer natures enriched by pictures, travel, and wide intellectual relations. It is the meaningless, barbaric, immoral expenditure of money against which all should protest in an effective way. Extravagance and luxury are the keynote of ruin. They are closely accompanied by dishonesty, fraud and corruption covered with glitter and display. Many a valuable citizen has served the world at less cost for his entire life, than many overbearing dandies spend in a few wine parties. The man who cannot earn what he spends is a worthless parasite and lacks the personal stamina which is needed in every good citizen.

The Home of the Honey-bee.

YEARS ago when the Sunflower State was covered with buffalo grass and sand-burs and the western wells were dried up by the hot winds, my grandfather took a half dozen colonies of bees from Indiana to Kansas. The first summer half of them died with swollen tongues, being unable to get enough water to quench their thirst, and the following winter the rest of them froze to death. Grandfather explained to me that the home of the honey-bee was over in the east where there was plenty of timber. Since that time, however, conditions have changed until now there are more bees in the West than in the East. Last year Texas produced more than 15,000,000 pounds of honey valued at $3,500,000. It is estimated that there are 600,000 swarms in that State valued at $5,500,000, and it is known that they are increasing very rapidly.

It is a curious fact that bees insure large fruit crops. This is due to the industry of the bee which, flitting from blossom to blossom in its work of gathering honey, distributes the pollen, fertilizing the blossom, thus assisting in the production of the fruit. This task is in many places left to the breeze which is never so reliable as the bee.

The Unemployed.

EVERY year there are thousands of willing men out of employment. There are always unemployed men in every community, but in years of financial depression there is a great troop of honest men among them. The cost of progress often rests upon the shoulders of these men. The very inventions which are the marks of social progress turn into the cold streets many men who are too old to learn to use the new machinery. Men with strong arms and stout hearts must go hungry, cold and ragged and sometimes be driven to suicide by the cries of hungry children while wheat sells like drugs and workshops stand empty. Progress moves forward and crushes its own ministers under its pitiless wheels. Is there no remedy for these evils and must human life continue to be sacrificed every step of progress? Human nature is the primary consideration. There are no social changes for the better which go forward independent of individual action. There is no royal road to competency without faithful, intelligent work. There is no substitute for hard work. But he who mixes thought with brute power serves himself and society better than he who depends upon physical power alone. Hands must work but the wits must be the foreman and the fingers must be directed by intelligence. The blacksmith who spends his evenings learning mechanical drawing, the strength of iron and the history of inventions, is ever preparing himself to rise, and he is also contributing a larger share to social wealth. Not all the causes of poverty lie within the range of individual will and character or can be removed without the coöperation of the community. But every man can go a certain distance on the path of self-education and self-reliance. If the sense of the power and responsibility of the individual decays and men generally grow into the habit of looking to others or to the government for the initiative, the strength of character and productive force will diminish, and with these personal happiness will be lost.

Reform in Mexico.

A MEXICO CITY dispatch, carried by the Associated Press, says: "Committing himself to the advocacy of many of the reforms demanded by the revolutionists, although professedly bowing only to the influence of public opinion, General Diaz answered his critics through the semi-annual message at the opening of the national congress. The principle of no reëlection of the chief executive and incumbents of other elective offices, and the reform of the electoral laws, so that the privilege of the ballot may be enjoined by those citizens 'who are considered capable of voting,' were advocated. The message refers specifically to the application of the no reëlection principle in the naming of governors, one of the chief contentions of the discontented element throughout the republic, the president saying that if a bill providing for the 'periodical renovation' of the officials in question should come before Congress it would have his earnest support. Abuse of power by jefes politico, another of the crying evils complained of by residents in the rural districts, throughout Mexico, is to be abated, according to the plan outlined by the president. The president proposes to improve the efficiency of the judiciary through a more careful selection of its personnel and lengthening of the tenure of offices."



THE HOME WORLD



THE AFFECTION FOR HOME

Richard Braunstein

IN a former article I wrote of the affections in general, under the caption "The Culture of the Heart." I wish to treat further of the affections in a more specific form, and in this paper we shall study the *motive* of love as related to the individual and the home.

When we get to the roots of human society, we find it began with two persons, one man and one woman. From that grew the family, the nation and the race. The story of Eden, with its peace and beauty, is only the setting of that picture of mutual love which age repeats to age and which never loses its charm. Says Michelet, "Society is founded on the family institution, and the family institution on love; hence, love precedes all." That mysterious something in another which attracts, holds—fuses all desire, all hope, all ambition, all purpose into one dominant emotion—is the intensest form the affections assume. This has been the inspiration of many of the noblest works of genius. Artists, musicians, poets, have wrought under its spell. Their best poems, their best music, their noblest creations have arisen at its command. Michael Angelo called out of the marble, forms of imperishable beauty and flung on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel the sublimest conceptions inspired by the thought of Vittoria Colonna. Raphael's Madonnas are but the reflections of La Fornarina's beauty, which kindled in his soul an undying flame. Bach wrote his harmonious chorals and his wonderful Passion music which seems to vibrate with the love and grief of the Man of Sorrows, inspired by the love and appreciation of his wife, Magdalena. Shumann's exquisite songs, dreamy as an autumn twilight or passionate as a midsummer's day, are but echoes of love of his Clara, the wife of his youth. The stately melodies of Mendelssohn and his weird "Songs Without Words" are the harmonious expression of his love for Cecilia, his first and last love; and Beethoven's symphonies breathe the aspirations of the master's soul, mingling with the anguish of unrealized love, which, although unrealized, kept him pure amid a thousand temptations. Dante's "Divine Comedy" represents a sinner saved by his love, a life of disorder purified by a memory and a regret. It is the lost Beatrice who is his guiding star, leading him from dissoluteness to purity, out of stormfulness into peace—Beatrice, who kindled in the great Florentine's soul a love so pure and purifying that Carlyle says of it, "I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love, like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft, like a young child's heart; one likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of human affections, perhaps the very purest that came out of a human soul." Byron touches the heart in his poem, "The Dream," as in no other of his works, and the reason is, it was inspired by the memory of the only pure affection that relieved the darkness of his life, for to him it was indeed a sweet dream, and like all dreams, soon passed away, leaving only a memory; and Burns never sings more sweetly than when thinking of his "Mary in Heaven."

It is this mutual affection, pure, strong, true, which must be the cornerstone of the home. "When two young people love each other and marry they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul; neither do they say that anything they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes a new heaven and a new earth; makes all pains light and all cares easy to carry. It is the one enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunatus' purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the Arabian nights into mere prose. This story of love never grows old. Romance and poetry weave it year after year into story and song and the world never grows weary of reading it. Men and women throng a church to see a wedding because of the subtle sympathy all feel with young hearts in their love and hope of a happy home. It has been well said, "All the world loves a lover." Oh, the beauty, the talismanic charm of that word "home." It sweeps all the finest chords of our being with a master's hand.

More people turn again and again to the story of the Prodigal Son and of the home of Bethany than to any other scene in the life of the Great Teacher. The touch of home in them makes all hearts respond to their sweetness. Home means something more than a house or a dormitory. Many men use it as a sleeping place, where they may recruit their exhausted forces, like an engine run into the engine house to be oiled up for the next day's work. Home should be the shrine of love, a place of refuge from the wintry storm and tempest of life. Home should be the oasis in the desert of the world. The true home is founded upon affection and cemented by unselfishness, for love only is the consoler of sorrow, the strengthener of weakness, the sustainer of hope, the safeguard to the tempted, the relief to the fallen. It does not need a big bank account to make such a home. It is not essential to happiness that one should start life in a three-story house. The lowliest rooms may be made a palace beautiful. There is a sweet truth in the old poem with which most of us are familiar:

"Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

"Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that he who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

"Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal
By and by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die,
For I have love and she has gold,
She has wealth, mine can't be told.

"She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in the balance
By and by,
And then the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine."

LET THE CHILD HAVE A LITTLE GARDEN OF HIS OWN

Nancy D. Underhill

EVERY child over nine years of age ought to have a little garden if he cares for it. On farms there is no excuse for denying children this privilege; but even in towns, a child may have a small portion of a backyard for an onion bed or flower bed. Even in the city he may have a little box in the window, in which he may plant a few seeds of some hardy plant. If flowers (which are most desirable for window culture), a few seeds of pansies or of portulaca may be sown. Each child should be required to take proper care of his own garden. If necessary this must be gently though firmly insisted upon. At the same time he should be encouraged by other members of the family taking an interest in *his* garden, noticing the little plants, admiring them, etc. If the garden consists of flowers, let them be duly admired, and let the child be encouraged to give *part* of his blossoms to some invalid or other person who would be cheered thereby. This trains the child to be unselfish.

Should the garden consist of vegetables, let the child be taught how to prepare the soil and plant the seed. Then, require proper care of the little patch until maturity. Suppose the child's garden consists of a bed of onions. Do not gather and use his onions —no, never! They are *his* property. But do not heed those mistakenly-zealous people who insist that the child should sell all his own production, and use the money as he pleases. This is to inculcate selfishness. No; do not make the child a greedy, grasping, selfish pig by teaching it that all it touches belongs to it. Instead, have him so trained that when his onions (or other vegetables) are fit for table use he will *proudly offer* them to mama for the home table. Then she may graciously accept a few (a small mess), taking care to call the attention of others at table to the fact that "those onions came from Johnnie's garden." If father is wise he will remark that "they are of *excellent* quality." Thus will the child be taught

to contribute to the support, comfort, or welfare of his own family, which is right and essential to true manhood.

The mother should then encourage him to *sell* the remainder, first having carefully instructed him that one-tenth of all the proceeds belongs to the Lord. We should pay him that much as interest or rent for the use of his land, for "the earth is the Lord's." So, if the little garden brings but ten cents, one cent should be conscientiously devoted to the sacred purpose. The remainder is his own, to use as he likes; but we should, by the right kind of influence, teach the child to use his money wisely, even though it be ever so little. To spend it for candy or chewing-gum (no one caring how), or to go to a cheap theatrical performance would be only the beginning of a tendency to spend it, later, for cigarettes and other harmful indulgences.

Let the child be encouraged to spend his money for any useful article, such as a good book, a pocketknife, a rubber ball—anything that it will do him good to have, and that will last a while, so he can see that his garden was really worth something. But do not let his own family *buy* his garden. He must be taught that every member of a family should contribute freely to the support of his own family, and it can not be done by buying his products. It is far better to accept a small portion of them, graciously, as Johnnie's contribution to the family income, and let him sell the remainder to strangers, even if by so doing we have to go without that particular vegetable a little while, when we would like to have it.

Now, all that has been said about Johnnie's garden applies equally to Maud's garden, for girls ought to have gardens, just the same as boys. Caring for a garden is very healthful exercise for them, and will do them more good than to spend all their time at play, or going to some place. Then, when they are young ladies, it will do much more toward making them strong, healthy, cheerful, and good-looking, than all the fancy work they can ever do. Let them learn to do certain kinds of fancy work if they wish (*after* they have learned to do plain needlework), but do encourage them to work out of doors some, if only to raise a small flower garden. If they have been accustomed to doing a little flower gardening every spring they will need no urging.

But suppose wee Mary has a little garden, consisting of only nine onions. Well, mama could accept one, to flavor the soup some day, allowing Mary to help prepare the vegetables for it. Then papa would surely notice its excellent flavor; mama could tell how it came to be so good, and Mary would know that her garden was worth all the work it cost her. Then she could sell the remaining eight to a neighbor for a dime—first having carefully washed, trimmed and bunched them; so there would be her shining penny for Sunday's collection, and nine more shining pennies, all her very own, for some other useful purpose. Oh, it pays to let the little ones each have a little garden of their very own.

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

Aurelia Harriet Worth

"The world is so full of a number of things;
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."
—Stevenson.

SOME of us are still living the dream of life, but many of us have left it far behind—so far that we are inclined to laugh at childish fancies and air castles. And this is especially true of people whose own childish memories have become vague, and whose recollections of their games and dreams are hazy in the extreme.

How many of us can truly say that we clearly recollect the dreams of our childhood? Perhaps Stevenson alone, amongst us all, appears to have kept daguerreotypes of the whole series of his childish sensations.

In the child's world of dim sensation, play is all in all, and making-believe is the gist of life.

Probably all will admit the truth of this statement of infant fancy, when it is presented to them in this way, but how many of us, in perfect sincerity, not relying upon legends of the nursery, or refreshed by the study of our own childish make-believes, can say that we clearly remember the method of it? If we try we shall find that our memories are like a breath upon the glass. Nothing is so hopelessly lost as the fancies of our childhood.

I would like you to go with me for a short ramble in "A Child's Garden of Verses," and enter into the spirit and moods of the writer. It will turn the pages of long ago; for the atmosphere in this "garden" is fragrant with the breath of springtime, and the golden glory of bygone days. Let us begin with "Block City":

"What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining; and others may roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

"Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride."

And again:

"Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ship and the men;
And as long as I live and wherever I be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea."

And now we pause for a while in "The Land of Story Books":

"At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

"Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow around the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

"There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

"So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story books."

Perhaps "My Treasures" will bring back a flood of memory, and we will remember our own treasures of the past, now long forgotten; and we will again recall the time when, with blistered hands and sunburned faces, we dug for treasures day after day:

'These nuts that I keep in the back of the nest
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well, by the side of the sea.

'The stone with the white and the yellow and gray,
We discovered, I can not tell how far away;
And I carried it back, although weary and cold,
For, though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold!"

The twilight is beginning to fall and we bring our amble to a close, and once more sit by the blazing earth and watch the "Armies in the Fire":

"The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even' softly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

"Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room:
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

"Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire;
Till, as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the luster dies.

"Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces!"

And then comes the sad time,—the parting time,—when we must say "Farewell to the Farm":

"The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing;
'Good-by, good-by, to everything!'

"Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, 'round the woody turn we swing;
'Good-by, good-by, to everything!'"

Ah, my men and women, what has become of the child heart of you? Do you know of the garden, and the land of make-believe and the wonderful youth there? And what have you missed if you know it not, for the memories of our childhood days should be treasured up and laid away in lavender, just as fond mothers lay away their childish toys in old bureau drawers and sometimes come alone to cry over them in twilight afternoons.

Yesterday should ever be around the corner of today and never difficult to find. What delight to let the feet retrace their steps and wander back again along the idling paths—paths unknown to those prosaic ones who never turn their eyes from mere material things!

Think what it means to be able to set out in quest of adventure in the realm of charm and find new beauties opening up at every hand! Who could ask more of happiness? What matter if in the end—at the return from the journey—there come that inevitable tarnishing and the gold of romance is only the brass of fact? We have had the fleeting pleasures of the golden used-to-be, and the heights and depths of inauguration.

I have only pity for those who can not find the garden and renew their youth—those estranged souls who, having nothing to look back upon, have nothing to look forward to. Long ago they closed their door to their youth, and the bright vista is theirs no more. Only before them is the wearisome road and the mountains beyond.

Year after year they have closed their hearts to the sweet scents of the garden,—to that vale of romance across the borderland,—and nothing is left of tenderness and pity there.

Each one has his garden and a fireside awaiting him there; but is it a beautiful garden,—a garden of dreams,—and is the voice of the presence soft and sweet and low? Or is it a weed-grown garden,—a garden of delusion,—and is the voice of the presence a voice that is never heard? Ah, you are the one who knows!



ART is a joint effort between its creator and patron.

AN APOSTLE OF THE BLIND.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

In conferring a knighthood upon Dr. Francis J. Campbell, the founder of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, the king of England has given honor to whom honor is due. (This refers to King Edward VII. and the event took place a short time before he died.) The action of his majesty has been received with general satisfaction, more especially by those who, like their champion, have lost the sense of sight. "Hundreds of letters of congratulation have come to me from blind teachers," said Sir Francis, on a recent afternoon, as he stood in the beautiful grounds of the college. "But I am not satisfied," he added, with a smile. "I want the government to confer an honor upon every blind person in the country. I want blind children to be educated just as thoroughly as the sighted ones. Too long have they been treated by the cheapest and easiest method. It is possible for them to be trained to become active, useful, and independent men and women. Why should they not be given a chance to be a help to the community, rather than an object for its charity? I have had to beg nearly £200,000 in order to keep the work of the Blind College thoroughly efficient. What I want is for the government to recognize our work and to give us a subsidy sufficient to render my systematic begging unnecessary."

Sir Francis Campbell's life story is a most remarkable one. He was not born blind, but when, at the age of three, he was playing in the farmyard at his home in a Tennessee village (United States of America) he met with an accident which ultimately deprived him of the sense of sight. A thorn pierced the eyeball and, owing to neglect of the doctor, inflammation set in and gradually the sight of both eyes was lost.

His description of the slow falling of the curtain makes a most pathetic picture. "Every night," he said, "before I went to bed, my mother took me to see the stars from the piazza. But one night, when I looked up into the sky, there was not one pin-prick in the firmament. 'Why is it so dark tonight?' I asked my mother. 'Why does not God light up the stars for your little boy?' My mother's tears fell fast upon my face as she carried me with aching heart to bed."

His mother and his father sorrowfully accepted the burden that this terrible affliction had placed upon them, and they tried to make life happy and easy for their child. But to their surprise the boy protested against being a "leaner." He wanted to be a "lifter," and one day they found that with a heavy ax he had chopped six cords of firewood, and had piled the wood neatly in the corner of the yard.

It was not until he was ten years of age that young Campbell was able to go to school, for up to that time there was no school for the blind in the county, but when he did begin his studies he quickly made up for the time he had lost. He had one great disappointment, however, at the commencement of his school life. He has always regarded music as one of his mainstays in life, and it has been the secret of his success as a teacher of the blind, but as a child he was unable to utter a note or to hum a tune, and when the schoolmistress tested his voice, she decided that he had no ear for music and set him to what she considered a more suitable occupation—basket-weaving. She even went so far as to forbid him to touch the piano.

But the boy had set himself to conquer difficulties, and he rose to the occasion. He really loved music, and he determined to learn all about it. So he paid a boy a trifle to teach him secretly the lessons given in the school, and such success did he attain that to the surprise of the mistress he took the school prize for piano playing at the end of fifteen months.

His determination to excel in music was irresistible. When he found that the pianos were engaged all day by pupils who had "an ear for music," young Campbell rose at four in the morning to get in a four-hours' turn at practicing before the school work commenced. The task was a trying one in the winter months. He would play for a few minutes, he said, and then rush round the playground as hard as he could go to thaw his freezing hands. He found at last that a run of ten miles was necessary to generate sufficient warmth to carry him through his morning's practice at the piano.

He soon outgrew the teaching of the school for the blind, and he longed to go to the university. But his father was too poor to help him to attain his ambition. So young Francis made up his mind that he would raise the money himself by teaching music, and this he was finally able to accomplish after learning from bitter experience that to know music does not necessarily imply ability to teach it to others. In his student days however, he tried the risky experiment of working twenty hours a day out of the twenty-four. He kept two readers going. One read to him till ten at night and the other was then woke up and compelled to start at two in the morning. The inevitable result followed and he was compelled to take a long rest.

The turning point of his life came in the year 1856 when he was twenty-two years of age. He had settled down as the musical director of a large and flourishing girls' school in Tennessee. During his residence at Harvard University he was influenced by the teaching of Mr. Lloyd Garrison against the abominable slave trade. Not that he needed much pressure upon this point. One of the last scenes he had witnessed before he lost his sight was his old nurse being cowhided by her master for some trifling fault. The boy was not five years of age at the time, but today the cries of the poor old slave haunt him like a nightmare.

His prejudice against slavery increased a few years later when, on awakening from a fever, he heard his nurse sobbing in a corner of his room. Her little daughter—the last of ten children—had just been sold, and the man who sold her had cowhided the mother for not "being good" and taking it quietly. The boy's blood boiled against such inhumanity, and he became an abolitionist.

On his return home from Harvard a copy of the abolitionist periodical—*The Liberator*—was forwarded to him, but it was promptly confiscated at the post-office, and his name was posted as one suspected of abolitionism, and henceforth he was placed under surveillance by the "committee of public safety" of the town, which soon found him guilty of the heinous crime of teaching a negro to read. The committee interviewed him, and pointed out to him the dangerous position in which he had now placed himself, and urged him—at first by mild exhortations, and subsequently by violent cursing—not to repeat the offense. But he refused to give the necessary promise, and as a result the committee gave him twenty-four hours to repent, with the alternative of being put to death by hanging.

But Dr. Campbell's blindness stood him in good stead at this time, and he found that even the peculiar moral sense of his townsmen recoiled against the idea of hanging a sightless man. But they threatened to starve him into submission by prohibiting "good citizens" from sending their children to be taught at the school and, as a result, every pupil was withdrawn from Dr. Campbell's instruction, and he was forced to leave the town. Thus he began a pilgrimage which ended in Norwood, in London, a pilgrimage which has meant so much to thousands of sightless English men and women.

After a tour of the institutions for the blind in Europe, Dr. Campbell came to London, intending two days later to sail for his native country, there to begin life again. But the night before leaving a stranger at the hotel invited him to attend a tea-party for the blind. It was a charitable affair, where, in return for tea and cake, the poor blind expressed their gratitude to the donors. To Dr. Campbell the sightless recipients of this charity spoke of the hopelessness of their lot, and before he left the building he determined to shoulder the burden of the blind poor in the metropolis.

How nobly he has served them is common knowledge today. At the cost of £3,000 he purchased three small houses at Lower Norwood, and with three pupils began his work of teaching the blind how to make the most of life. The following year the beautiful freehold property upon which the college now stands was purchased, and Dr. Campbell found himself in possession of a site on which to realize the dreams of his youth.

Everything is done thoroughly at the college. The education is comprehensive, developing the physical activities as well as the mental powers, creating in the pupils an ambition to succeed in life, and removing the spirit which leads to acquiescence in helpless dependency on the charity of others. The curriculum of the school includes Scripture lessons and British history, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, English and general history, analysis, English composition and literature, elocution, Latin, French, German, and Italian, natural history, botany, physiology, astronomy, physics, the science of government, political economy, and the science of language. Then, of course, there is technical training in music, pianoforte tuning—there are one hundred pianos in the college—in Sloyd work for the boys and fancy needlework for the girls.

It says something for the value of the training given that in a single year 260 former students earned £25,000—£23,000 of which was earned by the teaching of music.

When I met Sir Francis in the grounds of the college I expressed my astonishment that he was able to find his way about without the aid of a guide. "If you knew the secret," he said, "you would be able to do the same," and he told me of foot-signs at each crossroad, and other indications of the approach to steps and other danger points. "The Duke of Westminster came to see our grounds when I first planned them, and he told me that it appeared to him that, instead of laying out a pleasure ground for my blind students I had arranged so many death traps for them. But I blindfolded his lordship, and he found his way by my signs all round the grounds and back to the house, and he left a check for a thousand guineas as an expression of his delight at the provision which I had made for my blind students."

It is to be hoped that, as a result of the announcement of the knighthood of Dr. Campbell, there will be such a concentration of attention upon the splendid work that he is doing to lift the burden and brighten the lot of the blind that when he is compelled to retire from active service he will do so with the assurance that his object in life has been attained, and that the blind are given a chance to live.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

* * *

REMEDY FOR IMPATIENCE.

"THE most powerful remedy against sudden starts of impatience is a sweet and amiable silence."—*St. Francis of Sales.*

* * *

A HUNDRED men make an encampment;
One woman makes a home.
—*Queen of Holland.*

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

The Educational Value of the Bible.

THE *Bible Record* gives the substance of an address by Wilbert W. White on the "Educational Value of the Bible." He makes some suggestions for the Bible student which will add a new touch of interest to his study.

1. First of all let us notice its value in relation to language and style. May I strongly recomend to you, that if you desire to develop simplicity, purity, dignity, and beauty of style, you will do well to read the Bible in large portions. Some one has suggested that it would not be too much to set as a task for life the reading of one book of the Bible through without interruption every week. Do you think this is a great undertaking? Recall the fact that there are forty-two of the sixty-six books in the Bible so short, that any one of them may be read through in less than half an hour. I would strongly recommend to you that you read aloud, and take large portions at a time, at least once a week, if for nothing else than that it may have its effect upon your language and style.

May I recall in this connection a sentence of Webster. He once said: "If there is anything in my language and style worthy of imitation, I owe it to my fond parents, who early instilled in me a love for the Sacred Writings. From the time when at my father's knee I first learned to lisp words of Sacred Scripture, they have been the basis of frequent and vigilant meditation."

2. I mention in the second place the historical and social value of the Holy Scriptures. If you, as students, have difficulty in remembering history in its relations, I would strongly recommend that you acquaint yourselves with the plan of the kingdom of David as related to other kingdoms in the Bible, and see how in the background all the ancient world-powers are lined up.

In this day there is much attention given to social science. There is no better manual for the fundamental study of social science than the Holy Scriptures. There is so much on this subject in the Old Testament, in the Law and the Prophets, as well as in the Gospels and in the Epistles.

3. May I mention in the third place the pedagogical value of the Holy Scriptures? A knowledge of human nature lies at the basis of true pedagogical wisdom. In the Bible we have the stories of men, women and children under all sorts of circumstances, acting from various motives, speaking out their minds at times, and at other times concealing what was in their hearts. The by-product in the direction of pedagogical wisdom to come from a thorough study of the Holy Scriptures is by no means insignificant.

4. In the fourth place, may I call attention to the value of the study of the Bible in the direction of the developments of the imagination? When I use the word "imagination," I do not mean the putting of something for nothing. I mean the ability to reproduce scenes, and to fill the past with that which actually belongs to it. Associated with this is the sense of awe, and of human limitations which come from a study of the Holy Scriptures.

5. The point which I am about to mention is the climax of all. It is the character-forming which comes from a perusal of the Holy Scriptures. And after all, true education is the development of our characters and of our ability to do effective work in the world. I might mention in this connection a definition of education which I once heard, that greatly impressed me. It is this: "The ability to weigh evidence." In these days when there is so much appeal made in human thought to the critical, it is well for us to remember that true success in life depends very largely upon our ability to weigh evidence. The appeal to the judicial ought to be developed in us and by us. Simply because objections can be made to any doctrine or to any position is no reason why it should be rejected. Objections may be made to anything. The question is where is the weight of evidence? On which side is the greatest probability? In many of the most important things in life it is necessary to act in the line of reasonable probability. For my part I am fully convinced that there is no book in the world like the Bible to help one in the direction of developing a truly judicial spirit. I may introduce the words of Emerson here. He says: "Shakespeare, the first literary genius of the world, the highest in whom the moral is not the predominating element, leans on the Bible. His poetry presupposes it. People imagine that the place the Bible holds in the world it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book."

6. In a few sentences I wish to refer to the indirect stimulus which the Bible has given in the world. I may merely menton the stimulus to historical and archæological research, and the stimulus in the direction of the study of philology and ethnology. The fact is that there is scarcely a field of human investigation which has not had great stimulus because of the relation of the Bible to that particular department.

A number of years ago I was greatly impressed by an article which I read in the Sunday School Times written by Prof. Otto Zoeckler, a German professor. The subject of his article was "The Debt Which Science Owes to Christianity." In the article he took the position that the biblical idea of God which was released through the study of the Bible in Europe and the West is largely the secret of the freedom which the West has had to investigate nature, to study her laws and to control her. He contrasts this with the presence of inaction resulting from superstition, among heathen peoples. To the West the Bible brought the doctrine that God made all things, and that he put man in control of all things which he had made. Thus released from the fear of spirits and from various superstitions, such as the heathen people entertain still, man was free to go on and develop and control nature. I think this is a very important line of thought and well worthy of being dwelt upon.

My closing word to you this morning is a word of congratulation that we live in these wonderful days of opportunity and of responsibility. I am thankful that my life's work is to study and to teach the Bible. True success in any life consists in being where one ought to be, and in doing what one ought to do. I do not maintain that the only thing to do is to study and to teach the Bible, but I am thankful that that is my mission. I do believe, however, that wherever one is, and whatever

one's work is, it is his privilege and his high duty to make himself acquainted with the oracles of God, and to direct his life according to their precepts. Among these precepts is that one of our Lord to his twelve disciples that they go into all the world and proclaim the Gospel to every creature. Already one hundred literatures have been created by the missionaries of the cross. Not a small by-product this by any means of missionary work, and already the message of the Bible is being carried to all parts of the world. Let us throw ourselves enthusiastically into this work at home and abroad, so that we may give a good account of ourselves when we stand before him who is our Judge and our Friend, our Redeemer and King.

LOOKING BACK.

H. D. MICHAEL.

THERE are different ways of looking back over one's life. One way is with an evil, longing look, desiring the things left behind, as did the Israelites after leaving Egypt, when they became dissatisfied with their lot. They wished to be back where there was enough to gratify their natural appetites, even though their desire for spiritual things could not be satisfied.

After they had been so wonderfully and miraculously cared for, taken through the Red Sea unharmed, and their enemies, Pharaoh's hosts, destroyed by Jehovah's great might, they looked back and wished to be again in Egypt.

What a contrast is seen when we glance at the life of faithful Paul and note how he viewed his past with no desire to relive his former ways. Instead, he said that the things he once loved he now hated. His retrospect had a different purpose, as shown in his letters to Timothy. He could see the mountainlike obstacles God had overcome for him and the bloody battlefield to which he referred when he said, "I have fought a good fight." Then he gloried not in his strength but in his infirmities, for through them he had looked to God and great strength was given him.

But the good derived from that backward look did not stop with himself, for what an encouragment it must have been to Timothy to have some of that great life recounted, showing that even though Paul was weak in himself he was able to do all things, "through Christ who strengtheneth us."

Now, if you occasionally look back, which nearly all of us do, how are you looking?

Do you who are Christians sometimes wish you were back in the world to be free? Ah! you are looking the wrong way! You are looking back upon a life of slavery for *freedom!*

Shame! For, "Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey?" (Rom. 6: 16 R. V.).

Or are you looking back upon the world for riches' sake? A sad mistake, indeed, for no wealth that can be acquired here can be compared with the true riches.

But instead of those ways, are you looking back to see your mistakes, that you may know better how to avoid repeating them? Or do you look back to see the mountainous difficulties over which Divine Power has lifted you?

If so, it will make you better able to solve life's problems. It will add to your strength and increase your faith if you give credit to whom credit is due. God is not a God of chance or of disorder, but is working out what is best in the lives of those that yield in his hands as clay yields itself to the potter.

So, when we see a task that had seemed a grave one, faced and accomplished, or see by looking back where we had met and overcome great difficulties, or where death was narrowly averted, let us credit it not to ourselves, but let us look back upon it as our heavenly Father's intervening for us. Our looking back will then be a help to us and give us a desire not to be back, but to get into closer touch with our Source of true strength.

Then, dear friend, do not fail to look back once in a while, but only with the purpose of helping you to go forward.

LET US SHARE.

There are many lives around us
Full of care;
If our cup is overflowing,
Let us share,
And their way with sunshine brighten
Till the heavy burden lighten,
And the sunshine finds expression
Everywhere.

—Mary C. Seward.

TWO WAYS.

Wouldst thou be watched? 'Tis an easy way;
Think but of self and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All thou hast to do, or feel or bear.
Think of thy good, thy pleasure, or thy gain,
Think only of thyself—'twill not be in vain.

Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way;
Think of those 'round thee—live for them all day.
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care—
All that they have to do, or feel or bear;
Think of their pleasures, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—it will not be in vain.

—Ex.

If Jesus the Carpenter could take a piece of rough olive wood and make of it a door frame for a rude stone dwelling in Nazareth, I know that as the divine Carpenter he can take the poor material of my life and make it to serve some useful purpose in his kingdom if I will let him.

"Virtue," says Bacon, "is like a rich stone—best plain set."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

EGGS AND THEIR PRINCIPLES OF COOKERY

Mrs. Frances Bell

EGGS are almost wholly protein. The yolk of eggs contains a little fat and the white a very little sugar, but neither contains any starch. It is due to the fact that eggs are so rich in protein that they make such a good substitute for meats. Eggs are an excellent food and very easily digested when properly prepared. It is to their preparation that we shall now turn our attention.

The white of egg is soluble (dissolves) to some extent in cold water, but is insoluble (does not dissolve) in hot water. This may be shown by a very simple experiment in the kitchen. Break an egg into a pan of cold water and it will spread out all over the pan and much of the white will be wasted when the water is finally heated. On the other hand, if the egg is not broken into the water until it is boiling, or near boiling, the white will at once become insoluble and the shape will be preserved, while none of the egg will be wasted if properly handled. From this simple experiment we learn the principle of cookery which we must apply in poaching eggs.

However, there is another principle still more important which we must also consider in cooking eggs, and that is, the effect of different temperatures upon the white, or albumin, of egg. If after breaking eggs into hot water or hot milk (either may be used in poaching eggs) we leave them over the fire so that the heat is in direct contact with the bottom of the pan, we will find that they will be cooked unevenly. While the yolk is yet soft the white will be rather tough and leathery. This is due to the high temperature to which the eggs are subjected. Eggs should never be subjected to a temperature over 80° centigrade or 176° Fahrenheit in the process of cookery, or the white will become hard and tough. This effect of heat upon the albumin or white of egg is the principle which we must apply in all egg cookery if we wish to obtain the best results, both in appearance and healthfulness.

After the eggs are broken into boiling water, the pan should at once be covered and set aside on the stove where the heat will not be in direct contact with the bottom of the pan. If using a gas stove, an asbestos mat may be placed beneath the pan or the flame turned very low. The pan must not be removed from heat entirely, or the eggs will not cook properly. When cooked to the consistency desired, the eggs should be removed from the water at once, as they will become rather tough if left in the water a long time, even at a low temperature. Serve at once while warm.

This same principle of avoiding too high a temperature, can be carried out in the simple process of boiling eggs, by either of the following methods: Place the eggs in enough boiling water to cover them, cover the vessel tightly and remove immediately from the heat. Let stand five minutes, then remove the eggs from the water. Place eggs in a bowl, add enough boiling water to cover them, cover the bowl and let stand seven minutes. Eggs cooked in this way will be found to be very tender, soft and gelatinous in consistency. If one desires eggs cooked a little harder, they should be left in the water a little longer. The longer they are left in the water the harder they will be if the water is kept warm. Covering the vessel in which the eggs are cooked helps to cook the eggs more uniformly and also prevents the waste of heat. If the eggs were allowed to cook over the fire with heat coming in direct contact with the bottom of the pan, they would be cooked unevenly and the albumin of the egg would be tough and hard in consistency.

These are very simple methods of cookery which have just been described, but they serve to illustrate the principles which must be observed in all egg cookery, whether alone or in combination with other food ingredients.

Application of the Principles of Egg Cookery in the Making of Custards.

Custards may be classed under two heads: Baked or steamed custards and soft custards. The difference between the two is the method of cookery. Soft custard is stirred, while baked and steamed custards are not, and the latter must not be disturbed during the process of cookery, or it will break and be watery. The proportions of egg and milk used are the same in both cases. The softness of the custard is due to the stirring which breaks up the mixture. A high temperature, or cooking too long at a low temperature, will curd the egg, so the temperature must be

kept low when cooking custards. This is accomplished when making soft custards, by cooking them in the upper part of a double boiler, and in making baked custards, by setting the mold or pan containing the custard in a pan of water in the oven. This is accomplished with the steamed custards without any extra precautions, due to the cooking by steam.

Soft custards may be made with either whites or yolks of eggs or with both. Very good and attractive results are obtained by using the yolks in the custard and preparing the whites as floating island to use as a garnish for the top of the custard.

The proportion of one egg to one cup of milk gives the right consistency for plain custards. In combining solid materials, such as rice and tapioca, with custards, less egg must be used to give the proper consistency. In the latter case, one-half egg to one cup of milk gives the right consistency.

Use sugar and flavoring to suit individual taste. Flavoring extracts lose their strength in cooking, so should be added when the custard is taken off the heat. Less will be required in this way.

In preparing eggs for custard, they should be beaten only slightly, well mixed, but not frothy. If beaten to a frothy, light consistency they will not mix well with the other ingredients and make the smooth consistency desired in a custard. The directions given with the following recipes will illustrate the method of preparation of custards more fully. The recipes may be doubled or trebled if desired. The plain custards as given will serve two persons. The rice and tapioca custards will serve several persons. In making large quantities, three eggs to one quart of milk will be sufficient.

Baked and Steamed Custards.

1 cup milk — 1½ tablespoons sugar
1 egg — ½ teaspoon flavoring
Few grains of salt.

Beat the whole egg slightly until it is well mixed, but not foamy. Mix the milk and sugar into the egg. Do not add flavoring before cooking, unless nutmeg is used. Pour the custard into molds or a baking pan and bake in oven in pan of water or cook in upper part of steamer. Avoid letting the temperature of oven or steamer rise too high.

To determine when custard is done, test with a knife blade; when it comes out clean the custard is done. If you wish to flavor the custard with some kind of flavoring extract, try putting a few drops on top of the custard as soon as you remove it from heat, or just before you remove it from the oven or steamer.

Caramel custard may be made by using the same proportions as given above, with the addition of one tablespoon of caramel.

Soft Custard.

1 cup milk — 1½ tablespoons sugar
1 egg or 2 egg yolks — ½ teaspoon flavoring
Few grains of salt.

Put the milk into the upper part of the double boiler and heat until a thin skin forms over the top. Then pour the heated milk into the egg or egg yolks which have previously been beaten just enough to make a smooth mixture. Mix the milk and egg as the milk is poured in gradually. The sugar can either be added to the milk when first heated, or part may be added to the milk and part to the egg before mixing. If the sugar is all added to the egg it may not mix in smoothly when the heated milk is added. After the milk, sugar and egg are well mixed, put the mixture back into the upper part of the double boiler and stir constantly. Keep the water in the lower part of the double boiler below the boiling point throughout the operation. Great care must be taken not to cook the custard too long, or it will curd. Also, it must be stirred constantly until it is removed from the heat, or it will curd. When it begins to thicken slightly and give a smooth, even coat of custard on the spoon, take off from the heat and set the pan in a vessel of cold water for a few minutes. This prevents further cooking from the heat of the vessel itself. Flavor to suit the taste (the flavoring can be thoroughly mixed in), and pour into molds or a serving dish. Serve with floating island.

Note: The object of heating the milk before stirring in the egg is to save stirring. After the egg is added to the milk the mixture must be stirred constantly to prevent curding. If custards sometimes curd in spite of all precautions, beat them with an egg beater after you remove them from the heat and they will become smooth, although possibly not as nice as they might have been.

Floating Island.

Beat the whites of one or two eggs very stiff, then add one tablespoon of sugar to each egg white and beat in well. Heat a small amount of water until very hot, then pour into a shallow pan. Drop the beaten white of egg by spoonfuls onto the hot water and put into the broiling oven to brown. When the floating white of egg islands is a delicate light brown, remove from the broiling oven and lift off from the water carefully, allow them to drain a moment, then place on top of custard in serving dish or dishes.

In our next article we will discuss milk and cheese.

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OPPORTUNITY is the port to which observation is bound.

* * *

THE first requisite in the line of construction is thought.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Mark Twain at a Hotel.—"This place is delightful and the inn is Paradise on earth, but the walls are so thin that I could hear the lady in the next room every time she changed her mind."

How He Practiced Socialism.—"Now that he's a socialist will he divide up his property among his fellow believers?"

"No. He says he's holding it in trust for them."

"And how about the income? Is that held in trust, too?"

"No. He says he needs that to live on."—Richard Seidel.

Dickens as a Non-Unionist.—Pasted on the window of a book store was a sign, "Porter wanted." In the window on a pile of books was a sign, "Dickens' Works all this week for $4." An able looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. Then he scratched his head and blurted out,—"Dickens can work all the week for four dollars if he wants to, but I'm a union man. I'll not touch it. Ye'd betther kape Dickens."—Richard Seidel.

She Knew Sheep.—A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said:

"Now, children, if there are ten sheep on one side of a wall, and one sheep jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped the little tow-headed daughter of a farmer:

"No sheep, teacher, no sheep."

"Oh, oh!" cried the city young woman reproachfully. "You are not so stupid as that! Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall, and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left. Don't you see that?"

"No, no, no!" persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over, all the others would jump after. My father keeps sheep." Then, seeing the puzzled look on the teacher's face, the little tow-head explained apologetically. "You know mathematics, teacher; but, you see, I know sheep."—Tit-Bits.

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing seven dollars and eighty-five cents. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minutes later outside the court-room.

"Now, Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good-sized fee. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat seben dollahs and eighty-five cents."—Everybody's.

Old Captain Wilkinson Jones, of Arkansas, paid his first visit in forty years to New York last fall. On his first morning he started for a stroll down Broadway. At Canal Street, one of the main cross-town arteries, he was halted by the streams of traffic which rolled by in four weaving streams. He contemplated the endless processions of loaded trucks, vans, drays, carts, and wagons for some minutes. Then he approached Traffic Policeman Kelly, on duty at that corner.

"Suh," inquired Captain Jones with a courteous bow, "air you connected with the city government here, suh?"

"Well," said Kelly, "I'm a police officer, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, suh," said the Captain, "so I judged from yoah costume and depotement. And I would just like to say to you, suh, that you gentlemen have a fine city here, suh, a truly magnificent city. But tell me, suh—ain't you got powahfully behind with yoah haulin?"—Everybody's.

"Thomas, what is the matter with your brother Johnny?" asked their mother.

"He's crying," replied Thomas, "because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

"Is his own cake finished?"

"Yes'm; and he cried while I was eating that, too."

A popular revivalist had been holding services at a town in Mississippi, when a heavy rain came on, and he accepted an invitation to pass the night at the house of one of the townsmen. Observing the preacher's drenched clothing, the host brought out a suit of his own and sent his guest upstairs to don it.

The good man had made the change and was on his way back to the sitting-room, when the woman of the house came out of another room, holding in her hands the big family Bible, out of which the minister was to be invited to read a chapter before the family went to bed.

She was not, however, in a very amiable frame of mind, for careful housewives are likely to be put out of sorts by the advent of unexpected company. Seeing the revivalist in his borrowed garments, she mistook him for her husband, and as he passed in front of her she lifted the book and brought it down sharply on his head.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Take that for asking him to stay all night!"—Lippincott.

THE man who sleeps outdoors may be doing a splendid thing for himself, but he appears to be anxious to do as much boasting as the man who takes a cold bath every morning.

"At last," said the ambitious young novelist, "I have written something that I think will be accepted by the first magazine it is sent to,"

"What is it?" his friend asked.

"A check for a year's subscription."

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. May 2, 1911. No. 18.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Scientific Management.

ONE of the most interesting studies at the present time is that of scientific management. Until recently all the inventive effort has been spent upon machinery, but during the last few years a mechanic, Frederick W. Taylor, has developed a new science which is termed scientific management. It is a study of workmen's efficiency. The aim is to teach a man to do more work with the same or less effort. Here is what Mr. Taylor himself has to say in the *American Magazine* for March:

We can see and feel the waste of material things. But we cannot see or feel the larger wastes of human effort going on all around us. Awkward, inefficient, or ill-directed movements leave nothing visible or tangible behind them. And for this reason, even though our daily loss from this source is greater than our waste of material things, the one has stirred us deeply, while the other has moved us but little.

The usual labor in a factory is one of petty warfare, the employer trying to get the most out of his men for the least money and the laborer, in return, endeavoring to hold his output down for fear of a reduction in wages. The ideal way is to have the two sides cooperating for the best interests of both. With that end in view Mr. Taylor began the study of shop management. Loading pig iron was one of the first pieces of work taken up. This was done for the Bethlehem Steel Co. The usual day's work for one man was to unload twelve and one-half tons. Under the new system of Mr. Taylor a laborer could unload forty-seven tons with the same effort.

It was necessary to study the men. No definite rule could be laid down that would hold good for all. A man in sympathy with the new system was sent into the yards to teach the laborers. He picked out one laborer, Schmidt, of average intelligence, and explained to him that he would be paid more money if he would follow directions closely. Schmidt knew of course that he was to do more work that before. Here is the story:

Schmidt started in to work, and all day long, and at regular intervals, was told by the man who stood over him with a watch, "Now, pick up a pig and walk. Now sit down and rest. Now, walk—now, rest," etc. He worked when he was told to work, and rested when he was told to rest, and at half-past five in the afternoon had his forty-seven and one-half tons loaded on the car. And he practically never failed to work at this pace and do the task that was set him during the three years that the writer was at Bethlehem. And throughout this time he averaged a little more than $1.85 per day, whereas before he had never received over $1.15 per day, which was the ruling rate of wages at that time in Bethlehem. One man after another was picked out and trained to handle pig iron at the rate of forty-seven and one-half tons per day, until all of the pig iron was handled at this rate, and all of this gang were receiving sixty per cent more wages than other workmen around them.

The new science has so many advantages that it certainly will be a prominent factor in the industrial world. We shall hear more of it in the future.

The Weakness of the Pittsburg School System.

In February the Voters' League of Pittsburg issued a circular protesting against the evils of the school system of their city. It is a report of debauchery and crime. A few extracts from the report will explain the situation:

There is a central board of Pittsburg, and a central board of Allegheny, and in Pittsburg there are forty-six and in Allegheny fifteen sub-districts, with 412 school directors. Each of the sixty-one sub-districts and the two central boards is a separate business organization, with power to raise tax and spend money. Among the school directors there are fourteen bartenders and saloonkeepers; seven who have no legitimate occupation (such as professional gamblers and the like); thirty-six laborers, including the lowest grade of unskilled mill-workers, drivers, watchmen and waiters.

The Rural Uplift.

During the national corn show this winter there was also a national convention devoted to farm life. Several organizations were represented. The readers remember that while ex-President Roosevelt was in office he appointed a country life commission. Because of lack of interest and support the commission

did not give us anything very valuable. However, there is a sentiment growing that farm life can be bettered, but in just what way no social worker has been able to tell us. When the movement becomes concentrated a more definite platform will certainly be formulated. The State of Illinois has a State Federation for Rural Progress which is quite active. On Feb. 13, last winter, they held a convention at Bloomington and the following platform was adopted:

First—Local country community building.

Second—Federation of all the rural forces of the State of Illinois in one united effort for the betterment of country life.

Third—Development of institutional progress and programs of action for all rural social agencies.

Fourth—Stimulation of farmer leadership in the country community.

Fifth—Increase and improvement of professional leadership among country teachers, ministers, and all others who serve the rural community in an educational direction.

Sixth—Perpetuation of a definite community ideal.

Seventh—Study and investigation of country life, facts, and conditions.

There is one thing sure, and that is, that there can be no social solidity in the country until we have a common interest. When people of a community become interested in something worthy, whether it be the church, schools, a library or better farming, then we will have a high type of social center. Such a common interest will eradicate petty clannish quarrels and gossip. I really think that the worst enemy of a high type of rural life is gossip. So many people do not read or think very much on things that make them better men and women and the result is that they constantly grovel in gossip. Only by constant work on the part of ministers, teachers and others will such conditions be removed. It requires patience. We do not mean to say that we country folk are the worst people on earth but we do think that we have our social faults as well as others.

A CHICKEN BROODER

M. F. Hale

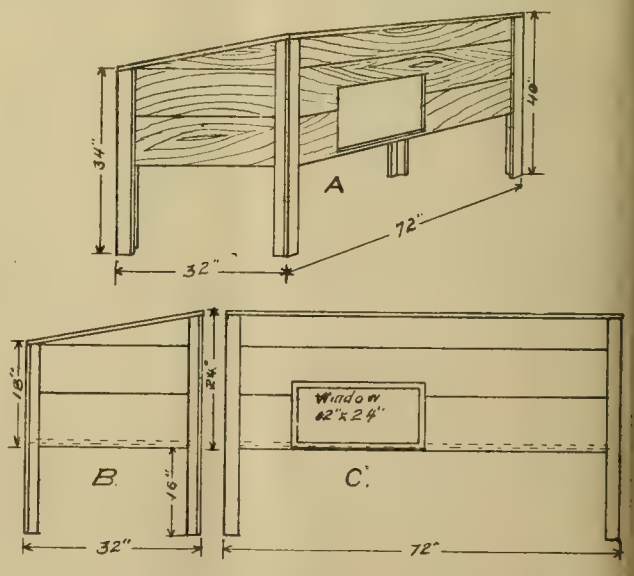
HERE we are in the midst of spring. How different we feel as the sun creeps farther and farther north and his rays awaken the birds, the bees, the grass and the flowers! This is the time when the old speckled hen steals her nest away and soon comes proudly strutting into the backyard with her brood of downy chicks. This, too, is the time when the hawk with his keen eye swoops down upon the helpless creatures, for he, too, has a family at home that must be cared for. The "varmints" are continually watching for a chance to make a meal from the tender flesh of our downy friends, and thus the speckled mother is ever on the alert, lest some mishap befall her little ones.

Did you ever stop to think of the possibilities of that little brood? We watch the chicks as they grow to maturity and supply the table with choice meat or wholesome eggs, and seldom stop to consider how much we would miss them if they were taken away.

In 1900 the census showed that the chickens and eggs produced in one year amounted to nearly 300 million dollars, and in 1910 it has been estimated at nearly 500 million dollars. This surely is a big showing for such a small unit as the chick.

On the majority of farms the chicken business has been sadly neglected. The chicks are hatched and left to shift for themselves, or if fed the food is often not the best kind for their development. The older birds are required to sleep on wagons, binders or in the trees, and no wonder the farmer sometimes considers them a nuisance. If the same investment and care were given to poultry on the farm as are given to the raising of horses and cattle the income would be far greater than in the other lines.

A few years ago a young man in New York State lost his health and was compelled to give up his posi-



tion. To make a living, he and his father began to raise chickens. A year or two ago, in balancing their books, they found that they were $12,000 ahead for the year.

Another young man, near St. Joseph, Mo., who,

for the same reason, stopped his work, cleared $2,000 during the last season.

There are many more instances where chickens are raised with profit, and I am sure that more attention paid to the business by the farmers would greatly increase the production.

My article would become too lengthy were I to attempt to cover the whole field of chicken raising, so I will confine my work to the building of a brooder.

Probably the most difficult stage in the raising of chickens comes during the first month or two of their existence. During this period they are growing rapidly and the flesh is tender. They are not strong enough, and do not know how to protect themselves from insects. It is during this period that they need special care and protection, and here the brooder is of great advantage.

There are many forms on the market, but nearly all are quite simple. The one we shall describe we made one year ago and used it quite successfully last summer. The drawing marked A shows the general appearance, while the one marked B shows the end elevation, and C the front elevation. It is six feet long, two feet eight inches wide, forty inches high on the front, and thirty-four inches high in the rear. Hard pine was used in its construction, but any substantial timber would be all right, providing it could be worked easily. The making is a very simple process.

For the front, saw the boards seventy inches long. Use enough boards to make it twenty-four inches high. They can be held together by nailing a strip about two inches wide and twenty-four inches long, even with the ends, so that the boards for the end of the brooder can be nailed to this strip, as well as to the end of the front boards.

An opening, twenty-four inches wide and twelve inches high, is cut into the front, twelve inches from the end and two inches from the bottom, for a window. Bevel the window sash at each end, and then nail a strip of wood, about one inch thick, two inches wide and twenty-four inches long, and bevel the same as the end of the sash, on each side of the opening, so that the sash will slide between the strips in raising the window on a very hot day.

The back of the brooder should be made the same as the front, except that it is only eighteen inches high and has no windows. Cut the end boards twenty-eight inches long and use enough of them to make it eighteen inches high at the back, and twenty-four inches at the front. It is necessary to cut one board diagonal to get the proper pitch to the top. Now raise the front and back to their proper places and nail on the ends.

For a roof simply make a frame the size of the top of the brooder and nail rubber roofing over it; then hinge it at the back, so that it can be raised when necessary.

Make a frame that will fit into the brooder just below the roof and nail one-inch poultry netting over it, so that you can raise the roof a few inches on a very hot night and yet protect the chicks from enemies. This can be held in place by strips nailed lengthwise along the front and back.

It is necessary to protect growing chicks from the cold, wet ground during the early spring rains. They also should have cool ground in which to scratch during the hot summer days.

To accomplish these things, make legs for the brooder by nailing strips about three inches wide over the corners and letting them extend about sixteen inches below the bottom, as shown in the drawing.

This necessitates a stairway from the ground to the brooder, and a board about six inches wide and thirty inches long can be used. Place the stairway beneath one loose board of the floor, and when you wish the chickens to go down, simply raise the board.

Stretch poultry netting with one-inch mesh and eighteen inches wide around the lower part of the brooder; also place a piece over the window opening on the outside, so that the chickens can not get out when the window is raised.

This seems rather an expensive house, but if you consider that you will save many of your chicks, you must admit that it is economical. The dimensions and plans may be changed some without injury, but this gives you a general idea of the shape and size of the average brooder.

Kansas City, Mo.

HUNT FOR A RARE BIRD.

A FINAL attempt is being made by the New Zealand government to obtain specimens of the huia, a bird which has been practically exterminated by the vogue for its feathers, which obtains among the Maoris. The huia is a jet black bird with a white band at the extreme end of its tail feathers. The birds are hatched in pairs. The male has a short, strong beak and the female a long slender, incurved beak; the male breaks the bark off dead trees and the female then dips her beak into the holes of the big grubs which attack dead timber. She presents one grub to her spouse and then has one herself, alternating most conscientiously. The Maoris say that when one dies the other must necessarily die of starvation, because nature has so arranged that each is dependent on the other.

THE mountains that rise in our path are God's kind provision to enable us to see farther into the glories beyond, and also to afford us an opportunity to get the miasma of the lowlands out of the system, while breathing the pure air of the highest altitudes.

TAAL VOLCANO, PHILIPPINES

W. O. Beckner

ABOUT thirty-five miles south of Manila stands, or rests, or lies, or fumes, Taal Volcano. The crater rises out of the waters of Lake Taal, which are carried by the Pansipit River to the outside sea, only about six miles away. The lake level is but little above sea level. The crater rises about one thousand feet above and is almost the same in depth inside down to the floor. It is conjectured by some that the whole area of both crater and lake has sunken and is the remains of what was in ages past a large mountain. The geology of the vicinity points to the truth of the conjecture.

Taal is likely one of the lowest volcanoes in the world and is easy of access. It was in June of 1910 that I spent two days in a trip from Manila out and back on a clamber over its crater top. We went by train from Manila to Tanauan, a small station about seven or eight miles from the lake's edge. That is the nearest station on the railroad. Here again is demonstrated the business shrewdness of the locating committee. If Taal were on the railroad the business of those who run the busline would be spoiled. Now there was no cushioned seat in the bus, neither was there any bus. And moreover there wasn't any busline visible when I was there.

It was about sundown when we arrived at the station and operations were at once begun for the trip across country to the lake. The full moon rose over the orange treetops, the sky was without a shimmer of a cloud, there was no mud except in places. We three of the company felt fine for a hike and so it was settled. Two natives were engaged to carry our outfit and away into the orange tree, chico tree, bamboo forest we tramped. We had not gone far until we were glad that we had started on foot, the condition of the road being such that the movements of a bus would have reminded one somewhat of the rolling and pitching of the ocean waves. There were ditches and ruts and mudholes, but it was quite easy to pass around them on foot.

It was probably nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the lake shore. On the way we had been met by a man who owned a small boat on the lake and made it a business to transport passengers to the island crater. About eleven o'clock we rolled up in our blankets on the sandy beach at the foot of the crater and lay down to dreams amid the sounds of the lapping waves. The little Hiawatha never lived in a more charming environment of thought than that which we enjoyed as we pulled our eyelids down for the night.

The crater is not difficult to climb at all. The slopes are not steep and the crust is hardened ash on which we could tramp along lively. It was a winding way to the top, but the windings had only then begun. The way from the top down inside wound more.

The crater is about one mile in diameter. The inside walls are almost perpendicular and look as though they had been chiseled down with sledge-hammer and crowbar. Great massive rocks, in strata both regular and irregular, stand out in the walls as if they had been placed there by hand. The arching structure could be distinguished almost from one side to the other, a mile away, and the fieldglass brought out the beauty of the wonderful masonry. There are varieties of color as well as varieties of



Taal Volcano.
From the Top of the Crater, Showing the Walls, the Stream Rising from the Lake of Boiling Water, and the Smoke from the Firebox, Which Is Down Behind the Rock.

archings and dippings in the rocks.

Down inside there is a second crater, and smaller. Then down inside that is the firebox. From the top we could see the white smoke rise and could hear the rumblings and groanings of the fire within. Steam from the two or three small lakes of hot water down inside the crater lifted occasionally and showed us a most magnificent display of nature's works. We clambered and slid until we had reached the floor of the crater clear down at the bottom. It was practically level. It was hard enough to walk over, being, like the crater top, made up of dried ashes and volcanic mud. Occasionally we came to a small pool of dirty, yellowish-green water, heavily charged with sulphur. And it might be remarked that the whole interior region was heavy with a sulphurous atmosphere. Occasionally we found ourselves in mud. The top looked all right but when we stepped there we found it soft and sticky.

The firebox presented a wonderful view. We

walked right up to it and examined it closely. Right there stands a rock about 150 feet high and right at its base there rages and blows the oversupply of gases that are caged just underneath somewhere. The discharge made me think of the pictures we used to see in almanacs of the nostrils of the devil's horses.



Taal Volcano.
1. Firebox. 2. Steam from Hot Lake.

They had just come in from a long, hard chase and their nostrils were distended and reddened and from them issued streams of fire. So was the volcano.

I do not know where we get all our erroneous ideas, neither would it make them right ideas if we did know; but from somewhere I had an idea that a volcano was, except at times, a peaceful, slumbering pile of hotness down in a basin-like hole on top of the mountain. I have not seen all the volcanoes there are, and there may be some that are that way, but Taal is not. The vent from which blows the blast was about one hundred feet, more or less, across and opens on an incline of about forty-five degrees. It is simply a big, open hole from which there blew a constant blast of sulphurous vapors. We walked up to within a hundred feet or more of the blast and threw some rocks over into it. But they did not enter. They were tossed upward and hurled out as though they had been feathers. I had to wonder what would have happened to Sir Isaac's apple had it dropped over such a place. Who knows whether the wonderful law which he then discovered would not have been the law of sky rockets instead of the law of gravitation? But luckily for the schoolboys, it did not drop there. It dropped right where a wise man could see it and could meditate all his life on its meaning. Then again I had to think how, all through the ages, volcanoes have been fuming and spouting out their clouds of fire and vapor, and yet it remained for a schoolboy to notice the floppings of the lid to a teakettle to discover the wonderfully expansive power of steam. Why was it not thought of sooner?

The floor of the crater in the region of the firebox was literally full of little holes,—not worm-eaten, either, for no living thing was there to be found; but little holes about the size of a pencil, and many of them built up around like the hole of the chimney spider, an inch or two high. Their inside was lined most beautifully with tiny sulphur spines. If I remember my chemistry correctly (whoever tries to remember his chemistry?), sulphur is di- something, di-morphous, isn't it? That is, it crystallizes in two forms. And if I remember correctly again, it has been said by those of knowledge that this spiny crystallization of sulphur is rare. It was indeed most beautiful. The little spines stood out from the walls of the tiny chimneys like the ice crystals that form on trees in a frosty fog. But the chimneys were not old and unused at all. From their tops were coming tiny clouds of vapor and smoke, as though the little "kids" below might have been playing in the ashes. I held my hand over some of them, but for only a moment. The fire underneath was hot and so was the vapor that came from the chimney tops. I do not know how far down a person would have to dig to uncover the fire, but certainly not far. We walked over the thin crust above it, however, with perfect poise and felt no fear of caving in.

There was sulphur everywhere. It was under our feet; it was in the air; it was in the mud. The water puddles that stood here and there were full of it. And the face of the high rock against which the blast from below was pouring its strength was plastered with the yellow element. There was a lake of water just west of the firebox, several acres in extent, and it was a yellow, dirty, sulphur color. It was hot, too, boiling hot. From its surface there arose a constant cloud of vapor which lifted occasionally and gave us a glimpse of the rolling of the waters as they boiled and fumed. We crawled down close to the water's edge, but could not reach the water to test the temperature without extra instruments, which we did not have. But we knew it was hot. Again I had to think of some things which I had read in the past about the place where people are to be put if they are bad. The heat, the sulphur and the lake were all suggestive and it would not require many such demonstrations to convince a fellow that such is an undesirable environment for the future—or even for the present for any length of time.

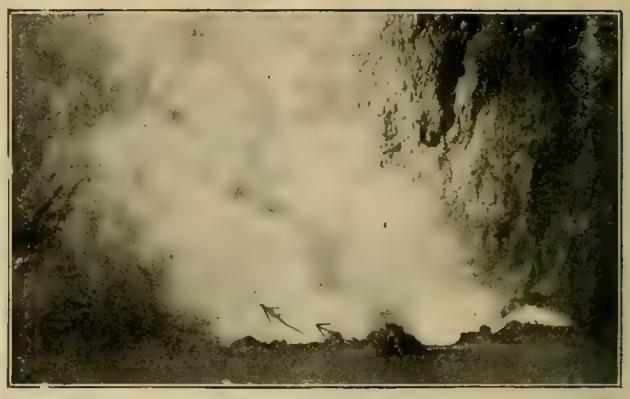
The volcano had been quiet for some years, but quietude with Taal does not mean quietude as of a log or rock. Taal is alive. The natives have all kinds of superstitions about the big giant that sleeps under the earth there and occasionally grunts in his sleep, or turns over in bed, or smokes his tobacco more vehemently. The turning over in bed produces the earthquake shocks, so they say. Quietude is not inactivity. Just a day or so before our visit there had been a disturbance of such character as to throw mud and water out of the boiling lake and spread a

layer of slime over the ground for some distance around the edge of the lake. It stuck to our shoes as we waded through it. We watched carefully, too, that we did not step into a place where the bottom was lower down than usual.

There is a weather observatory in Manila, the director of which keeps his weather eye toward Taal Volcano a good deal of the time. In the month of January just past there were evidences that the giant beneath was becoming restless and that something might happen. But it was impossible to predict what or when or how much. But on January 27 it began. Then on January 30 about 2 A. M. there came another and terrible eruption. The whole west side of the crater was blown off, just as though it had been the plug in the mouth of a giant cannon. Mud and slime and ashes were blown out by the blast in a westerly direction, and villages several miles away were completely buried, so that no sign remains to tell where they stood. The wind was blowing from the west, also, which made the violence of the volcanic blast less than it would otherwise have been in that direction. There were houses found after the explosion where the people were lying with their heads on their pillows just as they had gone to sleep the night before, probably with no thought that they should awaken only in eternity. The deluge of mud and the poisonous gases annihilated life instantaneously. There was no suffering. There was no torture of expectancy and fear. There was only the snuffing of the candle and all was over.

Others were in other conditions. About three hundred people were living on the island, which forms the crater, and so far as is known only four were left. They have a terrible tale to tell. Great holes were burned into their flesh by the falling hot mud and water. The volcanic ashes seemed to stick to the body like glue, and to remove it made a terrible hole in the flesh. Some were saved by taking refuge in the water of the lake, but in a little time that became so seething hot from the mud and rocks which were being thrown into it that the people were almost cooked. They suffered terribly.

The country for miles around in every direction was covered with a coating of white ashes. They fell like snow and stuck right where they dropped. Even those that were shaken from leaves almost immediately had already done their death-dealing work and the leaves withered and died. In places the appearance of the landscape was as though a grey snow had fallen. Orange trees, rice crops, and corn,—everything living for miles around,—were destroyed. The country is very fertile and there was a lot to destroy, but the work of destruction is complete. In all probably more than 1,500 people were killed and only a few escaped with wounds. About 130 had been found at last report.



Taal Volcano.
The Firebox at a Distance of 150 Feet.

When the eruption came, the gases arose in air as a mighty column and then, as if to demonstrate their powers, they gave a wonderful exhibit of fireworks in the sky. There were lightnings and thunders of such intensity as to awaken people more than 200 miles away. The explosions of the gases were heard plainly here in Bogo. People thought it was the firing of cannon or the explosion of dynamite, but did not know of any occasion for either. The people in the vicinity of the volcano, who were left to think of anything at all, thought the end of the world had come and they spent most of their time in saying neglected prayers in a hasty preparation for the event. The play of a superstitious imagination has wide latitude in such times. One thing that has been the subject of comment is the fact that the people were praying to God instead of to the saints. Under the Catholic regime, as these people have been, about all prayers are said to the saints. Does this indicate a breaking away from the superstitions of the past? Does it indicate a distrust in the things that they have been taught and a coming out into the light of a better day? It certainly does.

Hardly had daylight come on that fateful day until there were officials on the scene to relieve the distressed with all possible speed. A government patrol was put to work to prevent looting. There were towns from which the people had fled in terror, they knew not where, and stores stood unprotected from thieves. There were those dead or wounded who had valuables that thieves could grab. Then, too, as fast as men could be hurried to the scene the work of burying the dead was begun. One company of men had to cross the lake in a boat. They could not find any paddles. Their commander put them to paddling with the shovels with which they were to dig graves for the dead. Temporary hospitals were erected on the scene and all wounded that could be found were hurried there for relief. Funds were opened by different enterprising and public-spirited firms in Manila and all that could be done was done for the suffering. The Philippine Assembly was in session in Manila

at the time and failed to pass a proposed measure appropriating 25,000 pesos ($1,250) for the purpose. For this neglect they have been sharply criticised. But the work of relief went on just the same.

A striking example of generosity came to the surface and has been commented on widely. In the stricken district the Chinese have been forbidden to settle. Almost every town in the Philippines has its Chinamen, one or more even unto the hundreds, depending upon the size of the town. They are the merchants of the islands. But in the Taal district they were forbidden characters. Some have even not been allowed to stay all night in passing through a town But when the funds for these sufferers were opened the Chinamen in Manila forgot all about such racial grudges and subscribed liberally to help the distressed in that, to them, forbidden zone.

This was by no means the first eruption of Taal Volcano, but it was the first bad eruption in the memory of living men. Fortunately the Jesuit fathers have been devoted historians. Complete records have been kept ever since the time when the Spanish first came to the islands, in 1523. Soon after that date a priest went to the vicinity of Taal and baptized large numbers of the natives into the Catholic faith. A convent was built and the community flourished, so far as the Catholic faith was concerned, but the spoutings of the mountain destroyed the growth of vegetation for miles around. A priest named Albuquerque once built an altar at the foot of the volcano and called the people together there for special mass, in which they prayed that the volcano might forever die. That was in the year 1572. The volcano was quiet for some years. Fifty years later a priest wrote that the island was green with vegetation and that cows were grazing on its side. But that was not to continue. Neither the prayers of the priest nor the intervention of the saints had quenched the terrible powers below the surface. In 1754 there was an eruption which lasted for six months and which probably was much more severe than the eruption of 1911. There were the display of fireworks, the heavy cannonading, and the showers of mud and lava. Ashes and cinders were so thick in the air at times that the daylight was dark as midnight. Cinders fell in the city of Manila, thirty-five miles away. Houses were broken down with the weight of the ashes, and people were buried in the ruins. People then thought just as they did this time that the end of the world was at hand. It was, for many of them.

At the present time no man knows what will be the outcome of the present disturbance. It was thought by some that the island crater had sunk four or five feet, but that has been disputed. However, the ground has sunk in places. Great fissures were opened in the earth, so that a forty-foot pole could be thrust down into it and no bottom found. These fissures seemed to radiate in lines from the crater. In places the earth sank two or three feet on one side of a fissure, as though it marked the edge of a fault in the earth's crust. In one town a fissure opened under some of the substantial buildings and let one end down. The building broke in two. The number of earthquake shocks was likely a world record; 964 within a few days having been registered on the seismographs in the Manila Government Weather Observatory. Some occurred at intervals of only a few minutes. The earth seemed to be slipping gradually down hill. The low level of the crater floor and the closeness to the sea make people wonder what might happen should some of these cracks open where the water of the sea could pass into the burning fires below. Would terrible eruptions be caused by the rapid vaporizing of the water? Would the fires be put out? Would the whole vicinity then sink down? Would that which is now being held up from sinking by the expansive gases within, sink and demonstrate in this twentieth century the things that actually happen when a volcano dies? If not, what then? Let the wise man answer.

Again we are reminded of the largeness of the earth and its smallness; largeness in that such a small part of it can be affected with such a disturbance, and smallness in the sense that the Powers above that made it are able to snuff the whole thing out at a breath.

Bogo, Cebu, P. I.

BIRDS THAT LIGHT THEIR NESTS.

MANY birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the Baya bird, of India. It is hung from the branch, with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the Baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud.

Dr. Buchanan says: At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck in the top of a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of bats, which often destroy the young of these birds.

A writer in *Nature* records this curious observation: I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance.

IT is what is left unsaid that keeps peace in the family.

Importation of Bananas into the United States

FOUR thousand million bananas were imported into the United States in the calendar year 1910. The banana habit is a growing one in the United States. In the early eighties the value of bananas imported, according to the figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, ranged between one and two million dollars per annum; by 1890 the value had increased to four and one-half million dollars, in the fiscal year of 1900 to nearly six million dollars; and in the calendar year 1910, to practically twelve and one-half million dollars. The rapid growth in this class of importations led the Bureau of Statistics a few years ago to call upon collectors of customs for the quantity as well as the value imported, and the figures of quantities, beginning with the year 1908, showed for that year thirty-five million seven hundred fifty thousand bunches; in 1909, thirty-nine and one-half million; and in 1910, a little over forty million bunches were imported.

Assuming that these average 100 bananas to the bunch, a figure which the importers state to be a conservative estimate, the total number imported in 1910 would aggregate approximately four thousand million bananas.

The value of the bananas imported in the last decade aggregates in round terms 100 million dollars. In the calendar year 1901 the total value of bananas imported was six and three-quarter million dollars; in 1905, nine and three-quarter million; in 1907, eleven and three-quarter million; and in 1910, twelve and one-half million. These figures of the values of bananas imported are the valuation at wholesale prices in the countries which exported to the United States, and the average price per bunch was thirty-one cents, as will be readily seen by dividing the 40,192,958 bunches imported in 1910 into the stated value of $12,433,334. How much money is paid by consumers in the United States for bananas cannot be estimated with accuracy, though the cost of freight, and the profits of importers, wholesalers and retailers must add very materially to the twelve and one-half million dollars paid for them in the countries of production.

Central America and the West Indies are the chief sources of supply of the bananas imported into the United States. Of the forty million bunches imported in the calendar year 1910, twenty-one million were from Central America; thirteen and one-half million from British West Indies; two and one-half million were from South America, principally Colombia and Dutch Guiana; two million from Cuba; and about one million from other countries. Costa Rica is the largest source of supply in Central America, Honduras second, and Panama third, and Jamaica is the largest source of supply in the West Indian Islands. The United States is the world's largest importer of bananas. The United Kingdom is the next largest importer, her imports of this article in the calendar year 1909 being six and one-quarter million bunches, as against thirty-nine and one-half million bunches imported into the United States in the same year.

Practically the entire banana supply of the United States comes from abroad. Efforts have been made from time to time to develop the banana industry in the extreme South and in California, but the domestic production is inconsiderable when compared with the importation. The banana, while probably a native of India, is now grown in practically all tropical countries, and among a considerable part of the human race ranks as high as do cereal grains among the people of the temperate zones, and it is said to produce more food upon a given area than wheat. The consumption of bananas in temperate zone countries has increased enormously in recent years. They are used chiefly in the natural state but in smaller quantities in the form of banana flour made from ripe fruit. Small quantities of this flour are imported into the United States but in such inconsiderable amounts that up to this time it has not been found advisable separately to enumerate it among articles imported.

THE OSTRICH

I. J. Rosenberger

Part I.

THERE is nothing lovable about the disposition of an ostrich. On the contrary, it is sullen, sulky and even vicious. The acting superintendent of the Los Angeles farm told me that he was passing through their enclosure, when he was suddenly attacked by a large, vicious male bird. He was unarmed, and he at once took in the situation and saw the necessity of fleeing for his life. He raised a cry for help, but was overtaken by the infuriated bird.

He said: "Had it not been for the timely help, I feel sure that I never would have gotten out of that enclosure alive."

Their method of attack is to raise their big, strong foot, which is provided with sharp, heavy toes. If they make the stroke they seem to intend to make, they will gore a man from his head to his feet. With one stroke they will lay a body open, exposing the insides. Some one said about the only thing they are afraid of is a thorn bush.

Some one gives the comparative feed of the ostrich thus: "A head of cattle eats sixty pounds of alfalfa in a day; an ostrich eats ten pounds. A head of cattle at the age of five years is worth $50; an ostrich is worth $300, to $400 and $500. Cattle begin to decline soon after they mature. These birds do not decline until they reach fifty. They have been known to produce fine feathers when seventy-five years old. The young chicks have been known to yield $20 worth of feathers in a year and begin their yield when ten months old. The age and vigor of the ostrich grades very closely with man."

Gathering the Fruitage.

The harvesting of the plumes is called "plucking." This implies to the reader that the plumes are plucked or pulled. But they are snipped by means of shears. This process is gone through about every eight months. This is done with extreme care, because the curling of the plume depends largely on the way it is cut. The male bird gives the largest yield and has the finest plumes. There are from twenty to twenty-five plumes on each wing of the male bird.

Harvesting the plumes is no easy task, as the birds are strong and vicious. At plucking time they are corralled into narrow stalls, and a sack is slipped over their head—a means of blinding. They then, like Samson with his eyes plucked out, become helpless—easy captives. This is an old trick of Satan that he practices today. When men are blinded they can't see anything in the ordinary self-denial or plain dressing. They are without sentiment (blind), hence helpless. They are easily led into almost any path at the will of Satan or his vicegerent.

When the ostrich is enclosed into a narrow corral and blinded, he at once becomes reconciled to his inevitable fate, and then the plumes are quickly removed. The feathers, after being plucked, are carefully sorted and washed in soapy water until they are perfectly clean and white, and then dried.

The Breed of the Ostrich.

There is as much difference in the quality and breed of the ostrich as there is in any other animal, subject to the same improvement in breeding. Some of the finer grades of the male bird here have sold as high as $5,000. The ordinary value is $500, which at one year old is $100. One of the attendants said that their speed was such as to outrun the fleetest horse on the place, and that he would just as soon be kicked by a mule as by one of these birds. I saw a heavy fence board broken. The attendant said it was broken by a kick of one of these birds.

CURIOUS WATER INSECTS.

MANY water insects are better equipped than those of the land for encountering the hazards of existence. They can swim, dive and run below water, live on dry land or fly in the air, and are so hardy as to be proof against almost any degree of cold. Such are the water bugs, water scorpions and stick insects, which, although slender as rushes and with limbs like hairs, can catch and kill the fry of the smaller fishes. Most of these peculiar insects are like human divers, who have to provide themselves with air to breathe and must work at double speed in addition. Should a group of whirling beetles be disturbed, the whole party will dive like dab chicks, rising to the surface when they feel the need for air.

The diving bell spiders gather air to use just as a soldier might draw water and dispose it about his person in water bottles. The tail of the spider is covered with black, velvety hairs. Putting this tail out of the water, it collects much air in the interstices of the velvet. It then descends, when all this air drawn down beneath the surface collects in a single bubble, covering the tail and breathing holes like a coat of quicksilver. This supply the spider uses when at work below. When the oxygen has dwindled to a single speck the spider once more ascends and collects a fresh store. Another and more artistic means of gathering air employed by the spider is to catch a bubble on the surface and swim below with it. The bubble is then released into a bell woven under some plant, into which many other bubbles have been drawn. In this diving bell the eggs are laid and the young hatched under the constant watch of the old spider. —*Harper's Weekly.*

TO DRY-CLEAN HAIR-BRUSHES.

MANY people have an objection to wetting their brushes, and for those we give this excellent method of cleaning them perfectly. It takes a little time and patience, but nothing else. Take the brush by the handle, and strike gently but firmly the whole face of the bristles on a board or other smooth surface. After twenty-five strokes you will find that the dirt has nearly all gone, and the "woolly" stuff that gathers at the base of the bristles has come down to the ends, where a comb will quickly remove it.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Democrats in Congress.

Two weeks of fighting for the fulfillment of policies has established a reputation for fine generalship among the leaders of the House majority in the new Congress.

There has not been the loss of a single minute in laying the foundation for the platform upon which Democracy will face the country in next year's presidential campaign. Representative Kitchin of North Carolina expressed the spirit of his colleagues when in opening the reciprocity debate recently he exclaimed that the Democrats had accomplished more in fourteen days than the Republicans before them had in ten years.

Here is the record as it stood at the close of the first fortnight of the session:

Canadian reciprocity bill passed in the form agreed upon by the negotiators on the part of Canada and the United States in Washington last January.

Resolution for the submission of a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote adopted.

Measure providing for publicity before elections in the matter of campaign expenditures passed.

Plan for economy in the House operating expenses providing for a saving of $182,000 a year adopted. (It should be said, however, that the other side is skeptical as to the putting of this scheme of economy into effect in its entirety.)

Committee appointed to probe affairs in the various executive departments with a view to lopping off a few millions of waste and abolishing political sinecures at the regular session, in time to make it effective in the approaching national campaign.

With this program fulfilled there remain for action resolutions admitting the two territories to Statehood and the revision of the tariff. The "farmers' free list" measure, embracing 100 articles, will go to passage swiftly upon the heels of Canadian reciprocity.

Then will come necessarily slower work of revising some of the schedules of the existing tariff law. While the part of the program acted upon in the first two weeks contains the greater number of paragraphs, the portion left will be harder to deal with and will require that the machine be geared for less speed.

The Democrats of Yesterday.

For many years the Democrats have been taunting the Republicans with insincerity, while the Republicans in control have gone ahead taking credit for actual results when they achieved them, and caring little about prods for inconsistency relative to the steps along the way. Half or three-quarters of the campaign material—or fancied campaign material—made in the chambers of Congress, is confined to the nagging, the inconsistency charge and the general attacks on the majority because it doesn't add something to what it does or doesn't do it in a different manner. Yet the Democrats know, when the Republicans were in power and actually put something through, that the country would not pay particular attention to minor points involved. But that's the way the game is played; and the Republicans, now in the minority, are getting all the happiness possible out of doing what the Democrats did aforetime. So the Republicans laugh to think that southern Democrats were placed in a hole when confronted with an amendment to the publicity bill that would require statements of primary as well as election expenses to be made known.

They are still laughing over the Democrats' inconsistency in crawling out of the hole and passing the



Giving Maud a Chance.
—Record-Herald.

bill finally without the amendment and are quoting southern representatives as declaring that they never could live "politically" under a law which put their nominations under the supervision of the federal government.

Attitude of the Republicans.

THE Republicans who formerly drove the machine and now have changed places with the other side in scattering tacks in the roadway find their greatest solace to date in the near smash-up of Democratic harmony over the campaign publicity and in the joyful thought that Democratic unity cannot continue forever. It may seem gratuitous and inappropriate to borrow trouble for a body of lawmakers who have made such an excellent start in doing things the country wants to see done, but the faithful chronicler cannot overlook the pitfalls that lie ahead.

"Just wait," say the cynics, and so "wait" it must be in the matter of seeing whether affairs are to be as smooth to the end of the course as they have been thus far. Republicans are lying back and watching for a time when the Bryan Democrats, who will form the strongest element on the Democratic side of the House if a clash ever comes, will get up on their hind legs and fall upon the leaders whose laudable ambition it is to maintain party unity and present a solid front a year hence, to the end that still more work be performed than the original program called for. The leaders at the start played the harmony game by treating Fitzgerald and the so-called "Cannon Democrats" with marked consideration, and no ill effects have resulted as yet. But it is predicted that in due time the patronizing of and deference paid to Fitzgerald and his clique will reach a point where the Bryan rank and file will rebel. If this dire prophecy be fulfilled the sparks will fly sure enough; the leaders will be forced to support or "throw down" their own people, and Democracy will show that it is the same uncertain old animal with the long ears.

Cannon's Change of Heart.

UNCLE JOSEPH CANNON, the late Speaker, is reported to be a greatly changed man. His old arrogance and contempt for Republican insurgents have vanished. He is now talking harmony, and uses soft words in all his dealings with former "enemies."

One thing must be said for Mr. Cannon—he is not a hypocrite. Throughout his long career in Congress he has been bluntly, squarely for or against men and measures. In advocating party harmony he undoubtedly means what he says. He has no personal ends to subserve; he is not "after" any honor or prize.

Many men have gained valuable ideas through loss of power. Apparently Mr. Cannon is one of them. If he continues in his present frame of mind he may do much for party efficiency.

The Situation in Mexico.

PRESIDENT TAFT feels that he has done personally all that could be done by a chief executive to control the situation along the Mexican border. He and his advisers believe that now Congress must say whether the situation is grave enough to warrant intervention and its consequences.

Through the State Department the administration made what may be regarded as its last move.

It reiterated in no uncertain fashion the representations made to Mexico a few days ago, that incidents such as those that occurred at Douglas and Agua Prieta recently must not be repeated.

Instead of waiting the customary period for a formal reply from Mexico, the department asked for immediate assurances that there would be no more fighting which endangered Americans in the border towns. Information was requested also as to what measures the authorities had taken to prevent future combats of this kind.

A few hours after the department announced that it had issued this second demand dispatches from Douglas began to come into the War Department showing that the second battle of Agua Prieta had begun.

Rich Not Taxed Enough.

Gov. WILSON is giving the people the worth of their money in straight talk. He warns them that cheap government is not what they want, but good government, and that good government comes high. "Your reforms will be expensive and will mean temporary increases of taxation," he told a convention at Princeton. The trouble now is, he says, that "we are squeezing and squeezing the poor," while the rich do not pay their fair share of taxes.

Speaking on another occasion the governor said that there has set in "a great reaction against the theory of government by superior people," and that "a reconstruction is going on" along the line of more popular rule. The country must now be devoted not to the "interests" of business, but to the "interests" of humanity, said he. He characterized the tariff as "the ambush of special privilege."—*Pathfinder.*

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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Our Modern Bible as Revised.

The foreign translations and vernacular renderings which aided in building up our Bible were so numerous that it would be almost impossible to trace them down and place them in their proper perspective. We owe the largest debt to Tyndale and Coverdale who laid the foundation and reared the structure of beauty. The skill of the framers of the authorized version, however, must not be underestimated, for by sympathetic and learned imitation they brought the whole up to the highest standard. They were inspired of course by the unparalleled work of their predecessors. The touches made by the best committees were delicate and beautiful, yet if Tyndale's Gospels of 1526 were to be read in our churches now we should very often be unaware of any difference, and there are some cases in which the older seems the better. Tyndale, who worked from the original texts, printed the whole of the New Testament, and left his manuscript of the Old as far as the Second Book of Chronicles. Coverdale, who worked chiefly from other translations, revised Tyndale's work and supplied the remainder. "The Great Bible," which is the basis of the authorized version, is Coverdale's revision of his first complete book. However, it is necessary also to remember the fourteenth century translators, whose early and forceful English was the essential foundation and model for Tyndale, who finding the main lines laid down, set to work and followed the same method. Our present version of the Bible is the result of the best efforts of faithful scholars during the formative period of the English language. Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, the Elizabethan Age and the Jacobean Age all suggest to the student of English history the periods when basic foundations were laid for our present English civilization.

The Circulation of the Bible.

The Bible is now printed in 424 languages, 75 in Europe, 152 in Asia, 103 in Africa, 32 in America, and 62 in Australasia. A new translation put out in 1910 was the gospel of St. Matthew in the dialect of a tribe in French Congo. Another new translation was the gospels of St. Matthew and St. John in the Namau dialect, which is spoken by the cannibals of British New Guinea. The gospels of St. Mark and St. John were published in Hanailou for the tribes of Caledonia. The gospel of St. Luke was printed in Raga, the language of the New Hebrides, and a complete New Testament was published in Tigrinya, a Semetic language spoken by 3,000,000 people in the Tigri province of Abyssinia. The most important revisions during the year were of the translations into Korean and in the Marathi and Kanarese dialects of India.

During the year 1910 the British and Foreign Bible Society issued 3,000 volumes in embossed type for the use of the blind. A complete Bible in this type requires thirty-nine volumes of 5,836 pages, which would occupy a shelf seven feet long. The whole or portions of the Bible for the blind are published in English, Welsh, Spanish, German, Italian and two Chinese dialects.

More Bibles were purchased last year than in any previous year by nearly 1,000,000 copies. The British Society passed the 6,000,000 mark for the first time in its history, and its total issue was 685,000 copies in excess of any previous year. The Bible at present is the best seller in every department store and book store of any consequence in America.

The Man With Large Visions.

You cannot pocket a man whose convictions are coöperative with the large movements of the day. Authority is a relic of mediævalism. The man who is denied the freedom to think does one of two things. He either submits to the circumscribed realm of authority and after a while dwindles away with a dwarfed capacity for usefulness or he breaks the bounds of authority which generally makes it defiant against him. Neither of these alternatives is a desirable thing to do. The trouble is not with the man who thinks but with those of us who try to circumscribe his realm of thought. It is always hazardous to the best interests of right and the highest good of men for one man or a group of men to define the bounds of progress. It generally means the sacrifice of the best interests of the majority of the citizens. The Pilgrim Fathers came to America to seek freedom of thought. Not freedom of thought for others but for themselves. Having secured it they at once began to dictate and to circumscribe for others, which brought ruin for themselves and finally resulted in the extinction of

their creed. Limitations bring more ruin to honest men than freedom. Limitations bring a spirit of rebellion while freedom fosters a spirit of confidence. The coöperation of unhampered minds will do more for the best interests of men than the plotting of men who seek for power and having received it will embezzle that power to enhance their own renown. Self-gratification is a tremendous barrier in the way of all progress, and has brought the world centuries of warfare against established customs. If society would spend the time in fostering healthy thought instead of telling men what to think the world would have a clearer vision of truth.

What of the Jews?

RUSSIA has shown another evidence of tyranny by her recent persecution of the Jews. She forbids the education of their children and is driving them out of the country by the hundred thousand. What will be the destiny of these homeless people? Mr. Jacob Schiff in making an address in New York suggested that there are not enough Jews in this country. Statistics show that the Hebrew population is only two per cent of the total. Mr. Schiff said, "We could have 3,000,000 more Hebrews, but it should be arranged that they go West and help to build up the great country out there." Perhaps the recent action of Russia will give our country an opportunity to give Mr. Schiff's theory a trial, whether we welcome the idea or not. Whatever may be said against the Jew, there is a good deal to be said in his favor when compared with a large number of other foreigners who are making application for citizenship in our country. The great wealth of the middle West and the possibilities of the far West are making an alluring call for some class of people to come in and make that part of the country yield its fullest capacity of wealth. Before many years some one will heed the call. Perhaps a good sprinkle of shrewd Jews who are looking for an opportunity of making a permanent home would be more desirable than a lot of multi-millionaires who would sap the country of its rich resources and use the money in buying titles and dukes to give their daughters a year or two of high life in European courts. The large majority of American citizens would welcome honest citizenship above lords and titles in foreign lands. Will the coming Jew be welcomed in the West?

The End Seat Hog.

HAVE you ever noticed the end seat hog? Whether on the street car, in the concert hall or in the church, he generally flops down at the end of the seat and after that no inconvenience suffered by others will induce him to move. He is as fixed as Gibraltar. He is a static fellow who when he once makes up his mind can never be convinced of anything else even when he knows he is wrong. The gloating satisfaction of having a mind of his own is easily discernible in everything he says or does. He is selfish and little with no regard for the feelings of others. It is easier to avoid becoming such a being than it is to change after turning into one. It is not a bad practice to stop once in a while and see what effect our conduct has upon those around us. No one has a right to make the life of others uncomfortable by thoughtless conduct. A bit of courtesy now and then would do much toward winning friends and making life more pleasant for those around us. Of course no one should expect to have every one on the jump and be a servant, but he should have the right to demand such consideration as all members of society deserve.

The inconsiderate rushing and jamming of crowds is not at all conducive to long life. One of the present public sins is selfish haste which means discomfort, disease and premature death. Of course in the midst of this rush one can hardly expect but that there will be an overproduction of the end seat hog.

The Bridled Calf.

SOME voters can be bought for $1.48 and some senators can be bought for $100,000. They all belong in the class with the bridled calf which is led around in the barnyard by the ten-year-old boy. Calves generally do not permit bridling and are not easily led. Occasionally, however, a weakling is found which can be petted until it has lost all its calf nature and will permit the boy to do anything he chooses. Such calves are generally sold to a circus manager who gets a nice profit for their brilliant stunts from the crowd of ten-cent curiosity seekers. Most voters cannot be bought and the majority of senators cannot be bribed, but sometimes a weakling is found by the trust magnates, and is petted and baited until he becomes quite docile. In a little while he loses all his sense of honor and is entirely in the hands of his purchaser. Of course the magnate is not so much to blame so long as he can find an easy mark and no one objects to his fondling the calf. Nor on the other hand is the senator so much to blame so long as he has no regard for honor and enjoys being fondled. The original blame lies with the men who permitted such a man to get into a position of power and in the second place with the men who permitted him to stay there after he was found out. The average citizen with honor and integrity looks upon such a senator with the same contempt that he has for the weakling calf, and does not care to refer to him as his representative. Do you suppose in twenty-five years from now the Illinois Senator will be used by the circus manager to entertain the crowd?



THE HOME WORLD



WHEN GRANDMA WAS LEFT AT HOME

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

WE are all going to the campmeeting—all except Jud and grandma. Jud's got to stay, because pa said so, and grandma ain't well enough to go; but we are a-goin'," said Celia Drake to Lem Thayre.

So, although it was Sunday morning, the entire family arose about four o'clock. Grandma Drake was helping her son's wife, Rilla, to mix some chicken feed; also helping to wash the breakfast dishes, but not once did she open her mouth to say a word about their arrangements for the day. She who had not missed going to the Saulsbury campmeeting for twenty years was to be left behind this year. "You got so sick the day after you came home from the meeting last year, we can't risk your going this year," Rilla had said, when the family were talking about going to the campmeeting. Grandma's tightly compressed lips and flashing eyes over this announcement should have been a warning to the initiated, but Rilla did not look at her, so she remained unsuspecting; confident that her plans were well received.

It was eight miles to the Saulsbury campmeeting, and the Drakes had an early start. But after they were gone Grandma Drake went into the woodhouse where sat her grandson, Jud, on the chopping block, plunged into the depths of despair. He wanted to go to the campmeeting because all the other boys went. At sight of his grandmother an agonized wail gave evidence of the exceeding bitter disappointment from which he was suffering. "I—I think it's too bad to make me stay home just 'cause I went fishin'!" he moaned.

His grandma let him cry until the vehemence of his grief had somewhat abated. Then she said, "Now just wipe your eyes. Crying ain't a-helping you any as far as I can see. If you 'll stop an' listen to me, maybe you and I can go together."

This was the first word of encouragement that Judson had received that morning. He wiped his eyes with grimy fists and stood at attention. Grandma continued: "They've left old Polk and the rockaway buggy, an' I think you can hitch old Polk, an' we'll drive him to the campmeeting. Your pa did say at the last that if you was ready he 'd let you go along."

"Well, why didn't he call me?" wailed Jud afresh at this aggravating information.

"You go to the barn and see what you can do," said grandma, "an' I'll pack the luncheon."

Jud found that the harnessing of old Polk was an almost impossible feat. Had he not been so sore over his disappointment he would have given it up. The bridle was broken, the buckles were covered with rust, and it was all he could do to find enough harness to attach old Polk to the rockaway. When he finally tied him to the fence there was a look of surprise in the old horse's eyes and a glint which showed him to be ready for any emergency.

"Now, Jud, here is your breakfast," said grandma, when he came into the kitchen; "then you must wash clean and get dressed, so's we can start."

"All right. It won't take me long to get ready. Say, I had to tie some of that harness with string. Of course, they took the best of everything," said Jud, bitterly.

"Well, never mind," said grandma, soothingly. "We'll tie out in the woods where we won't be seen." Then she took the box of luncheon out and put it under the seat. In a few moments she and Jud entered the barnyard ready to leave. They shut the stable doors; then grandma climbed stiffly into the rockaway, and Jud turned old Polk toward the lane. It was so long since he had been hitched to anything like a carriage, that old Polk, who was stringhalted, hesitated about starting at all. But with a little encouragement he trotted out the lane, and down the road. The two were safely en route to the Saulsburg campmeeting.

Grandma and Jud were happy. They talked of many things during the first six miles of the journey. Then old Polk trotted down the hill to Saulsbury Creek, with elaborate carefulness and a twitching of the reins that bespoke discomfort. "It's too bad we couldn't have a better harness," remarked grandma, philosophically. "There won't many folks see us!" was little Jud's consolatory reflection.

They pulled through the creek, but as they came out on the opposite side, the hill was very steep and the old horse planted his forefeet firmly as he began to climb upward. Then there was a crash, a sound as of many things breaking and tearing, and with one wild dash old Polk was racing up the hill, while the rockaway backed swiftly and silently into the creek. Grandma said not a word. Jud said, "It's all the fault of that old rotten harness. Now, what'll we do?" "Do? Why we're 'most there. You can walk and perhaps I can, too," said grandma with decision. So they discussed the situation, while the old rockaway settled down into the creek, until the shafts were submerged in the water. Grandma knew she could not reach dry land without help. Jud said he'd wade ashore and see what had become of Polk. But at this juncture they saw a young man bringing old Polk down the hill. He looked surprised when he saw grandma in the rockaway. But he was a discreet young man and guarded in his speech. As Jud came wading to the shore, the young man tied old Polk to the fence.

"Now, boy, you and I can pull the old lady to dry land. Then if she can walk to the top of the hill we can patch this harness together with some straps I have here, and you can drive on."

So grandma walked to the top of the hill, and then sat down on a stump to rest. After what seemed a long time of waiting grandma saw Jud leading old Polk up the hill. Once more the two climbed into the rockaway buggy and drove toward Saulsbury. Grandma said, "It's all level road from here," and Jud replied, "I am glad of it."

When they were within sight of the campmeeting woods they soon found themselves in a line of carriages. Jud was uncomfortably conscious of his old turnout, but grandma said nothing. So they drove into the woods and tied Polk in a secluded spot.

As grandma and Judson walked up to the meeting grounds, grandma said: "There's your ma now. She looks surprised, too. Now, you can go with the boys." Then grandma graciously received the cordial greeting of many old friends. In response to some inquiry, Rilla overheard her say: "Yes, I found I could come 'most as well as not, so little Jud brought me."

Grandma joined in the singing with fervor of spirit, and in a short experience meeting she gave her testimony, as she had done for twenty years; only after praising the Lord for all his goodness to her, she added the following: "When Nehemiah wanted to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem he found much rubbish there, and it hindered his work. They couldn't go right on because of this rubbish. It had to be cleared away. And in our days there is trials and discouragements that hinders us, like the rubbish on them Jerusalem streets. But the Lord has promised to help us through, an' we'll believe his Word."

Rilla came around after meeting and said: "Ma, you get in our carriage and ride home. One of the others will go with Jud." And the old lady acquiesced most gracefully in this arrangement.

Rilla had a saving sense of humor. That night she said to her husband: "Well, I guess we might as well let ma decide for herself when she wants to go, or when she wants to stay at home."

Covington, Ohio.

AT THE END OF THE COMMONPLACE

Judith Chrisney Cameron

IDANA HARTLY let her feet sink comfortably into the soft grass, and then regarded, with an indulgent eye, a grasshopper clinging to the front breadth of her skirt. She observed the insect even while she kept an eye and an ear on the services progressing at the grave.

Idana knew little of the world at large; but she subjected her own small world to a microscopic analysis, which yielded her more acute information regarding her neighbors than those neighbors, fortunately, ever guessed. Idana had an easy-going "man," and she was easy-going herself. She kept her household reasonably well-ordered; her children were obedient; but the outsides of her saucepans were not washed. Some women would have preferred the reverse. However, the docility of her offspring rendered it possible for Idana to leave them in charge of the eldest girl while she herself attended the funeral of Mary Lizella Blocker.

Idana always attended any social occurrence in the neighborhood: for the keenness of her interest in life made almost any gathering worth-while. But on the present occasion she told herself that she had, perhaps, made a mistake to waste any time on the funeral of Lem Blocker's wife; for Lem had never been a good provider for Mary Lizella in life; nor was he any better at her death. The coffin was painfully plain and meagrely varnished. The village hearse, which was the pride of the whole neighborhood, had not been hired. Mary Lizella had ridden to her grave in the same rusty old spring-wagon which had, on rare occasions, given her a drive while living.

The afternoon was so faultlessly beautiful that quite a crowd of neighbors had been tempted into going to the cemetery; the interment furnishing a definite object for a stroll, and a definite object in certain rural districts is hard to come by, and therefore valuable.

But one and all felt, like Idana, that they were scarcely compensated for their walks or drives, as the case might be. They looked in vain to Lem Blocker for any sign of emotion. It is true that he twice drew out a faded blue handkerchief, and, for the sake of the unities in propriety, applied it carefully to his left and then to his right eye; but the action deceived no one.

As to Lem Blocker's face, he really could not, apparently, work it into any expressiveness, whether assumed or true. Long years of devotion to his chief god, Money, had reduced his features to a wizened mask, an excellent protection in horse-trading and other deals. Only his eyes, those rebellious organs of the soul, betrayed his real nature; but his eyes he usually kept half-closed.

He stood now listening, with a mild air of resignation, to the minister. It suddenly dawned on Idana that Blocker's suit was quite new. She even fancied she could, on the black cloth, trace the remains of a newly torn-off ticket. Idana, lacking any other amusement, began vaguely speculating why this unemotional mourner should put himself to the expense of a new suit.

She could not refrain from whispering her wonder softly into the ear of a red-cheeked girl of eighteen, Pearl Ferris, who stood close beside her. They were on the outskirts of the little crowd, but Idana dearly loved to confide her speculations to some one. Pearl Ferris concealed a wholesome intelligence under her rather blowsily pretty and bland face. She felt somewhat scandalized that Mrs. Hartly should whisper at a funeral. Pearl herself was giving her most decorous attention to the young minister; so she merely smiled faintly in response to Idana's whisper, and bent her attention on the services. Very shortly some of the neighbors began filling in the grave, and as the crude red mound swiftly arose it seemed to Idana Hartly's imaginative mind fitly to represent its occupant's whole bare life.

"It's a pity," whispered the irrepressible Idana to the uneasy Pearl, "that some of the what-you-call-it, spirit phenomena old Mrs. Gunn 's always discussin' couldn't be realized here. I'd like to see Mary Lizella rise up and give her mattromonial experiences!"

"Oh, Mis' Hartly!" whispered the scandalized Pearl. "*Don't* talk that way at a funeral, an' *please* don't whisper no more. Folks will look at us, an' I couldn't bear that."

"Well, I won't," sibilated Mrs. Hartly, willing, however, to make the most of her last chance to whisper. "I won't say another word. Of course, they can't hear us. I always could whisper so not even my lips move. But I don't want to worry you, an' it's idle speculation any way, for Mary Lizella's lips is shut forever."

As she spoke, several of the neighbors, moved by that tender pitifulness that death, far more than life, begets, moved forward and laid flowers on the ugly mound. Lem Blocker wriggled slightly, and then, still with his air of mild resignation to Providence, and with lids half dropped over his too-shrewd eyes, produced a bunch of ill-assorted blossoms and laid them on his wife's resting-place.

As this act was completed, the young minister raised his hand.

"My people," he said, "I must ask your attention a few moments longer, that I may carry out an unusual, yet none the less sacred, wish of our departed sister-in-the-Lord."

At this, a half-drawn breath of surprise and of immediate interest from those assembled made a soft suspiration, like a sigh for the so soon-to-be-forgotten Mary Lizella.

Idana felt a thrill of eager curiosity leap in her veins. Maybe her walk in the hot sun had been well invested, after all. "That I may carry out an unusual, yet none the less sacred, wish of our departed sister-in-the-Lord." What could that wish be? Idana's richly foreseeing mind sped, like a bee among a sudden burst of flowers, from one fascinating guess to another. It was a kind of game she had played with herself for years, this instant foreseeing, or trying to foresee, what others desired; but here, with the speed of light, she rejected a dozen conceptions as vain, and found herself wholly baffled; for it was quite impossible to connect the word "unusual" with anything planned or requested by so very mechanical and commonplace a toiler as Mary Lizella had always been. A vision of the dead in her invariably faded wrappers, moving woodenly from one hourly task to another, rose before Idana. Mary Lizella's very eyes had been faded; the depth of the blue had washed out. Unusual—no! It would be some ordinary fancy, after all, and curiosity would be unrepaid.

Then Idana saw the minister turn and lift from the heart of a shrub a box whose appearance instantly betrayed its contents.

"She's merely asked to have somebody's graphophone sing one of them Italianated hymns over her grave," decided Idana in a flash. "I wouldn't have thought she cared enough for music." As the minister opened the case and fitted on the flower horn, Idana forgot her promise and whispered to Pearl Ferris:

"It's Lawyer Graham's 'phone. He's a cousin of

Mary Lizella's They say it cost two hundred dollars. I wonder what hymn she wanted sung?"

As though in answer to this, and before the indignant Pearl could again secretly protest against Idana's communications, the young minister spoke:

"It is not a wholly unknown thing," he said, "for one of these household companions, a phonograph, to furnish soothing songs at such a time as this. Therefore, although the request of our sister-in-the-Lord, sleeping here in our midst, is unusual, it is not indecorous, and I shall put in the record.

"I say *the* record; because I wish to explain that the record is not mine. Mrs. Blocker herself, feeling that a chronic disease was loosening her hold on life, brought me the record sealed in a box. She delivered it to me, exacting my promise that I would play it through for her at her funeral, and she asked the patience of her neighbors in listening. As she had no 'phone of her own, she desired me to borrow that of Lawyer Graham."

At the mention of his name, a faint movement touched the corners of Wexley Graham's lips. He was always spoken of as "our rising young lawyer," and, indeed, as he stood among his neighbors, there was already on him an air surprisingly cosmopolitan for so young and so little-travelled a man. From his coolly-intellectual face, his penetrating eyes rested a second on the minister; then turned indifferently away.

"I found Mr. Graham already cognizant of her desire," continued the minister, pleased with his own command of words, "and he gladly lent his excellent machine, which by the direction of our sleeping sister I have placed upon her grave."

"I hope to mercy Lawyer Graham didn't choose the soothin' song himself," whispered Idana to Pearl, "because I know that young man. He 's a regular infiddle! He calls himself a Darwinite; it's the same thing."

At this juncture Pearl Ferris, resenting Idana's broken promise of decorum, moved softly several yards away, and Idana, because of this, recalled her gage of behavior, and felt that she owed Pearl an apology, later on. Her sense of discomfiture, however, was almost instantly lost in the exquisitely keen interest with which she watched the young minister breaking with her slender fingers, the paper seal set on the record put in his keeping by Mary Lizella.

Idana yet found time to glance at Lem Blocker. His weather-lined, irregularly-featured face was as inexpressive as ever, with his lids still drooped over his foxlike eyes; but Idana, in one comprehensive glance, saw, by the twitching of his knotty hands, that he was by no means pleased with the addition of a phonograph to the services. Idana further remarked that Lawyer Graham seemed to be moved by some kindlier surge of feeling; for the young man had noiselessly drawn closer to the widower, and now stood beside him.

Idana's gaze returned quickly to the minister, who now, amid a silence unbroken except by the cheerful fiddling of sundry grasshoppers in the cemetery grass, put in the record, wound and released the motor-power of the machine.

There was a soft preliminary whir, and then there fell clearly on the ears of those assembled not the familiar "Rock of Ages," not "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," not the "Holy City," those appealing comforters in sorrow; but the unmistakable voice of Mary Lizella herself; of the woman who had so quietly yielded to the veil of clay and earth heaped upon her.

As the worn and very tired voice began, "I hope you'll all have patience with me for a few minutes. This is my last will an' testament—" Lem Blocker started and turned a ghastly white. He was not alone in his terror. The neighbors, taken completely by surprise, were nearly as shocked as though a ghost had indeed risen from that commonplace grave. The minister himself, having always supposed the record some excellent hymn, was not a little discomfited; but he recovered promptly. After all, if she chose this verbal way of disposing of her few effects, there could be no radical objection.

Lawyer Graham alone had shown no surprise. He merely edged a little closer to Lem Blocker.

The voice from the flower horn went on—"an' bein' no hand with a pen, I chose this way. Somehow, close to you as I am now, it is like speakin' face to face—my sperit to your sperits."

A very genuine shiver ran through the crowd. Lem Blocker's bowlegs trembled under him; his tongue grew dry, and the hair of his flesh stood up. It was all so uncanny to him; so desperately and disagreeably unexpected. As to the neighbors, they remained rooted. If the voice of the too-near dead chilled them, it also fascinated them terribly.

"I have not much to leave," pursued the voice, "an' yet I have a good deal to will. Not in money. When I married Lem I brought him fifteen hundred dollars. He took it an' invested it, because, he said, a woman hadn't no sense about money; an' I never saw it again. It drawed interest; but Lem spent the interest on improved machinery for the farm."

At this point, her fright having swiftly subsided, Idana shot a glance at the widower engaged in listening to his wife's voice. She saw that the whiteness of terror and the red of new-born anger were struggling on his skin. His face was no longer inexpressive; his lids were rolled up, his eyes dilated; he looked wildly at the pitiless machine.

"I rose at four an' retired at ten every day through our married life," continued Mary Lizella's voice, "an' in them long, long days, hot and cold, I worked

like only a woman can work. Sometimes my legs was so tired I had to drag 'em; sometimes my back was breakin'. Lem thought a machine needed oilin' an' repairin' now an' then; but a woman never needs no repairin'. She can just keep on. In between cookin' and washin' an' sewin' an' stock-feedin', I raised some chickens every year, an' every year Lem took 'em an' sold 'em an' put the money on the farm. I never went to church—how could I, havin' no clothes? An' so, havin' no way of makin' money, nor no way of gettin' my own, I kept a-grievin' (when I found I had that kidney trouble) that I could leave nothin' to my church. So then I remembered maw's colored cashmere shawl she left me. I took it an' sold it for fifty cents, the only money I 've owned myself since I put on Lem's ring; for he made me run store account an' paid it himself. So this fifty cents I solemnly leave an' bequeath to my church; an' neither am I ashamed of the bequest, because it is all I had."

Lem Blocker started forward. Instantly Graham locked arms with him and whispered fiercely in his ear:

"Do you want to commit sacrilege? Let her finish —*or she'll get even some other way!*"

Lem Blocker heard this threat in mortal affright. He staggered, but he stood still. "*Some other way!*" Might there, then, be a way even worse than this?

"I have been a beggar all my married life," continued the Voice, "too poor even to pay back kind words with kind words. I heard a neighbor say of me once, 'There goes Mary Lizella Blocker. Block 's a good name for her. She ain't got a bit of feelin'. Say anything nice to her, an' she looks at you like a dummy'."

Here a woman in the crowd turned scarlet, and covered her face with her hands.

"But I never blamed her a mite," went on the Voice, "I was always too tired, too awful tired, to seem like anything but a dummy. I couldn't talk back nice like I would 'a' done sometimes if I could only have been a little rested. But I received every pleasant word ever spoke to me, an' locked it up in my heart, an' oh, I was real grateful! I was! I was!"

A sob rose in the young minister's throat. Unashamed, he dashed the tears from his eyes.

"So," hurried on the Voice, "I leave to every human that ever give me a nice good-mornin' or good-day, or a friendly call, my thanks an' the hope that I shall say good-morning in my home to come, back to them like I'd please to say it. But oh, not yet! I wanter be rested first."

Lem Blocker threw out his unclutched arm passionately.

"Mary—for God's sake, stop!" he shrieked, in mad personal appeal, beyond all reasoning.

"Only one more bequest," went on the Voice, mechanically. "Now that Lem has flung me acrost the grindstone of life and ground away first my looks, for I was awful pretty for a little while, an' then my strength, an' then my life, I bequeath the said Lem Blocker, him being strong enough an' willin' an' desirous to kill off another woman—an' havin' been covetous of this girl for several years—I bequeath him to Pearl Ferris—an' may God have mercy on her!"

"Will nobody stop that awful thing?" screamed Lem Blocker. "I say—you Lawyer Graham, let me go—or I—"

"The record is now ended of itself, Lemuel," advised the young minister, sharply. "Be quiet, please. Remember this is—"

But here Pearl Ferris sprang toward the grave.

"Mis' Blocker," she called wildly, "you've spoke —an' you've got to hear my answer! I never knowed your man thought of me. I wouldn't have him to save my mortal soul from the bad place!" She turned on Lem Blocker, sobbing wildly. "You brought this on me, you—you— Oh, won't somebody take me home?"

A sturdy and well-dressed young farmer hurried to her side, reaching her just as Idana did.

"Come in my buggy, Pearl," he said, comfortingly. "Ef he ever looks at you again, I'll kill him!"

"Let us disperse!" cried the minister, loudly. He rose manfully to the situation, and shooed his congregation into the road and set them moving. Except Lemuel. To him he said nothing, and presently Idana Hartly, managing to be the last on the grounds, noted that Lemuel Blocker, seeming half-dazed, was left alone near the flower-decked red mound.

It was Idana whose all-embracing glance noted that although the minister had taken the machine and was driving off with it he had left the still voiceful record lying on the grave.

Idana, plodding homeward, a-thrill with a most satisfactory afternoon, could not escape a sense of deprivation in not knowing what would become of that record.

Suddenly Lawyer Graham walked up beside her and fell into step. Idana rejoiced in a human ear, Darwinian or otherwise.

"What on earth will he do with it?" she cried. "It was left lying there. Will he dast to touch it? Will he?"

But Lawyer Graham only smiled inscrutably.

"There 's a grasshopper clinging to your skirt," he said.—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

Is it not possible for one large fault to be concealed by many small virtues?

TIN AND TINWARE

John H. Nowlan

HARRY was just finishing his task of cleaning up the back yard when his uncle returned from his day's work.

"Uncle, I am making me a flower bed in the back yard. Do you remember that picture you showed us last winter?"

"The one that said, 'Shall your little ones pluck flowers or rattle tin cans in your backyard?'"

"Yes, that is the one. I showed it to mama and she said that I could have all the room I wanted if I would clean out the rubbish and cultivate the flowers I planted."

"That's a very good plan, Harry."

"I have carried out so many loads of cans that I have been wondering where they all come from. Have you ever seen them made, uncle?"

"Many a time. I have helped in the work myself, often."

"Where do we get tin?"

"Tin is one of the first metals known to prehistoric man, for the earliest metal tools were made of bronze, which is made of copper and tin. The world's great source of tin from the earliest times has been Cornwall. From this place the Phœnician sailors carried tin to Tyre and Sidon. It is also found in other parts of Europe, southern Asia, and in recent years in the United States."

"Then is it mined like iron?"

"Yes, to some extent. The so-called tin is not pure tin by any means, but is sheet iron with a coating of tin on it. The art of tinning sheet iron is said to have been invented in Bohemia early in the sixteenth century, and it was first made in England about the year 1670.

"The present process of manufacture is quite a complicated one. The iron is rolled into sheets with great care to avoid scales on the surface. They are soaked in acid to remove all oxide, washed, annealed in closed furnaces, polished by passing between chilled iron rollers, annealed, given another acid bath, washed in running water and then scoured with sand. They are now ready for the tinning. They are dipped several times in melted tin covered with grease, after which they are polished by rubbing with bran and meal and later with flannel."

"How is tin made into cans? I have tried to mend holes in tin buckets, but the solder always rolls up in little balls and runs off. How is it made to stick and what is the solder made of?"

"The tin is cut into pieces the proper size and then passed through a machine which bends them to the proper shape. The tinner has a tool which he calls a soldering iron, but the business end of it is copper. It is made hot enough to melt the solder, the tinner having a small stove in which he makes a fire with charcoal, or now he oftener uses gasoline.

"The next time you go to a tin shop watch the tinner. You will be apt to see him file the copper till it is smooth and bright; then when it is hot he will wipe it on a cloth dampened with water, rub it on something that looks like a piece of horn, after which he rubs it on the solder till it is coated. If you ask him why he uses that material and what it is he will likely tell you it is sal ammoniac and is used to cleanse the iron, but he may not tell you that it is also a flux and will cause the solder to stick to the iron.

"Some of the other fluxes used are borax, resin, and muriatic acid in which pieces of zinc have been placed.

"As to what solder is made of, that depends on the kind, of which there are several. Pewterer's solder is bismuth 2 parts, lead 4 parts and tin 3 parts. Plumber's coarse is tin 1 part and lead 3 parts; while fine is tin 2 and lead 1. Spelter is zinc 3 and copper 4, while soft spelter is equal parts of zinc and copper."

"Where do they get sal ammoniac?"

"It may be bought at almost any drugstore, but if you mean how it is made you had better wait till we have more time."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A VERY LARGE CRAB.

THE largest crab in the world, a specimen of the giant spider-crab from Japan, is now in the Museum of Natural History, New York. This remarkable crustacean was secured by Professor Bashford, dean of Columbia University, from Miura-Misaki. The spread of the two largest legs, or arms, having saw-like teeth, called "pincers," is nearly twelve feet, and the body portion is over one foot in diameter and about the size of a large dinner-plate. The monster crab inhabits the sea and islands of Japan, and is known to occur at a depth of over two thousand feet. The eight arms resemble sections of bamboo growth, and are extremely elastic.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE so-called sacrament of marriage is often partaken without absolution.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF ST. PAUL.

A CAREFUL study of the life of St. Paul will convince the student that the apostle was well acquainted with the development of thought of his day. Mr. Charles Johnston in *The Open Court* gave a somewhat detailed account of Paul's acquaintance with the philosophy of his day.

The religions of the Orient give us a wide view of life and its progression, drawing back the veil from the upward stairway of consciousness, and showing us how in the fulness of time we may ascend to a far summit of power and wisdom.

Jesus, on the other hand, gives the impression of one who, seeing the long upward pathway of life ascending through the ages, had by a supreme effort of will outstripped time, through intense faith and devotion passing at once to the great consummation. This is, perhaps, the meaning of his words: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence."

His life challenges us to a like effort. He touches the will, enkindling it with intense power, urging us also to transcend time, to reach at once through fierce and fiery will the consummation ages might have brought. Such an inspiration works miracles. It invites violent reactions, as shown in the cataclysmic history of Christendom.

A striking example of the direct power of Jesus upon the will is the life of Paul the Pharisee, one of the violent who take the kingdom of heaven by force. Here is Paul's own summing up of his life:

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed . . . in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings . . . by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing and yet possessing all things."

Paul's genius makes for vivid flashes of self-revelation, impressions keenly felt, and recorded in bursts of eloquence. His whole pathway is lit by these lightning-flashes of impression and feeling. There are memories of infancy: of that mother from whose womb God separated him, perhaps of his father in such a sentence as this: "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father. Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage;" or again: "One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." And how many impressions of childhood are gathered in the sentence: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child . . ."

Paul's Knowledge of the Cæsars.

Paul's family, and Paul himself from childhood, must have been very familiar with the fortunes of the Cæsars. Paul's friend and fellow-traveler mentions by name Augustus, Tiberius and Claudius; and Paul must have known their history as well as he knew the legal rights of Roman citizenship, in its relation to the Cæsars. We may be quite certain that in the familiar talk in his father's house Paul heard as a commonplace of conversation the story of the great doings of the Cæsars: the passage of Julius Cæsar through Tarsus, his death at the hands of Brutus and the rest, the harsh punishment which Cassius visited on Tarsus for its love for Cæsar, the coming of Mark Antony and his fall, and the triumph and favor of Augustus.

Paul must have heard among the tales of his childhood the marvelous coming of Cleopatra to his own Tarsus:

"When she first met Mark Antony
. . . upon the river of Cydnus."

The old men and women of the city must have told him that story of the serpent of old Nile that Enobarbus told Agrippa:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they did undid.....
From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air....."

One may wonder whether some reminiscence of that early tale may have added color to the words: "In like manner that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefastness and sobriety; not with braided hair, and gold or pearls or costly raiment; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

The apostle used a number of athletic terms in his epistles. Mr. Johnson gave the following suggestions concerning his knowledge of them:

Paul must have played as a boy in the market-place where Mark Antony sat, and wandered along the wharfs where the crowds gathered to see Cleopatra. He must have known very familiarly the hot, damp plain around Tarsus, overshadowed by the foothills and snow-fringed ridges of Taurus, shaggy with dark cedars, their evergreen dales adorned with glades of

saffron. The whole region was set in an atmosphere of romance and legend and tradition, and we may be certain that Paul in his early years breathed this atmosphere. To the traveler through Cilicia and the countries westward toward the Ægean, there were on all hands memories of Homer. Tarsus, says Strabo, was founded by Argives who accompanied Triptolemus in his search after Io. The Cydnus flows through the middle of it, close by the gymnasium of the young men. One may surmise that Paul, the son of a citizen, that is, one of the aristocracy of Tarsus, was not shut out from this gymnasium close by the icy Cydnus. This may be the origin of such phrases as: "Bodily exercise (*somatike gumnasia*) is profitable for a little;" or "if also a man contend in the games, he is not crowned, except he have contended lawfully;" or "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run, that ye may attain. And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air." Our version, which has filtered through the Latin, obscures the Greek words, like gymnasia, athletics, stadion, and so forth. If we kept them in our translations, it would become far clearer that Paul was using the familiar speech of the gymnasium, in speaking of the conditions of training, of boxing, of foot races, and of fair play in athletic contests. There is no violence in the suggestion that all these phrases may be memories of boyhood, words first picked up in the gymnasium of his native Tarsus.

A Tinge of Orientalism.

There was also a tinge of Orientalism. Dion Chrysostom, who was a boy when Paul wrote his earlier letters, speaks of the Oriental spirit of Tarsus, of its Assyrian cult, and the supremacy of Phœnician music. He records another touch of the Orient: the Tarsian women veiled their faces. May we not find, in Paul's early familiarity with this custom, the source of that famous injunction: "If a woman be not veiled, let her also be shorn; but if it be a shame to a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be veiled."

There is a story of another great Oriental, recorded by Strabo, which Paul may well have known. It concerns Anchiale, close to the mouth of the river Cydnus, where the tomb of Sardanapalus was reputed to be. On the tomb was a stone figure of Sardanapalus, snapping his fingers, with an inscription in Assyrian letters: "Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxes, built Anchiale and Tarsus in one day. Eat, drink, be merry; everything else is not worth a snap of the fingers." Paul may well have had this in mind, as well as the words of the Hebrew prophet, when he wrote: "If the dead be not raised, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

* * *

WHAT under heaven else could a man or woman want save their heart's desire, or tender sympathy when they cannot achieve it?

TO THE DANDELION.

J. O. BARNHART.

Dear dandelion whose smiling face,
In every nook I see,
Thou bringest where'er my steps I trace,
Sweet thoughts of God to me.

I love to see thee push aside
Upon some sunny mound,
The turf to show where Nature hides
Her secrets in the ground.

Thou art no secret—by no sign
Thy coming is foretold;
Through all the year in bright sunshine
Thy petals fair unfold.

Let the bare earth but feel the glow
Of noon upon her breast,
She opes her bosom proud to show
Thy star upon her crest.

And seeing thee, I know that still
The spendthrift seasons hold
Safe in the pockets of the hills,
Some wealth in coins of gold.

And gold that brings me such content
As lucre can not bring;
I shall not fear impoverishment,
While thou art blossoming.

How good is God! when Nature sheds
On us her ripening hoard,
Food for the soul he also spreads
Upon her bounteous board.

And as one who for daily food
Gives thanks ere he partakes,
I bow my head in gratitude,
For every feast he makes.

He neither time nor season knows,
For his is love divine.
And even out from winter snows
Wakes beauty such as thine.

Then let the seasons come and go;
Let springtime pass away—
Where'er the dandelion blows
For me 'tis always May.

And let the May give place to June,
And summer too, depart,
And autumn winds play mournful tunes—
They can not chill my heart.

I look above the hillsides where
He sets thy seal of truth,
And know there is a fountain fair,
Whence springs immortal youth.

When other flowers have long decayed,
I see thee in the glen,
And know, though with the flowers I'm laid,
That I shall rise again!

Where time nor change can ever come
To bring death and decay,
I'll flourish then in fadeless bloom,
While ages glide away.

Arcola, Ill.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Cleaning House.

As the spring days draw near, thoughts of house cleaning force themselves upon us, not as of "a shadowy something far away," but as an enemy that even now we must meet in hand-to-hand combat. The languor of the first warm days has found us, and so many things crowd upon us that we look in vain for a glimpse through and beyond all; but the house cleaning looms up like a monster covering our whole horizon. What shall we do? The masculine mind finds the key to the situation at once. Simply ignore house cleaning. It has always been a most unmitigated nuisance to him—a time that has made the sentiments about the comforts of a home as "sounding brass." We are used to humoring the men of the household, but we must draw the line at such a radical theory. But now that our minds are aroused upon the subject, let us think seriously concerning our methods.

House cleaning must be done, and must be done thoroughly once a year. But why do we select the spring for this Herculean labor? Probably for the same reason that we do many other things without asking whether the cart is before the horse, because it is the custom, and other people do it. Did the idea of doing the thorough cleaning in the autumn never occur to the reader?

We must remember that in the good old days when spring cleaning obtained its foothold, houses, dress and manner of living were all very different from now, and although the customs fit them, it seems to be a sad misfit in this day and generation of close buildings and weather strips—when friendly, unhindered intercourse of outdoor and indoor air has become a thing of the past.

The most important point in favor of the autumn cleaning is its hygienic aspect. In the winter we practically live indoors, and are therefore very dependent upon the state of our houses for health and comfort, and it is certainly the time of all others when everything should be as clean and pure as possible. The conditions are just reversed in the summer. We live, practically, an outdoor life then, and the amount of dust in our houses affects us comparatively little. Even when indoors, the sweet summer air is constantly admitted through open windows and doors, and keeps the atmosphere of the house purified in consequence. But in the winter little outside air is permitted to enter, and if the carpets contain the dust accumulated (in spite of sweepings) since they were laid in the spring, the air will be kept very plentifully supplied with it—a sure irritant to throats and lungs that have rather a hard time at best in the winter.

Then, too, when all is bleak outside, we especially want our homes to look their prettiest, and as new things replace the old ones generally after the greater of the two semi-annual upheavals, why not have this in the autumn, when we may have the new things in all their freshness, when nature, with all her summer charms gone, inclines us to look within, and tempts us less to look without?

An effort to distribute our work as equally as possible through the year gives us several other reasons. In the spring, the putting away of the winter furs and woolens is a task to which the laying away of summer clothes is not to be compared. Then, too, this is the time to frustrate the workings of the troublesome little moths, and the closets, chests, etc., should have most thorough attention. This work necessarily belongs to the spring. Besides a careful examination of everything, and the very thorough brushing of all the garments, the closets and storeroom should be fumigated with sulphur to destroy moths and their eggs that are sheltered in crevices too small for the cleaning to reach.

Again, under this head we find that the amount of sewing in the spring is much more than in the autumn—from which it naturally follows that the time spent in shopping is also greater—a factor not to be overlooked. Certainly, three times as many garments are needed in the summer as in the winter, and the pretty, dainty creations of lace and ribbons and filmy stuffs require countless stitches before they become the dreams of girlish simplicity that we so greatly admire.

Does it not really seem that even a very energetic woman has enough to do in the spring with thoroughly attending to furs and woolens, the closets, the sewing, etc., and through it all wrestling with "spring fever" and the normal desire to have time to enjoy the awakening of nature, without adding to her labors by taking up carpets?

Then again, if we consult our natural inclinations, who feels like cleaning house in the balmy spring days, and who does not feel equal to cleaning two houses, if necessary, when the brisk, cool days of autumn come?

Shall we longer hesitate as to when we will do our thorough hard cleaning? Does not a thoughtful consideration of the matter incline us to no longer follow a custom that we have failed to see is unsatisfactory only because we have followed it blindly?

Sweeping and Dusting.

In many articles on domestic economy, we are warned of the danger of dust in the house, and taught how to remove it in the right manner. Not all of us can have the dustless cleaners or the expensive machinery to free our houses from the accumulations of dirt with but little labor; even the carpet sweeper, which is at best but a limited convenience, is beyond the reach of the majority of housewives. So we should learn the best way of using the old-fashioned broom, dust brush and cloths. We are warned of the dangers of dust, and told that we should not sweep with closed doors and windows, as this, with the dusting that follows is but a disturbance and redistribution of the dust particles, only the coarser dirt being taken out. We are told that in dust there lurk the deadly germs of disease, not only the poison fallen from our own bodies, but that brought in from the street on our shoes and skirts and clothing. Where the broom must be relied on, the doors and windows should be opened, if possible, and for the heavy sweeping, the days should be chosen when the wind is "just right" to carry the dust out of the house. Any rugs small enough to be handled should be carried out on the porch, or grass, and rugs or carpets that must be cleaned indoors should be well sprinkled with wet tea-leaves or shredded paper, wet bran, coarse salt, or anything that will catch the dust instead of stirring it up. Sweeping should be done with short, light strokes, and the dust taken up frequently, rather than, as some housewives do, carrying it from room to room. Where it is possible to have the vacuum cleaner, the problem is solved, as all dust and its denizens are taken up in that way. It is to be hoped that the day will soon come when every housewife can afford an apparatus of this kind, but at present, the cost of the machinery is too great for the very large majority.

Over-Working the Woman.

If one has even a small bit of ground, there is a strong inclination to "plant something," and where there is room for a garden, it is time to get it planted. But gardening is hard work—men's work, and women should not be expected to do it. Too many women strive to do everything in the way of "chores" to help the menfolks in the busy times, and this, besides the household duties, such as cooking, washing, ironing, caring for the chickens, milking the cows, feeding the pigs and calves, baking, mending, sewing, often cutting the wood and bringing the water from a distance, in addition to the never-ending little things that crowd her from morning until away into the night, then cradling a sick or ailing baby in her arms until morning. The husbands of these wives supply themselves with labor-saving machinery, but leave the wife to get along the best she can with the old hand-implements. While this will not apply to all husbands, it does to a too large majority of them. Don't you think something should be done?

Helps for the Housewife.

If a cotton rug is to be washed, it is generally of such proportions and thickness that it cannot be wrung. Lay it on a smooth, inclined floor, or table, and go over it with an ordinary rolling pin, rolling it as you would dough. This will force the water out, without wrinkling the rug, and it will dry much quicker.

Where the walls and ceilings have become streaked and black with smoke, put two-thirds of a cupful of coal oil in a gallon of hot water, and go over the surface with a cloth wet with this mixture. Keep the water hot, and wash the rag in clean water as often as it shows dirt, in order not to spread the blackness. Change the water if it gets colored, making the same proportions. This is only for painted surfaces.

For cleaning the dirt and smoke from a papered wall, be sure to have plenty of clean cloths, and wipe carefully a little space at a time. Do not use a cloth after it is much soiled, even if you have to stop, wash and dry the cloths.

To prevent the destructive and unsightly ridges made by the looseness of the matting, in laying it, get the widths as smooth as possible, then, put a cupful of common coarse salt in a pail of hot water, and with a cloth dipped in this, mop and wash the matting as you would if it were dirty, using the salt water freely and keeping it hot by renewing the proportions as it is used up; wash with the grain of the matting, and let it be quite wet. Then open doors and windows and let it dry. The salt toughens the straw, preventing its breaking, and the drying shrinks it into place.

In cleaning the cellar, the floor is usually found very dusty, and the sweeping of it is very unpleasant. To prevent the dust and light ashes from rising, after cleaning the walls and ceiling scatter wet sawdust or shredded paper over the floor, and you can sweep with comfort.

Washing Irish Crochet.

Shave one ounce of white laundry soap into a bowl; pour over it one quart of boiling water and stir until dissolved. When lukewarm, put the lace in. Let soak three hours, swishing it about occasionally. At the end of the time remove it, rinse it two or three times in clean water, then squeeze out the moisture, but never wring lace. Hang in the sun and, when nearly dry, place a cloth wet with raw starch on a soft ironing board; put the right side of the lace on this and iron until perfectly dry. Pull the little picots into shape with the fingers. Lace treated like this invariably looks like new. Pendants and buttons should be washed in the same manner.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

An automobile came whizzing through a small town and bowled over a prominent resident. Among those who saw the accident and were excited by it was a young physician just beginning to practice.

"A doctor! a doctor!" he cried. "Somebody run for a physician!"

"How about yourself?" suggested an acquaintance who happened to be at the scene.

"Sure enough," said the young practitioner; "I never thought of that."

"For masterly retreats," explained a British officer to an American, "we have had few generals equal to Buller. On several occasions he has made a retreat without losing an officer, a man, a gun, or a flag."

"Or a minute," added the American.

An official of one of the big telegraph companies had taken his seat after making an after-dinner speech, when one of the diners said to his neighbor at the table:

"Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Rather; but I can't say I like his delivery; it's too slow."

"But we must remember that he began with the company as a messenger boy."

In a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

"Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter."

"I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man," said the father.

"I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter."

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brakeman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the next stop. When the brakeman approached the tramp, the latter waved a big revolver and told him to keep away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked the brakeman, when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

"I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars.

After the train had made another stop and gone on, the brakeman came into the caboose and said to the conductor:

"Well is he off?"

"No; he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too."

As one of the White Star steamships came up New York harbor the other day, a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her.

"Clear out of the way with that old mud scow!" shouted an officer on the bridge.

A round, sun-browned face appeared over the cabin hatchway. "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer equals. I'm the captain o' this!" came from the barge.

"My dear," said the young husband as he took the bottle of milk from the dumb-waiter and held it up to the light, "have you noticed that there's never any cream on this milk?"

"I spoke to the milkman about it," she replied, "and he explained that the company always fill their bottles so full that there's no room for cream on top."

The old family physician being away on a much needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Vell, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."

The preacher's evening discourse was dry and long, and the congregation gradually melted away. The sexton tiptoed up to the pulpit and slipped a note under one corner of the Bible. It read:

"When you are through, will you please turn off the lights, lock the door, and put the key under the mat?"

Little Arlene was familiar with the appearance of the garden-hose at home, but when she observed a line of fire-hose, with its great length and bulk, lying in serpent-like distortion in the street, she immediately inquired what it was. Her mother replied that it was firemen's hose and the child went on watching the fire.

In the mean time two additional fire companies dashed up, and these newly-arrived fire-fighters were carrying their respective lines toward the burning building, when little Arlene spied them.

"Oh, mama," she cried, craning her neck out of the crowd, "here come more firemen, dragging their hosiery behind them!"—Lippincott's.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. May 9, 1911. No. 19.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Saving the Babies.

INFANT mortality is a perplexing problem every summer. The trouble is chiefly in the cities. Several years ago the death rate in New York City was about one out of every four born, but recently the rate has been reduced to only one out of every seven. And yet is one out of seven a very good record? Think of that many babies in your community dying every year, and you will have a better idea of the picture. The chief cause for this high death rate, physicians tell us, is lack of care and improper food, chiefly impure milk. In the country, where milk is easily obtained, there is little or no excuse for giving a baby weak or impure milk. In the great city conditions are different. People of wealth can usually get what they want, but the poorer can not always do so. Hence it is among this class that the high death rate of infants is found. A physician in New York says that when children are properly cared for only one out of every one hundred and fifty die. According to the present death rate in that city there are twenty-one out of every one hundred and fifty. It means that if proper food were supplied there would be only one-twentieth the number of infantile deaths. New York City has awakened to her opportunity. During the past winter agitation for a better milk supply was carried on. The latest news is that the city is to establish fifteen or more pure milk depots during the coming summer. The city does not enter into the sale of the milk. It simply inspects the milk sold at these depots and guarantees its purity, and also fixes the selling price. A special appropriation of $40,000 pays for the supervising inspectors and physicians. The work is in charge of the New York Milk Committee, and there is also a sub-committee for the reduction of infant mortality. The purpose of this sub-committee seems to be that of education, encouraging mothers to nurse their infants, if possible, rather than use cow's milk. It will be interesting to note the results of this effort in New York.

Indiana's New Option Law.

The State of Indiana is trying a new experiment in the matter of local option. It will be remembered that under the county unit system of the old law the greater part of the State voted dry during the past two years. Only the larger cities remained wet. Last winter a new law was passed which permitted the cities to decide for themselves whether or not they should have saloons. Under the old law, when the cities were not too large, the strong dry vote of the country carried. The majority of the cities voted wet, but the rural vote was strong enough to carry the county. The purpose of the new law is to give the cities a chance to decide for themselves. We shall not discuss the merits or demerits of prohibition here, because most people agree that intemperance is not a virtue, but a moral weakness. But this new law opens up an important phase of local government. The question is whether the farmers have any right to decide whether the towns in which they do their business shall be wet or dry. The new law of Indiana says "No." Personally we think that the farmers have a right to assert themselves in such matters. Perhaps the farmer has more to do with the growth of the cities than any one else. To deny the farmer the right to assert himself on moral issues of his home town is a backward step in social progress.

Prevention of Fire Deaths.

The other day the Woman's Trade Union League of Chicago held a very spirited meeting and adopted resolutions calling upon the mayor and city council to take some steps towards preventing a possible disaster similar to the Newark and other fires of the East. Miss Mary E. McDowell, of the University of Chicago, spoke on the subject of fire protection in factories. She repeated the sentiment of all social workers when she urged that the city fire department have authority in the matters of fire escapes and fire protection. They are the ones most

fitted for the duty. The league prepared circulars to be sent to the working women of the city. The circular reads: "Do your share to make the working conditions safe for the 125,000 working women in Chicago. Fire drills are compulsory in the public schools. Let us make fire drills compulsory in shops, factories and stores."

Two horrible fire disasters have occurred during the past few weeks. At Newark, N. J., a factory burned, twenty-five working girls losing their lives; and just recently the Triangle shirtwaist factory of New York City was destroyed by fire. In this latter fire 145 persons lost their lives. Both these buildings had very poor fire protection. There was no fire drill and many of the fire escapes were blocked in such a manner that they were not accessible. In the *Survey* for April 8 we read of the methods of shop management that were in practice in the Triangle factory: "One girl striker tells of the door being locked to keep the girls from refusing to stay for night work. The story told by another is like a forecast: 'Once on Sunday—we had to work on Sunday from eight to four—there was a fire on the eighth floor. I was on the ninth. They locked the door on the ninth floor and kept us there till the fire was out. It was awful. Some of the girls got their fingers stuck in the needles, they were so frightened.' Again, on entering the shop the investigators record that they found part of the top—the tenth—floor full of packing cases, piled in a disorderly way near the exits. There was one elevator and a narrow stairway. One of the most intelligent of the girls who took part in the strike adds this to the statement in regard to the practice of allowing inflammable rubbish to collect: 'Every Sunday,' she says, 'they used to sweep the floor and it made a bad dust. Girls tried to cover their heads with the rags from under the tables, but the boss would not allow it. They left these rags under the table during the week until the ragman came around.'"

These disasters stirred other large cities to action. After the New York factory fire the building commissioner of Chicago suddenly discovered that there were 4,000 violations of the fire-escape ordinances in Chicago factories. In Boston like conditions were found. The Fire Hazard Commission reported that conditions throughout the suburbs were such that a destructive fire may occur at any time. The building department claimed that 30,000 of the 90,000 buildings in Boston are in need of inspection.

The annual fire loss in American cities is much greater than that of European cities. It is estimated that the loss per capita in America is $2.50 every year, while that of Europe is only thirty-three cents.

Some Observations on the Inner Life of a Great University

G. A. Layman

I THOUGHT it might be interesting to many of our aspiring young people to know a few things about the inner life at a great university. I can well remember how I should have read a few jottings from one who had been on the inside before it was my privilege to enter and see for myself. I well know that among a great many of our people the university life is not encouraged, and in fact is rather discouraged, on account of the religious atmosphere. And I may be pardoned for saying that, in some measure, the criticism is just, for the spirit of critical investigation is at times and by some people carried beyond the realm of reason. But yet I most heartily recommend it to all aspiring young men who have already acquired stamina enough to think for themselves; for seeing the many problems which must be grappled with in the fields of education and society by us as the young men of today and the burden-bearers of tomorrow, we certainly must learn to think, and think originally; that is, at first hand.

There is nothing that will make us of more value to our fellow-men than to attempt to think out original solutions to the great problems as they appear; and the spirit of original research which is promoted by the university is a power and an inspiration which may give us the first impulse to such usefulness.

The motto of the great scholar, Huxley, was, "Young men, produce something." This is the prevailing spirit of the life of the research student—to add a little something to the world's knowledge; to find out at first hand more of the many secrets God has locked up in his great natural world; to understand a little better the possibilities of the human mind. It is this overwhelming desire to to submit everything to and prove everything by the magnificent intellect of man that has led some over-

zealous scholars to try to overstep the bounds of reason, and to try to solve the infinities of God in the same way; and thus in a measure to discountenance the university training.

But it appears to me this fear is not so portentous as it is thought to be by some, for by subjecting the very process followed by these overzealous scholars in trying to eliminate faith and fathom the bounds of godliness, to the cold calculating reason, it only shows the futility of such procedure; for no consistent scheme of philosophy has ever been formulated, nor can it be, for they themselves acknowledge the sphere of faith in other fields as the first postulate upon which to build, and they have to do so. It is largely followed only by those who are attempting to rationalize everything, which process is now being severely condemned, in the study of history at large.

So I feel that the man who enters the university with a well-balanced mind and a well-developed intellect can hardly be enrapt by the unattractive views of such agnosticism to such an extent as to lessen his usefulness. Personally, I must confess that, in many respects, by way of illuminating through contrast, the touch of this foreboding doubt has but strengthened my conviction in the good and orthodox Christianity; for when I had been raised up, as it were, without ever knowing anything else I could not see or realize its beauty. Just so we have only a conception of the color, white, by comparison with black, or of the good by the opposite—the bad.

But to the objection, that it is unwise to subject the young mind to the test, I would say that the test must come sooner or later, and it would hardly be fair to forego the great enthusiasm and ability gained at such a great university, in order to avoid the test of one's character, when sooner or later it must be decided by each one. The attempt to avoid such a contest until it shall have been forced upon us, and then to attempt to meet it with impaired intellectual ability is not much short of cowardliness, as well as most unfortunate for the individual and the ground and cause which it is ours to champion—that of the maintenance of the principles of the Christianity which has made the world what it now is,—a religion that was good enough for the martyr at the stake, which cherished our fathers to the portals of death. Such a religion needs able champions among the young men for the future generations, and against such opposition as is sure to come.

Princeton, N. J.

THE TEACHER'S SALARY

J. E. Miller

THE NOOK editor has a unique way of getting out of a difficulty. Well, perhaps most editors have that same habit of helping themselves. Nor is this little trick confined to the editorial staff. We, as teachers, at times resort to the same method. Do we not ask our students for answers, answers of which we may not be sure ourselves? It is even well to do so, for our best ideas often are gleaned in just this way.

But to return to the NOOK editor. His question is a personal, definite question. He asks: "Do you consider one thousand dollars salary sufficient remuneration for the average college professor?" It might be answered by a simple, "Yes" or "No," and yet I hardly think such an answer would satisfy him. He, like all teachers, may care more for the reasons for the answer or for the discussion than for the answer itself. Presuming this to be the case I will try to discuss rather than to give a dogmatic answer.

First, it might be well to ask why should a teacher receive any salary at all? Why should he be remunerated financially? We all know of the old teacher and philosopher who said that what he had to give out could not be measured in money, and for that reason he refused pay for his services. In fact, many of the professions have passed through that same evolution. There are even today those who would consider it beneath the dignity of the minister to accept pay for his work. Not only philosophers, but also others have wondered why the teacher should be paid. There are many like the little boy who remarked, when the teacher's salary was under discussion, "Why should the teacher be paid when the children do all the work?" My grandfather was an old-time dentist, such as dentists then were. He never took pay for prying out teeth, because he said the pain was so great to the patient he felt there was nothing coming to him. But dentistry was not his sole occupation. I take it that today we would all agree that the teacher should be paid.

But how much shall he be paid? That is the rub. I recall one case in my own observation where a

country schoolteacher was hired at eighteen dollars a month. She was hired in preference to another teacher because the other teacher would not teach for less than twenty dollars a month! Those directors believed in paying, but in paying just as little as possible.

In passing, let me say that the man who is only an average in his profession never deserves as much as he gets. He who is below the average deserves much less than he gets. It is the business of all to be lifters, and it is only as one rises above the average that he can be a real lifter. This holds in the profession of teaching as well as elsewhere. And yet most of us must struggle to be even up to the average.

In fixing on the proper pay for a teacher one must consider several problems. What has been the time and cost of his preparation? What are the demands on his time and energy? What is his condition? Is he single or married? If married, has he a family to support? Is he dependent on his salary for his livelihood? How much can the school that secures his services afford to pay? These and other problems must be considered in the attempt to arrive at a just conclusion to this vexed problem. I know many will insist that most of these questions should have no consideration in the matter, but to me it seems otherwise.

To hold a college position one should today have a college training, following his four years of high school and four years of college work by at least a year or two of graduate work. This advanced training gives him a breadth and grip on his subject that he can not otherwise have. These years of preparation are taken out of the best years of his life. He not only is at heavy expense while in school preparing to teach, but also is losing the opportunity of earning money during these years of preparation. From this viewpoint an education becomes doubly expensive. But even thus it is worth the while.

If all of the teacher's time is required, so that he has little left for himself, he should be paid more than when his teaching is light and he has much time for his own use. Very generally school boards see to it that the teacher's time is all to be given to them. When such is the case, and he is dependent on his salary alone, the matter of pay becomes a serious problem with him. However much one may look upon teaching as mission work, it still holds that he must have a livelihood. And more than that, he should be able to save up something for a rainy day, for old age or for accidents that may come at any time.

The teacher who is married, the teacher who has a family of children, is under obligations to provide for them. With him the salary must often be more than the single man or woman is willing and able to teach for. As a rule, also, the married teacher is worth more than the single teacher because he is more settled, is less ready to move, and so causes less annoyance to the school board. On the other hand if he is a poor teacher he is harder to get rid of. But as we are discussing the average teacher we need not borrow trouble about the poor and undesirable teacher.

The ability of the school to pay must not be overlooked. If the funds come from the public treasury the people may be more ready to pay a big price than they would if the money is to come directly from their pockets. I remember it usually costs more to haul a ton of coal to the public schoolhouse than it does to deliver it to the home of the man just across the way. When the public pays we usually ask more than when the individual pays.

The cost of living, and the general run of prices, also, have much to do with the salary that is to be paid. In these years of high prices naturally teachers demand and deserve more than when times are hard and the prices low.

Another problem that is to be considered is the demands that are made on the teacher. In some communities the public claims the right to ask the teacher for contributions to and support of almost every organization in the community. When such is the case the public should be willing to pay more for the services of the teacher than a community in which such strenuous demands are not made. It is easy enough to say that the teacher should turn many of these demands down, but when you are face to face with the real problem it may not be so easy after all. No teacher can afford to antagonize too much in his community. He must be wise and helpful out of school if he would do his best work in the schoolroom.

But perhaps the Nook man, means, in part, the teacher in our own colleges. In general I believe that one can afford to teach for less in our own colleges than he can in other colleges. We are an economical people. We are not slaves to many of the extravagancies that prevail in other colleges. This means that a dollar goes farther. Then, too, our own people have been reared to good business principles. Along with their teaching our teachers feel that they are also being paid in part by the good they can do to the church and the community. While this does not solve the bread and butter problem it does go far towards reconciling our teachers to the conditions as they now exist.

From the school's standpoint, with us as a church it is practically impossible for us to pay our average teachers one thousand dollars and keep the colleges

going. This may be due in part to the oversupply of colleges, to the lack of endowment, and the want of sufficient patronage, or to some other cause. While our schools would all be glad to pay more, so long as they are run on such low rates I do not see how they can do it. Personally I believe that higher rates, more equipment, better pay for teachers would all aid in placing our colleges on a better footing.

In conclusion I would say that for the average teacher in our colleges, as now constituted, a thousand-dollar salary should be considered a very good remuneration, because it is more than the colleges are able to give.

Mount Morris, Ill.

A STUDY OF ROYAL WOMEN--AN EPILOGUE

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

WE have attempted to paint, upon the shifting background of their times, the lives of a number of women who bore the insignia and swayed the destiny of the throne. These studies have been the work of neither a partisan nor a foe. Neither was our aim to strike at or to favor the political conditions of the various reigns or ages. It was our aim, alone, to reach a correct analysis of the character of the women associated with the regal dignity. We trust it will not be accounted to our blame that what we found brought pain and indignation more frequently than honor's plaudit. Royalty, in its strict analysis, is neither a bed of roses nor a bed of virtue. Let him who thinks it is, assign to himself the task of honest investigation into the reigning families, from as far back as he chooses down to the present time.

The same might be said, proportionately at least, of the roses and virtue of the laity; to which our answer is that it was not the laity with whom we had to do in those studies. Yet, we pause to add that if a study of the laity should render a comparison so striking, God pity the common people of our day and have mercy upon our children and our children's children! for it requires no brilliant mind to trace distinctly the sins and vices of many kings and queens to the third and fourth generation.

There are exceptions to all rules, we admit. But it is a fact that the monster, Vice, stalks amongst the rulers of our land hydra-headed and paramount. It is a matter of exceeding regret that one can not enter the annals of history without finding himself launched upon the annals of scandal; and to discern between them would require a separation as intricate and impossible as the rending asunder of soul and spirit. No wonder we are enjoined to pray for the rulers of our land. God knows they are in need of the prayers of all Christian people.

For instance, take the character of the second study of our series,—Catherine de' Medici. She was flattered and fawned upon; she was ready-witted and brilliant; she was powerful and awe-inspiring; she was majestic of bearing and reveled in luxury. The kinswoman of popes, the wife and mother of kings, herself a queen all pompous and all masterful! Yet did the handwriting upon the wall condemn her. We envy her not her pageantry; we grudge her not one iota of her luxury, indeed, had we been called upon to choose, we would have preferred to be one of her oppressed subjects (which alternative had had no charms for us, we admit), as poor Joan, the hunchbacked daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis XII. divorced ostensibly that he might marry Anne of Brittany, though truthfully, we think, because she was too virtuous to suit such a besotted moral leper.

Ah, yes, poor Joan! We said there were exceptions to the rule, and we are glad there are. But all the prayers she breathed for her erstwhile spouse in the secluded convent where she betook herself, failed of her purpose to convert him from the evil of his ways. Had his former life been even praiseworthy, our loathing for this "most Christian king" must have been irrevocable and supreme in the contemplation of the sensuous persistency with which he, in league with his disgusting highness, Henry VIII., sacrificed the virginity of the youthful princess, Mary of England, to his carnal scheme.

Or, as a citation, take the House of Hapsburg. Much as we regret to say it, it is nevertheless true that profligacy has been the chief distinction of most of the descendants of that august daughter of the Cæsars,—the great Maria Theresa! The line of the Austrian succession is, we believe, the longest of any sovereign of Europe; yet as prominent as this ancient distinction is the fact that blood will tell. We know that that notorious archduchess, Marie Caroline, the eldest daughter of the Empress, who was at one time Queen of Naples, was the byword of her time and the scandal of all Europe; that a later descendant, Marie Louise, who was Empress of the French, conducted amours with favorites who ranked all the way from counts to chamberlains; that one descendant after another was either unable or

disinclined to repress the blood and that villainy and violence have been the consequence, until, at last, the melancholy curse which hangs over the Hapsburg family seems to have selected the present ruler, Francis Joseph, for its sorest visitation.

The court of Isabella II., of Spain, as we are authentically informed, rivaled the court of Catherine II., of Russia, in lewdness and wantonness, and the court of the profligate Queen Margaret found its parallel in the foul court of Louis XV.; while space as well as heart fails us wherewith to refer minutely to the courts of the four Georges. All of which proves forcefully and indisputably that, of itself, the regal dignity is no true dignity whatsoever.

The reign of that abhorrent Mary Tudor, being a Catholic, may present itself as an excuse to Protestant monarchies. But what excuse are these selfsame royal dignitaries to offer for the intrigues of Elizabeth, and the scandalous debauchery of George IV.? The reigning house of Italy might challenge us upon our wide-reaching allegation, dwelling justly upon the proud fact that the princes of Savoy numbered among their throngs more great warriors than any other royal house of Europe, to which we give our generous assent; nevertheless remembering that the *morals* of this selfsame family received a rather unpleasant coloring in the time of that extraordinary character, Louise, likewise some of its later representatives.

But, impossible as it may seem, though it be in its death throes, we find a glimmer of virtue in the court of France, even in the reign of that debauchee, Francis I.; and we hasten to breathe a prayer of courage for the faithful Marguerite, and say some comforting word to the dying Queen, poor Claude, while his debonair majesty hobnobs with Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Drama-loving persons, even those with an innate and morbid tendency to the tragical, have no need of going to the theater so long as history affords reprints of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette. And those who incline to scenes of tears and blanched lips and heart-break can, I am sure, have that propensity abundantly satisfied in a review of the life of Queen Hortense. Were it not that Victoria lived in our latter days, and a few normal, wholesome sovereigns formerly, we should be well-nigh sick of royalty and all it implies.

The world is an amphitheater. Humanity gazes spellbound while one scene after another is unfurled. A sense of dizziness and dreams surrounds the panorama. We seek to know the hidden meaning. "There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with their deeds."

THE STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

Henry M. Spickler

In Three Parts. Part Second.

AMERICA is the champion of strugglers. That is why the millions come to us. What would we think of our country if people were trying to get out of it? Packing up and leaving for Europe? Spurning the Stars and Stripes and vowing allegiance to the Union Jack or the Turkish Crescent? Taking up homes in Russia or China? Borrowing money to get away? Lately we were startled to see loads of emigrants returning to their native lands. But this is an exception, for America is the land of strugglers. When our ship left the wharf at Glasgow, loaded with emigrants on their first voyage to America, the five thousand friends gathered to say good-bye burst out singing: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Tears were in many eyes, but the bitterest fell on the dock. They knew their friends were going to the world's wonderland. I feel the thrill of that eloquent moment now and I think more of Lincoln's country every time I go to another. It is good to go away, but a thousand times better to come back!

Our country was settled for the common people. It is the home of the world's common folks. How their hearts must have leaped as they plunged into these virgin forests and over these virgin prairies, and along these virgin rivers where they were to build their new home! From prejudice and poverty they came to liberty and land. The man who was crushed over there was to find an uplift here. The man who couldn't get work there was to find joyful employment of his highest powers here, for America was settled for the working people. It is the workingman's country, and the man who won't work ought to be north-poled. The shirkers were not wanted at Jamestown, and they are not wanted in any town.

Our constitution was made for the common people. In India the banyan tree grows wide and tall. Not content with a single trunk its branches, eager to multiply their strength, reach down and take hold

in the soil below until the thousand trunklets so enlarge the tree as to shelter five thousand natives, every root and branch assisting in carrying the life sap for the general welfare of the whole tree, every branch and twig strengthening one another, making the most powerful and enduring of trees. Our country is the banyan tree of social democracy. It means the greatest good to the greatest number. The American democracy opens gates of opportunity to American people, and American people are all people who have sense enough to know a good country from a bad one. Our Constitution was made for the common people. The grandfathers of Washington and Patrick Henry believed that common people should be comrades with those in power—that everything belonged to them.

An old bachelor, living in the South, hired a colored man to clean his room. This servant, who had been using his master's blacking, said:

"Boss, our blackin's done out."

"*Our* blacking!" growled the bachelor. "Everything belongs to me. I want you to understand nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darky promised to remember. On the following Sunday it happened the bachelor met the colored servant, accompanied by a colored female, pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day at his house where he entertained friends.

"No, boss, dat's not *our* chile; dat's *your* chile. I'se nebber gwine ter say nuffin b'longs to me, no moah."

Everything here belongs to the people. Our Constitution was made for them. We are not ashamed of it, either. And when I quote a few phrases from the Constitution I hope you will not misunderstand me, as did the Irishman who went before the judge to be naturalized.

"Have you read the Declaration of Independence?"

"I have not," said Pat.

"Have you read the Constitution?"

"I have not, yer honor."

The judge eyed the applicant sternly:

"Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hairs on me neck, yer honor."

I hope you have all read the Constitution. It was written to establish justice, to promote the general welfare, to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our children; to establish justice between citizens, no matter how poor; to punish evil men, no matter how rich. Here then was a Constitution for all. Over there was special privilege to the richest; here was an equal chance to the poorest. There he was a slave to landlordism; here he was to be encouraged into buying a home. There he might not hunt or fish; here he could roam a thousand miles unhindered. Yonder they said he was nobody; here he is a king. Here brains, not beads; poverty, not pearls; duties, not diamonds, were to rule. Today he might push a wheelbarrow; tomorrow a pen or a plantation.

Our Constitution guarantees permanent, profitable employment to all, for is it not to promote the general welfare? There is no joy like the joy of work. The song of the shafting, the magic hum of flying wheels, the whir of revolving spindles are more musical than the grand opera. I went through the great Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia when every atom of my body vibrated to the rhythm of ringing steel. There was the music of a master mind galloping over rivet heads, smashing them at one step. A strong arm pounded fire out of an axle while a slender youth guided a steam hammer that went t-t-t-t-t-t on the boiler of a twelve-wheel locomotive now running around in Japan. The army of men were earning good wages and they were happy. Baldwin himself was an active Christian who founded the works that he might serve his Christ. He built locomotives, not to make money, but to serve God, or rather to do both. Men struggle for profitable work. They have but one life to give and usually but a short part of that, and when the day is gone the wages can not be repeated. Wages should not only be good, they should be very good, so good that the worker will throw up his cap and laugh in the very teeth of trouble. Good pay means good service. When a man is making money his work is never hard. The quality of his product, with his good will thrown in, is worth more than the extra pay he gets. That is why our government is about to compel our railroads to pay their trackmen better wages. One dollar and thirty-five cents a day is not enough to ensure a safe track. It isn't a living wage in our country. After looking at that sum the poor wretch hasn't respect enough left to see straight. He hasn't any grit to take out a bad tie, or look for broken rails or loose bolts. All he can do is to brush the dust out of his eye as the private car flies over his unfinished roadbed while they decrease his pay five cents a day and order an extra suite at the Annex.

I was in Chicago when the great labor parade of twenty-five thousand young men marched with banners bearing the names of their trades. The hope of our country is not in our militia, but in our workingmen, that great army of producers who turn raw material into useful fabrics. These men, marching to the tune of the Declaration of Independence, are our real citizens. For them this country was settled. For them our Constitution was drafted. For them our laws are made. At home were their wives and children (or rather sweethearts for many), who must be fed, clothed and sheltered. But sheep and hogs get all that. Here is a great and beautiful country. Should they not see these wonders and think in terms of landscape as well as in trowels and trucks? They pro-

duce our comforts; should they not have first chance at them? "He that tendeth the vineyard shall not he eat the fruit thereof?" Who has a better right to give a coaching party or a supper? Who will get more benefit from books or be more inspired from a painting? Who will most enjoy easy chairs, and who more needs a bathroom, and is there not water and soap to go round? Let them be so well paid as to remove all cause for worry as to how they are going to live. The laboring man should be absolutely sure that his work will support him. That right is his. It laughs back at him in the rills. It gleams from the clouds. It is the natural inheritance of our land. Our country is too big, too rich, that any one should starve or know the need of a cheerful home or the use of outdoor blessings that can be enjoyed by any other.

Our Constitution guarantees the opportunity to win. You can't think of America without thinking of fairness. That is our reputation in all parts of the world, for America is the place where everybody is thought to have an opportunity to win, where a dollar earned by Jack Wheelbarrow is as good as the one inherited by Charlie Automobile. This is the land of the Golden Rule. The savings of the poor man should have as good a chance as, if not better than, the bloated revenues of the rich. The rich should be taxed on his palace, while the back yard of the poor man should come in free. The man elected by the poor man shall serve the poor man. The Constitution guarantees that the small man shall have a right equal to, if not better than, the great combination or trust. I plead for the twenty-five million workers of our country, every one of whom is guaranteed protection in his efforts to be honest and happy, and the man who cuts down his pay-roll just to grow rich at labor's expense, is like the same fool the Savior told about, only he is a contemptible rascal besides. One of America's great orators, who has since fallen, said: "The Americans ask only for a fair field and an equal chance," and all the while he was stealing privileges to enrich his family that his son and daughter might shine in New York and Boston and then whirl out West in their special car, saying between their teeth, as the wheels ran over us, "Let them eat grass."

Everybody is guaranteed the opportunity to win. Our rivers belong to the people. The trust has no right there that you do not have. You can float your dozen logs over that stream with the millions of the lumber trust, and if either is shown special favor by the Constitution it is you and your dozen logs. The farmer who discovers coal on his farm can market that coal, and the railroad withholding cars from him in favor of the coal baron should be put out of business. You have more right to market your oil from one honest well than the Standard Oil has from its thousand. "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none" is the guarantee of the Constitution. "He's got lots of money," said a man to me, "and he'll win his case," when both of us knew that before honest courts he should have lost his case. The woman in the sweatshop, working night and day with her children, has this Constitution back of her. A high tenement in New York was on fire. Like vipers' tongues, the flames darted from long rows of windows, rising floor after floor above the other buildings, licking to their teeth scores of escaping workers. In one of the upper rooms the fireman found a little girl near her dead mother, with work piled about her from a Broadway sweating firm. The little tot was burned almost beyond recognition. Her hands were red like coals, leaving blood upon her scorched face as she sought to wipe back the burning heat. From the ninth floor he brought her down, story after story, clinging to the rope and rotten window frame, almost smothered by the flames and smoke belching beneath them, until he laid her suffering body in the street. Her pitiful cries touched the hearts of the people as they pressed against the rope to get near her. Now and then she raised her head to watch those passing, looking for some one. Then the fireman came and found that she was dying. She went to the mission next to his engine house and he remembered her. "What can I do for you, Nell?" he asked, laying his big hand upon her burned head. "I want mother—do you think she'll find me?" He understood. "Yes, Nell, and if she doesn't come, the man your teacher told you about in the mission, will come," and her almost sightless eyes glowed with joy. "There, he's coming now, and your mama's with him. Hold up your hand. He'll see and take you." With her last baby strength she looked, then fell back in his arms, dead, holding up her little burnt hand. It is enough that the working people have their daily battles to fight, but they will do it cheerfully when they have a clear road before them with fair wages and a good home to go to when their work is done. Burned and bruised in life's fiery toil, they have been holding up their hands in vain for recognition.

The Constitution guarantees leisure for self-improvement. Life, liberty and happiness demand it. God never meant that a man should work so he couldn't see to walk straight. When a man goes to work so early in the morning and comes home so late at night that he meets himself going to work again, life is a prison. Workers are dissipated, not because they have leisure, but because they do not have leisure. Leisure to paint, to study, to work in the garden, to invent useful articles, gives self-respect. With self-respect comes the nobler citizen. If God had meant that people should work so they couldn't hold up their head, he would have made the earth on a cheaper plan. But the wealth is here. He meant that

it should be distributed in a fair manner. In the colonial days we asked England to please build us a church, that our souls might be fed. "Damn your souls!" she replied, "make tobacco." Then we dared to ask for good schools. "No," replied the crown, "dig potatoes. We will supply the religion and education for you. You work in the ground." Suppose we had listened to such rot! Picking potato bugs and killing tobacco worms,—for England! The redcoats browbeating our citizens and insulting our women! "Those Americans are under our foot, let them eat grass." That was our relation to England in those dark days. She had her foot upon our neck, and she said to us: "We'll supply the intelligence, we'll clip the coupons, you dig potatoes. We'll be the gentlemen, you be our slaves." That was King George. Today King George takes his place, and with his cloven foot upon our necks, he says: "You dig potatoes, work in our mines and factories for your mere living, wear our paper shoes, burn our smoky oil, burn to death in our flats, lose your money in our banks." But we rose from under England's heel. We threw off her tyranny, and with the strength of the Constitution in our backbone we'll throw off this tyranny of greed, rise from under its gilded heel and stand up, face to face with our oppressor; then looking him squarely in the eye, and offering him our hand, we'll forgive him if he promises never to do so again, give him the same right we gave England,—to dig ditches or paint pictures, but never again to dictate to an American workingman.

But if the worker needs freedom from his toil, much more the man who is crushed by his wealth. The rich needs recreation and culture just the same as the poor needs them. But his wealth keeps him at constant grind. He is nosing around in his musty money vaults when he ought to be wading through clover. God never meant that one man should suffer because of too much and another because of too little. The one loses his mind trying to give back to charity what he stole from the people. The other misses the tender lesson of giving. Both are injured. Neither enjoys the blessings of liberty and equal rights conferred by the Constitution.

Our present greatness is the fruit of the common people. The greatness of our country is not alone in her geographical position, her lakes and rivers, her unparalleled prairies, her ore-filled mountains. Lake Lucerne is blue. The Rhine is green. Our streams are muddy, but it is the yellow mud of gold. Down the Mississippi floats gold enough to run a bank,—pure gold, for I saw it deposited in yellow corn and golden sheaves. But the best gold in that valley is not corn or wheat, but the farmer. Our gold is pure. Our fields are the most productive of the earth, but the best thing we raise here is the common people. Here the man-with-the-hoe-of-Europe rides around on a sulky plow under a blue umbrella. The man with the cradle there trots his fast horse here to a self-binder painted like a chariot and working miracles in golden sheaves. With a pocketful of corn he can raise a family here. But he can do more. He can raise himself. We make here not only sterling silver, but sterling manhood.

Once at the age of twelve when in town with my father I climbed up and looked into a new passenger coach,—the most fairylike and beautiful thing I had ever seen. The plush seats, the frescoes, the glittering windows, the symmetry and proportion seemed like a fairy's palace. But the more I looked the more the coach seemed to be just what I ought to expect of my country. It answered to something in myself,—something that had been there all the time I was growing up on the farm. It was the Constitution and back of it the Creator that put that into my head. That car was possible only in America. Why? The common people built it. They paid for running it. They rode in it. Over there only royalty could afford such a coach. But at that very moment there was more capital in Europe than here. But where was it? It was in the hands of the rich few. The common people could not get their share of it, and so there was no one to ride in it. Here we had distributed what little we had to everybody, and the spending power of the Yankee people had made that car possible. It is the purchasing power of the American home that makes our country great. What would our factories do if there were not millions of common people to buy what we make? It does not pay to pauperize the poor, but to enrich; not to degrade, but to ennoble. When you educate the mind you create new wants. When you free the mind you satisfy those wants. It is better to keep men working short hours at good wages than to slave them, glut the market, and then close the factory. For men out of work can't buy what others make who are working, and when you force men down to live like cattle, they are willing to live in a cattleshed. Our great daily papers are possible only because of the educated spending power of the American people. These papers would be impossible in Europe. Here everybody is able to buy them because the advertisers who support them sell their goods to the masses who read them. But we can't buy even a penny paper when our earnings are on a level with barest necessities. Yes, it is the common people that have made our country great. Under the old hat of the man going to work in the morning there is something doing. His brain is at work.

* * *

Social leeches infest the earth. Yet there was never a barnacle who would not sell his hostess for a bigger mess of pottage.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Japanese Immigration.

If reassuring figures are required by the country relative to Japanese immigration they can be got from the statistics just furnished by the Japanese embassy in London to the London *Times*. These include both laborers and non-laborers, and are based on the passport agreement made between the two governments in 1908.

It appears that in 1909 1,913 Japanese came to the United States and 4,538 returned home. During 1910 the movement was more extensive, but decidedly in the same general direction; 3,022 Japanese came to the United States and 5,181 went back.

Conditions in Hawaii, though they have aroused concern in some quarters, are in substantial accord with those involving the United States proper. During these two years the number of Japanese returning home was double the number that left home for the islands.

From all of which it would appear that the Japanese government is living up to its obligations and that no undue aggregation of Japanese units, whether on the coast or in Hawaii, is taking place.

The New Bryan.

"The largeness with which Mr. Bryan has loomed in the early proceedings down in Washington must have a depressing effect upon the boys with the shovels who buried the Nebraskan ten feet deep and rolled a large bowlder over his resting place after the counting of the ballots in November, 1908.

"The Bryan who made his smiling appearance in Washington this week was very much alive. Champ Clark had been out to see him in Lincoln, and the House program had been prepared to his liking. Champ was equal to the job of getting things in the House started without personal help from the rejuvenated leader. But things in the Senate were not so pleasing. There were a lot of new radical Democrats in the ranks there, but the old leaders were mostly of conservative tendency. There was danger that the organization of the Senate might be dominated by that man Bailey and his ultra-conservative associates. Mr. Bryan hurried to Washington to see about it, but arrived too late. It appeared a harmony arrangement had been fixed up by which the majority leadership was to go to Senator Martin, of Virginia, who might be described as either a moderate conservative or a moderate progressive. Mr. Bryan was told that the harmony arrangement in the Senate was practically the same as in the House; that both factions were trying to work together, and that the naming of Mr. Martin as minority leader meant that the reactionary faction would not control. Mr. Bryan displayed bad generalship in trying to upset the harmony arrangement, which obviously was intended to placate him, and of course was unsuccessful. But the Democratic party and even Mr. Bryan himself is left in better shape by reason of the success of the harmony plan.

"With Mr. Bryan's friends in control of the House and occupying a position of augmented strength in the Senate, there is strong presumption that they will be in control of the Democratic national convention next year. They will have made the record upon which the party must stand during the campaign. As Taft is reasonably sure of the Republican nomination, the Democratic candidate, according to all political logic, must be a radical. As Mr. Bryan is easily the dominating leader of the radical element of the Democratic party, what more natural than that Mr. Bryan should dictate the nominee?

"Both conservative and progressive Democrats in the House have accepted Mr. Bryan's leadership as



The Democratic Party Now Becomes the Star Performer.
—Jersey Journal.

transmitted through Champ Clark. This is something that never happened before since Mr. Bryan has been trying to run the Democratic party. If Senators Martin, Stone, et al. shall be even measurably successful in impressing progressive leadership upon the Senate, there should be a much better chance than ever before of Democratic national harmony under the leadership of Bryan next year. With popular opinion tending strongly toward the Bryan doctrines, the prospect of Democratic victory under such leadership must be, to say the least, a good bet.

"Suppose things continue to come the way of the rejuvenated and rehabilitated peerless leader, whom will he coach the Democratic national convention to name for President next year? The list of possibilities as it stands now is small. It includes three names. They are: William J. Bryan, Champ Clark and Woodrow Wilson. Although Mr. Bryan has said he will not push himself forward, his name is placed first. This is because, with Democratic success indicated on a radical platform, Mr. Bryan is the logical leader of the Democracy. The boys down in Washington are recognizing this fact right now in letting him dictate the Democratic legislative program. In case, however, the stigma of three defeats should be considered a hopeless handicap, Mr. Bryan would have to choose between Clark, of Missouri, and Wilson, of New Jersey. Whether Clark will be in the eligible list next year would seem to depend on what happens in Congress in the meantime. If Mr. Clark could go through the extra session with the same degree of credit with which he started he would have much stronger claims to the nomination than Wilson, who will have been working in a limited field. And even if Clark should stumble, there is no certainty Wilson will be able to qualify for the Bryan 'O. K.' Wilson is a sophomore in politics and an aristocrat rather than a commoner. If both Clark and Wilson should fail to qualify Mr. Bryan, however reluctant, might have to veto both and put it up to the convention to nominate a tried and true radical leader. In that contingency he might be forced to take a fourth nomination, and it might not require the expenditure of a vast amount of force."

The Mexican Trouble.

THE Mexican trouble assumed a serious aspect when the Mexican troops undertook to capture the Mexican town of Agua Prieta, near the Arizona border. The revolutionists repulsed the government troops and the bullets from both sides fell in Douglas, Arizona, wounding five Douglas residents. A troop of United States cavalry sought to protect the residents of Douglas, but its efforts were in vain. Later Balasario Garcia, commander of the revolutionists at Agua Prieta, surrendered himself to Captain Gaujot, of the First United States cavalry.

Governor Sloan, of Arizona, reported to President Taft the firing upon Douglas and advised that radical measures were necessary to protect Arizona people. The President replied to the Governor, saying that, while he appreciated the seriousness of the situation, he was reluctant to take radical measures because the motives of the American government might be misconstrued; he said he had warned both the Mexican government and the leaders of the revolutionists.

President Taft later laid the entire matter before leading members of Congress, letting it become known that United States troops would not cross the border unless authorized by Congress.

Senator Stone, of Missouri, offered in the Senate a resolution calling for investigation by the committee on foreign relations as to the Mexican situation. The resolution was tabled at Senator Stone's request, and he will later make a speech upon it.

Reciprocity with Canada.

REGARDING President Taft's reciprocity agreement with Canada, Senator Cummins took significant ground in his speech before the Grant Club at Des Moines a few days before the assembling of Congress in special session. Declaring himself in favor of reciprocity with Canada, he criticised the Taft agreement for its lopsidedness, and his criticisms were on solid ground. He went beyond criticism, however, promising that he will "insist that the American farmer be given the benefit of free trade with Canada in the chief things that he must buy, at the same time and in the same instrument that imposes upon him free trade in the things he produces for sale." In that promise Senator Cummins is also on solid ground—but only in part. He is on solid ground in demanding free trade with Canada in the chief things American farmers must buy. His ground would have been more solid had he said "*all* things" instead of "*chief* things," and still more solid had he explained to the farmers—those that "farm farms" as distinguished from those that "farm farmers"—that the free trade he demands for them can be achieved regardless of international agreement. If our government makes American farmers trade-free to buy what they want from Canadian producers, the Canadian government will be forced by home influences to make Canadians trade-free to buy what they want of American farmers. And therein is the value, the only value probably, of President Taft's reciprocity agreement. —*The Public.*

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

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Teachers' Salaries.

A man's salary must in a measure be determined by the value of the man. That is, no one should be paid more than he is worth. Poor teachers are always overpaid, but good teachers are always underpaid. The value of a good teacher cannot be estimated in commercial terms. On page 435 of this issue you will find an article on the Teacher's Salary, by Prof. J. E. Miller of Mount Morris, in which he shows about what remuneration a teacher in a college of our denomination may reasonably expect. Every good teacher should be paid enough so that he may have the ordinary comforts of life, purchase efficient equipment to carry on his work and lay aside something for the future when he will not be able to depend on a salary. It is especially necessary that the teacher should look toward laying aside something for old age, because of all the professional men the teacher's vocation is among the shortest. Middle aged teachers and old teachers are continually being displaced by young men. When the teacher has served his time as a teacher he is likely to cease being a bread winner and then needs something to depend on during his old age. If he attempts to take up some other line of work after his service as a teacher is finished he will be at a great disadvantage because he must meet keen competitors in a field where he has had no experience.

Education and Interest.

Education without interest is an impossibility. With interest education is unavoidable. An interest acts as a magnet to catch and to hold bits of information that would otherwise slip away. A man who begins to put up money on horse races soon develops a familiarity with the race-track gossip, with names, with past performances, and with the mathematics of chance, which the mere desire for information could not have stirred him to. One who has a relative in politics unconsciously assimilates the stray items about the political situation until he is quite well informed. Let a man invest in Venezuelan bonds and the acquiring of knowledge about South American affairs will be no task. Let a man develop an ailment and he soon becomes acquainted with medical terms. The father may forget his college pranks but when his son enters college he readily recalls the interests of college life. It is through being mastered by a subject that stimulates one to master it. One must first be impressed by the value of a subject, then comes action. Let the value of some investigation be established and there will soon be a new science. The value goes first, and truth follows in its wake.

Eyes That See Not.

What the eyes see is determined by the interest of the individual. When pussy cat went to London to see the queen, the net result of her observation was a mouse under the regal throne. In traveling through a country every person has a different landscape presented to him. A farmer will see crops and soils. An artist will see color and outline. A geologist will see strata and rock formation. A botanist will see flowers and plant growth. A psychologist will observe his own and others' mental attitudes, and the literary man will be impressed by events and occurrences. The farmer is impressed by the stupidity of the literary man who fails to see the value of the rich soil. The artist considers the farmer unintelligent because for him there are no beautiful mingling of colors such as those seen by the artist. There are in this world a large number of professional admirers who go into ecstasies at every form of life and art that can be brought to their attention. If the truth were known they really do not see what they profess to admire but are praising what they have heard some one else admire. They cover up their ignorance by the use of a few scholarly terms and classical names which to them do not mean anything. There is however some hope for the professional admirer because he may in the course of time learn to know something of life and art. There are more possibilities for him than for the sluggard who cares nothing for what lies all about him. Several years ago one beautiful summer afternoon while going down the Hudson a group of young people on deck gave their entire attention to a game of shuffle-board. They likely would not have seen anything more than a shuffle-board if they had idly fixed their gaze on the passing scenery. It would probably surprise all tourists if they could know what is actually in the minds of their fellow-travelers while they are being conducted through an art gallery or through some ruins.

Making a Life.

THE life of a man is of more value to him than the house in which he lives. The possession and growth of the faculties that enable him to enjoy the things that pertain to the inner life are of more value to him by way of bringing him happiness and contentment than any possible accumulation of material things. Wealth is good as a means of comfort; good as a servant, never as a master; good as an instrument, never as the chief end of life. One of the most pitiable sights is the way some rich men die. If a man makes gain the chief object of his life, in time the greed for gain becomes his master and dries up his very powers of enjoyment of the finer things of life. He is of but little use to the world, and through the dwarfing of the finer qualities of his life, and the drying up of the powers of enjoyment he has become so to himself. Three months after he is gone his name is seldom heard except in a court where his last will is contested. Many a dog which has been faithful, intelligent and useful has been more genuinely mourned and longer and more gratefully remembered. We should be primarily engaged in demonstrating to all men that there is good will and intelligence at the heart of all things. There should be inspirations which continually lead to higher planes of thinking and living. These finer things of life must tend toward refining the souls of men. It requires strength for a man to stand success and remain a good, healthy, sensible, normal man. It is strange that so few men become successful either in wealth or power without taking on, mentally at least, the strut of the turkey-cock. A really great man, however, is always immune from this affliction. Nature abhors an abnormally developed pride, snobbery or too marked a consciousness of superiority. To such she applies the brand, Hypocrite, and burns it deep enough to leave a lasting scar.

The College Student's Vacation.

HUNDREDS of college students are looking forward to the time when they will return to their homes for the summer where they will regain muscle and color by vigorous farm work. As they go to their homes they must observe two obligations which no honest student dare neglect. First, they must take something to their community which they did not have when they left last fall. They must be better men and women and become more desirable citizens than they could have been if they had not spent their year in college. If they fail to do this the fault lies with the student, not with the college, and the home communities should not place the blame where it does not belong. Secondly, they should remember that they are representatives of their college. They should have enough enthusiasm to induce two or three of their friends to return with them next fall. If each student will do that the colleges will have an overflow next fall. The student who cannot speak for his own college has failed to grasp what was in store for him while he was within the college walls. I hold that student who speaks slightingly of his college as a traitor and a man who is not likely to prove trustworthy later in life. The business managers of the various colleges may spend their money and their efforts in advertising, but the largest results will be obtained where the student body will be loyal to the college and speak kindly about it in the home communities. It is ungentlemanly to speak discourteously of another college, but it is manly to speak highly of your own college. A student who has once matriculated in a college becomes a member of that institution and should remain loyal to it. If he thinks it is not what he would like to see it be he should help to make it better.

A Change in Prince.

THE first edition of the Cook Book has been exhausted and a number of copies of the second edition have been sent out. Did you realize when you received your copy of the Cook Book and a year's subscription to the INGLENOOK for one dollar that you got an exceptional bargain? Many of our friends said they could not see how we could afford to give the two for one dollar. Now the fact of the matter is we cannot afford to do it, and since we have no Jews working in the Publishing House we cannot exist on a losing proposition. We shall be obliged to advance the price, but before we do so we will give our friends an opportunity to take advantage of the present rate. All orders for a year's subscription to the INGLENOOK and the Cook Book which come in before July 1 will be accepted at one dollar. After that date it will be one dollar and a quarter. This will mean immediate action on the part of our friends if they wish to take advantage of the offer, as the first of July will not be very slow in coming. We expect to make marked improvements in the INGLENOOK during the year, so that those who act quickly and send in their subscription at once will get an exceptional bargain. We cannot speak to your friends and neighbors except through your help. Will you kindly lay down your paper right now, step to the telephone and tell them about the change? If they have not seen the Cook Book we will be much obliged to you if you will show them your copy, and tell them to send one dollar to the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., for a year's subscription to the INGLENOOK and the Cook Book. Their order will receive prompt attention. By the way, this would make a nice wedding present or a birthday gift for some one. Just try it and see how highly it will be appreciated. After July 1 the price changes to $1.25.



STILL ANOTHER CHANCE

M. M. Winesburg

ZAY CORREL, do you know what I think? I think that if Squire Elderige asks you to marry him you had better make up your mind to say yes; for it will be about your last chance around here," and Mrs. Walfston looked at her sister as though she thought it quite a serious matter.

"Squire Elderige is fifty if he's a day; a widower, and bald headed to boot," replied Zelda Correl, as she went on putting the finishing touches to her toilet before starting to the village.

"Well, I hope that you do not expect to marry a man of twenty-five, when you are thirty-two yourself, and if Squire Elderige is fifty, he is still a fine-looking man. You surely do not expect people—and especially men—to keep hair on their heads all of their lives. Why, there are several women right around here that would jump at the chance to marry the squire, and then his land joins yours, too."

"Well, I'm not jumping at the chance to marry anyone, just at present, and if it was not for that little bit of land, perhaps the squire would not jump at the chance to marry me, either," returned Zay, maliciously, although she knew full well that her little farm had no influence with the squire, who already owned much land.

"Huh," sniffed Mrs. Walfston, scornfully. "You know full well that the squire don't care two coppers for your little truck-patch, with all the land he's got of his own. I don't reckon he ever thinks of yours. But if he is a widower and a little bald-headed, he's well to do, and you should remember that you refused all of your perfectly good offers years ago."

"All of my perfectly good offers," laughed the girl. "Let's see just how perfect any of them were," and Zay Correl paused in the act of pinning on her hat, and using the hat pin as a pointer told them off on the fingers of her left hand.

"First, there was Jimmy Brown. He squinted awfully. Poor fellow! Dickey Clark was bow-legged, and Billy Bricen stuttered. Just three offers, Nell, and not a perfect man in the lot," and Zay jabbed the hat pin through her hat, while she laughed at her sister's disapproving face.

"Zay Correl! Will you never quit your funmaking?" said her sister, severely. "If it hadn't been for that funmaking of yours you might have had a chance to say 'Yes' to a preacher, and I know he wasn't bowlegged."

"No, but he was near-sighted or he wouldn't have fallen over the dog, and he couldn't have been very good tempered, or he wouldn't have got so huffy when I laughed at him. It's a good thing that he didn't ask me to marry him after that accident, because I have no earthly use for anyone that can't laugh at an accident, if the laugh is on them," and Zay picked up her basket and started for the village, while her sister called after her:

"You had better think over what I've said, for it's likely to be your last chance."

But Zay only laughed back at her sister and went on to the village, a mile or more away, not troubling her mind about the matter in the least. In the village store Zay made her purchases and started back home with a basketful of various articles; but when she passed the postoffice she saw the squire's span of bays hitched to the post in front of it. Wherever the bays were seen Elderige was not far away and the girl quickened her steps to get out of sight before Elderige came out of the postoffice. When she had gone about half a mile from the village Zay looked back and saw the bay team topping the rise outside of the village limits.

The girl felt a wave of dismay sweep over her; she knew that Elderige would soon overtake her, and she also knew that he would insist on her riding the rest of the way home with him. As he passed her sister's home, she had no good excuse for refusing to ride if he asked her, still she didn't want to ride, for fear he would ask the question she was trying to avoid; and forthwith she looked around for some avenue of escape. Her eyes fell on a footpath across the fields. She could take the path

across the fields and not only avoid the squire, but cut off a quarter of a mile as well.

To think was to act, and Zay scrambled over the fence in a very undignified manner and ran along the path as fast as she could, burdened as she was with the basket. She wanted to gain the shelter of a small grove of trees before the Elderige carriage came in sight again. Just as she plunged into the friendly shadows of the grove she gave a backward glance toward the road without checking her headlong speed, and ran against some one, who, with the instinct of self-preservation, grabbed Zay, as they went to the ground in a heap. There was a confusion of sounds as they scrambled to their feet, and then stood and looked at each other in silence for a second or two. The man spoke first, with a sheepish grin.

"I beg your pardon, madam. I did not see you."

"Squire Elderige!" gasped Zay in blank wonder.

"Pardon, madam, but I am only Dr. Elderige, the squire's brother," replied the gentleman as he rubbed a hand over his elbow, and then he added, "I hope you are not hurt?"

But, instead of answering him, the girl leaned against the trunk of a friendly tree and laughed outright. Her basket had dropped out of her hand in the collision, and its contents lay scattered over the ground. The man's hat, on the ground, was crushed out of shape, while her own hat was hanging gracefully over one ear. She had been running from Squire Elderige, and had knocked the breath out of his bachelor brother, the new practitioner in the village, who looked as much like the squire as a man could that was not bald-headed.

For a moment the doctor looked at the girl in amazement, and his sense of humor took in the situation. He joined in the merriment for a moment or two, and then, with a gesture at the overturned basket, he said:

"Quite a wreck and no lives lost either." Then he laughed anew.

Zay laughed until the tears ran from her eyes, but a recollection of a certain passing carriage checked her mirth, and she began to gather up her scattered parcels, the doctor assisting to the best of his ability. The coffee paper had burst, and the breakfast food and sugar were mixed on the ground, but they gathered up what was in the papers and left the rest for the birds to feast on. Then Zay picked up her basket, saying, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," was the doctor's reply, as he recovered his battered hat, and each went on, with a smile on the lips and laughter in the hearts.

But the last I heard of Zay it looked as if there was still another chance for her, and that chance an Elderige, too. In running from one chance she had collided with another, who could laugh at a mishap even if it were on himself.

GYPSY QUEENS: THEIR STORIES

Harriet Ferrill

THE name "Queen of the Gypsies" calls forth a smile. It conjures up visions of raided hens' roosts, gaudy rags, kidnaped children, torn tents, and covered wagons. It recalls such swinging old Bedouin lines as:

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire."

And the gypsy mother's song to her child:

"Lullaby and hush-a-by!
The wayfaring day is o'er;
Thou and I together we lie
In the House of the Open Door.
But for thee and for me, my child,
Wandering folk and poor,
There is treasure untold on meadow and moor
When the wind blows wild."

That the old-fashioned protest against civilization, probably handed down from our earliest ancestors to the cave men and lastly to us, still exists one knows. The restless, untamed spirit is shown by young white women running away to marry Indians and lead the simple life, by women driving their automobiles through farming districts to rob barns and cellars for recreation only, by children hiding in the woods to eat berries and chase butterflies to their hearts' content.

Call of Nature Still Strong.

And it is safe to wager that many a daughter of Eve, leading a colorless existence, marching with her regiment of sisters down the narrow paths of convention, tosses her head in defiance at the polishings of society and cries within her soul: "Oh, that I were a care-free gypsy, wandering with my tribe from town to town, pitching my tent on the banks of a different crystal stream each night and resting on the top of a different hill each day, walking barefooted in the dewy grass in the mists of the early morning, dancing to the music of my tambourine on the streets of every town, and shaking my long gold earrings over the

fortunes of lads and lassies who come to learn their fate of me as I sit in my tent in the dusk of evening! Oh, to be a gypsy queen, wandering, wandering with my tribe, and never come back! Joy!"

However, most maidens get no farther than their longings to be gypsies. They worry along with bathtubs, steam heat, and electric lights under protest, giving vent to their roaming propensities merely by reading wild West adventures, by packing their lunch baskets and going on picnics to the parks, and by spending their two weeks' summer vacation once a year in the country, where mosquitoes bite and fish are plentiful.

Now and then a society woman, braver than her sisters, actually breaks away from her beautiful home and takes refuge in a gypsy's tent, as did Clara Ward, a belle of Detroit, Mich., and Jessie Habersham, a great-great-granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner."

Jessie Habersham.

When pretty Jessie Habersham, a member of one of the oldest families in Maryland, turned a nomad by marrying "King" Jorgas Michele, a leader of a band of gypsies, she told her friends: "I am tired of leading the corseted life, that of a member of society, which in the end means so little. I have made my choice and am satisfied with my life."

By marrying "King" Jorgas the Maryland girl became a queen and was mourned for as a queen on her death a few weeks ago, but not all women who run away to be gypsies become queens. Although every band among the 860,000 gypsies of the world has a queen, the queens have peculiar qualifications which fit them for their royal duties, and in America are chosen from the four families—the Stanleys, the Coopers, the Harrisons, and the Jeffreys, who have so far controlled the gypsies of the new world.

It requires considerable "gerrymandering" among the cousins, aunts, uncles, grandmothers, nieces, and nephews of a tribe to bring them to one decision upon a certain relative for queen, particularly when two favorite nieces or cousins are after the throne. It is hard for a "born" gypsy to attain the high honor, and almost impossible for an alien to become queen.

Long Reign of "Snaky Mary."

For "Snaky Mary," who ruled her people from the time she was seventeen until she was ninety-four, had as her proudest boast that in all her long reign as queen she had never worn a hat, nor slept in a bed.

Then a girl must have something mysterious and hidden in her life to be an acceptable queen to the gypsies. "Golden Laurel," who succeeded "Snaky Mary" to the queenship on July 31, 1899, had 800 or 900 rings hidden away somewhere when she was made queen at the age of seventeen, although when she was crowned she wore diamond rings, a pearl necklace, and a heavy gold chain.

Most girls brought up in a civilized community can read. It is a great detriment to a gypsy queen to be able to read. The gypsies think that "book learning" spoils the "gift of telling." The vainest feather in Queen Mingenia's cap was that she never knew "two letters in a book," and in consequence the old Egyptian power of divination was hers.

When a would-be gypsy queen is instructed in the money-getting arts she must show aptitude in this direction before she is allowed to take the royal chair. She must also be an expert at disguises, being able to play the part of an innocent farmer's wife passing through the country, to pose as a meek Quakeress or a clergyman or a rat catcher without being "caught."

Then, too, she must be skillful at "love charms," able to mix all sorts of potions and draughts. Sibbey Riley, queen of the eastern gypsies, over whom she had absolute sway for half a century, prided herself upon her "potions." These were so famous that all the gypsies longed for her secrets.

At her funeral in Plainfield, N. J., April 12, 1904, after the floral pieces on which were perched white doves were removed, the gypsy women scooped up fresh earth from the grave into their handkerchiefs, thinking that the earth from the grave of such a sorceress would prove to be a potent love charm, or, at least, cure many diseases. Rosey, the wife of "Bucky" Harrison, took Sibbey's place as queen.

A queen must show great spirit on feast days and wedding celebrations, when brooms are lighted and thrown high into the air in every direction. She is expected to drink and carouse days at a time without stopping.

Most queens of gypsy tribes begin their reigns at an early age, sixteen or seventeen, when their decrees are obeyed without question until death. No queen is crowned after she has reached the age of forty, the disqualifying age.

If a civilized girl imagines she will escape all traces of civilization by joining a gypsy tribe she will be mistaken. If she be a queen it is likely that her royal residence will be a detached whitewashed cottage. On the road she will be expected to ride in a rickety, chariot-like carriage behind the wagon which carries her royal four poster bed, flying draperies of purple, magenta, and bright yellow. So a queen is not allowed to sleep on the damp grass under the big, magnetic stars every night.

Garb for State Occasions.

On state occasions a linen cap or a crown made of tin will decorate her royal head, and a scarlet cloak will give dignity to her body. Then, too, she is

liable to be left much alone, as queens are treated with reverence on account of the prevailing fear of their power.

Of course, as a queen, a girl would not have so many restrictions in gypsydom as in civilized life; but she will have a few. Before a gypsy is allowed to marry she must be engaged two years, and the lovers are forbidden to enter camp in each other's company. If they do they are outlawed by the rest of the gypsies.

On the wedding day candy is scattered on the grass around the tents. The bride wears a conventional garb, a dark green dress with white lace apron and cap and a wreath of gold leaves. Gypsy custom demands that all toasts be given in the Romany dialect and that the wedding breakfast be served in the tent.

So a girl may find being a gypsy queen as irksome and conventional as just being a plain girl, living in a steam-heated house instead of a cold tent.—*Tribune*.

THE PICTURE

Nan Reese



The Count Gleall Castle.

JUST at the outskirts of a beautiful western city, on the top of a high hill, stands an old brick house, with a tower, called "The Mount Gleall Castle." Beautiful trees grow close around it and throw long shadows across it, as if to soften the appearance of poverty and decay. Doors and windows yawn forlornly, and the cornices and gutters droop and sag, adding to the decay and gloom of the picture. Sadly I wandered through those once-beautiful rooms and halls, the silence broken only by the drip, drip, drip from the gutters and the occasional dropping of plaster in the rooms above. Long since the banisters have been twisted and torn away and the paper peels in molding strips from the walls. Ruin and decay are on every hand. Sparkling fires once glowed on those hearths and bright faces once smiled from those dark corners, but now there is only that voiceless silence. Gone are those who built and loved the old house. What stories could it not tell if voice were given it to speak! So, musing sadly, I turned away and opening a door on my right came face to face with that which made me pause, breathless; that which seemed strangely incongruous mid all the blackness and despair,—a beautiful, brown-haired girl, round, white arms uplifted, gathering roses. So real was she, that for a moment I gazed speechless, not realizing that she was only a picture. How fair she seemed in that gloomy room, how bright her hair and how sweet the roses!

An old French artist makes his home here and he had just completed the picture. Forgetful of all about me I stood long and gazed on that sweet face and as I turned away I realized that this was one of the treasures of beauty hidden amidst ruin and decay.

* * *

The Soul that Looks God-ward.

IF you could take a composite portrait of a magnified man or woman made from a million prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs, and not excluding such inferior persons as preachers, trustees, deacons, and Sunday-school teachers; and if you could put beside it a composite portrait of a magnified man made from a million specimens of the tyrants, bandits, loafers, and wastrels of our civilization, you would see that the *good*-looking is amazingly and gloriously the good-*looking*, too; and that the good-*looking* face is the expression of a *good*-looking soul, a soul that looks toward God. A woman is more disfigured by her rage at thirty than by her age at seventy; and when a man, in Dogberry's phrase, "writes himself down an ass," or a cynic, he has inscribed his record upon the fleshly tablets of the brain as well as in the inexpungeable records of the soul.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

EARLY in March, 1873, I closed the door of our little cottonwood shanty, 14 by 14 feet, built of native cottonwood boards, cottonwood floor, cottonwood joists, cottonwood frame, cottonwood shingles, cottonwood door, cottonwood hinges and cottonwood latch. The latchstring, as I notified the *Brethren at Work* at that time, was always hanging out, a welcome to any of the Brethren that might favor us with a visit. I started to the stable for a saddle horse, intending to go to White Rock, seven miles away, for the mail and to do some trading at the store.

Going around the corner of the house a column of curling smoke, away off toward the northwest, attracted my attention. The March wind was blowing a gale from that direction and seemed to be rapidly increasing its force and velocity every minute. True, the smoke seemed miles away, beyond the White Rock crest that ran along on the north of us, but the sight of that cloud of smoke caused me to hesitate.

I said, "That looks like a prairie fire," and I went back into the house to await developments. It was not necessary to wait long. In a few minutes, as my wife and two of our little boys stood watching, we saw what was coming, for the clouds of whirling smoke were blackening the sky all around the horizon, and the wind was bringing it directly over us.

To the north of us, and in the immediate direction of the fire, lay a long stretch of tall, unburned prairie grass, the growth of the summer before, waving in the wind, inviting destruction, nodding and presaging the rapidly-approaching danger to us. But to the east of us I had, the summer before, broken a long, wide strip of prairie sod on which, in anticipation of danger from fire, my brother David and I had stacked our hay, and we knew the fire could not sweep over this piece of broken ground.

Our stable, which was immediately north of the house, was built of prairie sod, supported by oak forks and poles, and covered with long slough grass. It stood in a hollow, and all around it we had broken up and removed the sod, so that we supposed it, too, would be safe from fire. Yet, as the wind was so very high, my wife and I began carrying water and throwing it on the grass roof, feeling sure that if the roof was made damp, it would be safe.

Now we could see the flames flashing up over the hills to the northwest, and so terrifying did it seem that we gave up all hope of saving anything. "Run to the house," said I. "Take the children and run for the broken ground. I will let the horses and cattle out of the stable and come to you as quickly as I can." She ran for the house. I ran into the stable, drove out the horses and cows, kicked to pieces a pig pen at the west end of the stable, and ran to the east end to let out two calves that were in a pen, but was stifled with smoke and had to run for the house.

Grasping the two children we ran for the broken ground, and had scarcely reached a place of safety when the flames came roaring all around us like a furnace, filling our eyes with smoke and soot. It swept and licked up the grass about as fast as a horse could run, and the worst of the onslaught was over in a minute.

Seeing the wife and children were safe, I ran to the house. The woodpile was on fire; the chips all around the house were burning and the flames were stretching up to the sides of the house. Clouds of smoke from the burning stable blinded my eyes, but with rake and rags and buckets of water, which, luckily, we had previously carried to the house, I finally won the fight and saved the house.

All around were desolation and blackness. The stable had disappeared. One of the calves was burned to death. The other one was smart enough to jump out and save itself by its agility. My new set of harness, which I had forgotten in the excitement, was destroyed, but the cows, horses and pigs had, by some means, dodged the fire and came up afterward without being singed.

That fire swept over the country for many miles and did an immense amount of damage. How did it start? John Renshaw had lighted his tobacco pipe, while on the way going to Superior, Nebr., and threw the match into the grass.

* * *

To have what we want is riches;
To be able to do without, is power.

—*Macdonald.*

* * *

"How did your act take amateur night?"

"Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"

WORTH OF EDUCATION

Mrs. D. R. Rose

WHAT is an education worth in dollars and cents? That is the question that most boys in their teens want answered. If the answer is not forthcoming they of course will appeal to their own judgment, which says that the sooner a fellow can get to making money the better.

What's the use? Jobs all around are waiting for boys; there's money in the jobs, too. Yet boys are doing nothing but wasting their valuable time going to school!

That is the way a boy is likely to argue if he is not told the value of an education.

Is a boy's timé which he devotes to school worth money to him?

One State superintendent of public instruction has figured it all out and he says: "You find the value of a boy's time at school by subtracting the earnings of a life of uneducated labor from the earnings of a life of educated labor. If an uneducated man earns $1.50 a day for 300 days in a year, he does very well. If he keeps it up for forty years he will earn as many dollars as one and one-half times 300 times 40, or $18,000.

"An educated man is not generally paid by the day," says this State superintendent, "but by the month or by the year. If you will strike an average of the earnings of educated men beginning with the President of the United States, who earns $75,000 a year, the presidents of the insurance companies and of large railroad companies and run down the scale until you come to the lower walks in point of earnings among educated men you will admit that $1,000 a year is a low average for the earnings of educated labor. For forty years you have $40,000 as the earnings of an educated man. Subtract $18,000 from $40,000 and the difference, or $22,000, must represent the value of a boy's time spent at school in getting an education."

When Nathan C. Schaeffer, LL. D., one time State superintendent of public instruction in Pennsylvania, was shown this calculation he took up the strain and continued: "You will all admit that the man who works with his hands at unskilled labor puts forth as much muscular effort as the man who earns his livelihood by his wits and his education. Now, if the $22,000 represents the value of the time that a boy spends at school in getting an education, what is the value of a day spent at school? The average school life of every boy and girl in Massachusetts is seven years of 200 days each. Let us say that it takes four years more to get a good education. Reckoning eleven years of 200 days each, you will find that the 2,200 days at school are equal to $22,000, and a simple division on the blackboard will bring it home to the comprehension of every boy that each day at school, properly spent, must be worth $10."

Ten dollars a day! Think of that, you boys who are intending to quit school with the present term!

Everybody must regret that there are some widowed mothers who, though they would like to see their boys acquire an education, feel unable to earn a living without their boys' help after their boys have arrived at the age when the law does not compel them to attend school. Oh, for some philanthropist with money to give such boys a chance!

It was my pleasure to see one girl who had quit with the grammar grades collect herself and start immediately into the high school course after hearing the $10 a day problem discussed. Many school girls will become wage earners. A larger number of those who complete at least a high school course will become the agreeable life partners of educated men.

I remember hearing a certain college president more than twenty years ago say to boys and girls alike: "You are going to be leaders in the communities in which you shall live."

If every day at school, properly spent, is worth $10 in future earning capacity to a boy, what about keeping the boy at home a day now and then to work, because it would cost $1.50 or so to hire some man to do the job?

Dr. C. T. McFarlane, of New York City, said at a teachers' institute recently that nearly 85 per cent of the children who enter the second grade never enter the sixth and not more than 8 per cent ever enter high school. Then he added: "Therefore lay stress upon elementary grades."

I want to add to that: Parents, keep the children in school. Boys and girls, stick to it!

A writer in *Success* says: "Most men who have accomplished great things owe their success to the fact that they persisted when others gave up and kept going when others turned back."—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

LESSONS FROM REAL LIFE IN CHICAGO.

An Engineer's Faith.

It was after a religious meeting that a big, rugged engineer came to the Association secretary and asked for an interview, which was readily granted. Then a pathetic story ensued—an only son was gradually losing his sight and the father and mother were well-nigh distracted with grief. The secretary tried to console the father and pointed him to the Great Physician whose power can open even blinded eyes. They made a covenant to pray for the son, and as time went on the father came again to tell of the increase in his own faith and the gradual improvement of the son's condition. Both are now rejoicing in the goodness of a Father who hears and answers prayer.

Back to Sunday-school.

"I was sharing a seat in the street car a few days ago," said an Association committeeman, "with a lady, with whom I was talking about various things, and when we came to E. street I called her attention to our new Association building. 'Oh, yes!' she said, 'my boy, George, is a member there and it is a great place for him.' When he joined, a few weeks ago, the secretary made some inquiries of him concerning his Sunday-school. He had not been attending Sunday-school for some time and the conversation so embarrassed him that he at once resolved to go back to Sunday-school and attend regularly, which he has done.'"

Aroused to Self-Respect.

It was Sunday evening, in a railroad department, and a slim, dirty-looking fellow came to the Association secretary and asked for the loan of a small sum of money to pay for his laundry, but the secretary knew better, and plainly told him that there were other things he needed more than money or new laundry, and warned him against the course he was pursuing in life, telling him that the Gospel of Christ was the only remedy for a man "down and out," and urging him to become a Christian.

The man left without any indication of a change of heart, but some time afterward the secretary was pleased to receive a call from the man, well dressed and happy in his changed life. He was occupying a good position, was saving his money, and came to tell the secretary that he dated his conversion from that interview.

A Jew's Forgiveness.

An incident that happened in a Sunday afternoon "Drop in the Bible Class" is worth reading. In the midst of a general discussion, one who had seen the darker side of life and had been converted in a downtown mission arose and with great fervor and earnestness told of his faith, and then, turning to the subject of the Jews, spoke a sentence or two in bitter denunciation of their faith for considering Jesus merely as a great Teacher. There was a young Jew present who had been an immigrant from Hungary three years before. He looked up at the speaker, but said nothing. I was talking with him after the class, and, referring to the other man, he said, "That man's religion means so much to him that I couldn't try to spoil it for him, even if he spoke against my people." That was a beautiful spirit and one that many of us Christians may well emulate.

Saved From Drink.

One night, as the secretary was leaving the building, he met a young man who was badly intoxicated. After some conversation it was agreed that they should meet the next night and talk matters over. The secretary doubted somewhat that the young man would remember and keep the appointment. To his surprise he received a telephone message the next day from the young man reminding him of the engagement and begging that nothing be allowed to interfere. He came promptly at the appointed time and in the course of the interview gladly accepted Christ, and with his help has been able to withstand temptation and now attends regularly a Bible class and the Sunday meeting.

From Anger to Repentance.

When John Benik was asked about his church relationship he was angry. He thought that was none of the inquirer's business. However, he was induced to talk and in the conversation it developed that he had never been inside a church and had never received religious instruction at home or elsewhere, of any kind. Tears were in his eyes when John went out, but before leaving he promised to talk about the matter again. Evidently it was the first time in his life that he had ever come up against anyone who had made him think about the things which should concern him most.

A Bluff that Did Not Work.

Dipos was born in Hungary and had been partially educated in America. He was directed to the Association as a place where he could secure better education, had paid the fees and was ready to enter class work. A fews days later he came to the build-

ing and demanded a refund, giving as an excuse that he found it necessary to go to Milwaukee to work. The request was denied because it was evident that he was lying. During the following few days Dipos made many threats as to what he would do and others would do to the Association building if thy didn't refund his money, but when he saw that his game wouldn't work he admitted his lie and a splendid opportunity was given to impress upon him the fact that in America the men who could and would do most for him were those who required truthfulness. He is back now enjoying the privileges of membership.

A Friend in Need.

A young man came from the East recently, stating that on account of death in the family he was obliged to make his own way. In coming here, the railroad company lost his suitcase, which contained his personal effects, among which were the letters of reference which he had.

After walking around the city several days seeking employment, and being unable to secure such, he came to the Association, asking our assistance. He stated that there was no one that wanted him because of his limited experience, and also because he had no references with him, and that he had only $2 left and did not know what to do.

Well, to appreciate his position, place yourself in his for a moment. Do you realize what it means to be a stranger in a strange land, with no friends? After a day or two we were able to help him into a position which enabled him to get along by managing closely.

A Poor Boy's Welcome.

At the close of the meeting one Sunday afternoon the secretary noticed a plainly dressed young man about ready to leave the building. He spoke to him and invited him to remain for the fellowship meeting and lunch soon to follow, but the fellow replied, "Things are too nice here for a poor working-man like me and I would not feel at home with the kind of men I see here this afternoon." He was urged to remain and assured that the men present would be glad to get acquainted with him and become his friends if he would only give them the opportunity. He went away, promising that he might return the next Sunday. In half an hour he was back and said to the secretary, "I appreciate your kindness in speaking to me as you did and I have come back to attend the meeting to which you invited me." In the meeting he told how he happened to be there, and at the close the way the members gathered around him left no doubt in his mind that they were his friends. He has been a regular attendant since that day.

He Fell Among Thieves.

A few days ago a boy applied for a position. The director noticed that his shoes were much too small and that they were cut in several places. After asking the boy a few questions, he told the following story:

"My home is in Milwaukee. Work was slack there and I was unable to get a position, so I came to Chicago thinking that I could secure some kind of work here. I went to a cheap hotel on State Street, stayed there three nights, and this morning when I awoke I found that some one had stolen my shoes. Finally, by interesting the janitor of the place, I got the ones I have on. I started out again to find work, but became discouraged because I was so hungry. I happened to meet some one who said that the Y. M. C. A. would help me."

After giving him something to eat and securing a pair of shoes for him through the United Charities, we persuaded the boy to return home, where he would have a place to stay and something to eat. This was all done for seventy-five cents, the amount being paid by a business man.

A Business Boy and College.

Santos is a fine-looking, cheerful sort of a boy about sixteen years of age. He was graduated from grammar school several years ago, and has been working in a downtown real estate office ever since. His association with men of affairs has made him very businesslike, and as a result he has lost all of his boyish nature, and his thought and conversation are full of "business."

About a month ago I had a talk with the boy in our lobby. The subject of higher education arose. The boy appealed to me as one of unusual ambition for great success in the business world, so I at once tried to make him feel the great need of higher learning and better preparation for meeting men. He was satisfied with his education, and at my suggestions he remarked, "There are too many boys come out of college that aren't good for shucks. There are," he continued, "lots of men in Chicago who have made a success and never went to college."

After explaining to him that his opportunities would be much greater if he continued his school work, and that only a small per cent of boys came out of college as worthless men; the whole subject appeared to him in a different light.

Ever since that night he has been one of the most eager boys for a higher education, and now he expects to enter Northwestern Academy next fall.

* * *

THE employment of undigested experience resembles the endeavor to utilize a lemon that has been squeezed.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

MILK AND CHEESE AS FOODS

Mrs. Frances Bell

MILK is one of the most perfect foods. It does not furnish the total amount of nourishment required daily, but it contains all the nutritive elements required by the body: proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral matter and water. These elements are not present in the proper relative proportions to make milk a perfect food for the adult, but they furnish the right proportion for the young child who demands a large proportion of muscle building food.

The proteins present in milk are casein and albumin. The fat which it contains is familiar to us in the form of cream and butter. The carbohydrates are represented by milk sugar. The mineral salts present are particularly valuable.

The digestibility of milk varies very much with the method in which it is taken. If milk is swallowed rapidly so that the digestive juices must act upon a large mass in the stomach at once, one large clot is formed. If, on the other hand, the milk is sipped slowly or eaten from a spoon, the action is slower and the curd is broken. Some people who cannot use milk in the ordinary form have found that they could digest it without difficulty if crackers or bread are finely broken and stirred into the milk. The digestive juices that would act slowly upon a large mass of curd, act readily upon the same amount when it is broken into small clots.

Boiled milk is generally considered less digestible than uncooked milk, as the cooking or heating of the milk makes the proteins present more difficult for most people to digest. However there are persons who can not take fresh milk with comfort but with whom boiled milk agrees very well. Boiling or sterilizing is the most efficient means of destroying the germs in milk, but it alters its taste and as has been stated, possibly renders it less easy of digestion. Pasteurization retains more of the flavor of the milk and kills most of the disease germs, but it does not destroy all of the bacteria and will not kill spores if they are present. If pasteurized milk is always used just as carefully as fresh milk it will not be injurious and will be preferable to sterilized milk because of the better flavor. However care must be taken in its use, because not all of the organisms in it are killed and they will develop if the milk is left standing or kept for too long a time.

Pasteurized Milk.

Nearly fill a clean bottle with fresh milk. Stopper it with a carefully rolled and sterilized plug of clean cotton. Place the bottle in a pan of cold water taking care that the water does not reach the mouth of the bottle but have it even with the milk inside. Heat slowly till the water surrounding the bottle reaches a temperature of 70 degrees centigrade or 158 degrees Fahrenheit. Maintain that temperature for thirty minutes. Place the vessel where the temperature will remain constant. Then remove the bottle of milk from the water, cool quickly and put into a cool place. The cooling process is just as important as the heating, for the warmth if continued for too long a time is favorable to the development of certain organisms which the milk still contains. A quick cooling renders the conditions unfavorable and the organisms inactive.

Junket Custard.

Dissolve a junket tablet (rennet) in one tablespoonful of water. Heat one quart of milk to 37 degrees centigrade, 98 degrees Fahrenheit, when the vessel containing it will feel warm to the hand, just blood heat. The milk must not be boiled or the composition of the milk will be changed so that the rennin will not act upon it. Add one-third cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of flavoring to the warm milk, then stir in the rennin solution. The result will be a smooth firm clot or custard.

The process which takes place when the junket tablet or rennet is added to the warm milk is very similar to the process which takes place in the stomach after milk has been swallowed. The rennet which is present in the stomach as a ferment acts upon the warm milk, forming a clot similar to that formed by the junket tablet which is a commercially prepared form of rennet taken from the lining of the calf's or cow's stomach.

Cheese.

Cheese is one of the most valuable of the milk products and in nutritive value stands almost at the head of our list of foods. Since it is made from the curd of the milk and the water has been disposed of in the whey, while the fat is retained with the curd, we have the most important of the milk solids in a condensed form.

The composition of cheese varies greatly with differ-

ent varieties, but approximately it is one third protein, one third fat and one third water. Mineral salts are also present and sometimes milk sugar.

While there is no question as to the nutritive value of cheese, there is more doubt as to its digestibility. Some people have no difficulty in digesting cheese, while others find it extremely indigestible. One difficulty is the fact that cheese is frequently not chewed enough and the digestive organs have to cope with lumps of the material. Cheese can be rendered more digestible by being finely divided and mixed with some starchy material like bread crumbs or macaroni.

Another very important factor in its digestibility is the temperature at which it is cooked. Like all other protein foods it is toughened and hardened by a high temperature. The principles of cookery which we must consider in the preparation of cheese dishes are chiefly the effect of heat upon protein and fat. The protein in the cheese hardens and toughens with an elastic-like consistency when heat is applied at a high temperature and the same thing takes place when heat is applied at a low temperature for a long time. At a temperature of 45 degrees centigrade or 113 degrees Fahrenheit, the cheese begins to melt, due to the fat present. When the heat is still continued after the cheese is melted, the temperature continues to rise until at 70 degrees centigrade or 158 degrees Fahrenheit, the cheese becomes a tough, elastic mass, showing the effect of a high temperature upon the protein in the cheese. From these facts we learn that in the preparation of cheese cookery we must keep the temperature lower than 70 degrees centigrade or 158 degrees Fahrenheit.

As soon as the cheese melts it should be removed from the heat, or as the heat continues, the temperature will rise and the cheese will begin to harden. On the other hand the cheese should not be cooked at a temperature lower than 45 degrees centigrade or 113 degrees Fahrenheit, or the fat in the cheese will not be melted.

In combining cheese with other food materials, such as macaroni or bread crumbs, it is best not to allow the cheese to be at the bottom or top of the baking pan, but to protect it from the high temperature by putting it between the layers of starchy material.

When cheese can be used and digested without difficulty it is an excellent article of food, one that should be used more freely than is done at present. We should take pains to prepare it so it will be digestible since it has such a high nutritive value.

The following recipes may give some helpful suggestions in the preparation of cheese dishes:

Welsh Rarebit (Without Eggs).

1 cup cream (or milk) 2 tablespoons butter
1 pound of cheese 4 teaspoons flour
½ teaspoon mustard, cayenne or paprika.

Mix the flour, butter and milk together as for white sauce and cook till smooth in consistency. Then add the cheese and seasoning and cook in the upper part of a double boiler until the cheese is melted. As soon as the cheese is melted, pour the mixture over slices of toast on a serving plate or platter. Add salt last before serving.

Welsh Rarebit (With Eggs).

1 cup milk 2 eggs
1 pound of cheese 2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon mustard, cayenne or paprika.

Mix the butter, milk, and cheese together, add the egg and seasoning and cook in the upper part of a double boiler, till the cheese is melted. As in the making of soft custard care must be taken or the egg will curd if cooked too long. The mixture must also be stirred constantly. Add salt and serve with toast.

Baked Macaroni and Cheese.

½ cup (scant) macaroni ½ cup grated cheese
1 cup thin white sauce
Salt and paprika to suit taste

First cook the macaroni in a large amount of salted boiling water until it is soft and tender.

Make thin white sauce, getting it ready by the time the macaroni is cooked tender. To make one cup thin white sauce, mix together one cup milk, one tablespoon flour and one tablespoon butter (make all the measures level), and cook them together five minutes, making a smooth mixture. Then put a layer of macaroni in a baking dish, cover it with white sauce and sprinkle with a layer of grated cheese. Add a little seasoning with each layer. Next add another layer of macaroni and another layer of white sauce and cheese, then sprinkle with a layer of bread crumbs on top and add a little more seasoning. Put into the oven and bake until light brown on top. Have the oven moderately hot.

Cheese Souffle.

3 tablespoons of flour ¼ cup grated cheese
½ cup milk ½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs Speck cayenne

Mix the flour, milk and butter together and cook as white sauce. Cook five minutes, making a smooth mixture. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and beat the yolks a few minutes. Add the grated cheese and the beaten egg yolks to the white sauce mixture and mix it in well. Also add the seasoning. Beat the whites of eggs till stiff and dry, then fold them into the mixture with a cutting motion. Pour into a greased baking pan and bake in a moderate oven until light brown on top. Bake from 35 to 45 minutes. Serve hot and at once as it is of a spongy consistency and will go down quickly.

RECENT POETRY

EICHENDORFF.

GERTRUDE R. SCHOTTENFELS.

JOSEPH EICHENDORFF was born in his father's castle in Silesia, March 10, 1788. He has been called the last Knight of the Romanticists, and his novel, "From the Life of a Ne'er-Do-Well," is one of the best productions of the Romantic School of literature. It is one of the most popular romances in Germany.

His poems show great spiritual depth, and the same simplicity which we find in the ancient Volksong. He is a great poet though of a somewhat limited capacity. He attempted to write both patriotic songs and poems of occasion, but was not very successful in either. He is at his best in his reproduction of his native landscape, and aside from his novels, his whole contribution to literature consists of some twenty-five or twenty-six songs, which are really Volksongs.

Eichendorff had the experiences common to most of the German poets. He studied in the Universities of Halle and Heidelberg, took part in the war of the Liberation, and made the customary Bilder Reise. He came into contact with the Second Romantic School of Germany which made a lasting impression upon him.

He is almost as well loved as Schiller. He was a staunch Catholic, and died in 1857.

He is the lyric poet of the German Romanticists. Only a few poets have succeeded in reaching the hearts of their people as Eichendorff has. All that he wrote reads like music, and his poems have been set to music by such eminent masters as Mendelssohn and Schubert and are sung in many lands.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

Collected and Translated by Gertrude R. Schottenfels.

Within a cool, green valley
A mill-wheel turns all day;
My love once dwelt beside it,
But she hath gone away.

She promised she would wed me,
She swore she would be true,
And with her promise gave a ring—
The ring hath broke in two!

I fain would be a harper,
The wide world o'er to roam,
To sing my sweetest melodies
And wander far from home.

I fain would be a soldier,
And bravely would I wield
My sword where'er 'twas needed
Upon the battle-field.

But when I hear the mill-wheel
I wish for nothing save
To leave this weary world behind,
And rest within the grave.

—Eichendorf.

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FIRST-LOVE.

D. R. N.

Did you never know a fairy,
With locks of golden hair,
And a grace that was as airy
As a redbreast's and more rare?

Did you never love a maiden,
With lips as red as cherries,
And a face in summer season
Of the hues of ripened berries?

Ah, you laggard on your life-way
If you never lost your heart
To a young and girlish creature
Who knew how to play her part!

Never matter if she trampled
On your poor and broken heart—
Such wounds are seldom fatal,
And you'll get another start.

When the woes of life are o'er,
And its pleasures, too, old boy,
You'll not care that merry Mary
Made of you a foolish toy.

FORGET.

FORGET your enemies and remember your friends.

Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it.

Forget doubts and fears, and remember hopes and faiths.

Forget your own failures and remember your successes.

Forget the pin-pricks, slights and trivial offenses incident to all life.

Forget to do any one an injury, but remember to do every one a kindness.

Forget the evil people of history and remember the good ones who have made the world better.

Forget all bitterness, cynicism, misanthropy, and remember kindness, philanthropy, and helpfulness.

Forget whatever uncleanness you have read, seen or heard, and remember purity, chastity, goodness.

Forget the pains you may have suffered, and remember the health and painlessness you have enjoyed for years.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. May 16, 1911. No. 20.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Farm Home.

THE constant agitation for more home comforts and a better community spirit, in the country, is having its results. We notice that the agricultural papers which ridiculed the idea of Roosevelt appointing a rural life commission are devoting columns of space to articles urging better social conditions in the country. The social workers are also turning their attention to the country because here they find problems just as live and complicated as they do in the cities.

In March the Interchurch Conservation Congress was held at Decatur, Ill. Two whole sessions were devoted to the farmer's wife. One speaker said: "Work in the farm kitchen is done in the poorest equipped workshop in the country. All that the majority of women get on the farm is board and clothes and a good steady job." Perhaps the statement is too strong and yet I think that there is a great deal of truth in it. The husband frequently has modern equipments for his work in the fields, good horses, and plenty of help; while his wife is toiling away in a small, hot kitchen with only the mere necessities in the way of utensils. The wife "shifts along" from year to year, hoping to save thereby, but in the end her life is shortened. Some day in the future when our civilization becomes more settled we shall pay more attention to the pleasures of living rather than the bare necessities and dollars. If a family in the country can afford a vacuum cleaning outfit why should the wife wear herself out sweeping? There is just as good reason why she should have such conveniences as the farmer a manure spreader.

For a number of years it has been known that a good share of the inmates of asylums come from the country and they are mostly women too. What is the cause? Monotonous work and neglect are perhaps the chief causes. In the *Breeders' Gazette* for April 12 there is a valuable article on "Monotony in Country Life." Here is a glimpse of a good many farm homes: "Get up 6 A. M. in the winter and 4 A. M. in the summer; chores before breakfast, then eat, then work until 11: 45 and eat again; to work again at 1 P. M. until 6; eat again, then chores until they are done. Inside the house the same road—only shorter steps. Do this 367 days in the year. If a man and woman keep that up for forty years without getting into the swing of things—and unable to get out—then the day of miracles is not yet past."

Here is another picture from the same writer that should stir us country folk to a better appreciation of our surroundings: "The possible beauty of the land is often lost under the pall of monotony. It is wonderful what a two days' absence from the old house and barn suggests. When this or that thing is changed it looks like a new home. We tore down an old fence one day and planted some flowers where the old fence stood. My me! Why didn't we do it before! We wandered about in a city three days; when we reached home again even the old apple tree looked handsome or looked as if it might be, if it were only trimmed a little. Even the same old cow in the same old stall was worth something. We had more respect for our own old cow that never went to the fair. Having remembered one year that we were married—wife and I—twenty-four years ago on the 23rd, having taken the long road to town as we did fifteen years ago, having had our dinners at the best place in town and having started home again, it seemed strange how much she looks even now like she did when she was twenty."

Social Legislation in Missouri.

The session of the Missouri State Legislature closed with a number of progressive bills to its credit. Bills were passed providing for the following:

1. Strong juvenile courts for the six counties with 50,000 inhabitants and over.

2. The same punishment for abandoning a child under fifteen as for wife desertion.

3. Nine hours a day, fifty-four hours a week for women in factories, mercantile establishments, laundries or workshops.

4. The stopping of the loan shark business by authorizing the organization of reputable mortgage loan companies, under the banking laws of the State. The companies will be permitted to charge two per cent monthly interest, on loans or chattel mortgages.

5. The erection and maintaining of an agricultural high school by any county that wishes to do so.

Municipal court and intermediate reformatory bills; and a measure allowing women on school boards failed to be passed.

The Comic Supplement.

If there is a more disgraceful or degenerating influence that works upon the minds of children than the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper, it will be difficult to find. Hamilton Wright Mabie describes it as "the most pernicious and vulgarizing single influence that is brought to bear on the child at his most impressionable age." A few weeks ago the League for the Improvement of the Children's Comic Supplement held its first meeting in New York. The purpose of the league is that of reformation rather than entire suppression of the supplement. At the above meeting Lillian D. Wald gave a talk that seems to be the keynote of the movement. The *Survey* for April 15, quoting from her speech has this to say: "The class of children to be protected from a form of humor which inculcates disobedience, ridicule, mockery, trickery, sensationalism, ugliness, and meanness and destroys the exquisite natural qualities of the young mind, are not the children of the sheltered nursery life to whom the Sunday paper is only a seventh day incident after six days of intellectual food, but the children of the poor to whom the newspaper is the chief intellectual food. These children like most others have normal instincts and keen imaginations, and for them the supplement could be made a traveling library, filling out what the home, the school and the library give them now."

THE LOGICAL SOLUTION

R. C. Flory

WHETHER or not the liquor traffic is bad is no longer an open question. When the Supreme Court has condemned it; when States have outlawed it; when industries have blacklisted it; when the whole Christian world is arrayed against it; when the Holy Word pronounces woes upon it; and moreover when its advocates admit its evils, to argue that the traffic is bad is an imposition upon intelligent people. Men see the awful results of the traffic more vividly than words can describe them. Any man can tell you that the saloon must be destroyed, but he looks you honestly in the eye and asks, "How?" Therefore I am here, not to argue the merits and demerits of the saloon, but to discuss methods of solving the problem.

Four principal methods have been advocated—moral suasion, local option, the non-partisan, and the partisan. That moral suasion alone is not sufficient, past history has fully demonstrated. The Washingtonian, the Gough and the Ribbon movements have served to arouse interest, but nothing definite has been accomplished by them. The saloon is sheltered by law, therefore moral suasion is inadequate.

Local option hopes to solve the problem by letting the people choose in each community whether or not they will have saloons. Such argument seems fair; but is it logical? That the Anti-Saloon League has done much good in its continual agitation of the temperance question we can not deny. But we believe the principle of local option to be wrong, and that it can not bring a solution. We believe with the immortal Lincoln, applying his thought relative to popular sovereignty to local option, that if the liquor traffic is right, local option is right, but if the liquor traffic is wrong, local option is wrong. The liquor traffic *is* wrong. Therefore no majority of voters have a right to place a saloon where there is no saloon. If the thing is wrong, the majority that sanction it are wrong.

Local option is unjust, for its policy considers the wishes of a majority of voters instead of the welfare of the people, three-fourths of whom are women and children, thus destroying the purpose of government. It is unjust, for it centralizes the criminal element in the wet cities. It is unjust, for the wet can run over into the dry territory, but the dry can not move an inch into the wet territory. Again it is unjust, for it enables the brewers to buy votes, to stuff the ballot box, or to colonize a locality and thus perpetuate the saloon against the will of the people.

Moreover, local option is impracticable because it permits the dry territory again to be voted wet, thus destroying what progress has been made. It is impracticable because it does not provide enforcement of its laws, but leaves them in the hands of liquor-dominated parties. And lastly, it is impracticable because it does not stop the manufacture of alcoholic beverages.

The non-partisan method seems a more plausible solution. The temperance people of the various parties, putting aside party ties and prejudices, form a temporary constituency, frame prohibition laws and place them before the people for adoption. But so soon as the [illegible] are secured upon the statute books the voters return each to his own party, and the result is that sooner or later these parties elect men who do not enforce the law honestly. By this method the little babe of prohibition has been born in State after State.

Having placed the babe in the capitol, the people naturally supposed that the party in power would father him. But the Republican party looked wise and said, "No, no, my boy, you are none of mine," and returned him to the people. They protested that they had no time to care for him, and further that it was the Republican party's business to father the child. When the old party saw the prohibition babe returning it cried,—"This is a perplexing problem. We must stop this game or the prohibition babe will harass us to death. We know we are pledged upon oath to enforce the laws. But we dare not father this babe or the brewers will defeat us and the Democrats will gain control." A message is sent to the brewers. The plot is hatched, and the babe is doomed. The prohibition babe is quietly put on the local option bottle. The brewers meanwhile, under some honorable name, such as the "Merchants and Manufacturers' Association," flood the country with literature depicting the awful results of prohibition, until at last the prohibition babe is heard from no more. In other States the little fellow has met a similar fate by the Democratic party. Thus for fear of defeat, neither of these parties dares give recognition in its platform to the temperance question. The liquor voter knows no other issues until his own are safe, but the temperance voter knows no drink issue until all others are safe. Thus whichever party wins, the liquor man lands on top.

But how can we account for the success of prohibition in Kansas? In 1880 a little prohibition babe was born in the State of Kansas by the so-called non-partisan constituency, which was, in fact, for the time being, a Prohibition party. But so soon as the babe was born this constituency committed suicide by disbanding, and the babe was left an orphan. After wandering about for a quarter of a century, broken-hearted and dying, when the last hope of life seemed gone and the skies were darkening with despair, there came an earthquake which shook our very foundations. In the darkest hour there arose "a mother." A mother, who from experience had drunk deep the bitter cup of grief. Driven to desperation by agonizing cries of the dying babe, she arose, a savior of mothers, a defender of homes, and in the power of the Omnipotent aroused the people of Kansas from their lethargy by the crash of her hatchet. This brought the people to their senses. Rescuing the prohibition babe they forced the Republican party to receive him, and today from fear of defeat it is reluctantly tolerating him under its care. But the babe of prohibition will never develop to full strength and manhood until he is returned to his own—the temperance people in a party that will love, nourish and cherish him. No prohibition law can be enforced permanently without a prohibition constituency. No great reform ever came except through a new party. History, ancient and modern, shows that no great question that has become interwoven into the political history of a nation has ever been settled by an old organization. This has been particularly true in the United States. A new party born upon the issue of "No Slaves" settled the question of slavery. Parties come or go at the will of the people. A party, in the proper sense, is not a permanent, self-existing, self-perpetuating political body coextensive with government. A party exists not for itself, but for the people, whose creature it is and whose interests it must serve. Its tenure of life is conditioned by the work it has to perform. The people are free—not bound by sect, creed, or party; bound only by the law of right. The time is ripe for a new alignment. Public sentiment, "that great ocean of thought," has risen to such a height that were it not for political pride and prejudice the liquor traffic would be wiped from every community. The saloon fears nothing so much as the united vote of the temperance people at the ballot box. Public thought is centralizing upon this national issue. The question can no longer be evaded. Its settlement stands next on the world's calendar of progress.

To honest thinking men the charges brought against prohibition prove that our cause must be intrusted to its friends. This logic is permeating the minds of the American people today as never before. Herein lies our sure victory. The temperance people must unite. "Temporizing will do no longer; now is the time for decision—for firm, persistent, resolute action." The enemy is intrenching. Tomorrow the victory will come harder. This taunt is being thrust into our very teeth, "You dare not win, you can not win."

Men of America! We have noble sires. We are men of noble blood. Men who will not lie; men who for right will dare to die. Let us answer their challenge in the words of a Lincoln: "Address that argument to cowards and knaves; with the free and the brave it will affect nothing. It may be true; if it must, let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her."

THE HEN

D. J. Blocher

IN the millennium all nature and man will be harmonious and the interest of the Creator realized by man. It will then be realized that evil results were of man, by failing to do his part. Where nature is nourished and cherished today, the vicious [illegible] of the brute creation disappear [illegible], because of sin, can not endure or foster the natures which were placed within every beast of the earth. Neither does he provision properly the natures of his domesticated stock. This accounts for much that goes wrong in the animal and human world. When we were children how eagerly we sought every nook and corner for biddy's nest! Without this seclusive place she is never what she would be with it. It is the most agreeable to her make-up. Nothing else satisfies her quite so well. Sometimes we did not find all the nesting places, and some day biddy would come walking home with the finest lot of youngsters. There were none better for thrift. And it all came about by biddy having nature's way supplied. Her nature had its perfect work.



A Convenient Nest.

In the domestication of the animal kingdom many of their needs are overlooked. Some because of a lack of knowledge of nature's way, and very often man's depraved nature, will not let these instincts exercise. This causes nature to revolt in one way or another to protect itself. To supply the seclusive instinct of the hen we have fairly solved it by the illustration given in the article. In the illustration we have a burlap nailed to the side of the wall above the nests and allowed to hang down over the nests, coming down as low as the bottom of the nests. While the picture was being taken we had it tied back, so that the nest in the rear end of the box could be seen, which is designated by the straw seen in it. Where there is a row of nests we have openings at intervals to allow the hens to enter from the sides.

This artificial seclusion is very acceptable to biddy. She steals away into this as though no human eye knew of the place, and feels contented. This adds much comfort, which in turn makes her a better hen.

But alas! let her get into the garden, and then her goodness will be questioned. Her instinctive nature compels her to go there in search of something not supplied her by the owner. Nor is she to be blamed nor abused for it. Better pick her up and stroke her gently while our natures mellow down. There was something wrong in her going there to scratch. Scratch she must, or she would fail to honor her Maker. Few are the fathers who would give a child a stone for bread or a scorpion for an egg. But how many in principle deprive more or less their offspring by not complying with and supplying the instinctive natures of their domesticated stock? To know the instinctive natures of the animal world and comply with them brings good results, in pleasure and profit, both to the animal and owner.

A SKYSCRAPER'S FOUNDATION

H. D. Michael

THE world is used to hearing of large enterprises being launched and of great things being done, but how many ever consider what has been necessary before that thing could come to the public notice?

There must be much preparation and often many years of hard, careful, patient toil before success comes. No great tree grows in one night; neither are any of the great inventions worked out and modeled in one day.

To merely say that Chicago is to have another skyscraper a height of a few stories above the twenty mark might arouse no special interest, but as other great things are preceded by a large preparation so must the building of such a structure be preceded by the making of a firm foundation.

A large steam shovel scooped up the soil and clay, with the debris from the former building, and dumped it into wagons in which it was hauled away. After the basement depth of two stories was reached a

donkey engine was stationed upon a platform at one corner of the excavation to run the machinery needed in making the foundation.

Pairs of men were stationed about ten feet apart one way by about fifteen feet the other direction, with their picks and shovels, and the dirt began to fly. Each pair started digging a hole in search, not of the precious metal, but of solid rock which, in ages past, we were told, was the only sure thing upon which to put a foundation. When down five feet, curbing boards of proper length and of a good thickness were placed around the hole which is six feet across, and large iron hoops of that size were placed inside of the boards to hold them in place. The hoops are in two parts with the ends of each piece turned in toward the center and drilled for bolting together, which then makes a very strong hoop.

How the Hoops Are Made.

The digging is continued on down and new courses of curbing are put in until, to one looking down the holes, the men that do the digging look quite small. When a depth is reached that is dark, wires are placed down the side and an electric light is attached to give light for the men.

In the meantime the machinery is arranged, and when the buckets of dirt or gravel are ready to be hauled out the spool tender tightens his line on the spool, which is run by the donkey engine, and at once the bucket begins to rise.

A massive structure like this one must be "founded upon a rock." Hence, these holes six feet in diameter must reach the solid rock. It is that end towards which they are working. At 100 to 200 feet below the earth's surface that much-sought material is found. But just think of it! Holes six feet in diameter over 100 feet in depth, and only about ten feet by fifteen feet apart, all over the block to be covered by the building!

When down to solid rock a pipe is attached to the concrete mixer which is upon another elevated platform, and through it the well-mixed mass of sand, crushed rock, cement and water is poured into the hole. The pipe reaches nearly to the bottom, for the safety of the men that must now carefully tamp the concrete. This is done that no crevices or cracks are left to weaken the piers.

Think of those piers built in the solid earth, and so many of them! Surely, it will be a solid foundation, and one to stand for ages. All of this work so much needed will be covered by the other, so that it will seldom be thought of in after years when the majestic steel structure rests upon it. But without it the building would not stand to deserve admiration. The greater the structure the greater must be the foundation.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

Henry M. Spickler

In Three Parts. Part Third.

Everybody Should Champion This American Idea.

OUR conditions in America are what we make them, yet we have thought that some one else would rise and say what we ought to have said and do what we ought to have done,—that the stream of national corruption would clear itself. Until lately the Turk seldom bothered his head about his government. He wouldn't have known it from a bootjack. But our government rests with the people. It is for us to study its problems and fight for its principles. In 1812 five thousand raw Yankees won a victory over one hundred and fifty thousand trained English regulars. They had 830 war vessels. We had twelve. We wiped them from the map. But our modern foe is greater. He is one of us. We nursed him to power, taught him his tricks, and he feeds on the finest in the land. The common people are his servants. The laws they vote for are arranged by him, for him. He runs the machinery of commerce, courts and schools, edits most of our papers, runs our trains, carries our express, sells us oil, coal and lumber, and sets the price on everything we eat, drink or wear. If America is to be now as it once purported to be, a champion of strugglers, then everybody should now champion this idea.

How shall we do it? We must overthrow our enemies and establish our friends. Our first enemy is the corrupt politician. "There was a time," said Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, "when we looked on senators with reverence, but today they have reached a stage where monopoly rules. The body is dead or made up of corpses." Tom Johnson said that years ago. Today millions of people, backed by every newspaper and magazine, declare that to be true, and Illinois, for one, is obliged to hang her head in shame. We have declared against the saloon. What are we doing about graft? When Queen Elizabeth was selling away the rights of her people, one of those rights being murder, saloonkeepers hung out signs,—"Drunk for a Penny,—

Dead-Drunk for Two Pennies." "Clean Straw for Nothing." Those abuses of the crown were wiped out, but the saloon went on. We are wiping out the saloon and allowing the political frauds to continue. Why not wipe both from our political map? It is the talk of the street that our public men are corrupt. They go into power poor, they return rich. We send them to serve us. They turn and serve our enemy. When a convict entered Sing Sing Penitentiary some years ago, he was asked his name: "William Tweed." "Your business?" "Statesman." They took him to a thief's cell. But *he* was a *statesman!* He had robbed people that he might become rich. Tweed was a saint compared to the modern brigands of high finance.

I would rather see men from the working classes in those offices,—able men, strong men, sensible, level-headed, sober men, without diplomacy, but with American honor and business ability enough to know right from wrong, than to send men there to fleece the people and fatten the trusts. The best men we ever had in Washington were not diplomats. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, were simply honest men—plain crossroads men, who could look a good man or a bad man in the face without wincing. It is time we take our public men from the masses of workers,—the people who know what it is to work for two dollars and get one,—the moral, sinewy, dependable people, people who know the virtues as well as the vices of poverty. You all know of able men among you whom the temptation of gold or fame could not lure to dishonor. Why not put them into office? For my part, I would rather see a fool in those high places than a fraud. But there are thousands of available men of ability over the country who are neither fools nor frauds. We must use these honest men instead of the grafter.

Our next enemy is the class system. The worst enemy to progress in oriental countries is the class system. The Sudra can't drink from the Brahmin's well. The Telugu potter must not enter the home of the Gujerati doctor. Their children can't play together. The ruling class, called Brahmin, fastened this system upon the people and teach them that that is where they were meant to be, menials to those above them. But even in the Orient the people are recognizing the rights of the masses, for when a Chinese nobleman gouged out the eyes of his slave, the law recognized the right of a slave to a perfect body and compelled the rich brute to give all of his property to the slave he had mutilated. Caste there binds the feet of the woman so that when she walks she must hobble, wabble and bobble, a foot a minute. I saw her walking in her house, leaning on two maids whose feet were normal and whose bodies were healthful, whose hands had been trained to do useful work.

An English aristocrat met an Irishman in Ireland: "Excuse me, my man, for stopping you, but at home I'm a gentleman of some importance. I'm Sir James B———, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Iron Cross,—and your name is—what—my man?"

"Me name?" was the ready answer. "Me name is Michael Murphey, night befort last, last night and every night,—Michael Murphey."

A democracy is that form of government where men are men without kite-tails to their names. We judge character, not by what we have, but by what we are. The house a man lives in does not determine the man, for the brewer and banker both live in palaces,—and Burns and Lincoln lived in huts. But Burns and Lincoln live while the swell people in their mansions are forgotten.

From the class system springs the tipping curse, one of the deadliest foes to self-respect. In Paris it is compulsory to tip a waiter. In India the Hindu will fall down and worship you for a farthing. The porter on the Pullman sleeper receives a small salary,—about one-fifth of what he earns,—from the company, and he is expected to steal the rest in the form of tips. The tourist who gives the biggest tip gets the best service. It is bad enough to sleep in a Pullman coffin, your shoes under your feet, your clothes done up in a ball, without paying two prices for the privilege. This tipping system is European and should be outlawed. It is a bribe to a public servant and amounts to robbery and insult. Every local American should set his face like a flint against it, for employés should be paid to do their work well without the need of a tip. There should be a law to this effect.

Our next enemy is the aristocracy of wealth, the wealth that sneers at the common people. The man who makes wealth his chief aim is an undesirable citizen. Wealth is one of the things which we covet, but the man who says: "I will be the richest man in the world," and goes about it without regard to law and truth and mercy, is a traitor, and merits the disgrace of an Arnold. The aristocracy of wealth looks upon a thousand promising young men as so much opportunity to fill its coffers, and the men are rushed at a fearful speed, in factory and shop, until that overflow of youthful energy has been drained in mere machine work. The mind is dwarfed, the body is stunted. In middle life they find themselves drudges, with no education and with desires not much beyond the animal. "I see in the near future," said Lincoln, "a crisis approaching that unnerves me

and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. Corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow. The money power will prolong its reign, working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth has been aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital, that nobody labors unless somebody owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which if surrendered will surely be used to shut the door of advancement to such as they and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost. Capital," he said, "is seeking to enthrone itself, and to shut the door of opportunity to the working man." The climax of that prophecy is now. Where one Tweed grew then, a thousand flourish now. Men lie to one another. City and country officials rob the people. Banks are no longer synonyms for probity, confidence and trust, and we all turn in this dark hour, with Washington, and we say, "Whom can we trust now?" It costs you twenty-five cents to two dollars to send a small parcel by express that ought to go by parcels post for a few cents. The company may use a store-box for an office, and with almost no capital it sucks the life-blood from the interchange of commodities. You take your grain to market—who sets the price? The gambler, living in one of six mansions, with one wife more than is allowed by law, neither of whom he loves. You sell your prime cattle,—for what the beef trust offers you. You bring home a steak for your table, paying what the trust says you must pay. Lincoln knew that private capital would never be willing and could not be trusted to give more than enough to keep the workers alive and at arm's length,—to squeeze the orange for the juice and throw the rind away. When I was a stenographer for a coal company in the West, the manager dictated to me a message to Wall Street: "The men at the Moonshine mine refuse to work on Sunday and we are doing all we can to keep them working on that day." Think of it! Those poor miners, unable to speak our language, but wishing to become good citizens, refused to work on the Sabbath, and that cruel-hearted capitalist, reciting the ten commandments in a New York Sunday-school, forced them to work on that day! Do you wonder why those bloody troubles occur in Colorado among the miners? While doing hard bench work in an auto factory, in Detroit, in a conference with the manager, one day, he said, when I appealed to the Christian honor of the matter in dispute: "We don't mix religion in our business." Because of low wages and long hours his men were even then meditating a second strike. Lincoln knew of the wicked plottings of capital. He knew how hard Wall Street had tried to keep him hewing logs on Sangamon Creek. He knew that every true and earnest reformer who hit the nail on the head would have the Wall Street hyenas after him. But Lincoln went to the White House, and there is a man today hewing logs, or hammering iron, or teaching school, who will give those Wall Street carrion their death-blow. He will come up from the common people.

There is another reason why the aristocracy of wealth should be overthrown. Its votaries are deprived of the highest happiness. With no real love for their fellow-men they plough through life like sharks after their prey, feared by a few, hated by every one, not one loving them. They learn that wealth can confer no real happiness. Some years ago all the world looked toward Germany at the great Iron Chancellor, Bismarck. They envied him his high position. People thought that there was a man who ought to be happy in his command of men and money. Honors of state fell thick upon his path. When he spoke, all Germany listened. What he bade them do, they did. But the poor peasants around him were happier than he. Hear what he says: "During all of my eighty-four years of life I have not had twenty-four hours of happiness." At his elbow ever stood sorrow, gaunt and grim. Skeletons danced before him at the brightest banquets. Why? He was severed, by his pride and cold heartedness, from his fellows. He was all for himself. He was not in love with the people he ruled. Aristocracy in his heart did it.

A gilded carriage, drawn by champing horses, dashed down the streets of Paris shortly before the Revolution. The wheel struck something and slid noiselessly over the pavement. The driver had driven over a little child. The occupant, looking out, madly asked why he stopped. "My master, we have killed a little child." A glance at its bloody clothing told him that it was the child of a poor workingman. "Throw the filth aside," he yelled, "drive on!" Like a dead dog, the child was tossed into the gutter, and the marquis hurried to his palace. That night, the father, with a long knife under his old coat, made for the palace. When the lights were turned off he climbed over the wall, and an hour later stood by the bed of the brutal, drunken lord. An instant more and the knife sank deep into his unfeeling heart. It is not safe to let the common people get an idea that they are a set by them-

selves, that they are below somebody. That is doing violence to their constitution. The means they use may not be lawful, for, like Osmillian in the mine, their rage will develop into a mania that knows no reason.

The aristocracy of wealth never was in favor of free press, free schools, or free speech. It did not originate the Chautauqua idea or the lyceum platform. Instead of such things it has always built high-walled castles with thousands of acres of the finest scenery shut in by high stone walls covered with broken glass, cared for by peasants, people robbed of all their manhood. The private home of the very rich is today the castle of old. But this is the day of the common people and the cottage makes the best home. From it will come the best men and the most adorable women. The cottage, and not the palace, will be the sign of American prosperity,—the cottage clambered over by crimson rambler, festooned with morning glory, circled by pansies, will be the cradle of the children who will go out with morning tangled in their hair and straying sunbeams in their eyes to enter the radiant prospects that lie before them.

The dishonest business must be overthrown. Dishonest business breeds dishonest men. Swindled customers make poor citizens. Cheated on the railway, in worthless stocks, in inflated real estate, the people lose faith in the government. It is discouraging to a rich man to lose on an investment, but he has more money and he can try again. The man with the quarter wants to know what he is to get for his quarter and he will hold it for a long while. It is no joke for him to be cheated. How keenly the working people inspect what they buy! They want sugar, not sand; wool, not shoddy or cotton. Their surplus earnings are in the bank, but they must be positive that those earnings are perfectly safe there. Every depositor should be guaranteed perfect security by the government. This very uncertainty about their savings tends to make them spend their earnings when they would otherwise add to them. Dishonesty must be overthrown. It is in the air and you can't take a full breath without catching a mouthful of its tainted atmosphere. The dishonesty in those above us leads those below them into evil. When the rulers are wicked what can you expect of the people? When China was opened to western traffic the English sent opium there to create an appetite for that awful weed. Opium-eating is not an original Chinese custom. It is English. The Chinese Emperor went to the Queen of England and begged her to help him save his subjects from its scourge. "You are sending something that destroys the body and soul of my people." But she paid no attention to his protest, saying: "We must have money to run our government." He went back. There was the English opium factory. He entered it. When he left it, 21,000 chests of opium had been emptied into a long trench along the River Pearl and covered with lime! But our government is no better. There are eight saloons in Chicago to five groceries, every one of them bringing brutality, disease, degradation, misery and death to the people. Why the saloon? Usually it is the result of votes cast by American citizens. But primarily it exists because the brewer can go to the legislature and buy laws to help him in his work of systematized crookedness. Back of it all is the government of the United States.

In medicine, we must overthrow the quacks and swindlers. God never meant that in order to have good health a man should take a bottle of medicine that would ruin his teeth, his stomach and his nerves. He stored within the human body all that was sufficient to keep it in good shape, under fair treatment. You don't need Tutt's pills or Mother Winslow's Peruna or Wa-Ha Kidney Complaint. It is a big graft and only the ignorant and foolish people believe in it. Hear what a patent medicine maker said: "The city people are on to us, and I shall stop our advertising in the city papers. But we have the country people yet. They are as thick as mud." Another said: "After this we are going to advertise in the country papers, and we will advertise the heaviest where the people are the most ignorant."

Everybody struggles for recognition. America is the champion of strugglers. Everybody should champion this American idea.

The strongest influence in this great battle is character. When sin entered his heart Launcelot lost his power over evil. Before we can cast out the mote in our brother's eye, we must first cast out the beam in our own eye. Handicapped by sin, the struggler will meet his defeat. Our mission is to redress human wrong, to defend the weak from the oppression of the strong, to lift up the fallen and to inspire the discouraged. In Fargo, N. Dak., I stood by the granite monument of Henrik Wergeland, on which his Norwegian compatriots had chiseled these words:

"Friend of the Poor and Oppressed, the Champion of the Weak Against the Strong."

That bronze statue is an inspiration to the pioneers of Dakota, a stimulus to their noblest qualities. With upright character, aflame with righteous indignation, the onward movement of national purification would be irresistible. Those of you who seldom turn to your Bible for guidance, I ask, in the name of all that our great country means to you, in your splendor of manhood, that you cham-

pion this cause of the people against wrong. I ask you to be willing to set a higher standard in your life, if for no other reason than to hasten this cause to its sure victory. To you of settled convictions of right against wrong, you whose prayers have been for the onward march of the Flag and the Cross, I appeal, with my heart's best blood,—pledge your holiest vows and best strength to this most momentous question of this or any age. We who want others to live the Golden Rule, do we live it? are we fair? We tell of the wrongs of Rockefeller or Stensland. Are we honest? Do we give a square deal? We want big wages. Do we pay them? We expect the landlord to keep the house in good repair. Are we generous? We wish friends. Are we friendly? We wish to be recognized. Do we recognize others? We cry the prison for bribers and grafters. Are we bribe-proof and graft-proof?

We all want recognition. Without it, life is one long wail. With it, life means everything. Without it, death sometimes seems sweeter than life, for no one can be normal and healthy and sane without a fair recognition. If then, recognition is so valuable, I ought to be willing to lay down my life, if need be, that my friends may have it. If need be, I ought to be ready to give up my property, lose my position and become an outcast, that God's poor might become rich. But God may not ask us to give up anything good. He gives back the life offered on the altar. But we must be honest and honorable whatever comes. Because he knew his client was wrong, a poor country lawyer refused to take the case. His partner was not so conscientious, and took the case, with a fee of one thousand dollars, half of which belonged to the first lawyer, as partner. Poor as he was he refused it,—five hundred dollars, when that sum was a small fortune, and his mother kept wearing her calico dress. Months rolled by. The country came in need of an honest, brave man. How the people found it out I don't know, but they chose this poor lawyer, who had refused the five hundred dollars blood money, to lead them to victory. That was Abraham Lincoln! He spurned the five hundred dollars and God gave him the Presidency,—all the money he needed, and the love and respect of the whole world, forever. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree." And he'll do it again!

I stood at twilight by the walls of the Holy City. Before me, bleached bare by twenty centuries, Calvary. There, on a rude cross of shame, our Savior had been crucified between two thieves. His life had been one long struggle for recognition, recognition for us all. But he was misunderstood, mistreated, dragged from the church, hurried out of town, banished! Everywhere he was told to keep moving until they got him nailed fast to the cross. Here as he hung helpless, mouths jeered at him in cruel hate. His few followers gazed from afar! "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" But God had not forsaken him. He had lived for others. Heaven and earth both recognized him. Instantly the heavens flung every cloud with the mantle of mourning, as the earth trembled in convulsions of anguish. From the grave in which they locked him he walked triumphant, and as God bore him upward, we heard him say: "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." He had found recognition. He will give it to us.

Chicago, Ill.

READING OR THINKING?

It is told us that our greatest men and women attained their mental altitude with the reading of but few books. What books they did read were carefully perused and thoroughly digested through close thinking and the application of the result of such thought. The fault of the people of today is that they read too much and too indiscriminately, and a vast amount of mental dyspepsia is the result. The omnivorous reader is not usually the best informed person, because he or she (generally a girl or woman) skims through the book superficially, and the attention is spread over too much space; she should read less and think more. Once it was my unhappy privilege to have on my hands a girl guest who was known as a "great reader." She had read about everything she could get her hands on—literally skimmed through it; but she could scarcely tell you the real contents of any book she had "been through." Her one cry was for "something to read," and you would hardly get her set down to a book that should have required many hours to read, before she was back for "something to read," as she had finished what you gave her. Yet she possessed very little information on any given subject, and could give but a poor account of the contents of anything she had skimmed through. Her one great trouble was a bad case of mental dyspepsia, brought on by overindulgence in the reading habit. The reputation of being a "great reader" is not always one to be coveted. Our strongest intellects and best informed people are thinkers instead of readers. In selecting books, magazines, papers, or other literature for the vacation, it is not always best to fill our hands with the trashy or exclusively light literature. Try to get a few ideas, while you are resting.

Next time you go to town, walk down the street, look in the store windows, note the number of things you can get on well without. It will be an aid to both contentment and happiness.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

In Mexico.

According to a long, confidential telegram received by the president of a corporation having extensive interests in Mexico, conditions on the west coast warrant Americans leaving that section.

"Governor Rodo of Sinaloa," the telegram declares, "who has commandered a Southern Pacific train to carry troops from Mazatlan to Culiacan, cannot hope to hold more than those two points, and we doubt his ability to do this much longer. His force is declared to be totally inadequate."

Five bridges between Culiacan and San Blas were burned, and two between San Blas and Navojea. Bands of guerillas continue to commit serious depredations, and they have threatened to burn more bridges if the railway insists upon hauling federal troops.

Washington Is Alarmed.

Reports of the situation in Mexico that reach President Taft are not encouraging and the cabinet discussed at length the situation. American cattle owners who have ranches in Mexico have appealed to this government for permission to bring cattle across the Rio Grande in bond.

The modified Mexican reply to President Taft's protest against border fighting withdraws some features of the original answer; there are still indications that conflicting information has reached Washington and Mexico City.

Taft Speech Up in Commons.

The tariff reformers, stirred up by President Taft's speech in New York, in the course of which he urged the American Newspaper Publishers' Association to advocate Canadian reciprocity before a system of preferential tariffs had bound the British Empire together, induced John Norton Griffiths, unionist member from Wednesbury, to ask Premier Asquith in the house of commons immediately to instruct Ambassador Bryce to cable a verbatim report of the President's speech. The premier requested his interrogator to place his question on paper in the ordinary way.

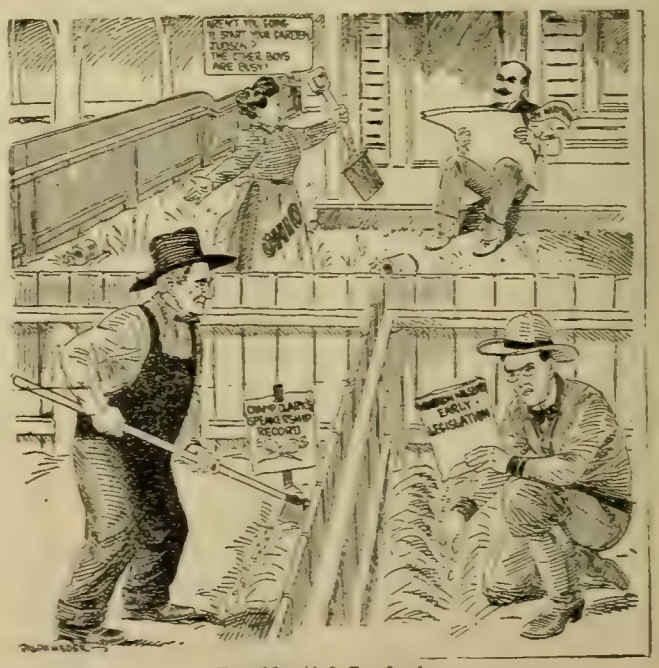
Another question of the ultra tariff reformers had reference to the Rush-Bagot treaty concerning war vessels on the Great Lakes. Henry Page Croft, unionist member for Christchurch, alleged that the treaty had been broken persistently as regards the number of ships and their tonnage, making the situation one of danger because it must cause misunderstandings between the United States and Canada. Colonial Secretary Harcourt, like the premier, staved off the question by asking that the usual notice be given.

The Alaskan Coal Syndicate.

A Washington correspondent for the Philadelphia *North American* sends to his newspaper this more or less startling dispatch:

"By an order dated October 28 of last year, eleven days before the last election, and several months after the attempt to turn over the Alaskan coal fields to the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate had been frustrated through the investigation of former Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, President Taft himself gave actual control of the same coal fields to the same syndicate.

"This announcement, made now for the first time, is given added significance by the fact that at the time the order was issued President Taft had publicly announced that he had taken into his own hands the matter of the claims of the Alaskan coal fields, with the intention of administering absolute justice alike to the coal claimants and to the public interests. He had led the public to believe that its property rights in the coal lands of Alaska were to be safeguarded,



Presidential Gardening.

—Record-Herald.

and that neither evasion nor violation of the law would be permitted to open a way to the invasion of those rights by monopolizing syndicates or exploiting individuals.

"With the public lulled into a sense of temporary security, both by the assurances of the President and the revelations made in the Ballinger inquiry, which seemed to preclude the possibility of any action adverse to the public interest, until all claims were adjusted publicly, the President signed the order which, so far as the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate is concerned, was as valuable to that combination as would have been a title to the coal lands themselves. For the order issued by President Taft, and made public now, for the first time, gave to the syndicate absolute control of the only possible outlet from the mines to tidewater not already in the control of the syndicate."

Maintain the Constitution.

"To the Editor of the *World:* In a recent comment upon a pamphlet issued by Fred A. Baker of Michigan you say that the initiative and referendum would eliminate the deliberative assembly and hence disestablish republican government.

"The first part of this statement is not very important, even if it were true. One has but to consult the files of the *World* for ample proof that it is high time that something were done with our deliberative assemblies. The recent senatorial situation, which has made us the laughing-stock of the world, is a case in point. Our deliberative assemblies have long since ceased to promote republican government, and if they were eliminated the loss would not be very great. It is not true, however, that the initiative and referendum would eliminate them and no advocate of that reform thinks so. They who make that charge either do so in ignorance of what has been accomplished under the initiative and referendum or they deliberately ignore the achievements in those political divisions of our country where direct legislation has had full and free rein. We claim that the present legislative system and its advantages—its compactness, legal wisdom, experience and power for work—would be retained, while its evils—its haste, complexity, opportunities for bribery and corruption, overlegislation and legislation against the wishes and will and interest of the people—would be eliminated. The legislature would continue to do the law-making as now, but its power to do wrong or to impede progress or to do as it pleased in spite of the people would be gone. It would involve no denial of a republican form of government, but on the contrary would promote this. In the words of Jefferson, 'Government is republican in proportion as it has in its composition this ingredient of the direct action of the citizens.' It would eliminate the elective despotism which has developed to such an alarming extent the country over, and to again quote Jefferson, 'An elective despotism is not the form of government we fought for.'

"There is not an argument against the initiative and referendum which cannot with equal force be made against democracy. So let us be honest with ourselves. If we believe in an autocracy, an aristocracy or a plutocracy, let us say so. But if we still believe in a republic, a democracy—the rule of the people—to attack the means which will again restore that rule and make its continuance possible is folly.

"H. B. MAURER.

"*New York, April 15.*"

Notes On Congress.

In accordance with the action of a public conference recently held at Washington Senator Borah of Idaho has introduced a bill providing for a national university at the capital city, under government auspices. Many efforts have been made from George Washington's time down to establish such an institution, but they have never met with much encouragement, as no way has been thought of to keep it from being dominated by political influences.

There is a movement in favor of creating a bureau of experts to assist in the drafting of bills to be presented to Congress. In both the State and national legislatures errors of English, contradictions and absurdities often creep into bills and are enacted into law, and some think that proper editing would stop this.

Victor Berger, the Socialist member from Wisconsin, presented a petition to the House signed by 90,000 people, mostly Socialists, calling for the withdrawal of U. S. troops from the Mexican border, the idea being that the insurrectos are fighting for their liberty and should not be handicapped. It took three men to carry the petition.

Senator LaFollette introduced in the Senate a bill permitting all government employees to be unionized and forbidding the government to stand in the way of their joining anything they please or taking part in politics. Representative Lloyd of Missouri introduced a similar bill in the House, and it was advocated before the committee by President Gompers of the Federation of Labor.

The new congressional reapportionment bill has been reported to the House by the census committee. It provides for a membership of 433, in place of the present 391, and by this arrangement no State will lose any members.—*Pathfinder.*

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

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The English Bible.

On April 25 at a meeting held in Carnegie Hall, New York, in celebration of the tercentenary of the King James translation of the Bible, a message from President Taft and one from King George V. was read. President Taft in his message said: "I desire to express my deep interest in the recognition which is being taken in this country of so notable an event as the three hundredth anniversary of the King James version of the English Bible. Its classic English has given shape to American literature. Its spirit has influenced American ideals in life and laws and government. I trust that this celebration may continue and deepen the influence of the Bible upon the people of the republic." King George's message said: "I rejoice that America and England should join in commemorating the publication, three hundred years ago, of that version of the Holy Scriptures which has so long held its own among English-speaking peoples. Its circulation in our homes has done more than anything else on earth to promote among old and young the moral and religious welfare on either side of the Atlantic. The version which bears King James' name is so clearly interwoven in the history of British and American life that it is right we should thank God together for it." Following the reading of these messages Ambassador Bryce made an address in which he said: "How much of the excellence of our great writers from Milton, Jeremy Taylor and Baxter downward is traceable to their knowledge of the diction of the Bible. We can feel it in four of our great masters of our tongue who adorned the last generation, to all of whom the Scriptures were familiar from childhood. We recognize it in the speeches of John Bright and Abraham Lincoln, in the sermons and essays of Cardinal Newman, and the earlier writings of Thomas Carlyle. British and American character has been largely formed by this Book, because it was in the seventeenth century the only Book which all the people knew and all the people revered. Let us hope that the year we commemorate as the anniversary of a great event in our religious history may also be remembered as the year in which a solemn renunciation of war as a means of settling their disputes was made by the mighty and kindred nations, grateful to God for the peace of nearly a century which has existed between them."

Higher Training.

The need of higher training should be more generally recognized. Training of the intellect is an important consideration but that alone is not sufficient. We must have more. We remain a long ways from the ideal until we make moral, humane heart-training a far more vital part of our educational system. Kindness and consideration, sympathy and fraternity, love of justice, and a willingness to give justice as well as to demand it must be instilled into the student before he is ready to assume the responsibilities of citizenship. The training of the intellect at the expense of the "humanities" has made or has enlarged the power of many a usurper of other men's homes and property, and has thereby added poison and desolation to his own life as well as to the lives of those with whom he has come in contact, and who have felt his blighting and withering influence. It is chiefly from those without this training that the animal world receives its most thoughtless and cruel treatment, and perhaps from none more than from the fashionable rich. These broader sympathies are a vital factor in good citizenship and can more effectively be presented to the child through the educational system than by any other agency outside of the home. No educational system is worthy the consideration of intelligent beings which does not have as its basic motive the making of better citizens. When the moral training of the child is largely left out of consideration the system cannot produce the highest type of citizens. To be sure there has been a great deal accomplished in this direction but we are still a long ways from the most desirable. We need a larger and clearer conception of the golden rule in our civic life, and that can be brought about only by teaching the child the meaning of the golden rule in municipal and national life.

Coming Changes.

The fall of Cannonism indicates a marked decline in the stand-pat party loyalty. Independent voters are every year becoming more numerous. At the last presidential election, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island there were 50,000 men who, after voting for a Republican President, were capable of voting for a Democratic candidate for Governor. In Minnesota there were at least 50,000 more of the same sort and

they did business on election day. It is discrimination of this kind that will make the Republic live if anything will. The cry loyalty to party generally comes from some old party boss who is corrupt both at heart and in practice, and who tries to gather the people under his wing that at the proper time he may turn their interests over to those with whom he is in league. These bosses generally work in disguise and are seldom detected by the masses of the people. When an election is approaching and nominations are to be made for certain offices, the directing agents for certain public service corporations want always to be on the safe side and want to be sure that "safe, sane, and conservative" men are nominated. At the appointed time and place a conference is held between them and the party boss, that is, the party that is dominant and is the most likely to carry the particular election. The "interests" care nothing whether the men who are elected are members of one party or are members of another, so long as they are sure of electing men who can be influenced or purchased for the best interests of the machine. These conditions, however, are rapidly changing and it will not be long until it will be impossible for them to exist at all. In many places at present a system of direct nominations by the people has been introduced by which they are able to ballot for their own candidates much after the plan by which they now ballot at the regular elections. This will make it harder for the combinations by which we are continually sold out to gain control. Direct nominations by the people, and direct legislation by the people through the Initiative and Referendum will help to place the government beyond the reach of the grafters and the moneyed combines.

The Indian of Today.

A SCARRED, lean old Indian bedecked in a red blanket and eagle feathers who looked as though he might be the only surviver of the Mohicans appeared before President Taft not long ago and through an interpreter said:

"O Great White Father, my people want to live as in the days of the medicine men, before the paleface took away from us our forests and hills and the free rivers. We want to be alone to live as we wish, to roam from the sunrise to the sunset without having the white man always on our track to tell us what we ought to do and how we must live."

This was the heart of an untamed Indian pleading with civilization for the things that his very blood and his people cried out to have back again. It was old Chief Yukooma of the Hopi tribe in northern Arizona. He felt like a child torn away from his toys and shut in a room filled with strange faces of grown people whom he could not understand and who could but half-way understand him. This simple-minded savage begged that he and his people might live their own lives free from molestation and from the burdens of civilization. Our government has done much for the Indian, but it never can give back to him that free range of nature which he enjoyed before the paleface came to disturb his happy dreams. The knowledge of books, the ethics of codes, the blessings of science may all be poured lavishly upon him, but we can never restore to him those things which the Great Spirit gave him when his world was young and of which he still dreams that he might some day possess. Occasionally we may succeed in transforming one of them into the likeness of civilization, but the majority of them will ever long for the freedom of the woods and the streams.

The Picture Postal Card.

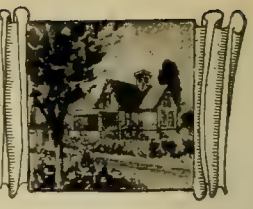
THE extensive use of picture postal cards has increased the revenue of the government by a good many thousand dollars and has enlarged the circle of friendship of a large number of people. A card can be written with less trouble than it takes to write a letter and often carries a more effective message than a letter would. As a result, friends who would otherwise be dropped out of the circle of friendship keep in touch with each other, without feeling the burden of letter-writing. Suggestive postals of good quality can now be purchased for less money than it takes to buy good stationery to send an equal number of messages by letter. The principal objection to the postal card is the publicity of the message, which can be read at a glance by anyone who picks up the card. This, however, has been overcome by a new fad the idea of which was born in Germany. Sugary little messages or snatches of song to be translated on a phonograph can now be sent on a postal card. On the back of the card is a small record resembling the disk records used on some machines. It is a very thin film pasted on the card and containing some phrase of tender sentiment or a bit of some popular music. The card has a hole in it so that it may be placed on the machine and when this is done the needle makes the card talk and the one to whom it was sent gets the message.

Notice the Change.

WE would again like to call the attention of our readers to the change in price of the INGLENOOK and Cook Book, which will take place July 1. Remember that after that time a year's subscription to the INGLENOOK and the Cook Book will be $1.25. All those who send in their subscription before that time will still be entitled to the old rate of one dollar for the two. If you will kindly mention this fact to your friends and neighbors you will be the means of saving them the twenty-five cents which it will take to get the same subscription after July 1.



THE HOME WORLD



FRIENDS IN SAN ROSARIO

O. Henry

THE west-bound stopped at San Rosario on at 8:20 A. M. A man with a thick, black leather wallet under his arm left the train and walked rapidly up the main street of the town. There were other passengers who also got off at San Rosario, but they either slouched limberly over to the railroad eating house or the Silver Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of idlers about the station.

Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet. He was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely trimmed hair, smooth, determined face, and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing eastern style. His hair denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking the distance of three squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's clothing emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National Bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked, never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for business at nine, and the working force was already assembled, each preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til nine," he remarked, curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashier drew the small, spotless, parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

"J. F. C. Nettlewick,

"National Bank, Examiner."

"Oh—er—will you walk around inside, Mr.—er—Nettlewick. Your first visit—didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employé in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier—a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now, for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please."

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling motion counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musician's upon the keys of a piano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickel and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda—certain checks, charge slips, etc.,

carried over from the previous day's work—with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a tired kind of way, and then go into the vault and kick over a few sacks of silver, and the thing was done. Halves and quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. No chicken feed for me," he would say when they were set before him. "I'm not in the agricultural department." But, then, Turner was a Texan, an old friend of the bank's president, and had known Dorsey since he was a baby.

While the examiner was counting the cash, Maj. Thomas B. Kingman—known to every one as "Major Tom"—the president of the First National, drove up to the side door with his old dun horse and buggy, and came inside. He saw the examiner busy with the money, and, going into the "pony corral," as he called it, in which his desk was railed off, he began to look over his letters.

Earlier, a little incident had occurred that even the sharp eyes of the examiner had failed to notice. When he had begun his work at the cash counter, Mr. Edlinger had winked significantly at Roy Wilson, the youthful bank messenger, and nodded his head slightly toward the front door. Roy understood, took his hat and walked leisurely out, with his collector's book under his arm. Once outside, he made a bee-line for the Stockmen's National. That bank was also getting ready to open. No customers had, as yet, presented themselves.

"Say, you people!" cried Roy, with the familiarity of youth and long acquaintance, "you want to get a move on you. There's a new bank examiner over at the First, and he's a stem-winder. He's counting nickels on Perry, and he's got the whole outfit bluffed. Mr. Edlinger gave me the tip to let you know."

Mr. Buckley, president of the Stockmen's National—a stout, elderly man, looking like a farmer dressed for Sunday—heard Roy from his private office in the rear, and called him.

"Has Major Kingman come down to the bank yet?" he asked the boy.

"Yes, sir, he was just driving up as I left," said Roy.

"I want you to take him a note. Put it into his own hands as soon as you get back."

Mr. Buckley sat down and began to write.

Roy returned and handed to Major Kingman the envelope containing the note. The major read it, folded it, and slipped it into his vest pocket. He leaned back in his chair for a few moments as if he were meditating deeply, and then rose and went into the vault. He came out with the bulky, old-fashioned leather note case stamped on the back in gilt letters, "Bills Discounted." In this were the notes due the bank with their attached securities, and the major, in his rough way dumped the lot upon his desk and began to sort them over.

By this time Nettlewick had finished his count of the cash. His pencil fluttered like a swallow over the sheet of paper on which he had set his figures. He opened his black wallet, which seemed to be also a kind of secret memorandum book, made a few rapid figures in it, wheeled and transfixed Dorsey with the glare of his spectacles. That look seemed to say: "You're safe this time, but—"

"Cash all correct," snapped the examiner. He made a dash for the individual bookkeeper, and, for a few minutes there was a fluttering of ledger leaves and a sailing of balance sheets through the air.

"How often do you balance your pass books?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Er—once a month," faltered the individual bookkeeper, wondering how many years they would give him.

"All right," said the examiner, turning and charging upon the general bookkeeper, who had the statements of his foreign banks and their reconcilement memoranda ready. Everything there was found to be all right. Then the stub book of the certificates of deposit. Flutter—flutter—zip—zip—check! All right. List of overdrafts, please. Thanks, H'm-m. Unsigned bills of the bank, next. All right.

Then came the cashier's turn, and easy-going Mr. Edlinger rubbed his nose and polished his glasses nervously under the quick fire of questions concerning the circulation, undivided profits, bank real estate, and stock ownership.

Presently Nettlewick was aware of a big man towering above him at his elbow—a man of sixty years of age, rugged and hale, with a rough, grizzled beard, a mass of gray hair, and a pair of penetrating blue eyes that confronted the formidable glasses of the examiner without a flicker.

"Er—Major Kingman, our president—er—Mr. Nettlewick," said the cashier.

Two men of very different types shook hands. One was a finished product of the world of straight lines, conventional methods and formal affairs. The other was something freer, wider and nearer to na-

ture. Tom Kingman had not been cut to any pattern. He had been mule-driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, tent and trail found no change in him. He had made his fortune when Texas cattle were at the high tide of value, and had organized the First National Bank of San Rosario. In spite of his largeness of heart and sometimes unwise generosity toward his old friends, the bank had prospered, for Maj. Tom Kingman knew men as well as he knew cattle. Of late years the cattle business had gone to pieces, and the major's bank was one of the few whose losses had not been great.

"And now," said the examiner, briskly, pulling out his watch, "the last thing is the loans. We will take them up now, if you please."

He had gone through the First National at almost record-breaking speed—but thoroughly, as he did everything. The running order of the bank was smooth and clean, and that had facilitated his work. There was but one other bank in the town. He received from the government a fee of $25 for each bank that he examined. He should be able to go over those loans and discounts in half an hour. If so, he could examine the other bank immediately afterward, and catch the 11:45, the only other train that day in the direction he was working. Otherwise, he would have to spend the night and Sunday in this uninteresting western town. That is why Mr. Nettlewick was rushing matters.

"Come with me, sir," said Major Kingman, in his deep voice, that united the southern drawl with the rhythmic twang of the West; "we will go over them together. Nobody in the bank knows those notes as I do. Some of 'em are little wobbly on their legs, and some are Mavericks without extra many brands on their backs, but they'll most all pay out at the roundup."

The two sat down at the president's desk. First, the examiner went through the notes at lightning speed and added up their total, finding it to agree with the amount of loans carried on the book of daily balances. Next, he took up the larger loans, inquiring scrupulously into the condition of their indorsers or securities. The new examiner's mind seemed to course and turn and make unexpected dashes hither and thither like a bloodhound seeking a trail. Finally he pushed aside all the notes except a few, which he arranged in a neat pile before him, and began a dry, formal little speech.

"I find, sir, the condition of your bank to be very good, considering the poor crops and the depression in the cattle interests of your State. The clerical work seems to be done accurately and punctually. Your past-due paper is moderate in amount, and promises only a small loss. I would recommend the calling in of your large loans, and the making of only sixty or ninety-day or call loans until general business revives. And now, there is one thing more, and I will have finished with the bank. Here are six notes aggregating something like $40,000. They are secured, according to their faces, by various stocks, bonds, shares, etc., to the value of $70,000. Those securities are missing from the notes to which they should be attached. I suppose you have them in the safe or vault. You will permit me to examine them."

Major Tom's light-blue eyes turned unflinchingly toward the examiner.

"No, sir," he said, in a low but steady tone, "those securities are neither in the safe nor the vault. I have taken them. You may hold me personally responsible for their absence."

Nettlewick felt a slight thrill. He had not expected this. He had struck a momentous trail when the hunt was drawing to a close.

"Ah!" said the examiner. He waited a moment, and then continued: "May I ask you to explain more definitely?"

"The securities were taken by me," repeated the major. "It was not for my own use, but to save an old friend in trouble. Come in here, sir, and we'll talk it over."

"Your statement," the examiner began, "since you have failed to modify it, amounts, as you must know, to a very serious thing. You are aware, also, of what my duty must compel me to do. I shall have to go before the United States commissioner and make—"

"I know, I know," said Major Tom, with a wave of his hand. "You don't suppose I'd run a bank without being posted on national banking laws and revised statutes! Do your duty. I'm not asking any favors. But, I spoke of my friend. I did want you to hear me tell you about Bob."

Nettlewick settled himself in his chair. There would be no leaving San Rosario for him that day. He would have to telegraph to the comptroller of the currency; he would have to get out a warrant before the United States commissioner for the arrest of Major Kingman; perhaps he would be ordered to close the bank on account of the loss of the securities. It was not the first crime the examiner had unearthed. Once or twice the terrible upheaval of human emotions that his investigations had loosed had almost caused a ripple in his official calm. He had seen bank men kneel and plead and cry like women for a chance—an hour's time—the overlooking of a single error. One cashier had shot himself at his desk before him. None of them had taken it with the dignity and coolness of this stern old westerner. Nettlewick felt that he owed it to him at least to

listen if he wished to talk. With his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his square chin resting upon the fingers of his right hand, the bank examiner waited to hear the confession of the president of the First National bank of San Rosario.

"When a man's your friend," began Major Tom, somewhat didactically, "for forty years, and tried by water, fire, earth and cyclones, when you can do him a little favor you feel like doing it."

("Embezzle for him $70,000 worth of securities," thought the examiner.)

"We were cowboys together, Bob and I," continued the major, speaking slowly and deliberately, and musingly, as if his thoughts were rather of the past than the critical present, "and we prospected together for gold and silver over Arizona, New Mexico and a good part of California. We were both in the war of 'sixty-one, but in different commands. We've fought Indians and horse thieves side by side; we've starved for weeks in a cabin in the Arizona mountains, buried twenty feet deep in snow; we've ridden herd together when the wind blew so hard the lightning couldn't strike —Well, Bob and I have been through some rough spells since the first time we met in the branding camp of the old Anchor-Bar ranch. And during that time we've found it necessary more than once to help each other out of tight places. In those days it was expected of a man to stick to his friend, and he didn't ask any credit for it. Probably next day you'd need him to get at your back and help stand off a band of Apaches, or put a tourniquet on your leg above a rattlesnake bite. So, after all, it was give and take, and if you didn't stand square with your pardner, why, you might be shy one when you needed him. But Bob was a man who was willing to go further than that. He never played a limit.

"Twenty years ago I was sheriff of this county, and I made Bob my chief deputy. That was before the boom in cattle, when we both made our stake. I was sheriff and collector, and it was a big thing for me then. I was married, and we had a boy and a girl—a four and a six-year-old. There was a comfortable house next to the courthouse, furnished by the county, rent free, and I was saving some money. Bob did most of the office work. Both of us had seen rough times and plenty of rustling and danger, and I tell you it was great to hear the rain dashing against the windows of nights, and be warm and safe and comfortable, and know you could get up in the morning and be shaved and have folks call you 'mister.' And then, I had the finest wife and kids that ever struck the range, and my old friend with me enjoying the first fruits of prosperity and white shirts, and I guess I was happy. Yes, I was happy about that time."

The major sighed and glanced casually out of the window. The bank examiner changed his position, and leaned his chin upon his other hand.

"One winter," continued the major, "the money for the county taxes came pouring in so fast that I didn't have time to take the stuff to the bank for a week. I just shoved the checks into a cigar box and the money into a sack, and locked them in the big safe that belonged in the sheriff's office.

"I had been overworked that week, and was about sick, anyway. My nerves were out of order and my sleep at night didn't seem to rest me. The doctor had some scientific name for it, and I was taking medicine. And so, added to the rest, I went to bed at night with that money on my mind. Not that there was much need of being worried, for the safe was a good one, and nobody but Bob and I knew the combination. On Friday night there was about $6,500 in cash in the bag. On Saturday morning I went to the office as usual. The safe was locked and Bob was writing at his desk. I opened the safe and the money was gone. I called Bob, and roused everybody in the courthouse to announce the robbery. It struck me that Bob took it pretty quiet, considering how much it reflected upon both him and me.

"Two days went by, and we never got a clew. It couldn't have been burglars, for the safe had been opened by the combination in the proper way. People must have begun to talk, for one afternoon in comes Alice—that's my wife—and the boy and girl, and Alice stamps her foot, and her eyes flash, and she cries out: 'The lying wretches—Tom, Tom!' I catch her in a faint, and bring her 'round little by little, and she lays her head down and cries and cries for the first time since she took Tom Kingman's name and fortunes. And Jack and Zilla—the youngsters—they were always wild as tiger cubs to rush at Bob and climb all over him whenever they were allowed to come to the courthouse—they stood and kicked their little shoes, and herded together like scared partridges. They were having their first trip down into the shadows of life. Bob was working at his desk, and he got up and went out without a word. The grand jury was in session then, and the next morning Bob went before them and confessed that he stole the money. In fifteen minutes they had found a true bill and sent me to arrest the man with whom I'd been closer than a thousand brothers for many a year.

"I did it, and then I said to Bob, pointing: 'There's my house, and here's my office, and up there's Maine, and out that way is California, and over there is Florida—and that's your range 'til court meets. You're in my charge, and I take the

responsibility. You be here when you're wanted.'

"'Thanks, Tom,' he said, kind of carelessly; 'I was sort of hoping you wouldn't lock me up. Court meets next Monday, so if you don't object, I'll just loaf around the office till then. I've got one favor to ask, if it isn't too much. If you'd let the kids come out in the yard once in a while and have a romp, I'd like it.'

"'Why not?' I answered him. 'They're welcome, and so are you. And come to my house the same as ever.' You see, Mr. Nettlewick, you can't make a friend of a thief, but neither can you make a thief of a friend, all at once."

The examiner made no answer. At that moment was heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive pulling into the depot. That was the train on the little, narrow-gauge road that struck into San Rosario from the south. The major cocked his ear and listened for a moment and looked at his watch. The narrow-gauge was in on time—10:35. The major continued:

"So Bob hung around the office, reading the papers. I put another deputy to work in his place, and, after a while, the first excitement of the case wore off.

"One day when we were alone in the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue—the same look he used to get when he'd been up watching for Indians all night or herd-riding.

"'Tom,' says he, 'it's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than lying in the lava desert forty miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign—if you'd just say: "Bob, I understand," why it would make it lots easier.'

"I was surprised. 'I don't know what you mean, Bob,' I said. 'Of course, you know that I'd do anything under the sun to help you that I could. But you've got me guessing.'

"'All right, Tom,' was all he said, and he went back to his newspaper.

"It was the night before court met when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke I was standing, half-dressed, in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Alice was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search.

"'Sleep-walking,' said the doctor.

"All of us went back to the house, and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strange things people had done while in that condition. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time, I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood in the room and dragged out a big quilt I had seen in there. With it tumbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be tried—and convicted—in the morning.

"'How did that get there?' I yelled, and all hands must have seen how surprised I was. Bob knew in a flash.

"'You old snoozer,' he said, with the old-time look on his face, 'I saw you put it there. I watched you open the safe and take it out, and I followed you. I looked through the window and saw you hide it in that wardrobe.'

"'Then what did you say you took it, for?'

"'Because,' said Bob, simply, 'I didn't know you were asleep.'

"I saw him glance toward the door of the room where Alice and Jack and Zilla were, and I knew then what it meant to be a man's friend from Bob's point of view."

Major Tom paused, and again directed his glance out of the window. He saw some one in the Stockmen's National bank reach and draw a yellow shade down the whole length of its plate-glass, big front window, although the position of the sun did not seem to warrant such a defensive movement against its rays.

Nettlewick sat up straight in his chair. He had listened patiently, but without consuming interest, to the major's story. It had impressed him as irrelevant to the situation, and it could certainly have no effect upon the consequences. Those western people, he thought, had an exaggerated sentimentality. They were not business-like. They needed to be protected from their friends. Evidently the major had concluded. And what he said amounted to nothing.

"May I ask," said the examiner, "if you have anything further to say that bears directly upon the question of those abstracted securities?"

"Abstracted securities, sir!" Major Tom turned suddenly in his chair, his blue eyes flashing upon the examiner. "What do you mean, sir?"

He drew from his coat pocket a batch of folded papers held together by a rubber band, and tossed them into Nettlewick's hands, and rose to his feet.

"You'll find those securities there, sir, every stock, bond and share of 'em. I took them from the notes while you were counting the cash. Examine and compare them for yourself."

The major led the way back into the banking-room. The examiner, astounded, perplexed, nettled, at sea, followed. He felt that he had been made the victim of something that was not exactly a hoax, but that left him in the shoes of one who had been played upon, used, and then discarded, without even an inkling of the game. Perhaps, also, his official position had been irreverently juggled with. But there was nothing he could take hold of. An official report of the matter would be an absurdity. And, somehow, he felt that he would never know anything more about the matter than he did then.

Frigidly, mechanically, Nettlewick examined the securities, found them to tally with the notes, then gathered his black wallet to depart.

"I will say," he protested, turning the indignant glare of his glasses upon Major Kingman, "that your statements—your misleading statements, which you do not condescend to explain—do not appear to be quite the thing, regarded either as business or humor. I do not understand such motives or action."

Major Tom looked down at him serenely and not unkindly.

"Son," he said, "there are plenty of things in the chaparral and on the prairies, and up the canyons that you don't understand. But I want to thank you for listening to a garrulous old man's prosy stories. We old Texans love to talk about our adventures and our old comrades, and the home folks have long ago learned to run when we begin with 'Once upon a time,' so we have to spin our yarns to the stranger within our gates."

The major smiled, but the examiner only bowed coldly, and abruptly quitted the bank. They saw him travel diagonally across the street in a straight line and enter the Stockmen's National bank.

Major Tom sat down at his desk, and drew from his vest pocket the note Roy had given him. He had read it once, but hurriedly, and now, with something like a twinkle in his eyes, he read again. These were the words he read:

"Dear Tom:

"I hear there's one of Uncle Sam's grayhounds going through you, and that means that we'll catch him inside of a couple of hours, maybe. Now, I want you to do something for me. We've got just $2,200 in the bank, and the law requires that we have $20,000. I let Ross and Fisher have $18,000 late yesterday afternoon to buy up that Gibson bunch of cattle. They'll realize $40,000 in less than thirty days on the transaction, but that won't make my cash on hand look any prettier to that bank examiner. Now, I can't show him those notes, for they're just plain notes of hand without any security in sight, but you know very well that Pink Ross and Jim Fisher are two of the finest white men, and they'll do the square thing. You remember Jim Fisher—he was the one who shot that faro dealer in El Paso. I wired Sam Bradshaw's bank to send me $20,000, and it will get in on the narrow-gauge at 10:35. You can't let a bank examiner in to count $2,200 and close your doors. Tom, you hold that examiner. Hold him. Hold him if you have to rope him and sit on his head. Watch our front window after the narrow-gauge gets in, and when we've got the cash inside we'll pull the shade for a signal. Don't turn him loose till then. I'm counting on you, Tom.

"Your Old Pard,

"BOB BUCKLEY,

"Prest. Stockmen's National."

The major began to tear the note into small pieces and throw them into his waste basket. He gave a satisfied little chuckle as he did so.

"The reckless cow-puncher!" he growled, contentedly, "that pays him some on account for what he tried to do for me in the sheriff's office 20 years ago."

THE GIRL TO BE AVOIDED.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party which is to be "a dead secret," and which, because people are very free and easy, makes you uncomfortable, and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine; and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of today committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother, and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome, and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street looking at the windows and people is "just delightful."

She is the girl that persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts the attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She does not know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward, visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

Women may possibly not know enough to vote, though we don't admit it, but she certainly knows enough not to sell that vote to the first briber who may happen along.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE FUTURE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE lines of moral and religious education that are most probable and of greatest promise may be inferred from present needs and trends.

What are the demands: (1) of the new external world, and (2) of the new inner world of thought?

I. The answer to the first question is to be made in the light of facts such as:

1. The enormous increase of wealth and power over material forces. In the past one hundred years the wealth of the world has increased as much as in all the preceding centuries. This demands self-control in a superlative degree, and the creation of a passion for the enterprises of the Kingdom of God, if the passion for the material is to be offset.

2. Vastly larger and more complex relations. This demands far greater *simplicity of life*—unhesitating sacrifice of relative good to the absolute good.

3. Forced interdependence and coöperation on an unparalleled scale, if society is to go on at all. This demands in a preëminent degree a social conscience both sensitive and enlightened.

Elements of encouragement in facing these demands are:

1. Coöperation is found possible and practical.

2. The bigness of the task is an advantage, for (a) it tends to drive out the lower vices; (b) it develops capacity, and (c) stirs enthusiasm for great goals.

3. Growth of recognition of *possibility of great achievement* for the common good.

4. The enormous educational influence of the daily press and of our great popular weeklies and magazines.

II. What are the demands of the new inner world of thought?

The answer is to be made in the light of the increase in knowledge in the last one hundred years, to be compared to the enormous increase of material wealth. As contributing to this new world of the inner life must be especially recognized (1) The influence of natural science and its theory of evolution, (2) the coming in of the historical spirit, (3) the rise of the new psychology, (4) of the new science of sociology, and (5) of comparative religion.

The reality of the demand of this new inner world is manifest in the very statement of these factors.

The demands are:

1. The preëminent need of thought for the perception of true values, for growth into these values and for the discipline of the powers necessary to their appropriation.

2. The bringing of the scientific spirit into the whole problem of the moral and religious progress of the race.

3. The persistent trend toward the social conscience, sensitive and enlightened.

4. The recognition of religious ideals as a fact of human nature and human history.

5. Growing conviction of the necessary inwardness of the moral and spiritual.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement.

Last October a meeting was held under the auspices of the Chicago Association in the interests of the Men and Religion Forward Movement at which delegates were chosen to a national meeting held in Buffalo, October 25 and 26. The Buffalo meeting was attended by 250 of the strongest Christian men in the United States. All the evangelical churches were represented by leading brotherhood men and aggressive ministers. The fundamentals of the plan were thoroughly discussed and embodied in a report of the committee on resolutions which was unanimously adopted.

A committee of ninety-seven was appointed representing all the interests identified with the movement—associations, brotherhoods and churches. This committee will select the cities to be visited and organize the campaign.

The first meeting of the committee of ninety-seven was held in Chicago the 15th of December, and immediately after local organizations began. Each local campaign took eight days, but these eight days are not regarded as the most important part of the movement in any city. Instead, the preliminary preparation of several months under the local committee and the strong followup work which was planned for afterwards had the heavier emphasis. The object was to develop a permanent new efficiency in every church organization that works for men, and the decisions for Christ which occurred during the eight days' campaign are not considered the superior object of the movement. Early in January this undertaking was in process of organization throughout the country, and the men of all the churches had their thought concentrated as never before on this single project.

Resolutions Set Forth Far-Reaching Plan.

"We have been brought to the present hour," declared the committee on resolutions, "by a series of

unplanned, unstudied events which have in their entirety impressed us as the simultaneous promptings of the Spirit of Almighty God, pushing out the discipleship of this generation into new and untried ways of Christian activity and usefulness. As men of America," continued the resolutions, "representing every section of this continent, and practically every aspect of evangelical faith, we hereby record our solemn conviction that our Divine Lord is calling the manhood of our days to a new and unusual consecration for service. . . . We emphasize our belief in the church of Jesus Christ as the one instrumentality divinely appointed by him for the salvation of the world, and that the organizations uniting in this movement are only agencies of the church, through which it may carry on its ministry of service, and that we may maintain the utmost regard for the convictions and methods of the churches and organizations coöperating, that the object of this movement be defined as an effort to secure the personal acceptance of Jesus Christ by the individual manhood and boyhood of our times, and their permanent enlistment in the program of Jesus Christ as the world program of daily affairs."

To this end the movement proposes: "(1) To secure, on the part of the men and boys of this generation, personal faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior leading them to the conformity of their wills to the will of God; (2) to enroll men and boys in the systematic and daily study of the Holy Scriptures; (3) to continue and to increase the emphasis of the Christian religion as the one and only hope of the world, and to make the abiding missionary enterprises of the church, at home and abroad, the most vital and permanent element in Christian life; (4) to increase the permanent contribution of the church to the best life of the continent, socially, politically, commercially and physically, and to emphasize the modern message of the church in social service and in usefulness; (5) to unite the churches, the brotherhoods, the Sunday-schools and the Young Men's Christian Associations in a worthy and workable plan of permanent specialized effort for men and boys, and to assemble and publish the same."

The fourfold features of each campaign in the various selected centers of operation are to be: "First—The Period of Preparation, to begin immediately and to continue with unabated energy and enthusiasm up to the actual opening of the special eight days of service. Second—These eight days to be regarded as, first, an appeal to the men and boys of the community to make a personal choice of Jesus Christ and Savior; and, second, an appeal to the entire Christian discipleship as never before, to dedicate time and talent and property to the services of the kingdom. Third—The Follow-Up Period, when, by sustained energy and increased activity, every effort shall be made to make the simultaneous appeals of conservation day richly effective in spiritual results and far-reaching in influence and power. Fourth—The permanent contribution of this movement to the life of the churches, by which methods, ideals, enthusiasm thus far secured shall be utilized so as to mark a distinct epoch in Christian history."

A thorough house-to-house visitation in order to place the name and address of each man and boy into the hands of the officers of the churches for which preference shall be expressed is recommended; also denominational rallies near the close of each convention. The committee of 100 in each city is to be constituted by recognition of all the organizations coöperating in the general campaign.

A HUNGARIAN AND HIS BIBLE.

Bob is a Hungarian. When he went to live in one of the dormitories, last October, he was a "sport." Cheap, flashy clothes, late hours, cigarettes and a swagger were his pride. When asked, as he filled out his application, what church he attended, he was somewhat surprised, but answered with a laugh, "I don't go to no church." As the activities of the department got under way Bob became interested. His evenings were spent indoors; his clothes were worn more neatly; the cigarettes and the swagger had disappeared. A few weeks ago one of the secretaries had a long talk with him and learned that he had grown up in total ignorance of the Bible and its teachings. He knew of God and Christ as words with which to curse. The secretary got him interested in the Bible and procured one printed in German for him. After a few sessions of a Dormitory Bible Class, at which Bob was an interested attendant, the secretary asked about his progress in reading his Bible. "Well," he said, "I am much interested in that Book. I have read as far as where it tells about a big flood on the earth and a man named Noah built a big ship and saved all the people who would come in."

He says he intends to read it through, and from the good beginning he has made we believe he will.

Bob is now one of the men who can be counted on any evening to act on the reception committee or to do other service for the department. It is not uncommon to hear him inquiring if there is anything he can do to help. He is not the same man he was four months ago. Even in so short a time environment has changed him completely.

Men who owe all they have and all they are to an industrious, economical wife, too often leave her out when they boast of their success, as most successful men are prone to do.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RHUBARB.

WHILE rhubarb has been cultivated in this country since 1573, it is only lately that it has been grown as a substitute for fruit. The early cultivation of the plant was altogether for the sake of the root, which was used to prepare the medicinal rhubarb. As regards the date of the introduction of the rhubarb into this country we may note that E. M. Holmes in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" states that it "was introduced into England through Sir Matthew Lister, physician to Charles I., who gave seed obtained by him in Italy to the botanist Parkinson." The rhubarb of our gardens is a native of Siberia and the basin of the Volga, and its name recalls its Russian origin. The ancient name of the Volga was the Rha, and the name came to be applied to the root of the plant imported from thence. So the Romans called it Rha barbarum, the foreign root. From this comes the French rhubarbe and the English rhubarb. During its cultivation in this country many new varieties of rhubarb have been raised from seed.

The Persian Apple.

Persian apple is an ancient name for rhubarb, the earliest ingredient which spring in the temperate zone offers for sauce and pie and even pudding. "These are dear pies," says the *Frugal Housewife* (1835), "for they take an enormous quantity of sugar. They are also dear for city dwellers for about two months after the rhubarb first appears in the market, when it costs 15 cents a pound or more. But April sees a decided cut in that price, and by the time the sweetest strawberries appear it may be down to 1 cent a pound—it often is. Then is the time the economical housewife puts it up or makes jelly of it, green jelly, or a pink jelly, if she uses that which has not had its thin pink skin tanned to a dark, thick, green one. There are some people, thrifty people, who eat rhubarb sauce all summer."

A recent writer, commenting on the fact that she could not understand why her friends kept recipes clipped from papers and magazines until she went to housekeeping, says that she bought a cook book thinking that in that she would find a way to do everything she wanted to do in cooking. Her first disappointment came when she found it contained no recipe for cooking rhubarb, a common deficiency of cook books, and this in spite of the fact that so few people really know how to make a simple rhubarb sauce—when good, very, very good, and when bad, horrid and sloppy.

Some people bake their rhubarb in making a sauce, some steam it, and others cook it in the saucepan. Some of those who steam it do not put the sugar in until the fruit is cooked. Others put it to cook with layers of sugar alternating with those of rhubarb, always without water. Do not stir, says one, because this breaks the pieces, and sweeten at once on taking from fire, adding if rhubarb cooks a minute too long, a minute after it has gone to pieces, it will lose its delicious flavor.

If a sauce is cooked in the saucepan with water it must be stewed down a bit after it has gone to pieces else it is sloppy, but if it is cooked too much it is strong instead of rich in flavor. One small cup of water and three-quarters of a cup of sugar to a pound of fruit are about the right proportions when it is cooked thus.

Rhubarb Pie.—Eight quarts of rhubarb sauce, canned, is enough for sixteen pies. Use two pounds of sugar and one quart of water. For the crust use two heaping tablespoons of lard and one cup of flour. Work them together and add just enough water to bind. Roll out and line pie plate. Add one pint of rhubarb sauce. Put on upper crust and bake.

Pieplant Pie.—For crust use one cup of flour, a pinch of salt, two tablespoons lard, four tablespoons cold water. Clean pieplant stalks, cut into pieces, pour boiling water over them, and let stand a minute, drain and dredge lightly with flour. Add one-half cup of sugar and one tablespoon of butter cut in pieces.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Cut up rhubarb in small pieces and boil in water. Mash through sieve, put over fire again, add sugar and a little cornstarch. Put in glass bowl and serve cold with cream.

Rhubara.—One-fourth pound raisins, one-fourth pound rhubarb, one ounce of butter, a sprinkle of cinnamon, two ounces of sugar. Mix raisins, rhubarb, butter, cinnamon, and sugar in sixteen ounce dish. Add one gill of water. Cover with a creamed drip pastry crust. Bake or steam until crust is done. Serve hot or cold. Sauce: One egg, one-half pint of milk, one teaspoon lemon juice, two ounces sugar, vanilla to suit.

Rhubarb Pudding.—Line a dish with slices of bread and butter. Cover with stewed and sweetened rhubarb, then more bread, and so on alternately until the dish is filled, having rhubarb on top. Bake one-half hour. Eat warm.

Mildew on Gooseberries.

Scatter flour of sulphur over the bushes soon after

the berries have set, and repeat the application occasionally until the fruit is ripe, to prevent mold on the berries. For the leaves, water the plants with strong soap suds; or dissolve one pound of potash in a barrel of water and sprinkle on the bushes thoroughly once a week. Or, soak fresh mown hay or dried grass in brine for twelve hours, then cover the entire surface of the soil with this as a mulch. If hops, tan bark, or other mulch has been previously applied, sprinkle it with salt, or strong brine. A handful of salt to each plant is enough. If any one has been successful in keeping the berries free from mold, we should be glad to hear from them. Certain varieties are much more subject to mildew than others.

Gooseberries.

Gooseberries contain citric acid, and taken in proper form, are a valuable blood purifier. Ripe gooseberries, cooked or raw, act well on both stomach and liver, being cooling and astringent; they increase appetite and allay thirst. If eaten raw, they should be very ripe.

Gooseberry Potpie.

Pick over one quart of gooseberries, put them with half a gill of water, six tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of butter into a clean saucepan and cook gently until tender. Rub through a sieve, mix in three yolks of eggs, stir well, and pour into a buttered baking dish, edged with a neat border of paste. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven and then allow the pudding to cool a little. Beat up the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then beat two tablespoonfuls of sugar into them and pile roughly on the top; decorate with preserved cherries and return to the oven a few minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Asparagus.

This delicious spring vegetable should be treated very simply, yet carefully. Cut off the woody part, scrape the lower part of the stalks. Wash well and tie in bunches. Put into a deep stewpan, with the cut end resting on the bottom of the stewpan. Pour in boiling water to come up to the tender heads but not to cover them. Add a teaspoonful of salt for each quart of water. Place where the water will boil. Cook until tender, having the cover partially off the stewpan. This will be from fifteen to twenty minutes, depending upon the freshness and tenderness of the vegetable. Have slices of well-toasted bread on a platter; butter them slightly; arrange the cooked asparagus on the toast, season with butter and a little salt and serve at once. Save the water in which the asparagus was boiled to use in making vegetable soup.

Another method of cooking asparagus is to cut all the tender part into short pieces; add boiling water enough to just cover the vegetable and place where the water will boil. Cook until tender (about fifteen minutes), season with salt and butter, and serve in the greater part of the juice.

If preferred, a cream dressing may be served with asparagus.

A favorite way with many people is to serve drawn butter with the vegetable, having both very hot, the butter to be passed for each person to help himself.—*Cooking Club Magazine.*

Spinach.

Wash and pick over the quantity of spinach you wish to use, and throw it into boiling water; when it has boiled ten minutes, drain and chop it. Meanwhile, chop fine a bunch of spring onions, fry them nicely in butter, then mix with the spinach. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan, put into this the spinach and onions, season with a little salt and pepper, and add a cupful of rich brown gravy. Let the spinach stew fifteen minutes or longer in the gravy or stock, until the liquor has been pretty well absorbed, and while this is doing, fry six or more slices of bacon and six eggs, turn the spinach out on a hot platter and place the eggs and bacon around it.

Another Way.—This is a nice way to serve spinach in a course by itself: Wash, boil and drain and chop the spinach as above directed, and simmer a few minutes in some butter and a little salt; place a circle of thin slices of well buttered toast (a slice for each person at table) on a warm platter; on each slice put a cupful of spinach neatly smoothed into shape, and press the half of a hard boiled egg into the top of each mound, leaving the cut part of the egg uppermost.

TO WASH A BEADED WAIST.

Put two cupfuls of flour into one quart gasoline and stir well; leave the waist in this for a couple of hours; shake and stir around, but do not rub; give a second bath of clear gasoline; put a clean corset cover on a form or pillow, stretch waist on this to dry; then brush with a soft brush to take out any remaining flour. You will find your waist like new and the beads safe and bright. The seams only need pressing.

To Clean Wallpaper.

The following is a most excellent and simple method of cleaning wall paper and can be used with confidence in every house: Take one quart of flour and stir in 5 cents' worth of ammonia and enough water to make a stiff dough; work and knead until smooth, then wipe the paper with this batch of dough, working it so that a clean surface will be presented with every stroke. Go over the paper in this way and your paper will be clean.

There is a wide difference between having a note in the bank and having a banknote in the pocket, and therein lies the difference between complacency and discontent.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Up in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called.

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agentlemanly manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court and possibly give you trouble. Now then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you two dollars."

He was a New Yorker visiting in a South Carolina village and he sauntered up to a native sitting in front of the general store, and began a conversation.

"Have you heard about the new manner in which the planters are going to pick their cotton this season?" he inquired.

"Don't believe I have," answered the other.

"Well, they have decided to import a lot of monkeys to do the picking," rejoined the New Yorker. "Monkeys learn readily. They are thorough workers, and obviously they will save their employers a small fortune otherwise expended in wages."

"Yes," ejaculated the native, "and about the time this monkey brigade is beginning to work smoothly, a lot of you fool Northerners will come tearing down here and set 'em free."

The first automobile ever constructed is believed to be still in existence. It is owned by a country doctor down in Kentucky who, to save the expense of buying inner tubes and such foolish luxuries, has equipped it with ordinary buggy wheels. It is known among the natives as the Pea Huller and it makes a noise when running like a patent steam feather renovator.

Last spring the owner took part in an automobile meet at a near-by town. In the procession of automobiles that made the trip from one town to the other his machine naturally brought up the rear.

A farmer was driving in with his son, in a buggy drawn by a mule, when the head of the parade hove in sight. He kept the lines taut while the boy jumped out and held the scared mule by the head. The string of cars whizzed by one after another, in a cloud of dust. The lad was just climbing over the wheel to get back in the buggy when there arose in the distance a tremendous puffing, snorting, rattling sound, and over the brow of the hill appeared Dr. Calloway in the Pea Huller. The startled farmer took one look and grabbed up the lines.

"Hold her, Wesley, fur Heaven's sake, hold her," he shouted to his boy; "here comes a home-made one!"

From the Neepawa (Manitoba) Register:

WANTED, AT ONCE.—Two fluent and well-learned persons, male or female, to answer the questions of a little girl of three and a boy of four; each to take four hours per day and rest the parents of said children. Apply at the Register office.

"Madam"—an Oklahoma census-taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"

"Lemme see," she reflected. "Lemme see. Wal, sir, thar be two over six an' two under twenty-one."

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, was once entertaining a Northern guest, who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of Southern negroes. He thought it overdrawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the Northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly, they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded suddenly:

"Weh he?"

The negro blinked his eyes stolidly, and then answered in a guttural voice:

"Wah who?"

Is His Own Grandfather.

RICHARD CONNELL, of Warren County, Michigan, in explaining his strange relationships said: "You see, I met a young widow in Iowa by the name of Sarah Minor and we were married. She had a stepdaughter. Then my father met our stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my stepdaughter my stepmother and my father became my stepson.

"Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my stepbrother, because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter, and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather of my stepbrother.

"Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is my wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew and I'm my own grandfather. So there you are."

Time robs us of many things, but wounds our vanity first by introducing wrinkles and the double chin.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. May 23, 1911. No. 21.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Garden.

IT may seem strange that we should talk about gardens in this department, but there is such a close connection between a settled and refined civilization and a love for gardens that the subject is not entirely out of place here. In this country there is so much changing and moving about that only a few people are really settled. We have no community groups that are really neighbors. The attention is given to fields and money, while the flower garden is left to the women to take care of. People who love flower gardens usually love to take part in a neighborhood spirit that brings families together during evenings or other times to enjoy a pure heart to heart visit. A home made beautiful without by flowers usually means happiness and culture within. A neighborhood of flower gardens usually means a neighborhood spirit of good will. Many a family would be living happier if they could be induced to care for flowers, to plant gardens. Many a boy or girl would never leave the farm if there were more country homes made attractive by flowers and trees.

There are two visions that most city people have when they become tired of the commercial grind. The one is of the old country home where they were born and the other is of a country home of their own making when they have saved up enough money. In the April number of *The Craftsman* there is a very sympathetic article on gardens by Walter A. Dyer. He gives expression to these two visions. Whether we live in the country or town it will be worth our while to follow the steps of this interesting author as he leads us through his dreams. Here is the first vision: "When I was a boy in a New England city, every yard had its garden. In ours there was a long arbor of Concord grapes—a sore temptation in October. There were four generous pear trees and a peach tree that sprang up of its own accord. There was a strawberry patch and a little sweet corn, and a row of currant bushes. There were gladioli and sweet peas and pansies and rosebushes—ah, such roses! We let the bushes grow too large, perhaps, but we liked them that way. And in one corner there was a little garden of a little boy, where a fuchsia and a heliotrope, and coleus and petunias and geraniums and four o'clocks and portulacas grew side by side with peas and beans and a scraggy tomato vine. A silly little garden—but a garden!"

The other vision is no less interesting. "When I plant the garden of my dreams, I propose to follow no formal school. I shall plant the old-fashioned hardy perennials, because I am foolishly attached to the things of my fathers, and because there is no blue like the blue of the larkspur. I shall plant roses, because they approach as near to perfection as anything I expect to find on earth. I shall plant trees—not short-lived poplars, not purple beeches or grotesque lawn specimens, but honest Norway maples, white pines, white oaks, and elms—because I shall then be adding a mite to the permanent glory of nature. I shall plant box, if I live south of the latitude of Hartford, for though I shall never live to gaze upon its century-old grandeur, I shall feel that I am repaying in some slight degree the great debt bequeathed to me. A garden, I am convinced, is eminently worth while. It pays dividends in spiritual currency. This truth is not to be proved by argument; it is to be learned by experience. A garden is not a great matter, perhaps, but it is one of the most palatable ingredients of the life-worth-living. It is one of those little touches which help to blend the more garish colors in life's tapestry."

We shall not be doing the author justice if we do not quote a closing paragraph of his delightful article. The reading of it will make us all better social beings. "It is a pity that so many of us in these days live a migratory existence in rented houses, even in the smaller towns and villages. We do not stay anywhere long enough to strike roots into the soil. But some of us unfortunates there be who hold fast the vision of a cozy home and a garden, where the crocuses come to hail the spring, where hollyhocks and wistaria

flaunt their gay banners in summer, where golden artemesias battle with the early frosts—a garden of our own making, where we are kings and queens in a court of regal pomp, and where the bees and humming-birds share our wealth but rob us not."

Scientific Management Again.

Mr. Frederick W. Taylor's discussions on "Scientific Management" in the March, April and May numbers of the *American Magazine* have aroused an intense interest in the subject. We notice that there are comments on both sides of the question in various periodicals. Some are skeptical and do not believe that such great gains could be made in the output of a factory. Others think that Mr. Taylor has opened up a new era in the labor world. Perhaps no other man has gone into the subject so deeply and aroused so much interest as Mr. Taylor. He has doubled and trebled the production of machine shops with the same outlay for wages. The chief reason for his success seems to be the sympathetic attitude which he insists should exist between employer and employé. Aside from this he introduces various mechanical readjustments and conveniences that are of material aid to the worker.

His illustrations remind me of something that happened in a large factory where I was once employed. In this factory the operation of reaming out large nuts or burrs, as they are often called, was performed by cheap labor on a machine specially built for the job. The machine was designed by the mechanical department of the factory and was rather expensive. One day a boy about eighteen years old applied for a job. At this time the nut reaming machine was getting behind and a small machine similar to a drill press was set up in one corner of the shop. The boy was told that he could have the job of reaming nuts on that machine if he wished. He took it for less than a dollar a day. On this machine the nuts had to be set and removed by hand and a lever pushed down to force the cutter through the nut. This required several movements of the body for each nut completed. The boy was brighter than the majority in the shop. He took an interest in his work and instead of keeping the production down he tried all sorts of schemes to increase the output on his small machine. By making a few slight changes and fitting up a chute through which the nuts were fed into the machine and also conveyed to a barrel he reamed out two or three times as many nuts as the former operators on the same machine. His next move was to ask for a piece-work rate so that he would receive pay for whatever he did. By the old piece-work rate his wages would have been higher than skilled labor, hence the foreman made a new rate which was much lower. Even under the new rate the young fellow was able to make two dollars a day. Now remember, he received no assistance whatever from the foreman in preparing the machine for this increased output. It was all his own initiative. But two dollars a day the management thought was too much to pay for such a job. The boy was told that he could not work for that money. He quit and found work in another shop. Here was a lack of scientific management. The boy was receiving good wages but the company was getting more work for less money than they had ever gotten before. Their eyes were too blinded by shop tradition to see a good thing when they had it.

Mr. Taylor's scientific management is not a scheme for exploitation, nor is it a method of "speeding up." The fundamental principle is to have coöperation and sympathy between the laborer and those in authority. Without this all the possible mechanical aids are useless.

In his address before the Boston Central Labor Union April 2, Louis D. Brandeis has this to say concerning the new method of shop management: "The social gains to the workingman through scientific management are greater even than the financial. He secures the development and rise in self-respect, the satisfaction with his work, which in almost every line of human activity accompany great accomplishment by the individual. Eagerness and interest take the place of indifference, both because the workman is called upon to do the highest work of which he is capable, and also because in doing his better work he secures appropriate and substantial recognition and reward. Under scientific management men are led, not driven. Instead of working unwillingly for their employer they work in coöperation with the management for themselves and their employer in what is a "square deal." Mr. Brandeis is a public spirited lawyer of Boston who gives much of his time doing welfare work.

Illinois Jails.

The Governor of Illinois has received a report of the conditions of the jails from the State Charities Commission. It is not a report for the people of Illinois to be proud of because there is no evidence of improvement in the jails since a similar report was issued in 1870. Part of the report reads thus: "Only ten jails in the State are in a first-class sanitary condition. Illinois has jails in which prisoners never see daylight; in which they never feel the rays of artificial heat in the winter or the fresh breath of air in summer; in which men and women sleep upon damp, vermin-infested floors; in which water stands during the wet seasons; in which prisoners spread and contract tuberculosis; in which men, clean and unclean, bathe in the same tubs and use the same towels; in which three or four times as many prisoners are herded as the building was erected to accommodate. Indiscriminate herding of children with older men

and women, of innocent with guilty, makes the jail a school of crime. There is often no hospital accommodation for the sick. In many jails there is no employment for the mind or body of the prisoner, no effort in education, no attempt at reformation." In commenting on the above report the *Christian Advocate* says: "What have the churches been doing to permit such conditions to exist? What has become of the New Testament duty of caring for those in prison?"

It is a common practice in the United States to put prisoners who have been sentenced and prisoners who are awaiting trial in the same or adjacent cells. A little thinking on the subject will lead any one to see that such a method is very unwise. It is a very good way to make criminals out of those who are innocent. In fact most prison workers agree on this point, that our county jails are often merely schools of crime. Boys, young men, old men, hardened criminals and women are all penned up in the same building with little or no restriction. The old criminal teaches the younger ones all the tricks of the trade. At the International Prison Congress held in Washington last year the foreign delegates were surprised to learn that such deplorable conditions existed in America. The jails of Europe are much more wisely managed than ours. One chief trouble is that our county jails are in the hands of a politician rather than a professional social worker. At the close of this discussion during the Conference the new president, who is an Englishman, expressed the hope that the philanthropic powers in our country would be devoted to improving the condition of the short-time prisoners. Every delegate was thoroughly impressed by the miserable conditions that exist in our jails. Our jails and prisons should be reformatory institutions as well as places of detention. This is the ideal of the more progressive penal officers.

A GREATER McPHERSON COLLEGE

E. L. Craik

THE administration of McPherson College has been reorganized under the following board of trustees: Elder J. J. Yoder, President; F. P. Detter, Vice-President; H. J. Harnly, Secretary; F. A. Vaniman, Treasurer, and J. N. Dresher. The policy of the board is comprehended in the phrase "a greater McPherson College."

One of the chief things done by the board at a recent meeting was the employment of the faculty for next year. As yet the head of the commercial department has not been secured, and an A. B. man for the principalship of the academy is yet to be employed. For President of the college the Board has secured Dr. John Addison Clement, who has been Vice-President of the school for several years, but has been off on a leave of absence. Dr. Clement is admitted to be one of the greatest school men in the State of Kansas. He took his A. B. and A. M. at McPherson College and until two years ago taught History, Education, and Philosophy in his Alma Mater. Later he took a fellowship in Kansas University, accepted an assistant professorship, and also took the A. M. degree. He takes the doctorate at University of Chicago at the spring convocation. Dr. Judd, Dean of the department of Education there, says there are very few men to be ranked with Dr. Clement. The President will be at the head of the department of Education.

H. J. Harnly, A. M., Ph. D., will head the department of Biology and Philosophy. Prof. Harnly has spent his entire year's leave of absence in Leland Stanford University, and will be full of enthusiasm upon his return.

S. J. Miller, A. M., continues in charge of the department of English and German. Prof. Miller is a pioneer McPherson College man, a man of wide influence in the church, and an educator of many years' experience.

O. B. Baldwin, A. M., comes as a new man to us. He is a Kansas product, a graduate of Friends' University at Wichita, and will take the A. M. degree at University of Chicago at the spring convocation. Prof. Baldwin will teach History and Education, assisting Dr. Clement.

E. LeRoy Craik, A. M., will retain the department of Latin and Greek. Prof. Craik will spend the summer in Kansas University.

Homer O. Lichtenwalter, B. S., will take the department of Mathematics and Physics. Prof. Lichtenwalter will do work this summer in his specialties in the University of Chicago.

Jouette C. Russel, B. S., will assume the department of Chemistry and the academic Mathematics. He will take work in Chemistry at Chicago during the summer session.

The policy of the trustees is to strengthen the Bible department. It is hoped that Prof. Frantz will so improve in health that he will be able to be back in the course of another year. During his forced absence Elder J. J. Yoder will be dean of the department. Elder Yoder is widely known in our Brotherhood, be-

ing a successful evangelist and a member of the General Mission Board. McPherson church has prospered during Brother Yoder's pastorship. He will be ably assisted in his teaching by Bro. E. M. Studebaker, of Chicago. Prof. Studebaker has had three years' work in Bethany Bible School, and is a successful evangelist and conductor of Bible Institutes.

Prof. F. G. Muir will continue in charge of instrumental music. Prof. Muir is a master in his line as his experience of over twenty years in the school has proven.

Prof. B. S. Haugh comes from Bethany Bible School to teach vocal music. He is one of the best qualified musicians in the Church of the Brethren, and we are glad to get him.

Mrs. Laura Harshbarger Haugh, who graduates this spring from Columbia School of Oratory, in Chicago, is our new Expression teacher. She has had experience in teaching in North Manchester and Lordsburg Colleges and in Bethany Bible School, and we are proud to claim her.

This year marks the retirement of Prof. S. B. Fahnestock from the institution. The move is occasioned by failing health, incident to prolonged strenuous work. Prof. Fahnestock has been connected with the school for twenty-two years, and has helped make it a success. It was largely through his efforts that the Carnegie Library was secured. Some of the very best efforts of his life were given to McPherson College. We deeply regret losing Prof. and Mrs. Fahnestock.

The trustees plan to start building the Auditorium-Gymnasium before school closes, and to make it an accomplished fact before school opens in September. It will be 76 feet long, 48 feet wide, and contain two stories. The material used will be cement blocks with reinforcements. There will be a basement, gallery, shower baths, and compartments both for men and women. It will be modern in every respect.

The outlook for students was never better. Numerous inquiries regarding the school are coming in constantly, and property on the Hill is being watched by Brethren desiring to locate in a school community. The school territory will be reached by the president's bulletin, the catalog, and also by representatives from the school. The student problem can be solved, we feel, by judicious advertising, but the other problem is the endowment. This we must have, and the Board of Trustees and the Management are at one on their policy in this regard. An aggressive campaign for endowment will be inaugurated, and with the church standing behind the institution in a substantial way McPherson College can maintain her rank as the fourth of the accredited colleges of the State of Kansas, and also serve her mission in the Church.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

Charles A. Larson

PERHAPS it would not be out of place to give a brief history of the Chicago Public Library, which is a direct legacy of the great fire. It is not a very well-known fact that had it not been for an institution similar to the Young Men's Christian Association the Chicago Library might not have had its beginning until many years later than it did. The news of the great fire in Chicago in 1871 was sent over the whole civilized world. Every newspaper had some mention of it. Some of the London papers mentioned particularly the total loss of the great Chicago Public Library. At that time there was no great Chicago Public Library, but there was a library maintained by the Young Men's Association, an institution somewhat similar to the Young Men's Christian Association, although lacking many of the admirable features of the present institution.

Many nations and individuals came to the relief of Chicago, and the reported loss of the public library enlisted the sympathy of a group of benevolent Englishmen, headed by Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School days." These gentlemen appealed to authors, publishers, scientific societies and literary institutions of Great Britain, which resulted in a donation of about 7,000 volumes. These books, each of which wore a book-plate stating that it was presented to the city of Chicago toward the formation of a free library, after the fire of 1871, as a mark of English sympathy, formed the nucleus of the Chicago Public Library. With the great "I Will" spirit which has always characterized Chicago she accepted the gift gratefully and set about passing the necessary bills through the State legislature; bills which resulted in making from this small foundation a great public library. Housed in various places at various times, inadequate in every respect, it was not until 1897, twenty-six years after its formation, that it finally had a home of its own.

It is today established in a beautiful and convenient building equipped with reference and reading rooms, a circulating department, a delivery station department, an art room containing a splendid collection of books on the fine arts, a room for young people, and a patents and documents department, where are English, French, German and American patent reports, and government, State, and city documents and reports.

Chicago was one of the first cities to establish delivery stations and branch reading rooms, where patrons could leave and call for their books instead of going to the main building, and this idea was soon adopted by other cities. But these other cities soon saw that the branch library was the next step in the development of the modern library system, and branch libraries were established in nearly every large city that possessed a public library. Chicago's policy remained unchanged, however, and it was only within the last few years that we had a branch library, which was a memorial gift, but since last year we have established fourteen circulating branches in park field houses and in rented quarters.

Today we not only endeavor to satisfy the demands made upon us, but we try to increase those demands by bringing the library closer to the people through the establishment of these branch circulating libraries. It would take too long to tell how many difficulties stood in the way, and still stand in the way of Chicago's proper development of her library system, but let us hope that the day is not far distant when there will be a branch library in every ward of Chicago, a branch library stocked with the best in literature, where boys and girls, men and women may come to take freely of the books which will satisfy their various wants.

It is of course eminently proper to speak of a public library as a great collection of books, but it is more than a collection of books—it is a social, civilizing, and moralizing force.

As a minister does not always know how many persons have been helped through his sermons, so the public library does not know how many persons have been influenced for good through its work. Thousands can truthfully say that they owe their start in life and personal development to the public library.

The public library is the great educator of the masses. Statistics show that nine-tenth of the children in the United States leave school before finishing the common grades; that only one in four who enter the high school completes the course; and that barely one per cent is graduated from colleges and universities. The public library must be the post-graduate school for grown-up people, a school where a man may study for the remainder of his life. As he grows older and new responsibilities are thrust upon him, he must perfect himself by calling upon the public library for aid, and the library must be ever ready to give him the assistance needed.

The library offers books and helps to every one who comes, not only to the literary man, the club woman, the student and the scholar, but to the practical business man, who wishes books that will help him to extend his business, or improve on the commodity he is selling; to the mechanic who wants some late textbook on his trade; to the clerk who seeks books on business methods, salesmanship or advertising; and to the public official, asking for data on municipal affairs.

Then there are the scores of men and women who simply use the library for recreative reading. A library's first duty is to provide popular literature. It is hard to realize how any one, after reading "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Lorna Doone," or "David Copperfield," would not be a better person.

The Chicago Public Library is a circulating library,—that is, most of the books in the collection may be taken out for home use. In the circulating department we have made provision for open shelves, where there are 15,000 selected books on all subjects. Over these books the library actually exercises a sort of censorship, for it will not allow a book of doubtful character to remain on the shelves. The library also endeavors to make the patrons familiar with the most desirable works by placing only the best on the shelves, and allowing them to make their own selections. The library has an ulterior motive in thus placing the best books where the public may help themselves, for many a person who has fed on the literature of inferior authors may taste of the works of Dickens, Thackeray or Scott, and find them good. It has frequently happened that a person who has known of a book for many years, and yet has never read it, has seen it on the open shelves, looked over it for a few minutes, and then has taken it out on his card. In this one instance, a taste for good literature may have been cultivated, and the reader may never go back to the inferior authors whose works he prized so highly before. For those who live so far away that they can not come down town, to the main library, branch circulating libraries have been established in park field houses and rented quarters. Here are selected collections of books, which are loaned under the same rules as are in effect in the main library. In addition to these circulating branches, there are over eighty delivery stations scattered throughout the city, where books may be taken out and returned. Daily deliveries of books by automobile are made to nearly all of these places; those little patronized and far away from the main library have deliveries every other day.

The thousands of volumes circulated weekly from the main library through these delivery stations must

be creating an influence for good whose value cannot be statistically estimated.

While the library does these things for grown-up people it does not neglect the young, for above all else the library should reach and touch the lives of young people. With the distraction and bad influence of five-cent theatres, dime-novel magazines, and the flashy Sunday supplement of the newspaper, all of which give distorted ideas of life, the young boy or girl may not appreciate the worth of good books, but the library through the schools is doing a great work.

The library coöperates with the schools, in so far as its financial resources will permit, by placing in schools, class room libraries, making it possible to reach every child, even of poorest parents, and to put into his hands the books that with the revelation of new truth will give a significance of life hitherto undreamed of, or with the glowing touch of the imagination will transform his poor understanding, and, as it were, create the world for him anew.

The public library maintains at the main building a special room for young people named after the great Englishman who was so instrumental in the founding of the library; the Thomas Hughes Room for Young People. There is a similar room for young people in every branch. In these children's rooms, occasional lectures, with stereopticon views, are given, and in some of them a "story hour" is held, where the trained librarian tells old Greek, Roman, or Norse tales.

The schools teach a child how to read, but the library teaches a child what to read. Based upon the theory that the reading habit is a good habit to cultivate and the cultivation of it can not begin too early, the children have access to the open shelves in their rooms, and they are encouraged to become familiar with the books through handling them.

To the poor child, from a squalid home, a visit to the children's room of a branch library must seem like a glimpse of heaven.

These children are the men and women of tomorrow, and it should be the prime end in view of the public library to so develop their minds that they may become good men and women. A chance reading of a good and inspiring book may bring to light an Edison, a Fulton, an Eli Whitney or an Andrew Carnegie.

I do not think there is any question in your minds but that the Chicago Public Library, through its manifold agencies, exercises a great influence on the personal development of the young men and women of Chicago. I have touched but briefly and concisely on the things done by the library. We would do much more if we had the means.

The subject of the "Public Library and Personal Development" and the library's place in the community has been so admirably expressed by one of the leading men of the profession that I quote it in full. He says: "To summarize, the administration of the public library as a municipal institution in American cities, at least, tends inevitably toward (1) bringing the book close to the people by means of an organization comprising a central library and outlying branches, coördinated under a single administrative head; (2) the confining and restrictions upon access to the book in the building or upon its circulation to the narrowest possible limits; (3) the cultivation of the library habit with the largest possible constituency; (4) direct educational work with the children and with the untrained of adult age; (5) the promotion of the use of books as helps toward enlarging the power of the individual, industrially and otherwise, and toward raising the standard of citizenship and civic responsibility; and, finally, the development of a higher literary taste among readers and the stimulation of a love of reading among those who have not heretofore felt this inspiration."

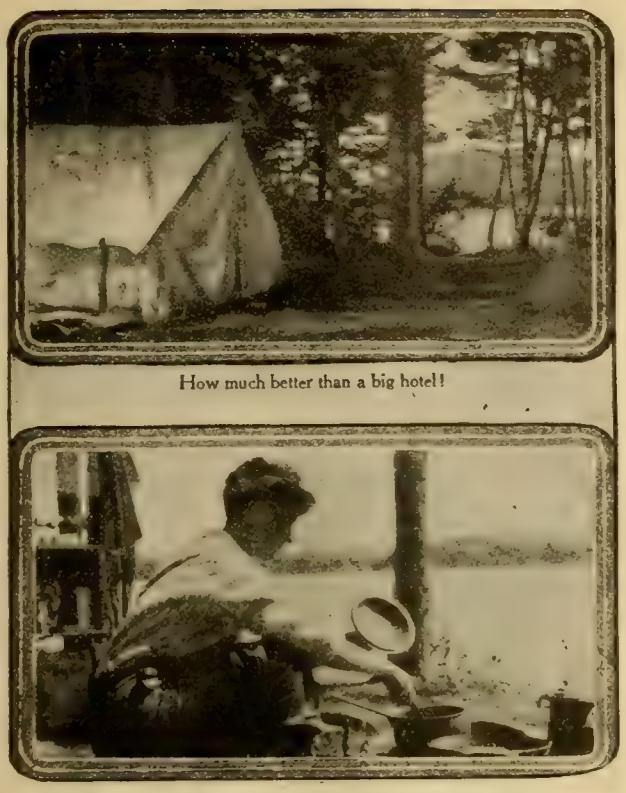
WITH THE SURVEYORS

John H. Nowlan

ONE bright sunny morning a few days ago the writer was one of a party that set out to do some surveying in this county. These trips are a source of pleasure as well as profit, for I know of no better way of meeting Dame Nature in her most pleasing moods. Our work usually takes us to the byways and untrodden places where she may work untrammeled.

Our first day out was spent in piloting another party, who were surveying the preliminary route for a trolley line, but the next day we started out for ourselves.

The first move was to go to a known corner, near the bank of a large creek. There the instrument was leveled over the corner stone, the flagman signaled to his position to the westward, the tape unreeled, and the chainmen started to measuring. Across land almost as level as a floor we go till we come to an abrupt rise of a few feet and we are at what is known locally as "second bottom" land. Here we find a



How much better than a big hotel!

The Surveyor's Dinner.

clear little spring bubbling up from the roots of a giant sycamore.

Here we found the first periwinkles of the season. These little snail-like creatures were climbing on the grasses growing in the pool, or floating on their backs. These little fellows, about the size of a lead pencil or a little larger, belong to the order of gastropodous mollusks, known as "pulmonifera."

Place some of them in a glass of water and they will reveal many interesting traits. They will climb to the surface of the water, then turning over on their backs will elevate the edges of their foot and float away, propelling themselves by means of a slow movement of the posterior part of the foot.

But we must hasten. While we were looking at them the chainmen have been nearing the flagman and we must give him a new position. Up the bluff of the second bottom we go, leaving the bed of the ancient stream that in the glacial period gushed from beneath the ice and poured its torrents into the arm of the sea which extended up from the south.

Cresting the hill we pass down its western slope, near the base of which we find another spring, its channel almost choked by the accumulated growth of "cat-tails." As the chainmen make their way through, sinking almost to the tops of their rubber boots and shaking off great masses of the down, loosened by the weather, we more favored ones make our way around by solid land.

At the end of a mile we ascend a steep hill and turn southward. Here we see the derrick where the oil company is drilling a prospect hole, the oil from another well to the northwest being used as fuel here, while to the south the smoke from two more wells drifts away over the tree tops. Here the land slopes rapidly toward the sun. The timber has all been cut off and the leaves are burned. The daisy had been found in bloom several days ago and today, March 28, I found my favorite flower, the blue violet. Not only one or two, but many. Nodding in the bright afternoon sun they seemed the embodiment of peaceful content. Although among the early appearing flowers they are with us all summer, some even appearing as late as the latter part of November.

Coming up to the flagman we find him standing by the edge of a small grove of hickory trees. "What do you suppose," says he, "is the matter with these trees?" Examination shows the ground to be thickly strewn with small branches, they having been cut by an insect similar to if not identical with what is known as the pear tree girdler. This insect cuts through the bark and sap wood, causing the twig to die. The eggs are laid just beneath the bark and the young feed upon the decaying wood. Their ravages are not confined to the pear and apple, but extend to various forest trees, especially elm and hickory.

These are only a few of the sights to be seen, but time is passing and we make our way to our lodging place for supper and bed, to be ready for work of the same kind on the morrow.

Such is the lot of the surveyor. If he be a lover of nature his work may be also of the nature of a recreation. Going into the unfrequented places he sees the things not to be seen from the highways, and no matter what the season there is always something of interest to be seen by him who will but use his eyes.

MARKETING A GLACIER.

The rather poetic term houille blanche ("white coal") is applied in France to the Alpine glacier ice, because of the mechanical power supplied by the streams to which it gives rise. One of the greatest of these rivers of ice is the Glacier des Bossons, on the northern slope of Mont Blanc, at Chamouni. Within recent years this glacier has become a source of supply of ice for domestic purposes. More than 100,000 pounds of the glacier ice is sent to Lyons every summer. It is remarkable for its extreme purity. The ice is detached from the mass of glacier in blocks of suitable size by exploding gun powder in drilled holes. Dynamite was tried, but it shattered the ice, and also imparted to it an objectionable yellow tinge.—Scientific American.

THE effort to do right can purify as well as the impulse to do wrong can destroy.

THE OSTRICH

I. J. Rosenberger

AMONG the places of interest and scenes of nature in California, to me none exceeded the ostrich farm near Los Angeles. I had read and heard much about the ostrich and his novel habits, but the climax with me was in seeing it.

We gather much through the sense of hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, but our leading source or channel of information is through the organ of sight. This same fact is seen in the Savior's teaching.

South Africa is the original home of the bird. I understand that there are three ostrich farms in the United States—in California, Arizona and Florida. Raising ostriches is a very remunerative business. The demand for ostrich plumes is growing. It is said that milliners are not able to meet the demand for high-grade ostrich feathers, most of which are imported from Africa. Hence, American goods are in high demand. The willow plume is the most expensive feather to be had, and it is a mole plume. These, when skillfully prepared, bring stupendous prices. They have been sold in Paris markets for $1,000 each.

The first experiment in ostrich farming in this country was made by an Englishman, who imported his birds from South Africa. His price per pair ran as high as $1,200. His first efforts were rather discouraging, but he soon learned better how to handle the bird, until now it is a most flourishing business. Pioneers in all lines of business meet with discouragements. Their successors usually reap a rich harvest.

Some of the Habits of the Bird.

The birds, when growing, are kept in a common herd or lot. Their mating is watched with interest, and at this period each pair is separated from the flock into a separate lot. In their breeding season they make their nest in the sand in some corner. They lay but a small number of eggs. The female covers the eggs during the day and at night the male bird assumes this duty. Night was approaching as we gazed at the female on her nest, and as she rose and walked off the male bird at once went back and hovered the eggs with his big form. The male bird is also very watchful in helping to care for their young. What an important



and valuable lesson some men could learn in watching the habits of these creatures!

The Food Upon Which They Subsist.

The ostrich seems to have a most devouring appetite. They rush toward one with the greed of a lot of half-fed hogs. I was told that they would devour almost anything that you would give them. Some one had a basket of oranges that he passed to them, and it was interesting to see the relish and rapidity with which they swallowed the fruit whole. One could discover that they received them faster than they swallowed the fruit. The point of the fruit could be seen passing down their long necks as different distances apart. Our guide told us that alfalfa hay is the best food for an ostrich. The hay is cut up and mixed with meal of some kind and fed dampened. To me the ostrich had the appearance of being a vigorous, hearty bird. The chicks, however, when quite young, are a little tender. Hence they need care.

Port Elizabeth is the largest ostrich feather port in the world. There are said to be 500,000 of these birds in captivity on the farms. Their yield is said to be about $40,000,000. How unmercifully the goddess of fashion does tax her subjects, with so little in return!

THE SCIENCE OF VENTILATION

Richard Braunstein

WHETHER or not the science of ventilation is one of the lost arts, we can not say. At times it seems so. It is certainly worthy of the attention and study of our rising architects. The problem is, how to keep the air of our buildings (public and private) pure, without incurring the danger that exists in draughts. It is well worth the attention of our political economists to consume the smoke and refuse of our houses and manufactories, in order that the atmosphere may not be black and charged with poisonous elements. In the meantime there are wanted information and agitation, common sense and courage.

We are in a battle with the "White Plague," commonly known as consumption. Many people do not know that this dread disease is caused by impure air; and fevers are due to decaying matter in cellars and ash piles. When a teacher or preacher labors with instruction his labors are very often lost, because people's minds are heavy and clogged with impure air, and the hearers can not concentrate their attention.

The question of ventilation, like other reforms, needs continuous stirring up,—here a little and there a little. Sextons are very often lectured or discharged, and public services are very often held up, while windows and doors are being opened. The common sense wanted is not to kill people with draughts, and not to suppose we are going to be killed every time we see a window opened. This is where imagination and habit play a large part. It takes courage to allow the sun to shine on rugs and carpets, and to allow the breezes to play with the curtains.

There may be what some are pleased to call, "fresh air cranks," but even these are needed to keep people from killing themselves. True, it is an ungrateful service, but it is one that is greatly needed.

If our work brings success, as well as reproach, we can afford to take for our encouragement the assurance lately expressed in *New Shop* by a writer, that those who are *cannonaded* now will be *canonized* by and by.

Because air is without color, and without odor, it seems to some minds not to be of any use, or not to exist. As long as it does not show enough enmity to rise up and knock a person down, as it very often does in mines, wells and sewers, it is left undisturbed until it becomes putrid. When nature does take up the office of an avenger, and sweeps it from hill to valley and through every unguarded door and crevice, it is regarded as a deadly enemy, and is schemed against with a resistance worthy of a besieged fort.

A popular notion prevails that warm air is good, even if it has been heated several times, and that it is a matter of economy to save all the air that has had any heat applied to it. It seems a pity to cool off the bed clothes in the morning and chill the room. Many people make up their beds as soon as they are dressed. They make this the first duty of the day. But if the atmosphere is cooled it warms up quicker. It takes longer to heat a room in which the air is heavy and dead. Fresh air is a cheap tonic and saves doctors' and druggists' bills,—not to mention avoiding time and worry.

Carbonic acid gas is a poison. The human body exhales this gas. It exists in pure air in the portion of one part to twenty-five hundred, and is the chief element that has been breathed once by any pair of lungs, whether by human beings or animals. In its unmixed state it extinguishes fire and life. In its mixed state, as formed in unventilated rooms, it clogs the lungs and introduces poison into the blood. The lights are in full blaze, the furnace in full blast, the preacher in full zeal, but how about the people? What is the matter with the flock? They yawn. They are uneasy. They fidget. They sleep. There is bad air. This saves coal, but how about the attendance? Surely, that will drop off, because people find that sitting through a sermon is laborious work. Bad air is a hindrance to spirituality in church, and a hindrance to children in the home. The children's intellects are heavy, indeed. They are slow to learn; become pale, sick and fretful. Let us by all means have fresh air!

CLUBS.

"If attendance at your club means that the maid at home is running up big bills with the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker; if it means that your children have to run about the streets while you are away, coming into contact with evil associations then I say, give up the club," said Mrs. W. A. Sheridan in a paper read before the Chicago Commons Woman's club, of which she is a leading member. "If it means that your children have no one to care for them when they come home with wet feet, the club is no place for you," she continued. "I will never advocate membership in a club if it makes a woman a worse wife, mother or daughter; if it causes her to become negligent of her person or her home."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Preventing "Neutral" War Loans.

THE most advanced and constructive suggestion made at the Baltimore peace conference was that of Mr. James Speyer, the banker, and it is as significant as it is gratifying that the conference not only indorsed it but requested the government to submit it formally to the next Hague meeting.

In a nutshell, the suggestion is that neutral nations should forbid the raising of war loans by their citizens for the benefit of belligerents—that, in other words, it should be deemed a violation of neutrality to float bonds issued for the carrying on of hostilities.

It is obvious that this is a most radical idea. It would have made impossible the Russo-Japanese war, for example. It would render war "out of the question" in nine cases out of ten. For few nations are now rich enough to finance great conflicts without the aid of "neutral" money markets. Germany, powerful and proud as she is, could hardly fight either England or France without financial assistance from the great banking houses of neutral nations. And, as has been said many times, victory in our day is apt to go to the power whose material and financial resources are amplest.

The jingoes and short-sighted militarists will be amazed by the suggestion of Mr. Speyer and its reception by a representative conference, but the sincere peace men will be delighted. Here is striking evidence of the strength of the peace-arbitration movement in the most "practical" of circles.

Criticism that Commends.

MANY sincere admirers of Governor Woodrow Wilson are disappointed at the manner of his entrance into the arena of national politics. Much was expected of him, for the opportunity lay waiting for the right man and it was hoped that the "scholar in politics" would get out of the common rut and be commendably different. As it has developed, he is merely a politician in politics like the rest of the "reformers" and "uplifters."

Governor Wilson had his great chance when he was invited to address the National League of Democratic Clubs at Indianapolis. His speech was looked forward to with unusual interest, for it was to indicate, to some extent, at least, the kind of figure this "scholar in politics" was going to cut. The eyes of the nation as well as of the Democratic party were on him, and many believed that here was a Democrat who would rise to the occasion as a deliverer and a prophet. But he failed miserably to justify the faith reposed in him. His speech was the conventional plea of the demagogue. Instead of outlining great principles upon which Democracy might hope to rise to power and dignity, he confined himself to the same old political platitudes that have been worn threadbare by Bryan and other charlatans. He conjured up the same old ghosts for oratorical attack and belabored them with the same old stuffed clubs of discontent and blind prejudice.

The speech did not lack for literary finish. In this respect it was consistent with Governor Wilson's scholarly reputation. The words were carefully chosen and if the meaning they conveyed had been as sound and sensible as the diction was elegant the effort would have been creditable to him. A careful analysis shows that he merely repeated the same old wails in a little more attractive way. But they bore the mark of Bryan and Folk in every sentence. For example, instead of repeating Bryan's patter about "shall the people rule?" Wilson would "give society command of its own economic life again."

There were no new ideas in this speech, nor was there any fresh light upon old problems. The speaker showed ready familiarity with the recent utterances of Democratic office seekers and demagogs. In the vernacular of Governor Wilson's own environment, he "cribbed" terribly, paraphrasing the lamentations of other Jeremiahs and palming them off as his own.



The President and the Democratic Donkey.
—Saturday Globe.

Long Distance Telephone.

THE following conversation was overheard by a number of Chicago telephone officials and newspaper men at the offices of the Chicago Telephone Company, 230 Washington street, Chicago, Ill., at the opening of the through telephone service between Chicago and New York City recently:

"Hello! Hello! Is this Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"This is Nathaniel C. Kingsbury in the central office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, 15 Dey Street, New York City. Where are you?"

"In Mayor Speer's office in Denver. This is great, isn't it? I can hear you perfectly."

"Permit me, Governor Wilson, to convey through you the congratulations of the business men of the Atlantic coast to Mayor Speer and the people of Denver and the West on the opening of through telephone service."

Then Mr. Kingsbury, who is vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, talked awhile with Mayor Speer.

The plugging in of the line at Chicago marks the opening of the longest telephone circuit in the world—covering 2,030 miles. The amount of copper in the circuit is over a ton to the mile—a total of 2,100 tons—and the circuit represents an investment of $2,250,000.

Scientific miracles reach their climax in the new lines. With the two circuits of four copper wires it is possible not only to carry on four telephone conversations at the same time between the two cities, but as many as seventy-two telegraph messages may be sent over the circuit simultaneously with the conversations.

Democratic Economy.

THE new House began promisingly with economy close at home. A majority that cheerfully sacrifices its own immediate perquisites in the shape of useless House jobs may reasonably be expected to show considerable firmness when it comes to the larger matter of sacrificing other people's perquisites. Probably it will not forget that military expenditures are a sort of perquisite, too, and decidedly bigger than any other. An experienced and responsible member has declared that "thousands and thousands of dollars" are being spent to keep alive the notion that this nation is in imminent danger of attack from Japan. He adds, mildly enough: "To endanger the friendly relations of two great nations in order that certain selfish interests may be gratified is nothing short of criminal."

That there are interests whose importance and profits are in direct proportion to the size of appropriations for navy and army every one knows. That the interests ramify widely and are skilled at the game of politics is equally known. Not long ago we quoted the London *Economist* upon the English phase of this same problem—the number of interested people who urge the Government on to larger and larger expenditures for military purposes. Last year more than two-fifths of our Government's disbursements were on account of army and navy, not including pensions or the Panama Canal. In all the departments are spigots that need tightening; but of more importance is the open bung.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Peace and Reconstruction or War?

EXPERIENCE has taught us to take all Mexican news with considerable salt and not to be unduly alarmed by bad reports or overenthusiastic over good reports. The latest developments seem to be fairly satisfactory, yet not all correspondents put the same favorable interpretation on them.

Diaz pledges himself to the people, but not to the rebels; he will retire upon the restoration of peace and order, his own judgment and dictation to pass upon the question of fact involved in this important pledge; he will fix no date and bow to no insurgent decree, but he will do his patriotic duty and coöperate in putting needed reforms into effect.

So far so good. Revolutionary leaders praise Diaz and send him messages of congratulations—something unique in civil wars. They are willing to agree to a new armistice and take up again the matter of peace terms.

Truly, under such conditions, peace and reconstruction should be an immediate certainty. Yet there is room for doubt and misgiving. There are hints regarding a renewal of hostilities and an aggressive campaign on the part of Diaz and his uncompromising adherents. The revolutionary leaders may resent the tone of the message to the people, or they may continue to suspect bad faith and demand effective guaranties. We must wait and watch, have our "salt" at hand at all times, frown on sensational talk of "imminent" intervention or chaos and the end of all things Mexican. Having gone as far as he has, Diaz can and may go farther. The insurrectos, too, have some further concessions to make. Peace is probable—given sense and patriotism.—*Record-Herald.*

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

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The Editor's Song.

"How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year;
Who lays down his money and offers it gladly,
And casts round the office a halo of cheer!

"Who never says: 'Stop it; I cannot afford it!'
Or: 'I'm getting more papers than I can read!'
But always says: 'Send it; the family all like it—
In fact, we think it's a household need!'

"How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum!
How he makes our heart throb! How he makes our eyes dance!
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance."

Hello!

Did you think the Inglenook was dead? If you did you would change your mind if you knew how our subscription list has been growing. Since our announcement on May 2, of the rise in price of the Inglenook and Cook Book which is to take place July 1 we have received 2,000 new subscriptions. That means that somebody has been getting busy and taking advantage of an exceptional opportunity. After July 1 the price of a year's subscription to the Inglenook and the Cook Book will be $1.25. Now how about the other three or four thousand people who should be taking advantage of this offer and each save the extra twenty-five cents which it will take to get the same subscription after July 1? Remember it will only be a short time from the date of this issue until July 1 and all who wish to take advantage of the offer must act quickly to make sure that the order will reach us before the time for the rise in price. All orders reaching the office before July 1 will be accepted at one dollar, and those coming later must be one dollar and twenty-five cents. Suppose you give one of your friends a present. It would be hard to find anything more suitable and helpful than the Inglenook and the Cook Book. Just try it and see how well your friend will be pleased. Those who have tested the Cook Book testify that it has no equal anywhere on the market. It is a helpful guide to all housekeepers and should be found in every home. The Inglenook is a magazine of clean, wholesome literature which stands for clean homes and wholesome morals. There is no other magazine of its kind published at the same price. Will you help us to spread our circulation?

Comfort or Luxury?

Comfort is the pillar of success but luxury is the first stage of decay. Every one is entitled to the comforts of life providing he is willing to go to the trouble to secure them. The laborer who is surrounded with the necessaries of life and can enjoy the pleasing sensations which come from comfort and relaxation is better fitted for the work which he is to do the next day. The extravagant dandy who revels in luxury dissipates his strength and is unfitted for his work the next day. The man who is underpaid and is forced by necessity to sacrifice the comforts that justly belong to him is being injured by society and crippled for his highest field of usefulness to the world. The comforts of some men would be the luxury and ruin of some other men. The expenses for the necessities of life should be determined by the capacity of usefulness of the man. When the capacity can be increased by added comforts they should be provided so that he might serve society in a larger measure. Men in the various walks of life do not have the same demands made upon them, and those in one station of life should not denounce those who by the very nature of their work are obliged to live at a greater expense. The lavish use of money, however, which goes beyond the comforts which tend to build up, places the individual in the class with the idle rich and in a short time he becomes a worthless parasite, content to eke out an existence that can bring no good to others and finally must become a burden to himself. Idleness is as objectionable in a wealthy man as in a poor man. The only cure for it is work and activity. When a man does not produce what he consumes he becomes a social expense and detriment to his community.

Personal Obligations.

In every community there are good friends and neighbors who get on the outs with each other because of little misunderstandings, which in themselves do not amount to anything, but serve to build up a barrier so that the good fellowship is destroyed and friendly relations are entirely severed. In the majority of cases the whole trouble rests on suspicion more than upon real fact. Good neighbors often bor-

row and lend and exchange help without placing a definite value upon the work which is exchanged. In a little while one neighbor will feel that he is under obligation to another one, which destroys his feeling of independence. This soon results in an estrangement between the two and then the little suspicions will do the rest in breaking up the friendly relationships. All this could be avoided if each man would pay for what he gets and expect his neighbors to do the same. They could easily agree upon a fair value of the work and each man would get what belonged to him. There could then be no occasion for one neighbor to feel that he was being imposed upon by the others. A friendly community of feeling is wholesome and helpful in the development of character. Children in neighborly communities are much more likely to remain there and become strong factors in building up the best interests of the people than where there is continual jealousy and rivalry.

The Rights of the Common People.

NEVER in the history of the world have the rights of the common people been so generally recognized as at the present. The rapid growth and development of our country has brought opportunity for the growth of much fraud and graft. This, however, does not mean that the country is on the verge of ruin, but it means that we need to continue the work that has already been started, which is a general house cleaning. The Lorimer scandal is a blot on the fair name of our land, but its exposure and the investigations connected with it will do much toward making the conditions such that it would be impossible to have another case like it in the Senate. The dangers of the moneyed powers are being recognized and new adjustments are being made to help the common people get full control of their rights. Every man has the privilege of demanding the rights which justly belong to him, and as the masses continue to read and become enlightened about existing conditions they will insist upon justice and fair play among all men. This will mean a death blow to the graft and corruption which are now existing. Sane and sensible reforms are never made until a demand is made for them and that demand must come from sane and sensible people.

One Room Apartments.

MOST of our readers live in commodious houses with from five to ten or twelve rooms. All of the rooms have outside windows which furnish plenty of fresh air. The housekeepers would feel like prisoners if their whole system of living should suddenly have to be confined to one small room. In Chicago a new apartment house has been built which is to help solve the problem of the "High Cost of Living." It is so arranged as to give all the comforts of a four or five-room flat. The bed disappears into a recess in the wall, ventilated from the outside; the kitchen and pantry appliances in like manner become invisible when not in use; the wardrobe has a similar change. By pressing a few buttons the apartment may be transformed into a kitchen, a dining-room, parlor or bedroom. During the day it has all the appearance of a comfortable living-room. The housekeeper with the notions of the need of plenty of room may stand aghast at the notion of this sort of housekeeping, but for those who must live in crowded quarters it obviously will have many advantages. Its use may in a large measure solve the servant-girl problem for the cities where help is extremely hard to get. The one-roomed house would seem to have unlimited possibilities, until the guests who are to visit for a day or two arrived. It would be something of a problem as to what to do with them unless they too could be made to disappear in the wall and reappear at the pressing of the button.

Direct Election of Senators.

THERE was a time in the history of our nation when it was a good thing for the States to elect their Senators and let them represent the States, but that time is past and our present conditions call for a readjustment. When the great moneyed interests combine with the political machine and attempt to throttle the representative government of the nation, it is time for the people to take an interest in their public affairs and see that such power is properly curbed. We have reached the time when we could well use a new and more comprehensive application of the term traitor, so that it would include in its scope the one who, as a chosen and supposed representative of his people, conspires with the enemies of his people, and sells to them his people's interests, as scores of our representatives have done in the past year. They will contine to do so and in greater numbers as each year passes unless the people in some effective way attend to the affairs of government. We must take it out of the power of men to make traitors in civil life, who are far more destructive and disastrous to the people's interests than the occasional traitor that appears in time of war. There never has been and there never can be a truly great and long-lived nation where one class of people rule another class. The great nation is that alone in which the people rule, where through their agent they attend to their own affairs, and where they do not allow others to attend to their affairs for them. The time is here when the Senators should be the direct servants of the people and should be subject to recall when they fail to work for the highest interests of their constituents.



SUPERSTITION AND FEAR

The Effect of Halley's Comet.

THE effect Halley's Comet recently had upon the ignorant and superstitious people in all parts of the world was something appalling. Multitudes were completely prostrated and thousands made ill with terror. Many became violently insane and scores committed suicide.

A great many peasants in European countries were in momentary expectation that the comet would annihilate the earth, and in some towns messengers went through the streets blowing horns to awaken the people to the fact that the world was coming to an end.

The expectation that the earth would be burned up by the comet forced men to confess murder and other crimes of which they were not even suspected. Mothers poisoned their children. People ordered their coffins from undertakers in order to be ready for the terrible calamity. Several persons actually dropped dead at the first sight of the comet.

In the poorer sections of New York and other large cities great processions of people, repeating their prayers, paraded the streets with crucifixes in their hands, their terror-stricken faces turned toward the sky. Many were seen on their knees praying in the streets.

There was great excitement among the negroes in the South, where all-night services were held in the churches, numbers professing salvation in an effort to prepare themselves for the day when the earth would be destroyed by the comet's tail. In numerous places the farms and fields were practically denuded of help, the hands positively refusing to work.

In Pennsylvania thousands of miners refused to go to their posts, while operations were entirely suspended in several mines. Similar instances could be multiplied by the thousands.

The comet gave an unusual opportunity for quacks to trade upon the superstitious fears of the ignorant. The officers of one of the ocean liners reported that a thriving business was being conducted in some of the West Indian Islands by selling "anti-comet" pills at a dollar a box. As these were very bitter they were supposed to be especially efficacious.

All this would not seem so strange in the Dark Ages, when people were densely ignorant, but it certainly is lamentable in these progressive days that any large number of people, with all of the advantages of education and unlimited opportunities for enlightenment, should be so ignorant as to fear harm from a comet which has been visiting the earth periodically and harmlessly for untold centuries.

Lasting Superstitions.

Despite all our boasts of education, environment, and freedom, and of the advantages which have come to us through many centuries of experience, vast multitudes of people are still victims of numberless silly superstitions and fears that enslaved their barbaric ancestors.

Tens of thousands of women in this country believe, for instance, that if two people look into a mirror at the same time, or if one thanks another for a pin, or if one gives a knife or a sharp instrument to a friend, it will break up friendship. They believe that if a young lady is presented with a thimble she will be an old maid; that when leaving a house it is unlucky to go back after any article which has been forgotten, and, if one is obliged to do so, one must sit down in a chair before going out again; that if a broom touches a person while some one is sweeping, bad luck will follow; that it is unlucky to change one's place at table, etc.

A prominent woman was completely upset by finding peacock decorations in a room where she was visiting. She predicted all sorts of ill luck for the occupants.

Think of a college graduate baseball manager refusing to go on with a game, when thousands of spectators were waiting, until two bats which were crossed were separated, in order to prevent a hoodooed game!

Evil Omens.

Years ago a man took an opal to a New York jeweler and asked him to buy it. He said that it had brought him nothing but bad luck, that since it had come into his possession he had failed in business, there had been much sickness in his family, and all

sorts of misfortunes had befallen him. He refused to keep the cursed thing any longer. The jeweler examined the stone and found it was not an opal after all, but an imitation.

In some communities it is considered a crime to rock an empty cradle, because it betokens that the cradle will always be empty, by reason of the death of the babies born to the owner.

Think of intelligent American women being made ill because they are obliged to remove their wedding ring, believing that "until death do us part" refers to the ring as well as to the couple, and that the severing of the ring from the finger betokens the severing of the husband and wife!

Multitudes of intelligent people are afraid to start on a journey or to undertake anything of importance upon Friday,—as though a mere arbitrary name of the sixth day of the week, adopted for man's convenience, should possess intelligence, force, or life!

Mediums and Fortune Tellers.

Some time ago a bank failed in San Francisco because its president had followed the counsel of a medium as to his investments. He was foolish enough to believe in the advice of a dead financier, with whom the medium assured him she had communicated, rather than in common sense and his own experienced judgment.

The dire predictions of quack fortune tellers are responsible for infinite misery and a great many deaths. Scores of people have committed suicide under their influence.

It is incredible that intelligent people should be so mentally warped and unbalanced by astrologers, palmists, mediums, and fortune tellers that many of them order their entire lives by their advice. Of course, many of the things which the fakers predict do happen, especially when the whole mental attitude of the gullible victim is turned toward the prediction and all his faith centered in it to bring it about. Mental concentration, faith and conviction, as a matter of fact, are what makes things happen everywhere.

The minds of children often get an unfortunate twist, which later in life proves fatal, from having their fortunes told at some fair or place of amusement, or from the superstitious ideas impressed upon them from infancy by ignorant mothers or nurses, especially colored mammies.

It is a terrible thing to fill a child's susceptible mind with senseless superstitions, because many people never outgrow their influences, and their whole lives are shadowed by them.

What a curious contradiction of human nature it is which causes people to put so much emphasis upon the great power of destiny or fate, but makes them believe they can circumvent or get around it by resorting to such silly practices as carrying rabbits' feet, wishbones, or horse-chestnuts in their pockets! Think of intelligent people, bearing the stamp of divinity, doing such an insane thing as spitting on the right shoe before putting it on, picking up every hairpin and hanging it upon the first rusty nail they see; picking up every pin that is pointed toward them, in order to ward off misfortunes!

We often hear intellectual people say that superstitions are harmless; but nothing is harmless which makes a man believe that he is a puppet at the mercy of signs and symbols, omens and inanimate relics, that there is a power in the world outside of Omnipotent Intelligence working in opposition, trying to do harm to mortals.

While many great men have had superstitions, they would have been much greater without them, for superstition tends to weaken the mind. Anything which makes us believe in or depend upon any force or power outside of the Omnipotent Creative Power, of which we are a part, or believe that there is a force that can circumvent or interfere with the regular order and law which govern the universe, lessens our self-confidence, self-respect, and power by so much.

THE ART OF SPINNING AND WEAVING

Amanda Bosserman Witmore

WELL do I remember, when but a little girl, each year my father would plant or sow a field of flax for the purpose of spinning and weaving it into cloth. It is very uncommon to meet with any one at this age who raises flax for the purpose of making it into cloth, or even one who has any knowledge of the manufacture of the homemade article, whether flax or woolen cloth.

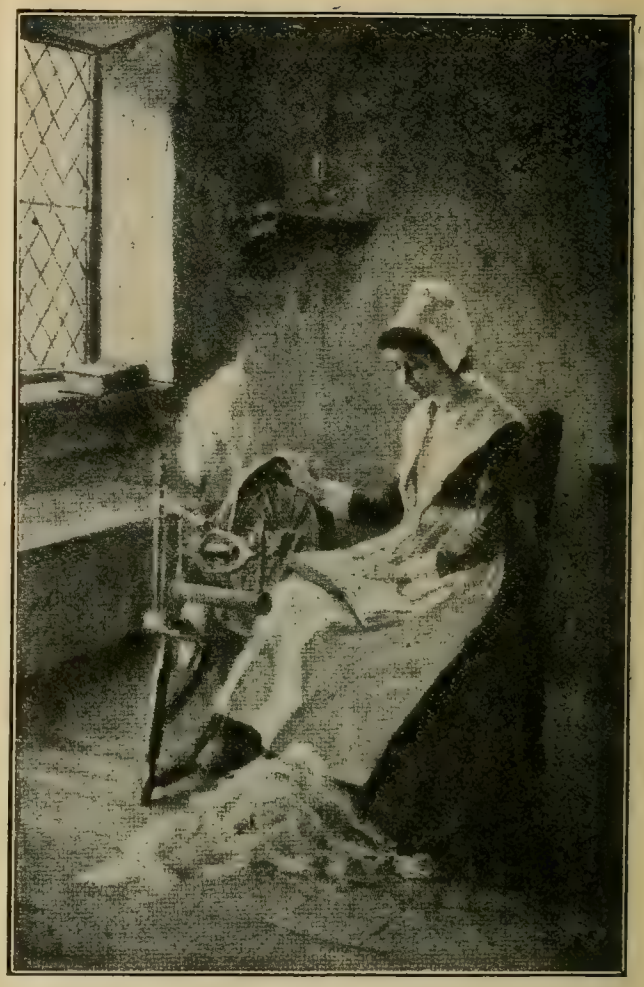
My parents had learned this art, which was handed down to them by their ancestors. Though they had laid it by and bought their linen, they spun wool on the old-fashioned spinning wheel, which could be seen in almost every house, and the hum of which was as sweet to the operator as the piano is to the inventor of things that are new. After spinning it into yarn they took it to a neighbor weaver to have cloth woven

for school dresses, and for men's and boys' everyday wear. But as the family grew and crops failed, or were short, it was necessary to take up the flax raising again for the purpose of making linen cloth and household wear generally. I have not forgotten the beautiful sight that was to be seen early in the morning before the sun shone too hot, when the fields looked as if a great mantle of azure blue were spreading over them, with the plants waving gently in the air as the wind whispered and caused every blue-tinted flower to respond to the quiet breeze.

The ordinary height of the flax is about eighteen inches, though in good soil it will make a growth of fully two feet, which is all the better for working it into cloth. When it ripens, about harvest time, it is pulled by the handfuls and spread on the ground to dry, after which it is tied in little bundles and hauled under shelter. When thoroughly dry the seed is threshed off, which is also quite profitable, the seed bringing good returns. After this it is again taken and spread out in straight rows, in an unused meadow, where it will receive the fall rains and the beating weather until the stem rots or becomes brittle, which is necessary in order to remove the stem from the outer hull, after which it is called flax. It is then again tied in bundles and stored under shelter. Some time during the winter when the weather permits it is carefully dried by placing it above a gentle fire, giving it close attention so as not to overheat it. It is then "broke" with a crude wooden machine called a "flax brake," after which it is scutched by holding it in one hand over a board (firmly stationed for that purpose) and with the other striking it with the edge of a wooden paddle, until the inner stem is all scutched out. There is left the crude flax, which must next be taken through the coarse hackle, then a finer one. A hackle is a wooden piece perhaps ten or twelve inches long and about five inches wide, containing metal spikes or teeth through which the flax is drawn. The hackle must be firmly fastened in some convenient place for the purpose. When it has passed through this process it leaves a fine, soft mass, very little in proportion to the first bulk of flax. The refuse which is separated from the flax is called "tow," which is used for the heavier grades of cloth, especially for filling which cannot be as evenly nor as strongly spun as the flax. The flax is always used for the chain in weaving the different kinds of cloth.

I well remember when my mother made an extra fine piece of cloth which she bleached nicely and gave each of us six girls a piece for a towel. I have kept mine to this day, and it now is over fifty years old.

For the spinning process, the flax was prepared as above described and twisted into hanks or knots, then wound loosely upon the distaff from which it was drawn out and by a rotary motion of the spindle was



At the Spinning Wheel.

twisted into thread and wound on the spool, ready for weaving. In starting the work of spinning, a thread is first tied to the spool and passed over the hooks, which are placed in the arms of the flies for the purpose of holding and gauging the thread, and passed through the hole at the end of the spindle toward you, and connected with the flax, then placed on the distaff by twisting it and fastened to the thread on the spool. With an expert manipulation of the right hand the operator kept the supply of slender flax fibers on the distaff drawn out in readiness for feeding while skilfully holding the thread between the thumb and finger of the left hand to make it even and fine. A belt was connected to the wheel, which was made to revolve by means of a treadle worked by the feet like a sewing machine, which twisted the thread and wound it on the spool.

When we go to the factories of today and see how many threads are being spun at one time, while only one could be handled by the old method, one is made to wonder how the veterans accomplished what they did.

Next came the weaving. The loom usually was an

ornament in our old loom house, as many had their looms in their best rooms, and some were indeed very old and crude, yet they were not despised, as it was an indispensable piece of furniture that no housekeeper would do without. I wish I could better explain how the thread is handled to put into the loom ready for weaving. The thread for the warp is all spooled on large spools, then drawn from spools on to a large reel until there is sufficient for the cloth wanted. Then this warp is beamed on a large weavers' beam. When we think of this beam in connection with Goliath's staff we can scarcely see that he would carry a staff as large as is on record, even as large as he was.

The familiar "spool, warp and beam the thread" are then put through the gears, or as some say, the harness, by threading the eyes of this "loom harness," and tied to the cloth roll in front; then the warp is ready to be woven. A treadle that is connected with the loom harness is worked by the feet, which lowers one set of threads and raises the others, so that when the shuttle is passed through this "shed" the thread it carries is placed over and under each alternate thread of the warp, and is pressed or beaten in the cloth by the reed. The next movement of the feet changes the position of the threads again in the warp; then passing the shuttle back and beating it toward the operator with the reed as before, which pushes each thread close to the other, and thus the process of weaving goes on, thread by thread, which produces the web of the fabric, until a piece of from ten to forty yards may be woven.

I quote a clipping: "It will be found interesting to look up the history of the industry in the different countries in which it seems to have originated simultaneously, although several claim priority of invention. The Chinese prove by records that their silk weaving antedates the Christian era twenty-five centuries. The Bible reference in Leviticus to the warp and woof of linen and woolen garments shows the Israelites to have been familiar with the art fully fifteen centuries before Christ, and it is said the Egyptians put a shuttle in the hands of their goddess, Iris, to signify that she was the inventress of weaving."

The research will also develop the significant fact that the history of this industry is also the history of civilization as it moved forward from Egypt and Asia. The art of spinning and weaving is known but little in this progressive age of inventions. But even a limited knowledge and study of this art will increase one's respect for the cheerful and expert operator, whose ease at the work contrasted strongly with the efforts of the beginner, who generally improved a dozen opportunities of going wrong.

My maiden name was Bosserman. I will be glad to correspond with any one by that name or any relative of the Bosserman families, as I contemplate to compile a book for the benefit of those who may want a copy for reference or preservation.

Amanda Bosserman Witmore.

Portland, Texas.
Formerly of McPherson, Kansas.

THE JOURNEY HOME

Patience Bevier Cole

IT was a stifling July night. Number Six, the east-bound overland train, toiled wearily across the desert through the darkness, her engine snorting and puffing at the load of tourist cars and Pullman sleepers that trailed behind her. The smoke of her engine, black and thick, settled back on the train and entered every window. It was a breathless night and starless. Away on the horizon the heat lightning of the desert flickered incessantly.

The train carried one crowded day coach, and there the discomfort was the keenest. The car was dirty and hot and evil-smelling, for only the very poor and squalid cross the desert of Arizona and New Mexico in the day coach. It was a motley crowd that the car held, and the noise, the odors, and the heat were almost intolerable.

In the fourth seat from the back sat a little, shabby woman who had got on at four in the afternoon, at a tiny desert town consisting of a diminutive station, a store, a saloon, and five houses. She had evidently been accompanied to the train by the entire population of the town, eleven adults and nine children. They had stood sheepishly against the station wall in the narrow strip of shade that lay on the north side of the building. The little woman had entered the car alone, bearing a heavy cloth telescope, worn and bulging, and a shoe box of lunch. She had dropped wearily into the first empty seat, which happened to be the fourth from the back on the side nearest the station. As she had taken her place by the open window, several of the women outside had come forward from the shade of the station and stood below the window in the hot sunshine, gazing up at her and awkwardly wishing her Godspeed.

There had been a delay for a few minutes, due to the loading of some baggage; and during this wait

the little woman had looked her last at her friends, the station, the store, the saloon, the five houses, and the miles of desert beyond.

When the conductor's "All aboard!" rang out in the afternoon stillness, and the passengers who had left the train to stretch their weary limbs by walking up and down, hurried back to their cars, the little woman in the day coach had looked back from the desert and down at the women below her window. Her face worked painfully, but her eyes were dry. One of the desert women, a creature gaunt and brown and stooped, reached up a rough, red hand and squeezed the little, thin one stretched down to her. "Good-bye, dearie," she said, and her look was tender as she gazed up into the quivering face of the sad creature in the car. "Good-bye; 'twon't be so bad after you get home to yer ma. Now write. We all want to hear how you get along. Good-bye." Then the desert woman had stepped back into the shade, and Number Six had toiled away across the yellow sand.

The little shabby woman in the fourth seat from the back sat very quietly; her fellow travelers moved in endless procession up and down the aisle to the water-cooler. Babies howled, their mothers trotted them and gossiped with their neighbors. Two small boys swung up and down the aisle, on the arms of the seats. Every one was wailing or fuming at the heat, talking and moving restlessly, except the woman in the fourth seat from the back. She looked out at the desert slipping past, and twisted her thin hands. Sometimes a spasm of pain would seize her, and her white face would work and her little flat-bosomed, round-shouldered body would heave convulsively for a moment. But she did not cry.

At six, when strong-smelling lunch baskets were dragged forth, and children with greasy faces and ham sandwiches were carrying tin cups of water down the aisle from the cooler to their parents, the little woman gravely untied her shoe box of lunch, spread upon her shabby blue serge knees the red-fringed napkin that lay uppermost in the box, and choked down a bit of lunch, neatly tying up what was left for the remainder of the journey.

Twilight fell; then darkness came. The sad little figure by the window had not moved for hours, the tired eyes had not ceased to stare into the darkness, when, at about ten, the train drew into a town of considerable size and stopped at a station whose platform was swarming with a laughing, screaming crowd. Horns were blowing, and rice clattered against the car. There were shrieks of girlish laughter and loud guffaws from men, and nearly everyone in the train looked knowingly at some one else and smiled, "Bride and groom!"

Heads were thrust out of car windows, and as the train started, with a final glare from the platform, a flushed young fellow in a badly fitting suit scrambled into the day coach, dragging with him an equally flushed girl, whose towering, flowered hat dropped a shower of rice at each move of her head. She wore a pink dimity dress with ruffles and ribbons, and white gloves and canvas shoes. She would have seemed tawdry enough, in her cheap finery, in some places. But she came into a dirty, noisy coach like a breath of pure, sweet air. The passengers forgot the heat and their weariness. They stood up and frankly stared at the newcomers. The perspiring and embarrassed bridegroom led his bride to the only empty place, which was with the sad little woman in the fourth seat from the back, and, having seated the girl, he bashfully withdrew to the back of the car, where he leaned against the water-cooler and grinned foolishly.

The excitement having somewhat subsided, and most of the passengers having resumed their seats, the girl took off the gorgeous hat, shook the rice from it, and, turning to the woman by the window, said, "Would you mind brushin' it outa my hair?" Her smile was friendly, and she bent a big red pompadour over her neighbor's lap. The little tired woman by the window patted the pompadour softly, and brushed the rice from the tousled red head. The girl thanked her and put on her hat again. "Kinda foolish, ain't it?" she said, stabbing the fifth and last hatpin through her bandeau. "But's I says to Jim, we've had our fling at other brides and grooms, 'n' I've thrown quarts, if I've ever throwd a grain, so it don't do no good to object, 'n' I s'pose I deserve my share." She laughed gayly, and looked back at Jim, who rushed forward to see if she wanted him and then retreated to the water-cooler again.

The little woman by the window sat forward in her seat and laid her thin hand on the girl's knee. "Tell him to come and sit here with you," she said. "You're just married—it's too bad to be separated."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the girl. "We don't mind. You set still. D'yuh think I'd marry a man that 'ud set in a seat 'n' let a woman stan' up? We ain't goin' fur, anyways—just 'bout sixty miles, to San Miguel, where my folks lives." She began to giggle, and went on: "They know I'm comin', but they don't know I am married. I bin visitin' in Rosario two weeks, and Jim says it's too lonesome there without me, 'n' he wouldn't let me go home ag'in to stay, so we just got married 'n' here we are, goin' home to s'prise the folks 'n' visit 'em a week or so." She beamed joyously at her companion.

The little woman had said almost nothing, but she had no need, for the happy creature beside her was so brimming with love and youth and spirits that nothing could quench her. So pleased was she with

Jim, her new lord and master, that her heart glowed with friendliness for all mankind. In the years to come she, too, might become a round-shouldered, tanned, and gaunt desert woman, weary and dull; but nothing could ever take from her the glory of this trip home, with Jim, "to s'prise the folks." She was radiant.

"Hot night, ain't it?" she asked, mopping her glowing face with a pink-bordered handkerchief, and taking off her white silk gloves. "You goin' far?"

"To Iowa," the little woman by the window answered.

"I-o-way! My lands! It'll take you two er three days, won't it?"

"Yes, two days and nearly two nights more," was the response. "I'm going home, too."

"Well, home's a purty good place to go to," the bride said cheerfully. "You been visitin', too?"

"No," said the woman. "I've been living in the West for two years."

"Well, you bin a good ways from home, then," said the girl. "Must be kinda lonesome to go so far from home alone."

"I—I didn't go alone," the little woman said, clasping her hands tightly in her lap. Her eyes were very bright, and a red spot glowed on each cheek. She turned impulsively to the big, healthy, radiant creature beside her and said: "I took my wedding journey over this very road you're traveling now—only we went west and you're going east."

"Oh, did you?" cried the bride, smiling. "Clear from I-o-way?"

The woman nodded.

"My lands, that was a long trip!"

"Yes, it was long," mused the little woman. "But we were so full of hope and courage!" The girl bride fixed wondering brown eyes on her companion, who was looking out into the darkness and had evidently forgotten her. The little woman was remembering her first journey across the desert, and the starved life she had lived for two years in the dreary desert town. Two years? It seemed twenty. She felt old and worn now, though she was only twenty-seven. Her struggle and sacrifice were over, and they had been in vain. She was going back across the desert, now, home to her mother.

She turned again to the girl beside her. The joyous face under the rose hat was serious now. The girl was not particularly sensitive, but she had recognized the suffering of her companion, and her sympathy was instant. She reached out impulsively and took the little woman's hand.

"What you goin' back alone for?" she questioned. "Where is he now? What made you leave him?" There was no impertinence in her question, no inquisitiveness. The other woman felt her sympathy. Her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"I'm not leaving him," she said, her flat chest heaving. "He had consumption and—he didn't get well. He's up in front—in the baggage car."

"Oh!" gasped the girl bride. Then she put her arms about the weary figure and drew the older woman's head down upon her shoulder.—*Everybody's.*

MISTAKES WE MAKE.

LUCIA NOBLE.

One of the greatest mistakes we are guilty of, is to think about and talk about ourselves; there is absolutely nothing more tiresome to others than the continual use of the personal pronoun "I." Therefore "I" often becomes a bore, and people will shun "I."

Another mistake is "gush," often a cloak for insincerity, though perhaps the gusher does not realize it, and would be very indignant if it were suggested to him; people get tired of that too. One can be interested and even enthusiastic, without the effusion of gushing.

Calmness is soothing; gush is irritating to refined ears.

It is a mistake to think people are looking at you; such an idea is sometimes the outcome of conceit, sometimes nervousness, and is the reason why some foolish ones try to "put on airs"; it is well to remember that people may glance at you without a second thought, and let us hope they have more important subjects of interest than a passer-by creates. If we could only be convinced that we are not always on our friends' minds, there would be less "hurt feelings" and misunderstandings.

We are liable to make mistakes. Do not forget it takes much experience to complete a life; so if a mistake is made, do not be discouraged, up and on, try again! What we see depends largely upon what we are looking for; look for good, and you will find it.

Do not worry over mistakes; consider them as stepping stones, or an accident; learn a lesson, and be prepared to do better next time.

Do not forget the fact that there are many disappointments in life, but the fault lies in the attitude you take, not in the thing itself.

It is a grievous mistake to be distrustful, and suspicious of people; like attracts like; and if you create an undesirable atmosphere, you attract the same towards you.

Keep the thoughts uplifted, hopeful, helpful, sympathetic.

Do not make the mistake of referring to this one, and that one, especially in a criticising way; if you doubt your own judgment, everyone else will, and ere long your individuality will be gone.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

A BIRTHDAY NARRATIVE.

DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON.

[A report of the substance of a sermon preached on Christmas Day by Dr. Patton, of Princeton, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. His text was, "Now the birth of Jesus was on this wise."—Matthew 1: 18.]

THE twenty-fifth of December is conventionally accepted as the birthday of Jesus. We do not care particularly what is the real birthday. We are concerned about the fact of the birth.

The supernatural element in the birth narratives is essential to Christianity.

Paul recognized the whole of the history of the Jews as organically related to the event of Jesus' birth. Read the Old Testament and see how the progress of events constituted a preparation for Christ. In the history and in the literature was prepared a photograph of him which should have enabled them to recognize him when he came. By type and by symbol also he was predicted.

Two ideas were very prominent, a monotheistic faith, and sin and its remedy. The messianic idea held its own and when he came there were some who were waiting for him. Facts only keep us from the naturalistic explanation, so gradual was the development.

It is not remarkable that the preparation was so careful, so great was the fact of the birth of Christ. When he came, peace prevailed, and philosophy had well-nigh wrecked faith. When the fairest flowers of hope had failed, the Virgin's Son was born.

The gospel narrative is clear. He is declared at birth to be divine. He is invested with royal honors while yet in the cradle. In every child are great possibilities. Of Jesus it was said, "He shall be called the Son of God."

Historic imagination produced this. But see what will happen if you explain in that way. This is a drastic method of getting rid of the birth story. By doing so you get rid of Christianity wholly.

The story is of no use to children if you treat it in that manner. All the great were babies once. There is nothing great in itself in having been a baby. But if this One is the Lord of Glory, if he condescended to lisp his mother's name, to be caried in arms as a babe, then the story means something. Let us decorate the Christmas tree as usual, but let us do it in full recognition of the great central thought that God's greatest Gift to a lost world is his Holy Child Jesus.

These birth narratives contain the great essentials of Christianity. What are they? First, social regeneration; secondly, personal salvation.

There has been a great change in the scale of moral values since the birth of Christ. Christianity has done this. It has dignified the home; it has reinforced domestic affection; it has given ideals of domestic purity. Christianity has taught and spread altruism. Under the influence of desire to help a brother, many refrain from doing what they feel they have a right to do. It has created a sentiment against war itself. The latest impulse given in this direction is one of the greatest benefits ever bestowed by a human being upon his fellow-men. This breathes the Christian spirit.

An industrial war is on, just as cruel as the other kind of war. The growing democratization of the world is in the interest of peace—of larger and fairer distribution.

What are all these things if they are not the echoing of the birth song of Bethlehem?

The second essential in the birth stories is personal salvation. The presence of peril is the cry: "Behold the Lamb of God." And hope is there inspired. All is in the name of Jesus. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The theology in Paul's letters is no result of his excogitations. It is all in the annunciation of the birth of Jesus.

These two essentials which are in the birth narrative can not be separated. Social salvation and personal salvation go together. They are in mutual dependence. They are coördinate ideas which grow out of a single, central, divine life.

We face today the danger of the divorce of these two. There is also danger of an intellectual rejection and an emotional acceptance. There are churches where the choir will sing the *Te Deum*, and the minister will say that the birth narrative can not be received as true. There the minister will empty the stories of the doctrine, and immediately announce the hymn "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Such men will say: "We don't know about the doctrines, and we care less. We are interested in helping men."

Here is a real danger. Many are led into confusion and are neglecting personal salvation. Mere philosophical considerations will not hold men to helping others. There is only one explanation of what has brought help to mankind. The church has done her work under the inspiration of one idea. The idea is in the birth narrative. The love of Christ is the constraining power. Give this up and what will result? Just this—you have left us under the dominat-

ing influence of a great world which is moving heartlessly on. When you have adopted a naturalistic explanation of the process you have arrested the process because you have lost your respect for it.

The hope of the world lies in the combination of these two ideas: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

A LOST BOY IN CHICAGO.

In Chicago a depot representative of the Immigration Department of the Y. M. C. A. found an eighteen-year-old German boy at the Grand Central Depot by the name of Karl Millar, who had lost the address of his uncle, Martin Millar, living in or near Chicago. The boy was able to tell that he thought his uncle lived the third station out of the city and that the carfare was fifty-five cents. He knew, also, that his uncle, Martin Millar, was employed as a laborer in a cemetery. All these clues of information were investigated thoroughly, including calling up all the cemeteries given in the classified list in the telephone directory. A clerk was sent to call on all of the city ticket offices to secure the names of the stations to which the carfare was fifty-five cents. To the postmasters of all these stations a letter was sent which was asked to be forwarded to a Martin Millar employed in a cemetery. A letter was written to his mother, who lives in Russia just over the border line from Germany. A letter and telegram were sent to the federal immigration agent at Baltimore, where the boy seemed to have landed in America, asking for information as to the destination of Karl Millar. In the meantime the assistance of a German society was asked for all the help it could give. The Russian Consul was consulted for a translation of his steamship inspection ticket and such other papers as he had, but all of no avail. The boy had $23 in money and was placed in a cheap lodging house at 426 Madison street, where he remained until Wednesday, January 11. Special effort was made almost every day for twelve days toward finding his destination. In the meantime word was received from the Baltimore federal immigration bureau that Karl Millar's destination was Bellewood, Illinois. None of the railroad offices in the city knew of Bellewood. There was no cemetery by that name. The interurban lines were finally questioned and the Aurora-Elgin electric was found to contain a depot named Bellewood. After some further persistent inquiry as to the cemeteries in that section of the county it was found that there was a cemetery within half a mile of that depot named Mount Carmel. Then, calling up the superintendent by phone, he soon assured us that he had an employé by the name of Martin Millar who had been looking for his nephew, Karl Millar, for some time and was unable to hear from him. The superintendent immediately sent Martin Millar off duty to appear at the Bellewood station at 5 o'clock. A member of the Central Department consented to take the boy out to the Bellewood station, on the electric line, where he should meet his uncle. This was done and the messenger and Karl Millar arrived at 6 P. M. The nephew and uncle met very affectionately, after which the boy told the story of his trip from home. He left Russia in company with a brother and a neighbor boy and sister November 19. Karl's brother was apparently the elder member of the party and had the address of their destination to Bellewood. But the party became separated at Bremen, Germany, the elder brother retaining the address. The boy Karl, on arriving here, expected to find that his brother and neighbors had preceded him by another steamship line and that they would be at Bellewood when he reached there, but they had not arrived as late as January 24. Martin Millar, the uncle, is now at a loss and in some distress to know what has become of the remainder of the party.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD IN THE SINNER, INSTEAD OF THE SIN IN THE SAINT.

It's amazin' and sometime, amusin'
T' see what a hull lot of rot,
Is printed 'n published, 'n gossiped,
'V doin's that's better forgot;
An' it seems most astonishin', sometimes,
That folks with good practical sense,
Are so eager t' slander their neighbors,
'Stid o' givin' 'em any defense.

Now I wasn't cut out fer a preacher,
But I want to be honest, 'n just;
'N it seems t' me, somehow, th't most folks
Have t' do just about as they must;
An' there wouldn't be half s' much gossip,
'N we'd kind o' get shet o' its taint,
If we'd look fer the good in the sinner,
Instead 'v the sin in the saint.

There's a hull lot 'v ways to be righteous;
But a good way 'v dealin' with sin,
Is t' never do nothin' that's harmful,
So's t' never learn how t' begin;
An' we'd better git after conditions
An' not keep a chasin' the man
That's only society's victim—
Mebby doin' as well as he can.

If our own reputations 'r' precious,
We ought t' care somethin' fer his,
For the devil don't 'low t' let no man's
Remains very long as it is:
An' the tool th't he works with is gossip,
But the cure for this evil complaint,
Is t' look for the good in the sinner,
'Stid 'v huntin' fer sin in the saint.

—Frank Twist, Spokane, Wash.

IN THE GARDEN

Killing Temperatures.

THE temperature required to kill fruit is shown in a bulletin published by the Weather Bureau, in which it says: "Fully dormant peach buds can stand a temperature of eight or nine degrees below zero. When they are appreciably swollen, zero is the danger point. When the buds are showing pink, they can stand fifteen above zero. When the buds are almost open, twenty-five is the danger point. When the petals are beginning to fall, twenty-eight above zero is cold enough to cause uneasiness. When the petals are off, they can stand thirty degrees above zero. When the 'shucks' (calyx tubes) are beginning to fall off, thirty-two above zero is the danger point."

Although this danger point of killing the fruit is most especially true in regard to the peaches, it will apply in a general way, according to the weather bureau, to all kinds of fruit.

Planting Roses.

THERE is no end to the beautiful things one can have in roses. The tea roses are grown now to be hardy, and there are many hardy ever-blooming climbers, thrifty and strong growers.

Before the April rains, dig a hole where you wish the roses to grow, either singly or in beds, and in the bottom of it throw some pebbles, broken crockery, or coarse cinders; over this put a layer of straw or dead leaves, then, with the soil lifted in digging, mix plenty of old, rotted cow manure, which can be had of the dairyman, or at the stockyard, and fill in the hole, rounding it up, in order to get all the soil back in it. The rains will beat it down. Remember, roses are gross feeders. Then, in May, plant choice hardy tea roses from the pots. Be careful to get of a reliable nurseryman, and get plants that are grown on their own roots. Water freely during the season and do not let the plants bear more than one or two blooms the first year. During the hot months, keep the soil mulched and moist.

Selecting Roses.

IN growing garden roses that bloom from early June until frost, remember that the healthiest rose-bush in the greenhouse will prove a disappointment if its tender roots are thrust into a soil that lacks nourishment. The soil should be well spaded to a goodly depth, and a ripe, old fertilizer (cow manure preferably), should be well incorporated with the loam. But in this, judgment must be used, as too much, or too new manure will cause the rosebeds to be manure-sick, and disagree with the plant. We often read that the rose-bed cannot be made too rich; but like much else that we read, this is misleading. A well-rotted cow manure, well mixed with good garden loam, with plenty of clay in it, is the best; but the clay loam must be light and loose, rather than heavy and sticky.

Good Things to Know.

To clean a flower-vase.—Mix a gill of vinegar and a tablespoonful of salt and pour into the flower vase, shake well, and allow it to stand an hour or two—longer will not hurt; then shake well again, and rinse in clean water. If this does not clean, put in the salt and vinegar and add pebbles or shot, and shake well again.

When the knobs usually on the cooking vessels have disappeared, try replacing them with a cork, or a spool, putting the screw through just as it was on the knob. You will find it quite serviceable.

Polishing cloths for silver are advertised for sale. Here is a way to make them: Mix together two quarts of gasoline, one pound of Spanish whiting and one-fourth ounce of oleic acid. Take woolen cloths of the desired size and soak in the mixture, then wring and hang to dry. These cloths clean and polish silver beautifully without soiling the hands. The cloths must be woolen, as cotten will not hold the whiting, and when the gasoline dries out, the whiting will fall from the cotton cloth.

It is claimed that for floor polish, a candle melted and mixed while hot with the same amount of turpentine, applied as other polish, is better for floors than the polish made of beeswax and turpentine.

Yellowed linen may be bleached in this way: Take enough "Jimson" weed leaves to fill a gallon pail; put into a thin cotton bag, beat with a wooden paddle until well bruised, then cover with cold water in a pan for an hour. Then squeeze out the green juice, and when the clothes are put into the boiler pour the "Jimson" juice over them and boil as you would any clothes, treating after the usual manner of wash day. This is said to bleach beautifully.

The worst of soiled brass may be polished by using shellac moistened with alcohol. Polish with this and then rub with a soft, dry cloth. Use a very little at a time, as the alcohol quickly evaporates. Keep the stuff in a wide-mouthed small bottle, well corked.

Treatment for Mealy-Bug.

THE "white stuff" is the material which surrounds the mealy-bug, forming a nest in the axils of the leaf. where the insect propagates its young. If you will examine this mealy, woolly material you will find it

alive with the insects in all stages of development. The first thing to do in treating the plants, if you have only a few that are infected, is to take a toothpick or splint of wood and remove and burn all the white material you can, then sponge or spray the plant, especially the leaf axils, using strong soap-suds, into which a tablespoonful of kerosene oil to a gallon of suds has been stirred. In the conservatory or greenhouse syringe infected plants twice a week with this material. It will soon eradicate the pest entirely.

How to Eradicate the Dandelion from Lawns.

THE most effective and practicable method of clearing a dandelion infected lawn, other than by hand digging, is by the use of iron sulphate used as a spray. The writer has succeeded with three applications in entirely killing all plants of this common lawn pest without injuring the grass. A portion of a lawn so badly infested that hardly anything but dandelions was visible a year ago is now without a single plant and the grass has thickened a good deal in consequence.

A solution of copperas or iron sulphate made by dissolving at the rate of one and one-fourth pounds of the salt in a gallon of water should be applied to the lawn with a spray pump so as to wet every plant. It will not do to use a common sprinkler. The solution must be put on in the form of a fine spray applied with some force to be most effective. A common bucket, spray pump, or even a hand atomizer, for very small areas, is suitable, providing it makes a fine, forcible spray. Do not try to hit the dandelions only, but cover every square inch of the lawn. In this way all seedling plants will be killed. Put on a second application in two or three weeks and a third and possibly a fourth late in summer if any of the dandelions start in growth. The grass will be blackened for a short time but soon recovers and after a watering and mowing will appear darker green than before. Do not allow the solution to get on cement or stone walks as it produces a rather permanent, yellow stain.—*B. O. Longyear.*

The Home-Beautiful.

THE window garden used to be a winter affair, but now the windows of the most hopelessly "groundless" building may be made as gay as the flower-lover likes with window boxes on the outside sills of the windows. In any sporting-goods house may be found boxes in which the jointed fishing poles are packed and shipped, which are about the right size for the house-window: but if these cannot be had, any one who can use a saw and hammer can make the box, and the flower-lover can hide its ugliness with vines and foliage. If the window ledges are of wood, there should be a lining of galvanized iron, slanting somewhat to one corner, in which a small pipe is inserted for drainage, the pipe being only sufficiently long to carry the water away from the ledge. If the ledges are stone or metal this is not necessary, but it is better. The soil for filling must be very rich and porous, and kept well watered. Geraniums, verbenas, hybrid petunias, nasturtiums, coleus, and many foliage plants are used, while for vines to hang over the sides nothing is more satisfactory than vincas, ivy geraniums, and parlor ivy, but these by no means complete the list. Tall plants are not desirable for the boxes, but this may be remedied by pinching out rank growth, causing the plant to branch or bush.

The boxes need only to be watched so that they do not dry out, and the soil stirred with a table fork or hook weeder. Weak manure water is a good fertilizer. A good fertilizing liquid is made by putting into a barrel a bushel of well-rotted horse manure, and adding to it one pound of nitrate of soda, then fill the barrel with water; stir well, let stand a week, then strain the water off into a clean barrel, then apply two or three times a week. A half peck of sheep manure may be used instead of the nitrate of soda.

For porch or trellis vines, nothing is lovelier than the large-flowered clematis, fragrant honeysuckle, or any one of the new hardy everblooming roses. Nothing adds to the beauty of a house as do thrifty vines and luxuriant window boxes.

The Water Garden.

MANY aquatic plants may be grown in the garden at a trifling expense. For the tank, either cement, or a strong, tight barrel may be used. If the latter, get a strong, water-tight barrel or cask, and saw this in two in the middle; this will make two tubs. Dig a hole in the lawn the size and depth of the tubs and large enough to hold both of them. Put the two tubs in the hole, side by side, and fill in the irregular spaces between with stone and soil. Moisture-loving plants may be set here as they will flourish in the overflow of the tubs. Six or eight inches of mud from the bottom of a pond, or a mixture of rich garden loam and old manure is first put in, then to a depth of an inch or more with garden loam that is quite rich. In the top soil set the bulbs or roots, being careful that all small roots are well straightened out; then, over the soil place an inch layer of sand and fine gravel to weight down the soil and roots, and slowly turn the water into the tubs, filling each tub to the brim, and adding a few pieces of charcoal to keep the water sweet. Great care must be taken, in filling in the water, that the roots are not disturbed. Any water-loving, or aquatic plant will grow in this, and the water must be filled in as fast as it evaporates. The first filling may be done with a sprinkler.

RECENT POETRY

A FAIRY TALE.

D. R. N.

Lady Anna and Lady Louise,
Wandering through the forest trees,
Searching here and searching there,
'Mid the leaves and everywhere,
Searching for the violets,—
Sudden sounded clarionets
And before their eyes were seen
Troops of fairies and their queen.

Turned the queen her face to see
Standing under a great oak tree
Lady Anna and Lady Louise,
Sweetest maidens, if you please,
Beauteous and free and gay,
Daughters of the month of May.

Cried the queen to the maidens two,
"Come, my dears, for I love you,
Tell me now why you are here
Where my fairy trains appear;
Beauteous ones, in sooth I thought
Such as you on earth dwelt not,
Only in courts of fairylands
Should be found such soft, white hands;
Tell me now your sweet desire,
Ere I to my home retire,
And yours will I do for you
Sure as truth and love are true."

Lady Anna dropped her eyes,
Dark-gray eyes of Paradise,
Blushed the faintest little blush,
Softly answered in the hush;
"Fairy queen, I ask of thee
That my lover ever be
True and gentle, kind and brave
All the way from birth to grave;
When the stars are in the skies
May he think on my gray eyes,
May his heart go out to me
When he's on the stormy sea."

"Sweet, my dear," the fairy said,
And her wand touched Anna's head,
"Surely shall my powers attend
On your wish and I shall send
To your lover who afar
Looks to you, his guiding star,
A swift-winged little fay,
At the dawning of the day,
Which shall whisper in his ear
Thoughts so sweet about you, dear,
That of all the queens of earth
None shall seem of your fair worth."

Then Louisa did raise her head,
Smiled upon the queen and said:
"Fairy queen, I love you well,
List to what I have to tell.
I've a dream of a gallant knight,
And his plume is tall and white,
And when he rides upon his steed
Men are eager to follow his lead.
Will you make my dream come true?
Will my knight whose eyes are blue
Come to me on some sweet day
From a world that's far away?"

"Lady bright," the queen replied,
"Certain shall your knight blue-eyed
Soon appear and you shall be
Happy both full verily."

Then the queen and all her band
Vanished into fairyland,
And the maidens home did wend
Wondering how it all should end.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

When over the fair name of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORT.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with you pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. May 30, 1911. No. 22.

A FIRELESS COOKER

M. F. Hale

JUST a few years ago, while living in a college town, we heard of two students from Kansas who were boarding themselves and using a fireless cooker. This was news to us. How they could cook a meal without fire was certainly a mystery. We began to inquire into the secret and found that the name was misleading as they did not cook without fire, but the article to be cooked was heated thoroughly before being put into the cooker, which was nothing more than a box filled with hay. The bucket in which the food was heated was lowered into a hole in the center of the hay, then blankets or carpets were thrown over the top.

About that time fireless cookers were advertised by the larger firms in the city, and the sale has steadily increased until now there are thousands sold all over the country.

The principle of the cooker is quite simple. All that is necessary is to heat the food to the cooking point and then surround it with some material that is a good nonconductor, and by keeping the heat from escaping the cooking will be completed without more heating.

The ideal method would be with a vacuum surrounding the bucket in which the heated food is placed. The thermos bottles sold in our stores are simply double walled with the air pumped from the space between the two walls. This, however, is too expensive for a cooker and some other method of keeping the heat from escaping must be used.

A material that is quite a good nonconductor and yet inexpensive is common paper. If you wish to try an interesting experiment before you get your cooker made take a small tin bucket with a tight-fitting lid, place enough rice in it for a meal and use about four cups of water to one of rice. Boil it with the lid of the bucket on for about two or three minutes until the grains are heated through. Without removing the lid, quickly wrap newspaper around the bucket before it cools any. Ten or twelve thicknesses of paper should be placed on and folded simply so that there are no open places at the folds. It can be thoroughly tied, or better set into a good paper sack, just large enough to admit the bundle, and then tied tightly at the top. If you wish the rice for breakfast, prepare it the evening before, wrap well in the paper and do not open until ready to serve.

It would be too much trouble to do your cooking this way for every meal, so something more permanent should be made. In our first cooker a three-gallon jar was lined with twelve or fifteen thicknesses of common newspaper. We were very careful to have the bottom and sides lap over, so that there were no cracks for the heat to escape. The top edge was cut evenly, so that the paper lid would fit tightly and allow no chance for escape at this point. To keep the lid tight a board was placed on top and a weight laid on the board. The bucket in which the food was heated could be set into the opening easily. This was very satisfactory for a cheap cooker and was used one season.

Our present cooker is quite an improvement over the former and not so very expensive. A common tin lard can about fourteen inches high and twelve inches in diameter and two granite buckets with straight sides and tight-fitting lids were used. The larger one was seven inches high and eight inches in diameter, while the smaller one was five inches high and six inches in diameter. For a nonconductor there were two layers of thin sheet asbestos with a layer of corrugated paper between them. The paper forms a dead air space between the asbestos, and this makes a good nonconductor. The bottom was made by cutting out two circular sheets from the asbestos and one from the corrugated paper just the size of the inside of the can. To make the nonconducting sides we cut a sheet of asbestos about thirteen inches wide and twenty-eight inches long and joined the ends so as to make a cylinder thirteen inches high and a little over nine inches in diameter. We next placed a layer of corrugated paper around the cylinder of asbestos and around this another sheet of asbestos, joining

the three layers together by sewing thoroughly. This cylinder was placed on end on the asbestos bottom at about equal distances from the sides of the can. We then filled the space between the can and the asbestos with excelsior. Another cylinder was then made the same as the first except that it was six inches high and seven inches in diameter and placed on end within the first cylinder and equally distant from its sides. The space between the two cylinders was packed with excelsior, the same as the outer space. Next a sheet of asbestos was cut so that it just fitted into the larger cylinder and covered the smaller one. For a covering for the large cylinder two sheets of asbestos and one of corrugated paper the size of the inside of the can, just the same as the bottom, was cut out. This completed the cooker of two divisions, the one below for the smaller bucket and the one above for the larger.

If both buckets are to be used it is necessary to heat the food in both at the same time and for the smaller one to be lowered into the bottom of the cooker; then the single sheet of asbestos placed over it. Next the large bucket is placed above this lid and the main lid placed in position and the tin covering placed on and fastened.

The buckets in which the food is heated should not be opened after the heating is done until the time for serving.

Cereals cooked in this way are more tender; besides there is a great saving of fuel.

In making a cooker you need not follow the instructions absolutely that are given here. If you cannot get a lard can use a keg or box. If you cannot get the sheet asbestos use paper and arrange the openings inside to suit the size of the buckets. There should be very little space left between the sides of the bucket and the asbestos, as this must be heated and thus some of the heat lost.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE PROFESSIONAL FARMER

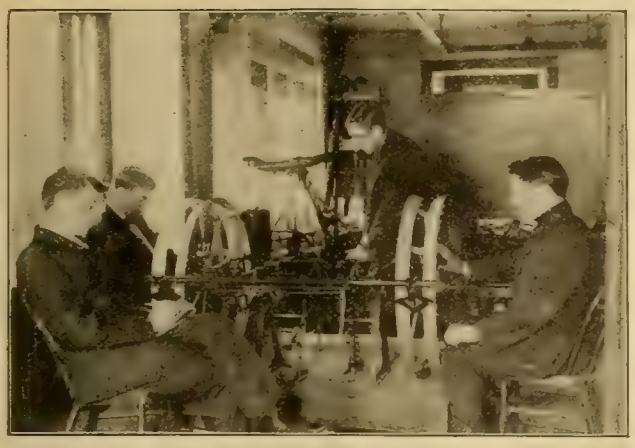
Chas. H. Keltner

THE dignity of any particular line of work, as well as the respect it commands from the general public, is largely dependent upon the amount of talent and extent of preparation which are required to do the work successfully. The fact that the American farmer has tilled fertile land with comparatively little effort and almost no thought has, no doubt, in a large measure, been responsible for the contempt which his profession has received in the past.

Today, however, we are rapidly entering the era of changed conditions. Farming is receiving a liberal amount of public attention. Books, dealing with agricultural subjects, are widely circulated; the scientific laboratory is contributing to the fund of agricultural knowledge; monthly and weekly farm journals, with a combined circulation of millions, are issued in all parts of the country, and almost every number of our most widely-circulated magazines, both literary and technical, contains at least one article dealing with some phase of farm life, or the science relating thereto.

The farmer is as wide awake as any one in his realization of the change that is taking place. He sees that not only the future, but the present, demands brain work as well as physical labor. As the machine takes the place of manual labor it increases the demand for competent operators, and necessitates a greater investment of money in equipment. More than ever is the farm a place where careful organization is needed; and today each proprietor of a successful farm may well be called a farm economist. Recently a successful farmer remarked to the author: "I tell you, Mr. Keltner, this old farm is dear to me. It is the home of my father and grandfather, who broke the first sod on it with an ox team. I have not had the chance of studying agriculture in school, but, by reading the best journals, I want to do all I can to make it a better farm for my boys than it was when I purchased it from my father. As soon as they are old enough I want the boys to receive the best training in agriculture that any school can offer them, so that they can handle this farm more intelligently than either their father or grandfather was able to handle it."

Until recently it was believed by farmers that the West contained vast areas of fertile land, and the common advice of the old to the young was the words of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man." Rich lands just as fertile as those of the home country, at easy access on new railroad lines, were thought to be available for generations to come; but now it is known that the western lands of good quality are already occupied. So, while many of the older farms are slowly decreasing in capacity to yield crops, they are increasing in market price. No longer can the advice be given to go West, but it is realized that on the lands which are now occupied larger crops



Testing the Planter.

"When ungraded corn was run through the planter only 50% of the hills contained three kernels, while, when the corn was graded, 75% of the hills contained three kernels."

must be raised with less outlay, and at the same time the utmost caution must be used to not rob the soil of the limited supply of plant food which it contains.

To do this is the task of the professional agriculturist. Hard work must be accompanied by good judgment and scientific knowledge. He who has this is superior to the hard-working, non-thinking man, for he can not only grasp the great general principles of farm economy, but he is especially able to judge comparative values.

As soon as the man of this type learns that one-third of the cattle of the United States are actually milked at a loss, and that another third barely pay for their feed, he will apply the most severe tests to his own herd, to learn the actual merits of each individual cow. The minutes required to hang a milk pail on a spring scales to determine the actual quantity of milk each cow has given, and also the short time required for making a cream test with a small Babcock tester, is an expense which is very little when compared with the loss which a few indifferent individuals in his herd may cause him.

The dairy business is in many respects deceptive. The fact that its returns are in cash and at regular intervals leads many a dairyman to feel that he is making money, while the fact often is that his outlay for condimental and concentrated feeds, and the real value of the crops which he raises, as well as his own labor, are greater than the money he receives.

An excellent illustration of how a dairy farm may be managed by an intelligent man is found in circular No. 113, Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Illinois. This publication gives a statement concerning three years' experience on the farm, by Mr. Charles Foss, proprietor of the Maple Spring Dairy, Cedarville, Ill. Mr. Foss was a school teacher, but after purchasing ninety-six acres of land he began the dairy business, and since 1900 he has given his dairy farm an intelligent, thoughtful study. Prof. Frazer speaks of the importance of his herd as follows: "He always fed his cows an ample ration, but during the first years of his experience he did not feed a balanced ration, and he practiced summer dairying.

"From the best estimate possible it appears that the cows he kept averaged no more than one hundred and seventy pounds of butter fat per year. The first four years he received about $400 per annum from his cows, $300 from his hogs, and $300 from his grain. Last year his receipts were $600 for hogs and $1,150 for butter; the total product of the farm being fully $2,150, or more than $22 per acre, after deducting $100 paid for bran." This increase in returns was aided by raising the annual production of butter fat as much as eighty-three pounds per cow in two years. Mr. Foss has, when discussing the question, said: "This improvement may best come about by weighing and testing the milk; by selling the low producers; by buying and raising better cows; by using the silo and feeding a more nearly balanced ration, and by studying and supplying the individual needs of the cow."

It is a well-known fact that the corn belt of the United States is better adapted, because of favorable climatic conditions, to the growing of this very profitable crop than any other region of similar area in the world. Nevertheless the average yield of corn in the State of Illinois, in the year 1906, a very good corn year, was but 36.3 bushels per acre, while the average for the whole United States was 30.3 bushels. This may well be compared with the average yield for the three years, 1905-1907, on the University of Illinois Experiment Field, Urbana, Ill., where the soil and crops received careful scientific treatment and produced ninety-six bushels, almost three times the average for the State of Illinois. Surely, there is work for the professional farmer in corn growing.

The steps necessary to increase the yield of corn are simple and inexpensive. In addition to having a pure variety to be planted in fertile soil, it is important that every ear in the seed supply should be of strong germination power. Too many farmers believe that the mere looking at the ear of seed corn is sufficient to tell whether it will grow. However, careful study shows that an ear of corn may appear to be in perfect condition, but, nevertheless, be of weak germination power. Therefore, each ear should be tested in a tester.

More attention should be given to the perfect grading of the corn, so that the planter will drop the kernels evenly. When from eight to ten ears are required to plant an acre, it is apparent how much the presence of each dead ear in the entire stock of



Each Ear Should Be Tested. Notice the Dead Kernels from Dead Ears.

seed will reduce the yield. In the laboratory the author's students not only test corn from their home farms, but also test the drop of a good planter. The approximate average of their results this year is interesting and helpful. When ungraded corn was run through the planter, only fifty per cent of the hills contained three kernels, while when the corn was graded and the proper plates were used for each grade of corn about seventy-five per cent of the hills contained three kernels, the desired number. So much depends upon having a sufficient number of stalks in each hill that much attention should be given to securing a uniform stand. When only last year Jerry Moore, of Winona, S. C., a State not in the corn belt, secured an astonishing yield of two hundred and twenty-nine bushels of corn on an acre, it is evident that the ideal of every farmer should be higher than the present yield in an average corn-raising community.

The United States is a country of comparatively new lands. In the past it was only necessary to plow, sow and reap until the supply of plant food began to be exhausted and then, as there were more lands in the "great West," leave for the West and there continue the experience of the East. This system of farming has left great areas in a more deserted and worthless condition than there would be if they had been passed over by an invading, devastating army. Even the great prairie State of Illinois contains many thousand acres of gray silt loam soil and tight clay, on which farmers formerly raised clover, then timothy and at last red top, which today are almost valueless for farming by the methods generally used throughout the State. However, it is not improbable that even this land can be redeemed by applying scientific knowledge to its treatment. The acidity of the soil must be corrected and the supply of phosphorus increased, so that a sufficient quantity will be available each year to the growing crops. It is well known that this can be done economically, but the problem requires much intelligent calculation, as well as years of hard manual labor. How much better it would have been to have adopted permanent systems of agriculture many years ago, than to have allowed this soil to "wear out."

Now that the supply of desirable western lands is known to be practically exhausted the problem is to reclaim these ruined lands and also save the good land from ruin. Permanent systems of agriculture must be adopted; haphazard farming must give place to professional farming. Our farmers must read the trustworthy literature which is published by the different agricultural experiment stations and reliable publishing houses, and heed the warning which is being sounded by Hopkins and other conservationalists. We must not only raise maximum crops, but leave our soils in a fertile condition. No nation can long continue on exhausted soils.

The noteworthy experiments that have been performed on the fields of the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, and also the Ohio station, are of important significance and should be well understood by every intelligent farmer. At the Pennsylvania station corn, oats, wheat and hay were grown in rotation on a silt clay loam soil, and the official report shows that throughout twenty years of accurate test every crop has given a greater total yield where ground limestone was applied to the soil than where caustic lime was used. In addition another fact is very significant: after these experiments had been in progress for sixteen years chemical analysis was made of the soil of the different plots, and it was found that the plots which received ground limestone contained 2,979 pounds of nitrogen per acre to the depth of nine inches, while only 2,604 pounds were present in the soil which has been treated with caustic lime. Now this loss of 375 pounds of nitrogen is equivalent to the nitrogen which would be contained in thirty-seven and one-half tons of farm manure, or an annual application of more than two tons throughout the entire sixteen years. When one realizes that, in spite of these data, which are published and distributed free throughout the entire State, the majority of the farmers of that great commonwealth use caustic lime, can one help feeling that there is a great work for the professional farmer? Should our young men attempt farming without a knowledge of such facts?

The work of the Ohio station should also be well known. There, on untreated land, under conditions described in their free bulletins, crops to the value of $42.34 were grown. Land to which phosphorus had been added yielded crops to the value of $55.32. After the cost of treatment, $2.40, was deducted, a net income from treatment of $10.58 remained. It can



Examining a Good Individual, Which Is to Head a Herd.

readily be seen that the returns were very great—441 per cent on the money invested in treatment.

Intelligent soil treatment (not necessarily the application of commercial fertilizers) does pay. Good results are being obtained by Mr. F. I. Mann, a successful farmer at Gilman, Ill. In 1909 untreated lands on his farm, which had been in clover the previous year, produced 65.5 bushels of corn per acre. The same kind of land which had been treated with one-half ton of raw rock phosphate yielded 81.9 bushels, and where a treatment of one-half ton of raw rock phosphate and three tons of ground limestone was applied a yield of 84.1 bushels was secured.

Men like Mr. Mann, who aim to keep in touch with the reports from the agricultural colleges, look forward to the time when soil will be so handled in the corn belt that it will again produce as large yields as were secured from newly broken prairie. It is not unreasonable to believe that one hundred bushels of corn per acre can be raised throughout much of the corn belt. But, for this to be done, soil-robbing must be discontinued at once. It will not be secured on farms where there is no definite system of crop rotation, little attention given to the pedigree of the seed and not enough to the securing of a perfect seed bed.

Farming offers greater inducements than any other occupation, and it is pleasing to observe how eagerly the young men are today striving after more knowledge on agricultural subjects. The time when professional agriculture will completely replace farming by chance and sign is near at hand.

NUISANCE OR PEST, WHICH?

Dr. O. H. Yereman

IN a few days you will be admitting into your home a species of intruders, which, in the form of a common nuisance, will at the same time be the means of endangering your health and that of your children, as well as that of the entire community. And strange to say, you will not be the only one to admit these dangerous foes. Your neighbors will tolerate their presence as well; and although there will be a little talk regarding the fact that they should not be allowed to come in, still it will not amount to much, as in the course of a few weeks you will be quite accustomed to their presence, and allow them the full freedom of your home.

It was in Italy that a celebrated physician, named Mercurialis, lived from 1530 to 1607; and although respected for his achievements along professional lines, he was scoffed and jeered at because of some rash things he said about this common pest, and his halo of renown was dimmed because the scientists and physicians of his day did not place full credence in his theories.

Only fifty-one years after the death of Mercurialis, in the year 1658, in the same country of the Italians, and in the capital city, Rome, a scientist by the name of Kircher propounded and published the theory that the *Musca domestica* played an important role in the transmission of disease. He wrote, "There can be no doubt that the *muscæ* feed on the internal secretions of the diseased and dying, then flying away, they deposit their excretions on the food in neighboring dwellings, and persons who eat it are thus infected." To prove his theory he gave the following instance: "In a recent plague in Naples, while a certain nobleman was looking out of a window, a *musca* flew in and lighted on his nose, stinging him with the sharp point of his proboscis, causing a swelling. And when the poison had gradually spread and crept into the vital organs, within the space of two days (without doubt from the contagious humors which the insect had sucked up from a corpse), he contracted the plague and died."

I wonder if you recognize in this dangerous *musca* of the Italians, the innocent-looking house fly which you are about to admit and entertain in your home? The Italians soon forgot the earnest teachings of these celebrated men, and centuries have passed before this momentous fact was rediscovered, and again stated in terms to arouse the interest and attention of the civilized world.

From time immemorial the common house fly has been considered a nuisance, and as a protection against his annoyance, screens, fly paper, and similar measures

have been employed. But of late some of our wide-awake doctors and scientists, as a result of numerous observations, have been forced to recognize him as a pest and the carrier of germs and disease.

If these men are correct, it behooves us to exercise all care and precaution against the visitations of this deadly foe, and with this object in view let us examine some of the data and observations of these scientists.

One physician observed that the deaths among infants from diarrhœa and summer complaints were higher during the last week or ten days of July and the first week in August than at any other time during the summer season. In seeking about for a cause for this increase, he found that this is the time when flies are most prevalent. Further observations by the Massachusetts Board of Health corroborated his findings, that deaths from intestinal diseases among infants rose above normal at the same time at which flies became prevalent, continued at the same high point, and fell off at the time of gradual falling off of the prevalence of the insects. To be more specific, the Massachusetts Board of Health found, during the summer of 1907, that from what the doctors call cholera infantum there died in June forty babies. In July there were eighty; while in August, when the flies were most abundant, there were 240 deaths from it. In September there were 200, and the death rate did not drop to the June level until in November.

But perhaps you will want to attribute this increase of deaths to the heated weather. It is true that hot weather is bad for babies, while it is good for flies and microbes; but the month of September is cooler than July, and yet it shows more than twice as many deaths, because it has more flies. October is certainly cool, and yet its deaths total almost as much as those of June and July combined.

Statistics show that during the Spanish-American war we allowed the flies to do about as they pleased, with the result that four men were lost by disease to every one who died from a bullet wound. The Japanese, on the other hand, during their conflict with Russia, waged war against the fly, and lost four men by wounds to every one by disease—quite the reverse of our experience.

To prove this matter beyond a doubt one scientist caught a fly and fed him on the excrements of a child suffering from an intestinal disease. The fly was kept in confinement for some time and a microscopic examination of the fly specks it deposited showed them to contain the germs of the disease in a living, virile state.

The Kansas State Board of Health, in similar experimentation, took a lemon pie which some flies had visited, and subjected it to a microscopic examination. The tracks of the flies were found to be strewn with thousands of germs.

Thus the direct inoculation of persons through flies was conclusively proved, the doctors were aroused to the imminent danger from this universal foe and have been sounding the trumpet of alarm over the land, so that the people may take warning and protect themselves and the lives of their children from the deadly visitations of this common pest. The fly, therefore, is not only the annoying, pesky visitor which disturbs your sleep in the early morning, or persists in lighting on your bare ankles when you rest your feet upon a chair in the cool of the early evening on the porch, and causes you to scratch and rub to stop the burning and itching; it is not simply the nuisance which keeps your wife swinging a fly-brush over the table to enable you to eat a few mouthfuls in peace; it is more than all this—it is an agent of disease, a distributor of free samples of the differnt varieties of microbes—a genuine pest, a six-legged, black angel of death.

A look into the life history of the fly is interesting. The government entomologists at Washington classify the fly into thirteen different varieties, but they say that almost ninety-nine per cent of all the flies are of the *Musca domestica* (house fly) variety, hence for our present purpose the other varieties can be ignored.

The nest in which a fly finds himself, when he awakens to life, is in the midst of decaying animal or vegetable matter. The principal breeding places of the fly are cesspools, outside privy vaults, and barnyard manure. It is estimated that eighty-five to ninety per cent of the house flies are born and reared in ordinary horse manure, this being their most favored breeding place. The eggs which the mother fly lays hatch in eight to twenty-four hours, producing maggots or worms—which the scientists call *larvæ*. At the end of five to seven days, depending on how warm and moist their nest is, these maggots seal themselves up within their skins, forming a hard case around them, and often burying themselves in the soil. They remain in this condition for five days, during which time the remarkable transformation into a fly occurs, when they come out of their shell in the form of an adult fly.

The average female lays about 120 eggs, and it



Common House Fly. Paparium at Left; Adult Next, Larva and Enlarged Parts at Right, All Enlarged.

is estimated that in a temperate zone these 120 eggs are multiplied from twelve to thirteen times in one season. Assuming that one half of the eggs produce female flies, and that one half of the total number of maggots are destroyed by their natural enemies before their transformation into the adult fly, the remaining number of progeny of a single female fly during the course of a summer season, would make a total in figures which is appalling. Try to figure it out, and after you have arrived at the correct results, you will begin to realize the importance of doing something to prevent the breeding of this horde of pests.

Just as children who are born and reared in poverty and filth usually continue to reside in the slums and keep up their filthy habits, so insects which are bred in filth would be expected to have filthy habits. And we find this to be true in the case of the house fly. He feeds on the filth of the barnyard, the outside privy vault, and any decaying animal or vegetable matter, no matter where it may be found.

But you will say, "How then does it come that the fly wants to come into the house, when such decaying matter is not found in our homes?" That phase of the question we will take up in our next article.

417 Portsmouth Building, Kansas City, Kans.

A VITAL PROBLEM

John Woodard

SOME time ago a Pennsylvania farmer called my attention to a problem that is of vital interest. This farmer has two boys who help him in the summer, but have to work out in the winter. He thinks they will eventually go to the city, as they can not make enough money to stock a farm. Their case is no exception. There are many others just like them who are driven to the city because they can not begin farming for themselves. Fifty years ago this problem did not exist. There was plenty of free land, and any one who wanted a farm could get one. Now there is practically no more free land in the United States. There is still some government land not taken up, but it is either desert or swamp. It costs $25 or more per acre to get water onto the desert land, and the expense of draining the swamp is perhaps equally as high.

There is very little chance in the United States for a man without money to begin farming. Even if he rents land there is still the expense of stock. With horses selling at one hundred to two hundred dollars per head, dairy cattle sixty to one hundred dollars or higher per head, and other stock proportionally high, it takes a "young fortune" to stock a farm. If he buys on time there is a high rate of interest to pay, and sickness in his family, or bad crops, or the loss of some stock may prevent him from meeting his payments when due, and he then will lose everything.

The only help we can look for is some banking institution which will provide the farmer with loans at a lower rate of interest, and time of payments and length of loan to suit the farmer. The present banks do not meet these conditions; so a new institution is necessary. Our Pennsylvania friend says the government should loan money to the farmers without interest, but I don't think this is possible at present. Besides, there is plenty of money in the country bringing its owners a low rate of interest—if the men who need it could get hold of the money. All that is necessary is an agent to take this money, and loan it out to farmers where it will be safe. Some European countries have such banks, and they are a success. Perhaps American conditions would demand banks different from those in Europe, but that can be determined after an investigation. The United States should have agricultural banks to loan money to the farmers, and also to receive the farmers' savings.

ENGLISH WORKMEN AND BATHS.

ONE associates freshness, cleanliness and all the other physical virtues with the country, but the country laborer does not revel in the bath. This writer has been told by a farm hand that he had not had a "whole wash" for five years. Indeed, the country lad, when he has got beyond the compulsory weekly tub stage develops a curious antipathy to soap, and unless there happens to be a river or a bathing pool near his village his body knows little of air or water. The bathroom, of course, is unknown in the ordinary laborer's cottage, and the nearest approach to a bath is usually a zinc tub about three feet long. This does well enough for the babies, but it is inadequate for the parents. And the laborer, provided he has enough to eat, is extraordinarily healthy. Octogenarians are common in English villages. Rheumatism is generally their trouble, for only a microbe with a drill could enter by way of the skin.

POLISHED POWDER FOR GLASS.

RUB calcined magnesia down with pure benzine, so that a mass is formed sufficiently soft to allow drops to be pressed out of it. This mixture must be kept in closely stoppered glass bottles to retain the very volatile benzine. A little of the mixture is placed on a pad of wadding or cotton and glass rubbed with it.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Care of the Insane.

PERHAPS no phase of social work has progressed so rapidly as has the care of the insane. This is due almost entirely to a better knowledge of the subject brought about by modern scientific research. People used to think that insanity was caused by something supernatural and that a devil was in possession of the individual. Now insanity is looked upon as a disease.

Statistics tell us that insanity is on the increase, but these figures must be qualified to some extent, for the reason that we have a better enumeration of all forms of diseases than we used to have. This better enumeration cannot account entirely for the constant increase of the feeble minded and insane. The best authorities on the subject agree that there is an actual increase of insanity. This increase has many causes. Excessive drink, sexual diseases, lack of proper nutrition, extreme mental disturbances, are the most important of these causes. In a general way the modern intensive life works harm upon the mental organization. Prof. Warner in his "American Charities" describes our modern life very well: "The overtension of modern life, which is spoken of by some as if it were wholly responsible for the increase in the number of the insane, has undoubtedly had much to do with the increase of insanity. Especially among the more highly-organized individuals the burden which modern life puts upon the reasoning powers is out of all proportion to that which was placed upon them a few decades ago. We challenge custom, we question our instincts, we are skeptical where we used to have faith. In matters, for instance, such as the relation of man to the church, and of the sexes to each other, we now believe that reason should be constantly compelled to act. We have put upon the minds of the present generation great burdens, which those minds are not sufficiently well developed and well organized to bear."

It is difficult accurately to determine just how many insane there are in the United States at the present time. It is comparatively easy to find out how many are cared for in the various hospitals, but how many are cared for in private homes we do not know. According to the census figures in 1880 there were 51,017 outside of hospitals as compared with 40,942 inside; and in 1890 there were 32,457 outside and 94,028 in the hospitals. That will give us some idea of conditions at the present time, remembering that a greater percentage of the insane are cared for in hospitals now than formerly. Mr. Homer Folks, who is secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, has written a very illuminating account of modern prevention of insanity in the *Review of Reviews* for May. He has this to say concerning the number of insane at the present time: "It will doubtless surprise most persons to know that the number of insane persons in hospitals in the United States on January 1, 1904 (no later figures are available for the country as a whole), was not less than 150,151. This was more than double the number in 1890, which was 74,028. From 1904 to 1910 the insane in hospitals in New York alone increased 25 per cent. It is safe to say that the insane now in hospitals in the United States number at least 200,000. These unfortunates, if gathered together in one place, would make up a city approximately the size of Rochester, St. Paul, Seattle, Denver, or Louisville. The population of the State of Delaware in 1910 is almost exactly the same as the number of insane in the United States in 1904. The population of Nevada and Wyoming in 1910 together is about equal to the population of the hospitals for the insane in the United States. The total annual cost of caring for the insane in the United States is in the neighborhood of $50,000,000 per year. About one-sixth of the total expenditure of the State of New York is for the care of the insane."

There is not very much organized preventive work in progress at the present time. There are two things to do. The one is, early detection and prevention of the disease; the other is a general awakening and education of the public concerning the causes of insanity. The State Charities Aid Association of New York is carrying into effect a popular education along scientific lines as to the prevention of insanity. They are issuing a leaflet by the hundreds of thousands, telling the people the important facts to be known. The leaflets are distributed by various organizations, by the public schools, by college presidents, by health officers, by clergymen; and they are placed in factories, in stores and other places where they are accessible to the public.

The Public Drinking Cup.

The New York City Board of Health has passed the following to take effect October 1: "The use of a common drinking cup or receptacle for drinking

water in any public place or in any public institution, hotel, theater, factory, public hall, or public school, or in any railroad station or ferry house in the city of New York, or the furnishing of such common drinking cup or receptacle for use in any such place is hereby prohibited."

How would you like to have your dinner served on a plate from which a dirty, filthy, intoxicated tramp had eaten his meal? Think of that the next time you quench your thirst from a public cup. The crusade against the common drinking cup is of comparative recent origin. In the years past hundreds of philanthropic individuals and societies have established public drinking fountains all over our cities. To these fountains ordinary cheap cups are attached from which to drink. It is easily seen how the most dangerous germs are carried from lip to lip. The drinking fountain in railway coaches is another effective agent in the spreading of disease. But the most dangerous drinking cup is perhaps found in the public school buildings. It has been proven beyond doubt that diseases run their course through the public schools largely by the aid of the common cup. Such facts have awakened public officials to see the danger, and in practically all of the modern school buildings that are being erected the bubbling fountain replaces the old water can. State legislatures are also becoming interested. At present there are a dozen or more States which have prohibited the use of the public cup. Among these States are New Hampshire, Michigan, Wisconsin, Idaho, Kansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Mississippi. We are unable to obtain accurate reports from some other States. In some States where the legislatures have done nothing many of the cities have passed ordinances of their own.

There is really no excuse for one to drink from a cup from which every kind of diseased lips have drunk. It is possible to buy a good collapsible drinking cup for the small sum of ten cents. Every child who attends school should have his individual cup. It is much cheaper for parents to furnish convenient, collapsible cups for their children than to pay out dollars for doctor bills. If the public cup is prohibited people will be compelled to furnish their own. Several railroads are giving their passengers the opportunity of purchasing cheap, individual cups. It has been found that a serviceable cup that is also sanitary can be made of oiled paper to sell for about one cent each.

The best arrangement for drinking in public buildings is the bubbling fountain. Perhaps many of the INGLENOOK readers have used them. A vertical faucet is so made that when opened it allows a small jet of water to shoot upwards. All you have to do is to open your mouth directly over this jet of water and drink. Your lips do not touch the faucet or any receptacle and there is no possible chance of germs being transmitted from lip to lip. Every school building should be supplied with these fountains, or if possible with something just as good.

Naming the Farm Home.

Many of the INGLENOOK readers may have noticed that the farm papers for the past year or more have been encouraging the farmers to name their homes. The idea is one worth considering. A farm home named is usually a home well kept and beautified. "What is the use of it?" some will ask, and others will say that the naming of a home denotes an aristocratic spirit, which it does not. The ideal that nearly all social workers are striving for in this country is a settled and cultured neighborhood spirit. To build a home, cherish it and take care of it for life promotes a neighborhood spirit better than any other one thing. When farmers are constantly moving about there can be no settled groups. In all probability the future will see a change in this respect. There are many things that indicate a more cultured civilization in the future. We are speaking of the country when we say that the custom of naming farms is one worth encouraging, because it will be a means of increasing the regard for home life. Nearly every farm has about it some significant object of nature that will suggest a name. Perhaps it is a stream, a hill, a grove, or even a lone tree. Either of these will suggest a name to almost any one. One writer on the subject does not stop with the mere naming of the farm, but suggests that farmers have stationery printed with the name of their home at the top. And why should they not? Whether we write social letters or only business letters it is more pleasing and business-like to have our own stationery. The average farm is just as big an institution as the average store or factory, and there is no reason why it should not be conducted in a business-like way. What we want first of all is a deeper regard for home and home life, more love for our neighbors and the neighborhood and a desire for the best there is in life. If the naming of a farm home will promote this (and it certainly will), let us name the farms. Select a name that suits you and that means something to you and put it on a neat signboard where every one can see it. And above all make the home attractive so that it is worthy of a name.

Meteorology in Greece.

DURING the past decade an efficient meteorological service has been built up in Greece, chiefly through the exertions of Prof. Demetrius Eginitis, director of the National Observatory at Athens. The fifth volume of the annals of this observatory, just published, is a work of some 600 quarto pages, far the greater part of which is devoted to meteorology. It is published in French.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Taft's Future.

ACCORDING to former Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. Taft is growing in favor and his will be the only name presented to the Republican National Convention in 1912. Mr. Depew added: "I believe that as President Taft's measures are better understood and his unselfish patriotism and devotion to the public service become better known among the people he will grow in popular favor. He is one of the most misunderstood of our Presidents. His life has been judicial and never one of political strife, and so he looks upon questions as a judge and not from the viewpoint of a politician. It never occurs to him what may be the effect of a measure upon his own political fortunes." Mr. Depew gave what he termed an accounting of his stewardship during his twelve years at Washington. Incidentally he said that he "tried insurgency in early life" and got over it.

Initiative and Referendum.

SPEAKING before the Knife and Fork Club at Kansas City, Governor Woodrow Wilson approved the initiative and referendum and the recall "when properly regulated," but objected to applying the recall to judges. He said: "Among the remedies proposd in recent years have been the initiative and referendum in the field of legislation and the recall in the field of administration. These measures are supposed to be characteristic of the most radical programs, and they are supposed to be meant to change the very character of our government. They have no such purpose. Their intention is to restore, not to destroy, representative government. If we felt that we had genuine representative government in our State legislatures no one would propose the initiative or referendum in America. They are being proposed now as a means of bringing our representatives back to the consciousness that what they are bound in duty and in mere policy to do is to represent the sovereign people whom they profess to serve and not the private interests which creep into their counsels by way or machine orders and committee conferences. The recall is a means of administrative control. If properly regulated and devised it is a means of restoring to administrative officials what the initiative and referendum restore to legislators—namely, a sense of direct responsibility to the people who choose them. The recall of judges is another matter. Judges are not lawmakers. They are not administrators. Their duty is not to determine what the law shall be, but to determine what the law is. Their independence, their sense of dignity and freedom, is of the first consequence to the stability of the State. To apply to them the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law is must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment. It is sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established. The importance and desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control ought not to be obscured by drawing it into this other and very different field."

"Now or Never."

MR. TRIMBLE, the head of the farmers' organization known as the American Society of Equity, has an article in the *Forum* on reciprocity with Canada. He does not challenge the correctness of President Taft's statement that it is a case of "now or never," but contends that if the "now or never" argument were advanced in private business a prudent man would ask for time. In other words, he would choose "never." That is precisely what Mr. Trimble does when



—Chicago Tribune.



—Record Herald.

he asks for time. A plea for time is usually "the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits," but when Mr. Trimble asks for the postponement of the reciprocity question until December and its reference to a special commission he does it in the hope of defeating reciprocity.

To choose "now" would be perilous in some cases. With the reciprocity agreement it would be the statesmanlike seizure of a golden opportunity which, if slighted, never would return. The rejection of reciprocity would be a finality. Canada would be thrown irrevocably into the arms of Great Britain, commercially speaking. Acceptance of reciprocity would not be irrevocable. If the freer trade with Canada should on trial prove harmful to the farmers of the United States, as Mr. Trimble, arguing from insufficient premises, assumes it would, the great agricultural interests of the country would demand that it be ended and Congress would end it. The Chicago *Tribune* says, "The only way in which to find out how reciprocity would work is by giving it a trial. The 'patient hearings before congressional committees' which Mr. Trimble asks for would prove nothing if continued to the crack of doom. They would only serve to kill reciprocity.

"Not even the most vehement opponents of reciprocity contend that great and immediate disaster would ensue. Some of them even admit that in the long run it might prove beneficial to all. Since the bargain could be canceled if it should prove a bad one, while according to all appearances it would be a profitable one, every prudent business man, were he in the place of the United States, would give reciprocity a trial."

The Government's Victory and After.

At last the painful suspense is over, and the "meaning of the trust law" as it bears on the Standard Oil combination is known. The United States Supreme Court has affirmed the decision and decree of dissolution—the latter with slight changes—of the lower tribunal and has declared the greatest of American combinations an unlawful conspiracy or combination "in restraint of trade."

At the same time it has declared that this decision is not purely technical, and one reached in the "light of reason" and the evidence of the case. Not all contracts and combinations are unlawful if they tend to restrain trade; the Sherman act is not to be "literally" construed; it is *not* an act of universal condemnation directed against combinations; the courts may and must determine whether the restraint alleged is within the spirit and intended purview of the statute.

In short, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a combination in restraint of trade within the proper and reasonable meaning of the anti-monopoly act, but it does not follow that another combination, with offices next door, is illegal under the same act.

As many sane thinkers feared and predicted, this decision, momentous as it is, does *not* "clear the atmosphere" for all corporate business. It is in line with a dozen other decisions, notably that in the Northern Securities Company. It does not—the Supreme Court could not, indeed, if it would—lay down general doctrines and rules for corporate business. The court must apply the law, with reason as a guide, to the facts of each case presented to it, the essential question always being: Is there evidence of deliberate restraint of trade, of monopolization of commerce, or is the restraint slight, accidental, unintentional and unavoidable?

There is nothing in the decision to require a modification of the firm conviction repeatedly expressed in these columns that what legitimate business and corporate industry need is not a decision, or a dozen decisions, but such a revision of the first paragraphs of the Sherman act as would revive the common law in relation to monopoly and prohibit only injurious, dangerous and *unreasonable* restraints of trade. As long as the adjective "reasonable" is kept out of these paragraphs the Sherman act must remain ambiguous, obscure and a source of apprehension and unrest. The Supreme Court will use "reason" in applying the law, but it cannot materially change it or substitute another policy for that of Congress.—*Record-Herald.*

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for development and progress. Its purpose is to foster the simple life by supplying wholesome literature for every member of the family. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency in every way possible.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Roses in June.

It is well enough to admire other people's roses but it is worth while to have some of your own if you would get the full benefit of them. They never grow without giving them the proper attention at the proper time. The roses are the result of previous thought and work, and are kept in store for those who take the pains to care for them. Of course it is nice to go to the greenhouse and buy them just as you have occasion to use them, but there is a great deal more satisfaction in going to your own bushes and gathering a nice bouquet for the table every day. It is very expensive to buy flowers every day and there is not the recreation about it that is found in caring for them at your own door. Beautifying your home with flowers will lengthen your life, add cheer to those who come near you and give you a new interest in living. With a little care and patience the desolate places can be changed to cheerful spots and the monotony of the daily routine of duties turned into pleasure. The "country beautiful" will help to solve many of the social problems of today.

Simplicity.

Simplicity and ugliness are not the same thing, but gaudiness and ugliness are almost synonymous terms. Wherever there is a tendency toward elaborate decoration, either in dress or in the home, there is an indication of worldliness which means that the individual is not cultured. Culture and refinement bring simplicity in taste. It is the savage mind which delights in seeing gaudy colors. The more highly civilized people become, the more refined their tastes will be. If one will take the pains to study the history of fashions from the early Anglo-Saxons down to our modern time one will find a gradual tendency toward simplicity. To be sure we are still a long ways from the ideal of simplicity. If you do not believe it just stand on the street for ten minutes and study the fashions of our time. A student of history, if given the fashions of any age can tell what stage of civilization that age belonged to. The fashions either in clothing or in home decorations are only an expression of the mind within the individual. Ignorance, ugliness, and gaudiness all belong in the same class. Refinement, culture, simplicity and Christianity go hand in hand and work for the betterment and uplifting of mankind. If you will take the pains to study the people of our day, you will find that the most gaudily dressed belong to the ignorant class of people. Of course they generally belong to the ignorant rich because they have the means to buy everything they want. So far as tastes and expression of mind are concerned the ignorant rich and ignorant poor all belong in the same class. Neither the "Harem skirt" nor the "Hobble skirt" have in any way affected the cultured class of people. The only effective remedy for worldliness is to fill the mind with something worth while. A study of the fashions will convince one that we are still a long way from the top of the ladder of simplicity and therefore a long way from the highest type of mind.

Traveling Conveniences.

Thousands of our people go to the Annual Meeting every year and return to their homes completely worn out. Exhaustion and weariness need not necessarily accompany travel if one takes the proper precaution. Wherever it is at all possible the traveling should be done during the daytime, because night traveling is always tiresome and unfits one for the enjoyment of the trip. When one goes to the expense of paying carfare one is entitled to all the enjoyment that can be gotten from it. Traveling by day gives one an opportunity to get acquainted with the various sections of the country. When one is forced to travel by night a great deal of the tiresomeness can be avoided by taking a berth, which can be secured at a very small additional cost. The berth rates generally are $2.50 per day, including one day and one night. Where two people occupy the same berth it would reduce the expense to $1.25 each which would be very little more than the rates at an ordinary hotel. By going to bed and sleeping, one can feel refreshed for the next day and really get full value for the money expended for the trip. It is always desirable to travel with as small an amount of luggage and baggage as possible. Where one must lug two or three grips in each hand it makes it inconvenient to get around and wears out the one who must carry them. Before starting on a trip plan the few articles which will be absolutely necessary for your comfort on the trip and place them in a small hand bag which can easily be carried. Other clothing

which will be needed upon arriving at the destination can be placed into a small trunk and be checked on your ticket. Avoid accumulating junk which is so often picked up by travelers at the five-cent curiosity shop. Remember that every little trinket picked up adds to your discomfort while traveling and only helps to fill some of the already crowded corners of your home when you get there.

Transients.

Up to this time the American people have been a transient class, so that few families have become established in any one community. This of course is partly due to the rapid transportation facilities which the last fifty years have brought, but more largely because people have found great opportunities in the West, where land was cheap and large tracts could be obtained by single individuals. Now that the West has become fairly well settled there will be less moving about and there will be a greater tendency toward establishing permanent communities. Up to this time it would have been almost impossible to keep a homestead in the family, such as Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" or Poe's "House of Usher." Children seldom stay in their home community till they are full-grown and then the homestead must be sold and in a few years the family is entirely forgotten. This however will be less true as intensive farming becomes more and more necessary. We are just passing through a period of transition, changing from a class of nomads to a permanent community people. That will perhaps give us a normal degree of family interest and still keep us free from the evils of family pride found in England a few centuries ago.

Preventable Diseases.

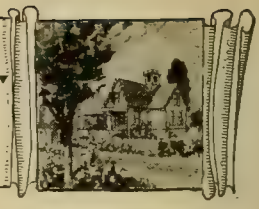
It is easier to prevent a disease than to cure one after it has been contracted. As the hot summer comes on there will be thousands of people exposed to the many diseases that are prevalent throughout our land during the summer months. Not that the warm weather causes the diseases, but because the warm weather is favorable for the development of many disease germs which are easily carried about by the mosquito and the house fly. Cleanliness will do more toward preventing diseases than medicine will toward curing them after they have been contracted. It will take only a few hours to clean up all the filth and rubbish that has collected about the yard where the flies breed. One might as well have a flower-bed in the same spot and have a beautiful yard instead of breeding places for the filthy flies. Stagnant pools and mud-puddles should be carefully drained so the mosquitoes will have no place to breed. The barnyard should be kept free from all filth so the stock need not be annoyed by the noisome flies. Having cleaned up everything outside so the carriers of diseases are destroyed one should not forget to clean out the breeding places of the disease germs themselves. The most important of these places is the human body. A few moments given to a daily bath is more economical in time than to spend a month in bed paying doctor bills a little later in the summer. A shower bath in the morning stimulates the action of the skin and gives vigor to the body so the diseases can more easily be avoided. Having thoroughly scrubbed the outside of the body it is well to pay some attention to the inside and give it a good supply of pure fresh water so the tissues can be well supplied and the waste material easily removed. Any one who lives in clean quarters and keeps the body, both outside and inside, perfectly clean need have no fears of contracting germ diseases. Contagious diseases are due to uncleanliness, either of the body or of the living quarters. Destroy the breeding places of the disease germs and there can be no germ diseases.

Help the Inglenook Grow.

Our subscription list has made a remarkable growth during the last few weeks, and the Inglenook has found its way into thousands of new homes. We wish to thank our readers for the hearty coöperation in increasing the circulation of our magazine. The Inglenook stands for clean civic life and strong moral growth in community groups, as well as continual spiritual growth. Our purpose is to furnish only such reading material as will be wholesome in the home and will be of value to every member of the family. This issue will reach a large number of new readers at the Annual Meeting, many of whom are not subscribers. If you are not a subscriber look the magazine over carefully and decide for yourself whether it would not be a desirable publication for your home. It is wise to supply your home with clean literature which furnishes the information concerning the present day movements. For the benefit of those who have not been reading the Inglenook during the last few weeks we would say, after July 1 the price of a year's subscription for the Inglenook and the Cook Book will be raised to $1.25. All subscriptions received before that date will be accepted at one dollar. Just take a moment's time now before you forget it and send one dollar to the Brethren Publishing House asking for a year's subscription for the Inglenook and the New Cook Book and your order will receive prompt attention. Or if it will be more convenient, just call at the headquarters of the Publishing House on the Annual Meeting grounds and leave your subscription. You will save twenty-five cents by acting promptly, because July 1 is not very far away, and if you wait till you get home you are likely to leave it for a few days and miss the special opportunity. Act now and get a good thing for your home.



THE HOME WORLD



SIMPLE HOMES

John W. Wayland

IN this day, when we are so frequently having urged upon us the "simple life," may it not be worth our while to give a few specific thoughts to the simple home? We may not be willing to go back in our habits and adopt for the present day the severe simplicity of the ancient Romans, nor even the later austerities of our Teutonic ancestors in Germany and in Britain, but the complexity of our modern life often becomes so burdensome and exhausting that we long for relief even if we do not intelligently seek it. It is not an accident that simplicity and strength have so often been found in company. Plain words fit honest thought; straight-forward manners indicate sincere hearts; modest dress proves good taste; and a simple home shows independence of enslaving luxury. For it is the weight of luxury and ceremony, rather than the sharp tooth of poverty and want, that is killing the spirit of our joyous youth, and making us weary of life before the noon.

But now let us not mistake ourselves. Simple homes need not be bare and cheerless homes. No home that is worthy of the name is cheerless, even though out of hard necessity it may be bare and poor on the material side. I am making a plea for simple homes, not bare, bleak houses. By a simple home I do not mean a neglected, weather-beaten house, surrounded by weeds, unpruned trees, and a tumble-down fence, and divided up into a few big, ill-lighted rooms, with never a panel or picture to gather a ray of sunshine, or waken the sense of beauty that slumbers in the human soul. Darkness and dinginess and cobwebs and dirt are not simplicity; and to be simple we need not be uncomfortable, or deny the good housewives the utensils and conveniences they ought to have. Stinginess is one thing, but simplicity in the true sense is another thing; ignorance and indifference to beauty may realize a sort of simplicity, but it is the simplicity of the savage and barbarian rather than the simplicity of high art and progressive culture. We are seeking to be simple, not because of prejudice against beauty and comfort and art and culture, but because these things in their highest development culminate in the simplicity that gives quiet joy and sweet repose even in the midst of heavy toil.

Every home should be supplied with comforts and labor-saving conveniences as far as the financial or ingenious resources of the family will permit. Brains and skill will often help in these respects after the supply of money has failed. How much better it is to have a furnace in the cellar, and heat the whole house with one fire, than to have big stoves set about in the way, kindling and coal scattered over the floors, ashes tramped into the carpet, and no end of unproductive work every morning and almost every hour of the day. If coal-oil lamps can be dispensed with by the installation of a gas or electric lighting system, much inconvenience, discomfort, and real danger are avoided. Every woman who works over a hot stove, and washes pots, cups, and dishes for the pleasure of other people is entitled to have water piped into her kitchen, and fuel within reach of her hand. A stove that does the heating necessary for cooking, without making the whole room hot as a furnace, might not be regarded as a frivolous luxury for the busy housewife. All these things, and many others of the same sort, are entirely compatible with our conception of the simple home. But now let us get to the other side, or rather to the more obvious phases, of this subject.

We suggest that in purchasing conveniences, such, for example, as gas lighting or electric fixtures, more consideration be given to their real quality for service and permanence than to their ornamentation. It will be found, moreover, that many fixtures of the best quality are simple and plain in design, not calculated to attract attention by intricate figures or overwrought embellishments. In short, the best material and the finest workmanship are usually combined with the best taste, which is not obtrusive or flashy.

The writer has observed in certain sections of the country during the past twenty years or more a gratifying tendency to follow the same principle in the construction and ornamentation of dwelling houses. The tendency has been more noticeable, perhaps, in the style of ornamentation than in the style of con-

struction. That is, while houses are still being constructed with many—often a superfluity—of angles, bay-windows, towers, and gables, there seems to be a decided disposition to leave off a lot of the smaller features that were formerly regarded as necessary to artistic finish: the scrolls, brackets, and carved figures that are frequently denominated "ginger-bread" work. These things add tremendously to the cost of a house, not only in the original building, but also in the process of repairing from time to time, and particularly in the frequent paintings to which a house must be subjected, if it is to be kept well. Much work of this sort adds a fragile element to the stronger lines of construction, and invites the destroying hand of time as administered in storm and rain, and in the warping power of the sun's rays. If ginger-bread work really made a house better, or added something to its artistic character, the extra expense and trouble might be amply justified; but it rarely does either, and hence is usually superfluous and in bad taste.

The same principle applies to interior decorations. Some persons may think it necessary to have at least a room or two conspicuously adorned with fret, or grille, or figures carved in poor imitation of living forms; but better taste is bidding fair to prevail. The present crusade for health is going to help greatly in these things. For example, any housewife knows that any sort of lattice, grille, or carved figure is a dust and dirt catcher; and that with no end of work and care it is practically impossible to keep such things clean. Dust and dirt gathering and hiding in the hundreds of small niches and corners of an over-decorated room, make breeding places for flies, not to say lodging places for germs of deadly diseases. The endless amount of time and labor that the housewife may waste in the effort to keep such places free from germs and dirt is also worth considering.

The picture molding that is frequently nailed around the walls of a room is of doubtful value. It is one of the finest dirt catchers in the house. If it is used at all, it certainly should not be nailed almost against the ceiling, so that there is not room enough to get one's finger above it, but should be put low enough that the trough may be cleaned at least once or twice a year.

Now, how about the furniture and the pictures? It is in these things that blunders in taste and utility are most frequently made. Young persons furnishing a home for the first time, and all persons who have not had their taste cultivated by proper teaching or surroundings, are apt to make mistakes just here. The chances are that a young couple, fresh from their honeymoon tour, going to town to buy furniture, will in many cases buy things that in later years they will be ashamed of, after they have had time and opportunity to observe more widely and thoughtfully, and after they have had the disappointing experience that is apt to follow as a result of poor selection.

For example, the young wife and husband in buying a sofa will be almost certain to choose one with huge tufts—the huger the better. They see only the attractive outlines of the billowy surface and the splendid colors that flash upon it; they do not see the hundred or two little pockets for dirt that alternate with the velvety tufts. Neither do they have in mind a clear picture of how that flashy thing will look in a few years, when it is stained and faded in some places, and still flashy and bright in other places. No such sofa should ever be manufactured. If people were to stop buying such, factories would stop making them. Buy a sofa with a smooth leather top. If you cannot afford to buy one covered with real leather, get one in the excellent imitation leather that may easily be obtained at no greater cost than would be necessary for one in tufted plush. But do not have one that is tufted.

How about the magnificent bedstead, with its towering headboard, elaborately carved and bulged out with its weight of decorations? Pass it by. Get one that is clean and smooth, and that can be kept so. Get it in mahogany or quartered oak, if you please, but have it with a smooth, plain surface, so that a cloth or dusting sponge passed over it will touch and clean every square centimeter of its surface. Your doctor bills may be less, and your wife will have more time and energy left for things that are really worth while. White enameled iron bedsteads, built on plain and simple lines, are in good taste and are perhaps the most sanitary of all.

And now about the pictures. If you do not know anything about art, have some well-informed person to advise you about making selections. Do not get the cheap, flashy, shiny things that look like show bills or patent-medicine advertisements; you will tire of them in a little while; but get a few pictures with a history or a meaning. Excellent reproductions of all the world's famous paintings, of suitable size and quality for framing, may be obtained nowadays at small cost; and there is no good reason why any person who knows this should pay more money than these pictures cost for something trashy. Pictures are like music. You may not be attracted by a masterpiece at first, but as time goes on you will learn to love it, while the thing that first fascinated your eye or ear will make you tired.

And now a special word about the frames for your pictures. Even if you get a good picture, the chances are ten to one that you will disgrace it with an outrageous frame. By an outrageous frame I mean one of the "ginger-bread" kind, in gilt or metal fantasies. No particular objection to the gilt, if it is of good quality; but whatever you do, do not buy any sort

of frame that has notches, appendages, figures upon it, that make it so you cannot clean it or polish it readily and satisfactorily. Get a smooth, hard frame, free from notches, holes, and metal fastenings or ornaments, whether it is gilt, oak, white enamel, or solid black. Such a frame will last for generations without becoming chipped off or broken, and you can clean it and polish it in a few minutes, making it look like new.

In buying chairs, tables, cupboards, and sideboards the same kind of tastes or mistastes may be shown. Chairs built on straight and substantial lines are generally in good taste and lasting for service. Bow-legged tables, like the same sort of people, are not usually to be envied. Sideboards with huge bulges, grotesque carvings, and towering tops may be expensive and showy, but they are not necessarily handsome or in good taste.

If housewives were to quit using long, separate strips of carpet the agony of carpet-stretching and carpet-tacking, with the aftermath of pulling tacks out of the floor, would be largely avoided; and if they were to quit trying to cover the entire floor with carpet, either in separate strips, or with strips sewed together, much time and labor would be saved, and much dirt be kept out of the corners. If floors are stained or painted around the edges, and rugs or druggets that cover the rest are used, the purposes of comfort, convenience, and cleanliness are more completely secured. These druggets should be heavy enough to lie straight and unruffled without being tacked. Such ones will not cost any more than carpet of corresponding quality to cover the entire floor. The bare edges of floor around the drugget can be kept clean, and the edges can be raised at any time sufficiently to allow the sweeping up of dirt that would stay under the nailed-down carpet for weeks or months. The chief value of the loose drugget is realized, however, in that joyous season that comes about twice a year—that season of woman's joy and glory—the house-cleaning time, when everything has to come out and be turned about. Then the drugget can be so easily rolled up and carried out; just as easily be brought back and spread out again; and the toilsome, back-breaking business of lifting bookcases, desks, bureaus, and the rest, in order that the old-time carpet may be pushed out into every corner and nailed there, is happily avoided. Then the housewife has some energy left to enjoy the simple life, and the long-suffering husband some patience left to appreciate his simple home and his sensible wife.

FLOWER CULTURE AND THE FARMER BOY

R. C. Flory

FLOWER culture is becoming more and more popular each year. Fine flowers were once thought to be a luxury that only the rich could afford. But today the poorest can have a beautiful display of these God-given blessings in and about the home. We are beginning to realize that to really live, flowers are almost as necessary as the air we breathe. There is a sweetness, a pureness and a cheer about the atmosphere of flowers which give a buoyancy to life and lifts one's thoughts above the lower and meaner things of the world.

The business man, the toiler, the student, the mother, and the child, all in their respective ways, become wearied and exhausted, and at times more or less morose and melancholy. It is to these that the flowers are, in the fullest sense, the angels of light, giving rest to the weary, courage to the disheartened, cheer to the faint, and revealing to the developing mind the ideals of noblest manhood and womanhood. The child naturally loves the beautiful and if encouraged by wise parents it naturally becomes a beautifier of the home. But too often we find that sacred place, home, entirely destitute of these blessings which add so much to human happiness.

It is claimed by students of human nature that the child's character is moulded and determined by its environment. How necessary, then, that the environment of the home be of the very best! If we realized the part which the pictures on our walls have in forming the thought and character of our children, in many homes there would be greater care exercised in choosing the pictures our children should look upon. Just so, when we know what effect flowers have on the lives of our children, nothing can prevent our devoting time, money and energy for the beautifying of our homes.

In the average home it is considered proper for the girl or girls to raise flowers. But too often when the boy shows a love for flowers and a desire to care for them he is cruelly commanded to leave them alone and do something worth while, for that is girls' work. Wounded and humiliated he turns from his cherished pets, which he was watching and assisting in their development from the little brown seeds into beautiful and perfect flowers. He was beginning to have dreams of growing into a man of a beautiful and noble character. But harsh words and taunts have crushed that tender, developing spirit, and his æsthetic nature gradually dies. Ah, the tragedy in that scene!



Among the Flowers.

Especially is the above too true of boys on the farm. Many farmers come to the point where they see no value in anything their boys do unless they are actually bringing dollars into their pockets. We sometimes hear men say that there is no money in growing flowers. But is money all for which we should live? And is that what the country boy should be taught, or should he be taught to develop the æsthetic and the moral and spiritual sides of life? We will agree that the latter is the more important. But if we consider the financial side alone we shall find evidence that flowers also mean money. Certain corporations in the New England States are proving this to be a fact. They furnish their employees with seeds and plants and offer prizes for the best home flower gardens. Because, they say, the man or boy who comes from the home where there are flowers is a better worker. He is more cheerful, his moral conduct is raised and he is more particular about his work and does it better. If you could step into those homes you would find that there were other good effects from those flowers.

Let the little farmer boy be made a copartner in beautifying the home so soon as he can toddle about and help a little. It will be of much interest to the children if the family circle is organized into a little "Home Beautifiers' Association," of which all the family are members. Through the long winter evenings lay out your plans for the next spring. Get several good seed and plant catalogs and study them carefully, making comparisons and then carefully choose the seeds or plants best suited to your purpose. Many enjoyable and profitable evenings can be spent in this way. Let there be a home-beautifying fund and each add to it as they may, and you will be surprised to find how much the boys will add to it each year and how they will plan and work to improve the home surroundings. Then later when the boy grows into his teens and his services are for the most part required in the field he will still employ his leisure moments in caring for things about the home, and you will not be worried by your boy loafing in town or going off into questionable company. To him there will be no place like home, sweet home, with all its attractions and a loving mother and a noble, kind father as his confidential companions.

In the choice of plants and shrubs don't be too ready to choose the cheapest you can get. That is, don't choose a lot of ten and fifteen cent plants because they are cheap and you can get more of them for the money you have to expend. In our experience we have usually found that plants which are tender when taken from the greenhouse are far more expensive in the long run. As an instance, we made many attempts to grow roses from such plants, but invariably the tender plants would either succumb to the trying summer weather, or be killed by the first winter. We were disgusted with trying to get roses started. In the winter of 1909 and 1910 we saw an advertisement in *The Garden Magazine,* that upon request "A Little Book About Roses" would be sent free. We got the book and studied it, and were more than pleased with the honest and frank manner it dealt with the planting and care of roses. We ordered a dozen hybrid perpetuals, two year old plants, for five dollars. They came by express, twelve strong, dormant plants. We prepared beforehand our rose bed by spading in several cart loads of well-rotted manure to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches. In this we planted our roses and trimmed them back. In three or four weeks they began to bloom and they bloomed all through the summer and till they froze down.

For winter protection we covered them with leaves and coarse vines. But before this and after the frosts had hardened the wood a little and the leaves had dropped, we trimmed the stems back to about twelve inches from the ground. The parts which we trimmed off we cut into pieces about six inches in length. We prepared a place on the south of the house by digging a hole in the ground about fourteen inches by eighteen and twelve inches deep. We then filled this in with six inches of sand, mixing with it a little soil, and made a little frame the shape of a hot-bed frame and fitted this into it. Our six-inch cuttings, fifty or sixty of them, were then stuck into this sand with one bud above the surface. The sand was thoroughly soaked and a glass was sealed over the top by using putty around the edges. Thus they went through the winter, and this spring we took sixteen fine rose cuttings from that, well rooted and some were even budded. But all buds should be picked off the first year. If you want to enjoy roses get some good strong plants and have some pleasure in experimenting and raising your own plants from cuttings. There is nothing that will interest the boy more than raising his own plants.

When we uncovered our large bed of roses this spring we found them frozen almost to the ground, but we trimmed off all of the dead wood and by May 1 they were grown up and were full of buds ready to begin their summer's work of adding cheer and happiness to the world. From experience we have found

a box or keg turned over the rose plant to be the best protection. What could add more cheer than to have a bed of perpetual blooming roses, furnishing the most beautiful and fragrant roses the summer through? Place a bouquet of them upon the dining table and see everybody look happy. For the benefit of those who love roses we here give the address so you can get "The Little Book About Roses." You can get it by writing to George H. Peterson, Rose and Peony Specialist, Fair Lawn, New Jersey.

Next to the rose I place the peony with respect to beauty. In its season it is the queen of flowers. Its immense yet delicate bloom can hardly be surpassed in beauty. Peonies will grow and thrive almost anywhere, and when once planted they require but little care. If you want the best results spade a little rotted manure in around them each year. There are many varieties of peonies and some of them are especially fine. They cost more, but they are worth more and will reward you richly for the extra expense. Peonies should be planted in September for best results. They then often bloom the following spring.

There are many other beautiful plants and shrubs, but we shall have space to mention only a few of them. The perennial phlox should have a place in your plan. The large heads of bloom begin in July and continue till near frost time. They can be raised from seed by planting the seed in the fall and letting the freezing effects of winter awaken them.

Some other very desirable perennials are: Linum, or blue flax, Pyrethrum Hybridum, Columbine, Sweet William, Oriental Poppy, Shasta Daisy, and the Foxglove. Most of these can be started in the house and planted out when the weather gets warm.

The boy is anxious to make the flower season as long as possible. He can lengthen the blooming season of the annuals by starting them in the house in February or March. Get some boxes at the grocer's, three or four inches deep, place in the bottom a half inch of sand or coarse ashes, then fill to within half an inch of the top with fine mellow earth. Soak thoroughly with water and set away for a day or two till it is dry enough so that you can loosen up the surface. Then plant your seeds, covering the finer seed very lightly. Sprinkle lightly with water, cover with a glass or sheet of paper, and set in a sunny window. When the plants appear the paper must be removed. Little plants should be watered each evening. Poke a number of holes in the soil with a pencil or stick so that the water will reach the lower soil. If you do not do this the surface may be damp and underneath it may be very dry.

The boy who loves flowers and takes an interest in caring for them and beautifying the home is at the same time developing a gentle, pure and noble character that will bless himself and all about him through this world and also through eternity. Studying the beautiful draws man toward God. How truly did the poet say—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

MR. BEAR'S PARTY

ONE day Mr. Bear caught his foot in a trap, which made it, oh, so sore! The next day he was very lame and could not go out to hunt for his dinner. He grew very, very hungry, and said to himself:

"Ouch! I will go and ask my kind neighbors to help me."

He went first to the house of Mrs. Fox, and said: "Mrs. Fox, O kind Mrs. Fox, will you please give me something to eat? Ouch! I have a poor, lame foot, and I am very hungry."

Mrs. Fox stuck her head out of the window and said, "Oh, that you, Mr. Bear? Well, I'm sorry, but there's not a bite of cold victuals in the house." And she shut the window with a bang. Mr. Bear sighed and limped away. "Mrs. Rabbit will be more neighborly," he said. So he went to Mrs. Rabbit's house and knocked on the door.

"Mrs. Rabbit, O good Mrs. Rabbit, will you please give me something to eat? Ouch! I have a poor, sore foot, and I am very hungry."

Mrs. Rabbit popped out her long ears and said: "Begging? Dear me! We make it a rule never to give anything at the door. You must apply at the Animal Relief Corps." And she shut the door in his face.

Mr. Bear sighed, and said: "If Mrs. Squirrel will not help me I don't know where I shall get a dinner. I am so hungry that I think am going to die!" He limped to the foot of Mrs. Squirrel's tree, and said:

"Mrs. Squirrel, O dear Mrs. Squirrel, will you please give me something to eat? Ouch! I have *such* a poor, sore foot, and I am so *very* hungry!"

But Mrs. Squirrel cried sharply: "I am too busy to attend to you. It is washing day. Go along!"

Then Mr. Bear shed two tears plop! plop! as he limped away. "I will make myself a belt of bulrushes and pull it very tight, as the Indians do," he said. "Then maybe I shall not feel so faint."

As he was doing this he heard a wee voice cry: "Queak, queak! Are you so hungry, poor Mr. Bear? Sit right down and have dinner with us."

Mr. Bear looked up and around, but he could see nothing at all. Then he looked down, and there at his feet was a little wee-wee mouse with her five babies, and they were dining merrily upon sweet corn kernels.

"Thanks, dear Mrs. Mouse!" cried Mr. Bear, hungrily. He sat down on his haunches and ate with them, and they were a very merry party. When dinner was over, Mr. Bear licked his lame paw and lay down for his usual nap. "Rouf-rouf! Rouf-rouf!" He snored so loud that the little mice squeaked, and their mother said "Sh!" He slept so soundly that it was next day before he awoke. And his paw was almost well.

"Ah-oo-wow!" said Mr. Bear, stretching himself. "I can get my own dinner today, without begging from anyone. Dear Mrs. Mouse, you have been very good to me; now I will show you a sweet secret."

"May the children come, too?" asked Mrs. Mouse.

"Yes," cried Mr. Bear, heartily. "We will have a party!" So off they went in procession, squeaking gayly.

Soon they came to Mrs. Squirrel's tree, and her tail was busy, for it was dusting day. When she saw the merry party, she stopped dusting and said:

"Good morning, dear Mr. Bear. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to give a party," said Mr. Bear, cheerfully.

"Oh, please, may I come?" cried Mrs. Squirrel.

"Uh-huh! I'm sorry," chuckled Mr. Bear, "but I fear there will be only enough for my friends;" and he waved his paw toward the mouse family.

"Queak, queak! *Now* aren't you sorry?" cried the little mice.

"Sh!" said their mother. But Mrs. Squirrel had heard, and looked very sorry indeed.

Pretty soon they passed the house of Mrs. Rabbit. When she saw the merry party, she cocked her long ears eagerly, and said:

"Good morning, dear Mr. Bear. I hope you are well. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to give a party," said Mr. Bear, cheerfully.

"Oh, please, may I come?" cried Mrs. Rabbit, hopping up and down.

"Uh-huh! I'm sorry," grinned Mr. Bear, "but I fear there will be only enough for my friends."

"Queak! queak!" *Now* aren't you sorry!" cried the little mice.

"Sh!" said their mother; but the rabbit's long ears had heard. She looked sorry indeed.

Just before they reached the woods they passed Mrs. Fox's house. She spied them, the sly thing! "Good morning, dear Mr. Bear," she said. "I hope you got your dinner. Where are you going?"

"I am going to give a party," said Mr. Bear.

"Oh, please, may I come?" cried Mrs. Fox, smacking her lips.

"Uh-huh!" grunted Mr. Bear. "I'm sorry, but I fear there will be only enough for my friends."

"Queak, queak! *Now*—"

"Sh!" interrupted the mother mouse. But already Mrs. Fox looked sorry.

"Uh-huh!" chuckled Mr. Bear, and he led the six mice straight to a hollow tree in the woods. "Here is the party," he said. And, lo and behold! the tree was full of delicious wild honey of wild bees—the kind that bears like best!

"Help yourselves," said Mr. Bear, hospitably. And they did. Such a fine party! Oh, wouldn't you like to be there?

Uh-huh!—*Abbie Farwell Brown, in Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

TRAINING LITTLE HANDS.

CHILDREN, unless naturally lazy, will show the same interest in work as in play, if especially trained to their duties; but nearly every child will do many things well and with a spirit of willingness if the mother begins with them early enough. The child who has not learned to love work before the age of seven years will never, very likely, enjoy doing tasks, unless temperamentally so inclined. The sooner the facility for doing things, and the accompanying sense of responsibiity for the doing, is taught them, the more firmly fixed will a love of work and thoroughness become a part of their character. The little child, just getting well onto its feet, is forever asking, "What can we do, mama?" And the harried mother more often than not will say, "Oh, run and play." She finds it easier to do the work than to train the unskilled hands; but very soon, the hands must be trained, and not having acquired the facility, with its consequent love of work, the child has other interests, and is not likely to love the unaccustomed labor. Mother alone can adapt the task to the mental, moral and physical ability of her baby.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

EXTRACTS FROM "THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN 1 TO 11."

BY THE LATE REV. MARCUS DODS, D. D.

ANY one who is offended at the supernatural in Christianity, and is disposed to turn away and walk no more with Christ, should view the alternative, and consider what it is with which he must throw in his lot. To retain what is called the Spirit of Christ, and reject all that is miraculous and above our present comprehension, is to commit oneself to a path which naturally leads to disbelief in God. We must choose between Christ as he stands in the Gospels, claiming to be divine, rising from the dead and now alive; and a world in which there is no God manifest in flesh or anywhere else; a world that has come into being no one knows how or whence, and that is running on itself, wholly governed by laws which have grown out of some impersonal force of which nobody can give any good account. Difficult as it is to believe in Christ, it is surely still more difficult to believe in the only alternative, a world wholly material, in which matter rules and spirit is a mere accident of no account. If there are inexplicable things in the Gospel, there are also in us and around us facts wholly inexplicable on the atheistic theory. If the Christian must be content to wait for the solution of many mysteries, so certainly must the materialist be content to leave unsolved many of the most important problems of human life.

"Those who turn their backs on the Eternal Son must understand, then, that they are on their way to a creed which denies an Eternal Father, and puts in his place an unconscious, impersonal soul of nature, a dead central force, of which all the forces in the universe are manifestations; or an unknown, unknowable cause, remaining to be postulated after the series of physical causes has been traced as far back as science can go; and which robs mortal man of the hope that the seed sown in the churchyard shall one day be reaped in the harvest of the resurrection. . . Your so-called Christianity independent of dogmas is but the evening twilight of faith, the light which lingers in the spiritual atmosphere after the sun of truth has gone down."—Dr. Bruce, "Training of the Twelve," page 154, a book to which I am greatly indebted here and elsewhere.

Upon our faith nothing is more influential than the holiness of Christ. Nothing is more certainly divine. Nothing is more characteristic of God—not his power, not his wisdom, not even his eternal being. He who in his own person and life represents to us the holiness of God is more certainly superhuman than he who represents God's power. A power to work miracles has often been delegated to men, but holiness cannot be so delegated. It belongs to character, to the man's self; it is a thing of nature, of will, and of habit; a king may give to his ambassador ample powers, he may fill his hands with credentials, and load him with gifts which shall be acceptable to the monarch to whom he is sent, but he cannot give him a tact he does not naturally possess, a courtesy he has not acquired by dealing with other princes, nor the influence of wise and magnanimous words, if these do not inherently belong to the ambassador's self. So the holiness of Christ was even more convincing than his power or his message. It was such a holiness as caused the disciples to feel that he was not a mere messenger. His holiness revealed himself as well as him that sent him; and the self that was thus revealed they felt to be more than human. When, therefore, their faith was tried by seeing the multitudes abandon their Lord, they were thrown back on their surest ground of confidence in him; and that surest ground was not the miracle which all had seen, but the consecrated and perfect life which was known to them.

"Neither Gave Thanks."

This, the closing charge, was brought by the Holy Spirit against the human race that lived before the time of Christ. It is true still. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, night and day come and go, but there is no giving of thanks. Men lie down on comfortable beds and sleep; they rise up in the morning refreshed, they have been kept in safety by night and they are supplied with food by day, but there is no thanksgiving. Even professed Christians sometimes sit down and eat their food like unthinking animals without a word of thanksgiving. When we turn to ancient literature it is found that the idolaters of the past were very careful to pour out their libations and make their offerings to the household gods before they ventured to touch their food. Why are professed Christians so heartless and thoughtless in this matter? Is it because God is not in all their thoughts? The ingratitude of man to man is one of the unpardonable sins of human society. But what shall we say of the ingratitude of man to God? No civilized man will accept the slightest favor from another without saying "Thank you." But civilized or uncivilized men are receiving favors from God every hour in every day of every year, and yet, who gives thanks? There were ten lepers cleansed; one returned to give thanks to the Healer, but where were the nine?

"Ill that God blesses is our God,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will."
—Watchword and Truth.

GOD AND I.

Who stands there at my door?
Unkempt, in rags, on faltering feet,
Unsheltered from the noonday heat?
God knows—not I.
Mayhap in other years
A mother's holy tears
Fell in love's shower upon that sin-bowed head;
Mayhap in better days
He won a father's praise.
God knows, not I, how far those feet have fled.

Who knocks there at my door,
In tattered, faded shawl clutched fast,
With eyes half-bold, half-downward cast?
God knows—not I.
Long since in summer hours,
She gathered joy's sweet flowers,
Nor dreamed that sin was waiting just before;
Those eyes were true and bright,
Nor clouded as tonight
She stands there shelterless outside my door.

Who pleads there at my door?
A soul, clad in the dreadful rags of sin,
And saying low, "Will no one take me in?"
God hears—and I.
Soul! my heart-doors are wide,
Here dwelleth One who died,
Whose blood has cleansed me from darkest stain.
Come in, shut fast the door,
Alone thou art no more,
With God, we two, at last our home shall gain.
—Ada M. Shaw.

MY EVENING PRAYER.

If I have wounded any soul today;
If I have caused one foot to go astray;
If I have walked in my own wilful way—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain;
If I have turned aside from want or pain
Lest I myself should suffer through the strain—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not mine;
If I have let my wayward heart repine,
Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold;
If I have longed for shelter in thy fold,
When thou has given me some part to hold—
Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to thee;
Forgive the secret sins I do not see.
That which I knew not, Father, teach thou me—
Help me to live.
—C. Maud Battersby.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth living
And heaven a surer heritage,
Might every life that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt,
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
And in blackness of heart we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus down into the tide,
That we give him a fish instead of a serpent
Ere folding his hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed, down into the dust.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so
I do not know;
I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.

KINDLY CHEER.

Plant the seeds of kindness
Where you pass along;
Keep the note of courage
Always in your song.
Tho' the fates may drive you
Onward day by day,
Spread the cheerful gospel
As you go your way.

ATTENTION, HUSBANDS!

There are many cares in home affairs
That wear the brain and heart,
And many a way, 'most every day,
In which to bear a part.
If you love your wife as you do your life,
It will keep your heart aglow,
And make her feel your love is real,
To often tell her so.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

MEAT

Mrs. Frances Bell

MEAT is valued as a food for the two classes of nutriments, protein and fat, which it contains. Its extractives or juices are also of great importance, because of their flavor and aid to digestion. The chief value of meat as a food lies in the fact that it is a compact and easily digested source of protein. It is possible to obtain the necessary amount of protein and energy from other food materials, but it is not most desirable, as too much bulk is required of other materials to make up the necessary amount of protein. Meat is one of the few articles of diet on which life can be supported for an almost indefinite period; however, it is too rich in protein and too poor in other nutritive elements to be used alone. Too much meat diet overtaxes the kidneys and is liable to cause disease.

Methods of Cooking and Their Principles of Cookery.

The ideal to be aimed at in cooking meats is to decompose its red coloring matter, so as to remove its raw appearance, and to do this without over-coagulating (hardening) the protein of the meat or removing from it its flavoring ingredients and juices.

There are many methods used in cooking meats, but they can all be summed up briefly under four heads:

I. Cooking with Dry Heat.

1. Broiling.—Heat from a direct flame applied to small pieces of meat, as in the broiler of a gas range.

2. Pan-broiling.—Heat from a heated dry pan applied to small pieces of meat. No fat nor water is used in the pan except what comes out of the meat itsef.

3. Roasting.—Heat applied to large pieces of meat. True roasting is heat from a direct flame or radiant heat. Much of what we call roasting is really baking.

4. Baking.—Heat applied to large pieces of meat in an oven, a process of conduction and convection.

II. Cooking in Water.

1. Boiling.—Heat from contact with hot water. Large pieces of meat are cooked in hot water at or near the boiling point. The broth is not used with the meat.

2. Stewing.—Heat from contact with hot water, only small pieces of meat are used, and the meat and broth are used together.

3. Steaming.—Cooking with steam.

4. Soup-making.—Either large or small pieces of meat are cooked in hot water. Only the broth is used in the soup.

III. Cooking with Fat.

1. Sautering.—Used in cooking small pieces of meat. A little fat is put into the pan in which the meat is cooked. This method is quite generally miscalled frying.

2. Frying.—Cooking in deep fat.

IV. Cooking with Fat and Water.

1. Braising.—Cooking in a closely-covered vessel with a very small amount of water. The meat is first browned (seared) on each side before putting it into the cooking vessel

2. Pot roasting.—The same method as braising.

In cooking meats by any of the methods just described, we desire either one or the other of the three following principles to be carried out: To extract the juices, to retain the juices, or to partly extract and partly retain the juices.

In cooking with dry heat, as in broiling, pan-broiling, roasting and baking, we usually wish to retain the flavors and juices of the meat as much as possible. This is accomplished by applying an intense heat to the surface of the meat during the first few minutes of cooking. Then the temperature is lowered to finish cooking more gradually. The object of this intense heat is to stop the pores of the surface of the meat by coagulating the surface albumin, and thus prevent the escape of the juices. The broiling of a steap or chop is done on this principle. A steak exposed to an intense heat for ten minutes is thoroughly cooked and has that rare juicy appearance so desirable to some people. In roasting, the smaller the cut, the higher the temperature should be to which it is exposed, but it does not require as long cooking.

A large piece of meat if exposed to an intense heat for a long time, as throughout cooking, would become burned and changed to charcoal on the exterior long before the heat could penetrate to the interior. With the small cut the heat penetrates to the interior before the exterior can become burned, if the meat is turned frequently.

In boiling meat, that is, cooking meat in hot water, this same principle of retaining or extracting the juices can be carried out. However the meat alone is to be eaten, either roasting, broiling or frying in deep fat, when properly done, is the preferable method, for the juices are very largely saved. To retain the juices in the process called boiling, the meat when ready for cooking should be put into boiling water and

cooked for a few minutes, then the temperature should be reduced to below boiling (85 degrees centigrade, or 185 degrees Fahrenheit), to finish cooking. The plunge into the boiling water seals up the outer surface of the meat more or less and prevents the loss of the juices to a large extent. This is a desirable method to use when we wish to use the meat without the broth, as in cooking large pieces of meat or pot roasts. The boiling temperature is not continued throughout the cooking, as a high temperature maintained for a long time coagulates and hardens the solid albumin, thus making the meat fibers tough and dry.

It is true that the meat may apparently become so tender that it will fall to pieces. This is due to the fact that the tissues connecting the meat fibers have been changed to a gelatinous substance and partly dissolved. It will be noticed, however, that no matter how easily the fibers come apart, they will offer considerable resistance to mastication, for they have been made tough and dry by prolonged boiling or too high a temperature.

If one has a fireless cooker, a good method is to put the meat on the stove in boiling water and allow it to cook at that temperature for one-half hour, then finish cooking in the fireless cooker. The juices are sealed in by the contact with boiling water, and the low temperature maintained in the fireless cooker renders the meat tender and juicy.

In making soups where we wish to use the broth without the meat the object is to extract the meat juices as much as possible. This can be accomplished by putting the meat on in cold water to cook and increasing the temperature gradually. The longer the action of the hot water continues the tougher and more tasteless the meat, but the richer and better the broth.

In making stews where we wish to partly extract and partly retain the juices the secret of success is in avoiding too high a temperature. The albumin or protein should be coagulated without overhardening. The extent to which the juices will be extracted depends upon three things: the amount of meat surface exposed to the water, the temperature of the water and the length of time of the exposure. In order that we may dissolve much of the juices and flavoring materials, the meat should be cut into small pieces and put on in cold water to cook. If part of the meat is first browned in a heated pan, certain flavors will be developed which will give the stew a very rich, agreeable flavor. In this way we also retain some of the meat juices, which is desirable when we use both the meat and the broth together.

After the meat is put on in cold water to cook, the temperature should be slowly raised until it reaches 180 degrees Fahrenheit, or about 85 degrees centigrade, which temperature should then be maintained for several hours until the meat is tender. Treated in this way the broth will be rich and the meat still tender and juicy. If the water is made much hotter than 180 degrees Fahrenheit or about 85 degrees centigrade the meat will be dry and fibrous.

In cooking pot roasts or braising beef the principle of retaining the juices is carried out similar to boiling large pieces of meat, only a very small amount of water is used in the former operation. In cooking pot roasts, if the meat is first seared on the outside by the application of intense dry heat in a broiling-pan or skillet, it will have a very rich, agreeable flavor.

When we cook small pieces of meat in deep fat, we carry out the principle of retaining the juices. When the piece of meat is plunged into very hot fat, the outer surface is sealed up and the juices are retained. In sautering or cooking in a little fat in a broiling-pan more of the juices are lost, unless they are used in some other way or made into gravy.

Pan-broiling Lamb Chops.

First wipe the meat with a piece of cheese cloth, or some other clean white cloth, wrung out of water. Have ready a hot broiling-pan. Do not flavor the meat nor use any fat in the pan. Put the meat into the hot pan, first arranging it into attractive shapes by cutting out some of the fat and placing it into round shapes, with the aid of skewers. Sear the meat first on one side and then on the other and keep turning the pieces rapidly until done. If much fat is melted out of the meat it should be poured off. Season when half done. It should take only about five or six minutes until the chops are cooked tender.

Pork chops may be cooked in much the same manner, only they should be cooked longer, more slowly and well done.

Broiled Beef Steak.

Light the broiler first and have it very hot. Then wash the steak with a clean white cloth wrung out of cold water. Grease the bars in the broiler with a little fat or meat. Place the steak on the rack in the broiler and sear it, first one side and then the other. Turn it frequently until done. Have an intense heat to begin with, but modify the heat after the steak is seared.

Take great precautions; if the oven becomes very hot the pan of fat drippings may catch fire and burn. Have a jar of salt near at hand and throw on salt if it should catch fire. Do not use water nor blow the flame. The fire may also be stopped by smothering. The steak should be cooked medium done in twenty minutes. When done spread a little butter over it and season. If preferred the steak may be seasoned when half done.

The meat recipes will be continued in next week's issue.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a little, wiry negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink

As he was paying for it another negro came in very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Nigger, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bahtendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply. "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfyin' tuh meh."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follows bullyn' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "You hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully, an' I wanter know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash the little negro uppercut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly, "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's the pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."—Saturday Evening Post.

* * *

He was a British workingman, and he had so many children that he used to call the roll before the Sunday dinner to make sure that they were all there. His wife was bringing in the steaming joint; it was time to begin.

"'Erbert!" he cried.

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Orace!"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Ezekiah!"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Enery!"

"'Enery," who had just reached the seventh grade, decided to show off his Latin.

"Adsum!" he bawled.

For a few moments his father regarded him with baleful eyes.

"Oh, you've 'ad some, 'ave yer?" he growled at last. "Well, you jist git away, then, an make room for them as ain't!"—Answers.

* * *

"I want a pass."

"Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employee. Sorry."

"No; but here the anti-pass law says free transportation can be granted to 'necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry and fruit.' Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt, that's a hen—there's your poultry; a girl that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass."—Southwestern Book.

* * *

Commercial sailing in the age of steam is perhaps conducive to philosophic calm. Pierre and Jacques, skippers both of ancient schooners in the carrying trade of the Great Lakes—they came of a volatile race, but there was nothing volatile about their exchange of civilities, as their ships passed one day:

"Hello, Jacques!"

"Hello, Pierre!"

Long pause, and then:

"How you geet 'long?"

"Oh, I geet 'long poot' well. How you geet 'long?"

"Oh, I geet 'long poot' well."

The vessels drew apart—already it was necessary to shout. That entailed effort, but Jacques was not done.

"You ol' seeck fadder—how he geet 'long?" he called out.

And Pierre's voice came back over the water: "Oh, he geet 'long poot' well. He ben die las' week!"—Lippincott.

* * *

A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English lady, overhearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! how these Americans do travel!"

* * *

Joseph E. G. Ryan, the Chicago story-teller, was on a train coming across the continent that was held up near Reno. He says: "When the robbers came in the front end of the car, wearing masks and commanding everybody to shell out, I noticed two drummers who sat at the far end of the car. They had opposite seats. "As the robbers came down the center of the car and all the passengers obligingly shelled out, the two drummers became very much excited. One of them tried to stuff his money in his shoe. A robber saw him and harshly commanded him to stop it. Just before the robbers reached the drummers one of them dug into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills, took off three or four and handed them to his friend across the aisle, saying hoarsely: 'Exstein, here's dot fifty tollars I owe you.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

* * *

The sands of the old year were running low. Soon 1910 would be numbered with the past.

In an outlying police station a solitary deskman, his feet on a table and his head thrown back, was keeping lonely vigil. The insistent bur-r-r-r-ing of the telephone half aroused him to the realities of life.

When the receiver had been lifted from its hook, a gruff voice at the other end of the line demanded:

"Is this May 19-11?"

"No!" answered the sleepy deskman. "This is only New Year's eve."

* * *

He—We must economize. Suppose, darling, that you try your hand at making your own clothes.

She—Oh! George, dear, I never could do that. Suppose I begin by trying to make yours.—Illustrated Bits.

* * *

"I hear cider kills microbes."

"Yes, now they call it germicider."

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. June 6, 1911. No. 23.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago, President National Conference of Charities and Correction.

Social Settlements.

THE origin of Social Settlements can be traced to Oxford University, England. In 1870 a group of young men became interested in art and social conditions. In this group were Ruskin, T. H. Greene and Greene the noted historian. This was the beginning of the movement. Five years later Mr. Toynbee, an Oxford student, went to London to study the life of workingmen, where he also lectured to the laborers. Unfortunately this ambitious young man died at the age of thirty, but his ideals did not perish. Two years later a Settlement was started by Oxford men and they called it Toynbee Hall. In 1887 what is now known as University Settlement was begun in New York City. Two years later Hull House, which is perhaps the most widely-known Settlement in the country, was started by Miss Addams and a friend, Miss Starr. That was twenty-two years ago. Now there are at least one hundred Social Settlements throughout the United States. They are found in all the principal cities. It is difficult to describe the purposes of a Social Settlement because the nature of the work depends so much upon the ideals of the head worker. There is this characteristic about them that the workers actually live where they work and become a part of the neighborhood. During the past years the ignorant or we should say uninformed, foreign laborer has been heartlessly exploited by the industries. When the foreigner leaves his home country he also leaves his social institutions, his neighborhood and friends. When he arrives in America he finds numbers of his own nationality but everything, even his own food, is so widely different from that of his home country that he falls an easy prey to the better informed. He finds no village community as he had at home. He finds no culture like that in which he was raised. In other words our cities are industrially organized to a high degree but there has been little social organization. The Social Settlements have been endeavoring to satisfy this need. They encourage neighborhood groups, better living and clean politics. They teach women how to cook and the children trades, particularly in the nature of arts and crafts. Those are only a few of the things undertaken by Social Settlements and perhaps we shall have more to say later concerning particular institutions.

Miss Jane Addams, of the Hull House, has been a prominent figure in the Social Settlement movement.

She was born in 1866. She was of Quaker descent and her father was a clergyman. Her parents gave her a college education and after her graduation she studied abroad. Finally she came to the conclusion that culture for its own sake is barren and of little use to one's fellow-man. She thought that she ought to do something that was worth while. After thinking on this line she and her friend Miss Starr united in their ambitions. While in Europe she visited Toynbee Hall, which perhaps helped her to form her later plans. The beginning of the work of these two women in Chicago was very small but now Hull House is an institution of varied activity. Miss Addams has classified her work into four divisions. 1. Social, 2. Education, 3. Humanitarian, 4. Civic. In Hull House there is a large and powerful woman's club. There are also literary societies of various kinds. In the way of education they have everything from kindergarten work to University Extension. Ethics and economics are also discussed in clubs. As was said above the foreigners know little about our political institutions and are taken advantage of by such men as unreliable real estate dealers and installment furniture sellers. The workers at Hull House give aid in such cases. Concerning the support and methods of securing help in this and other social settlements we shall have something to say later. It is sufficient to say that many of the workers are young people who cherish high ideals and are willing to strive for them in the face of opposition.

"The Survey."

Those who have been reading these notes may be interested in knowing that there is at least one periodical devoted entirely to philanthropy, in a wider sense. There are several technical papers published but there is no other one magazine that deals with social problems in such a popular way as does *The Survey*. It is published in New York City by The Charity Organization Society and the subscription price is $2.00 per year. Concerning the scientific value of the contents, it is sufficient to say that Edward T. Devine is the editor. The policy of *The Survey* is very wide and sympathetic. In fact there is no social movement that does not come under its range. In a general way we may say that the purpose of *The Survey* is to interpret interrelated social movements such as the prevention of tuberculosis, civic and social welfare work, and industrial conditions, especially those that concern the life and health of the workmen. The Charities Publication Committee issued a statement last year in which they set forth their aims in social education. A paragraph taken from this statement will better explain what we are trying to say: "*The Survey* goes to 15,000, sometimes 20,000 people weekly. This is not a large circulation if it is compared with that of the successful general periodicals. A better comparison is to consider the difficulty and expense which the various national movements for health, housing reform, child labor, the improvement of living and industrial conditions, etc., would be put to should they endeavor to reach an audience of 15,000 every week, or every time they had something important to say on the subjects within their fields. This is effected through *The Survey*, and the people reached are a picked group—those who will not only read but act.

"It is immensely important that the thinkers and workers for social advance in many States and cities are kept abreast in a consecutive and enlivening way with these movements. Locally and nationally, they are to be counted as indispensable vertebræ in the backbone of public opinion. To meet this demand and need effectively is an exacting undertaking in editorial rooms and publishing office. It is a work which is increasingly difficult with the spread of social causes, the organization of new lines of activity, and the settling down of the older movements from a period of evangelization to a period of technique and sound conviction."

The Country Church.

It is a well-known fact among church leaders that when mission work is mentioned either one of two things is meant, work in the foreign lands or evangelistic work in the cities. Seldom, if ever, do we think of country missions. What is more, the country churches are paying their share of the mission work of the various churches. We have been taking away from the country and helping the city without ever thinking that the country is just as badly in need of missionary endeavor. The result is that there are thousands of weak country and village churches throughout the United States. But times are changing. There is a marked movement at present that is interested in building up the country, hoping thereby to centralize the social forces in the rural districts. We said that there are thousands of weak churches in the villages and country caused by spending all the energy in larger cities. There is another cause also. We all know that church denominations are entirely too numerous. It is not our purpose here to discuss denominational matters and to say anything that will interfere with the peculiar beliefs held by any one denomination. We are simply dealing with facts as they are and facts which must be grappled with in the future. Because of the density of the population in cities there are enough people to fill all of the churches if they wish to attend. But it is not so everywhere in the country. At the last meeting of the New England Country Church Association, which was held in Boston, Prof. H. K. Rowe, of Newton Theological Institute, said that he knew of four New

England towns with one Protestant church for every one hundred people, seven towns with a church for every one hundred and seventy-five, and fifteen towns with a church for every two hundred and seventy-five people. These figures do not mean families but numerical population. In the first case if every body were to go to church, which never happens, there would be only one hundred people for each audience. Has any one the audacity to say that there are not too many churches in those towns? Can twenty families support a church properly besides contributing to the various missionary funds? If they have a minister to work for them for nothing and a church that is kept in repair by an endowment fund probably they can. The same speaker said that the average church attendance in those towns was fifteen per cent of the population. It will surprise a good many country churches if they take a census of their geographical district, marking down those who do and those who do not attend church in separate columns and also those who actively support a church and those who are indifferent, even though they claim membership. Such figures will give a church something to work on. Something more needs to be noticed. There is a general indifference among church workers concerning the needs of the country church. Physical comforts, Sunday-school conveniences and intelligent, well-prepared ministers are required in cities, they say; but any kind of a building and any kind of a minister will do in the country. Such is not the case. We need workers just as thoroughly prepared for the country as for the city. The people in the country are just as thoroughly trained in matters of living as are the city people, but there is a difference in this training. A worker that is efficient in the city may not be efficient in the country. It is for that reason that our country churches need workers who are specially prepared to meet rural problems and overcome them. A little thinking on these subjects, I believe, will widen our views concerning the relation between the various denominations and religious needs.

"BALL FOUR--TAKE A BASE"

W. O. Beckner

THAT is what the umpire said. The game was played on the plaza just north of the church in a town of Cebu Province, Philippine Islands. The players were all local players, schoolboys and teachers, all Filipinos. The occasion of their coming together was the Thanksgiving vacation. The supervising teacher of that district has four municipalities in his district. He had issued a circular letter to the teachers, the Filipino teachers, to meet in the most convenient town of the district on Friday following Thanksgiving Day, for three objects. First, a contest in spelling for fourth-grade pupils. Second was an exhibit of work accomplished in the industrial classes. Third was the athletic meet.

Be it known that the place of the exercises is not a railroad town. It has neither street cars nor free mail delivery, daily. It is away out nearly sixty miles from the Provincial capital and about forty miles from the railroad. It is one of the frontier towns. The method of travel is on horseback over roads that are next to impassable at Thanksgiving season because of no bridges and numerous mudholes. It is an easy matter to convene a meeting where transportation is easy, but out in the Province where roads are lacking it is a different thing. But they came, some by boat, some on foot and others on horses. One municipality sent a delegation of about thirty-five. They came for business.

The spelling was absorbing in interest. Ten pupils from each of the four classes were ready to spell, until either they went down or else their opponents had been vanquished. They were valiant spellers. The ages of pupils in the fourth grade are considerably higher in the islands than in the States, due to the inconveniences under which many are forced to labor, poverty, and many times indifference of the parents with regard to regular attendance of their children. Both parents and pupils became very much interested in the outcome of the contest, and certainly a more regular attendance will be one result.

The things that were brought for the industrial exhibit were almost as numerous and varied as the people who brought them. It is sufficient to say that they represented a lot of hard work and a desire to excel. Baskets of the midrib of the cocoanut leaf, baskets of the midrib of the buri palm leaf, and baskets of bamboo were plentiful. There were slippers made from the fiber of the maguey plant and slippers made from hemp. The girls were in evidence with their doilies, pillow cases, skirts, handkerchiefs and such like.

But possibly the most absorbing of all were the

athletic events. And most absorbing of all athletic events was the game of baseball. Baseball is an American game, but the Filipino likes to play it. Last summer the boys of this town made up enough money to buy a first-class outfit of gloves, balls, etc., and they have done some good practicing since.

One of the interesting things about the game as played here is the fact that English is used almost exclusively in "rooting." These people have a time of it to learn idiomatic English. About the best they can do is just what Americans would do under similar circumstances,—become bookish. They will talk to an American the best they can in English, and some do become quite proficient, but the moment they are with each other, away goes their English to the sticks and the native dialect is used. But when the game is being played, English is the tongue. The visiting team was subjected to all sorts of ridicule by the home folks. Mistakes in the use of English are noticed quickly and shouted out when a ridiculous phrase is needed in "rooting." Some one heard a visiting teacher say to another, "Give me one centavos; I wants to buy paper," and out at the game we heard them shouting out, *"GIVE ME ONE CENTAVOS; I WANTS TO BUY PAPER; HE-E-E-EE-EE!"* The small boys went around on the streets of the town at night shouting out the same thing. That letter "s" is a bad one for the Filipinos. It gets mixed up a lot of times in taking its place. I have to correct pupils for its use such as this: "Fours time nines are thirty-sic." With hundreds of words the "s" gets into the wrong pew.

The good part of it is, of course, that the fellow will be more careful with his use of English and will scarcely make the same mistake again. Ridicule is a most powerful weapon with the Filipinos, and all the more powerful when applied by their own race.

Another instance of their use of English is the terminology. The umpire calls all his decisions in English. "Ball, strike, foul ball," etc. Once a runner was safe and he had forgotten the word so he called out "Not out." Every one understood him. The reason of the use of English is possibly because the game is American here. They had no terms in the native dialect to express the same thing, so naturally would use the English terms. There are other words used the same way. There was no such thing as a political meeting before American occupation, and under civil government today where officials are elected by popular vote and candidates must make a campaign, often public meetings are held where the candidates present their views and claims for votes. The word "meeting" has come into use and is common. Sometimes it is spelled "miting" in the native periodicals, but it is still the best the native can do at pronouncing the English words.

The fact that the Filipinos take readily to baseball and other outdoor sports is a healthy indication. There are still in existence some forms of amusement that are not so conducive to growing healthy tissue and sturdy brawn. In many towns the cockpit is the chief center of attraction. Healthy athletics fosters a spirit of fairness, and men are the contestants, not cocks at which men stand and laugh when one stabs the other with the "gath." The officials of the American government in the islands generally are helping along the movement for better outdoor athletics.

Bogu, Cebu, P. I.

SHANGHAI

John S. Noffsinger

SHANGHAI, Province of Kiangse, is on the left bank of the River Whangpoo, twelve miles from its mouth. The Whangpoo empties into the Yangtsze River, the longest river in the world, and which is navigable for small craft for at least twelve hundred miles.

There are two Shanghais—ancient and modern. The ancient Shanghai is distinctively Chinese, while the modern Shanghai, in some sections, is distinctly Occidental, and in other sections, distinctly Chinese. If there had been no ancient Shanghai there unquestionably would have been no modern Shanghai. The proximity of the modern Shanghai to the ancient Shanghai is due to war and trade. The Occidental pioneers came to Shanghai to make money. Their children and their children's children remained there to establish homes and graft Occidental education and enterprise on the Orient. The pioneers did not realize—for they could not—what a harvest their sowing would bring forth. And the tourist, as with difficulty he passes through many of the narrow, congested, business streets in the foreign settlement, will exclaim, "What a shame the streets are not wider!" But the resident of today realizes the wants of posterity as to thoroughfares; and on the width and symmetry of the many new roads, avenues and streets being made, particular care is bestowed.

In no spot in the world will the observing tourist

or traveler find a greater object lesson than in Shanghai. And what is that lesson? It is in the position, distinctively marked, of the most ancient and the youngest civilization—the most ancient in the arts and crafts and in superstition.

The oldest living Chinese inhabitant is without recollection as to when Shanghai was first settled. This fact is not to be treated lightly, for it was some time about 304 B. C.—a year or more in the matter of date is unimportant. It early became famous for its cottons and gauzes, as well as a trading place, but it was not made a walled city until the year A. D. 1554, after having suffered severely for a hundred years from Japanese pirates.

As a result of the war between Great Britain and China in 1839 Shanghai was captured, and its capture was also its discovery. On the conclusion of peace a foreign settlement was decided on. This was a settlement and not a possession, as is Hong Kong, which is proved by the fact that the landowners still pay ground tax to the Chinese Government.

In 1848 the French consulate was established and it was agreed that all Frenchmen coming to this port to reside should be permitted to rent and own property in a separate section allotted to them. Later the Americans were given the same right, but the American colony was incorporated with the so-called British settlement in December, 1863.

There are thus three distinct districts in this wonderful city: the Chinese, the French, and the English. And the government is also, perhaps, the most complicated of any municipality in the world. There is nothing like it in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters underneath. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is full of harmonizing, warring factions. There is a council of nine members. Above the council is the court of consuls or consular body, and above the court of consuls are the foreign ministers at Peking. Then there is the taotai, a sort of lord mayor. He looks, not only in a small way after the Chinese interests, but in a large way after his own interests. Then there is the mixed court. It is wonderfully and frightfully made. It is for trial of Chinese where foreigners are involved. It is presided over by a Chinese magistrate. He is assisted by foreign assessors—British, American and French. Frequently the Chinese magistrate does not agree with his assessor—one assessor, only, sits with the magistrate—and then there is a disturbance. The matter is reported to the council. It becomes perturbed. The matter is taken to the court of consuls. It, too, is agitated. It goes to the foreign ministers at Peking, and they, too, are disconcerted. And finally it comes before the home foreign office. And the boxes of the axis of the universe become hot with trouble and have to be greased with the oil of conciliation.

This mixed court on North Chekiang Road is worth visiting. Petty offenders were formerly cangued or bambooed, or both. The cangue is a wooden board about four feet square with a hole in the center large enough to fit around one's neck when the board is closed. This mode of punishment was abolished in 1906, but it was recently reëstablished, as there was an urgent need of it.

The population of Shanghai, like most Chinese towns, is conjectural. There are at least 1,000,000 natives here and not fewer than 16,000 foreigners. And while Hong Kong enjoys the distinction of being the biggest shipping port in the world, Shanghai is preëminently the commercial city of China. Last year her exports were more than half again as much as Hong Kong—or in round figures $90,000,000 more than those of Hong Kong.

Now let us begin our tour through this wonderful town. First, we will go up along Soochow Creek, a muddy little canal flowing down through the center of the town. It is a picturesque spot, revealing much native and cosmopolitan life. Here is an apt illustration of Chinese boat-life, for here, extending from the Garden bridge to North Szechuen Road are daily unloaded from heterogeneous Chinese crafts, vegetables and fruits in their season. From this point also long strings of Chinese boats, towed by Chinese launches, daily leave for Soochow, one of the principal cities of the province, a distance of about ninety miles. It is interesting to watch the departure of these boats, for they are invariably crowded with human freight, their occupants being compelled to lie down during the greater portion of the voyage. Passengers are carried to Soochow for twenty-five cents each—food included. A cabin not much larger than a birdcage costs $1.

The streets here are all called "roads"—and there are many famous roads, too, but *The Road* to all Chinamen is the Foochow Road. To his mind there is nothing like it, for in China there are no streets—merely passageways, where it is difficult sometimes for two donkeys to travel abreast. But here on Foochow Road! Ah! it is different! Wealthy and extravagant Chinamen from all over the empire come to Shanghai periodically. And Foochow Road is their Mecca. The speedy and fast young man, squandering his own or somebody else's wealth, knows but one spot beneath the heavens of the gods of his ancestors; and that spot is Foochow Road. The romantic girl of the interior provinces, filled with desire to be of the world and participate in its giddiness, finds realization of her wishes in Foochow Road.

But we shall have to visit here between the hours of 8 and 12 at night, as then are the busiest times. It is with difficulty that we make any headway, owing to the crowds of pushing, jostling Chinamen out to

see life and in quest of enjoyment, which to them is on every side, but it is unlike salvation, as they have a price. We are frequently jostled and pushed aside by strong and rushing coolies, on the shoulders of whom, sitting upright, are coy maidens with tiny feet, attired in costly silks and loaded with gold and pearl ornaments. These coy maidens are "singsong" girls, selected from all parts of China for their beauty and their melody. But don't without hearing them think that they are Pattis or Melbas, for you will be disappointed. Chinese music differs from anything on earth, and I presume also in heaven.

On entering one of these singsong houses we can get a better look at the prima donna. As we have already mentioned, her arms are encased with jewelry and her head covered with pearls. Between songs she takes puffs from solid silver and gold pipes and expectorates on the floor out of reach of the cuspidor. One cannot help but note the democracy of the place, for here sits the wealthy Chinamen, attired in costly figured silks, and next to him Lazarus, in rags and tatters—both listening to music that soothes and charms.

On this road are the big Chinese restaurants, and they are big, too! They frequently provide menus covering one hundred and fifty courses and costing large amounts. Nero in his palmiest days never enjoyed or suffered from such sumptuous living as is provided by these restaurants. Birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, bears' paws, thrushes' brains, pneumonia-affected canary birds' livers, and other things equally ridiculous to the Occidental mind often appear on the menus.

We shall now visit the native city itself. We pass down along the Quai des Fosses that skirts the moat of the native city. Along here are all manner of stalls —junk stalls, second-hand clothing stalls, curio stalls, and other stalls right in the street—if they may be called such. There is no place in the world where you will get such a variety of cast-off gods seeking employment and purchase as here. And for such reasonable prices, too! But one must needs be careful in purchasing a god and not pay more than he can conscientiously afford, for these dealers will try and unload a god on you for an ungodly price.

But here we are at the gate of the native city, and as we are about to enter there greets us a smell that is anything but like that of a botanical garden filled with rare and exotic plants. Coleridge sang of the stinks of Cologne, but it is doubtful what would have been his rhapsody, if, living, he should write of the stinks of a Chinese native city.

There are so many things that strike the Occidental eye upon entering here that he is almost at a loss to know which one to wonder at first. Every well-established law of sanitation is with impunity violated—and violated successfully, too. One cannot help but pause and contemplate the democracy of the place, where beggary and wealth, disease and health, chickens, scabby dogs, singing birds and naked children, commingle harmoniously to form a picture. It is interesting to think of and visit the congested cities of our own land—Chicago and New York—but the most congested sections of these great centers are sparsely populated as compared with Chinese native cities.

Here on all sides in little rooms not larger than five by ten feet sit childhood and age working at the same occupation. The little curios and trinkets are made from ivory, jade, bamboo and other woods, bone and metal, and made, too, without machinery—everything being done by hand. Here sits one little fellow at his crude lathe, his feet furnishing the power, his hands dexterously guiding the tool, his eyes alert on his work—every muscle of his lithe body being called into play in fashioning the artistic conception of his handiwork. It is all wonderful and hours could profitably be spent in studying the industrial life of this human bee hive.

There are many places of interest here—in fact, there isn't any point about the place that isn't of interest.

After the inspection of a few shops our guide takes us to the Woo Sing Ding, or Willow Pattern Tea House. It stands in the middle of a pond of water covered with green vegetation. It is approached by zigzag bridges. These bridges have greater significance than their artistic effect—they are for a purpose—the sale of peanuts, tea and other articles, without evil spirits participating in their consumption. The Chinese believe that the angles of the bridge cannot be traversed by the evil spirits, and if they should attempt it, they would be precipitated into the water and destroyed.

As we indulged in tea we were surprised at the quantity of tea brought us; or rather at the amount of hot water supplied. It isn't a question of tea, it is a question of hot water. As long as the hot water holds out there'll be tea galore.

As we pass on we come to the Zung Wong Miao, or City Temple, the largest temple in the city. It was built in 1537. On the east side of the court is the city god. His name means "King of the City," of which he is the tutelary god. Each of the 1,600 cities of China has its god, and the 100,000 market towns each claim a god. It is a nation blessed, or rather afflicted, with gods.

At the north end of the next square is the Temple of the Three Emperors. It is literally filled with rows of gods—big gods, little gods, bad gods, good gods, good-looking gods, tolerably good-looking gods and

ugly-appearing gods. In this temple are two junks suspended from the ceiling. They are covered with the soot of centuries of devout worshipers. These junks, tradition says, are those in which the disciples of Buddha came to China and Buddhaized her people. One immediately notices a similarity between the form of worship here and that which existed in the time of Moses.

Next we visited a bird store, for the Chinese are great admirers of birds; in fact, the bird is the only "animal" that the Chinese do take care of. They feed their birds, but starve their dogs and cats, and often their horses, but their birds, never! They familiarize themselves with the habits of birds and cultivate their voices. They will take their birds to the tea houses, hang up the cage, and for hours listen to song as they sip their tea.

Bayombong, Neuva Vizcaya, P. I.

THE SALOON PROBLEM

R. D. Murphy

ONE of the most formidable foes in the building and perfecting of society is the saloon. It presents itself to every thoughful and patriotic citizen as a challenge to duty. In not a few ways does it exert its destructive influences. Society is permeated by it to the outer limits. In the economy of men it lays waste to hard-earned money. In politics it secretly steals the privilege of franchise from the thoughtless citizen. In religion it robs men of their will power, destroys reason and suppresses the discernment between right and wrong. As a cause of poverty it takes a position in the front rank. As a cause of crime it stands first, and as a cause of insanity no one doubts its operative force.

If the saloon were an enemy from without, society would wall her cities and fortify her frontiers, but like the enemy which destroyed the Roman Empire, it is within the fort. As always, one enemy within the walls is worse than ten outside. Every year nations spend enormous sums of money to maintain standing armies, to build and keep in fighting condition large navies, and to fortify the open coast lines, but little or no attention is paid to the enemy which is sapping the lifeblood and draining the vitality of those whom it is aimed to protect. Protection of this nature is hollow mockery. It may save us from the sword of the foreign enemy who would invade our land, but it does not save us from the enemy of the mind, body and soul. To the casual observer the foe is passed by unnoticed, but the deadly carnage rages against the vital organs and forces of society building.

The problem which faces society falls under two leading divisions. One is the liquor habit; the other is the liquor traffic. The first is a matter which primarily concerns the individual; the second, society as a whole for a solution. To determine which is the more harmful and destructive is no easy matter. It is difficult to say which should be encountered first, for the two are closely related, one acting upon the other; in one case as a cause; in another, as an effect. The anti-liquor men maintain that if the traffic were suppressed one of the chief causes of the habit would be removed, while on the other hand the liquor men in upholding the traffic maintain that the habit is a natural demand which must be supplied. It is evident to the unprejudiced mind that the liquor habit is not a natural one, but an acquired one. Alcohol creates an appetite for itself, and is never satisfied until its victim fills a place in the long line of habitual drunkards. Only one thing can be done to conquer this habit, and that is through the Good Spirit. The liquor habit is a problem which seeks solution through the church. It is her duty to teach and offer help and sympathy to the individual who is about to be overcome, or has been overcome. The liquor traffic must be regulated through the legislative action of the State. This does not deny the part the church has in creating public opinion against the traffic and in urging the State to favorable legislative action. The church makes the State conscious of the duty that devolves upon it in protecting society. On the other hand, the State can vitally assist the church in her mission of teaching and saving her members, by passing such regulations as will suppress the traffic.

These are the outline thoughts which a study of the saloon problem suggests. That the evil effects of the saloon are far-reaching is evident, and that society is not fully conscious of it is also obvious. But there is a hopeful awakening among the moral and religious forces. A large number of people are studying the problem earnestly, with the aim of finding an ultimate solution. One can scarcely ride on the train or stand on the street corner without hearing some phase of the saloon problem discussed. Sometimes the remarks are favorable; other times very unfavorable. The battle is on and the struggle is a fierce one. How can the liquor men be silent? They are not. They are asserting their rights; they are following their false ideals. The church opposes the

saloon. A large number of manufacturing establishments have closed the door to employés using intoxicants. Railroad officials no longer entrust responsible positions to men of intemperate habits. Telegraph operators are in demand whose minds have not been injured by liquor. In fact, everywhere, a cry is rising for men and women free from the wasting effects of an intemperate life. The statistics of accidents show how unreliable and unqualified liquor makes one.

There is no doubt that the forces which are working against the saloon are many, but one feature is sadly lacking. They are not working in coöperation. Even the various religious forces have little unity. Sometimes one denomination begins an aggressive campaign, then another. The fervor of one is cooling off, while the other is in the heat of conflict. Wrestling with a gigantic monster demands regular, consistent unison of effort. When the churches of all the denominations and the various temperance organizations unite their strength in one solid phalanx, then a blow will be struck such as has never been wielded before. As it is now, the monster is aggravated by the bruises and annoyances of scattered forces, while his rage is increasing and his anger becoming uncontrollable.

The saloon men keenly recognize that their position is tested and that if they do not stoutly assert their rights the saloon interests may be overthrown. At nearly every legislative session they are represented by a lawmaker, or, if not fortunate enough for this, another person is stationed to bribe the members of the legislative body. No small amount is expended in this way to secure favorable laws. They base their assertions on vested and constitutional rights. The paramount issue is whether or not any individual has the right to project a saloon into the realm of society and thereby promote personal interests at the expense of society. Has the saloonkeeper a constitutional right to place in the midst of a group of people the temptation leading to an undesirable habit? The liquor men found their arguments upon three main issues: No legislative body has the right to pass sumptuary laws. Every person is vested with a choice and personal liberty for himself as to his use of liquor. Alcohol is a stimulant needed by the physical body.

When such arguments are advanced the interests of the people of a nation are not kept in mind. Liquor men have one and only one aim in view—personal interests for themselves. No account is taken of the lives necessarily ruined in the success of their business. Neither do they count the sorrow and misery placed upon helpless mothers and innocent children, robbed of food and shelter. Irresponsible children inherit a weak constitution, susceptible to the temptation in maturing years.

The liquor problem is a difficult one to solve. United and continued effort is in demand. It is the duty of the church to point out the evil and create public sentiment against it; also to instruct the individual, that he may be able to avoid the temptation set all about him. The church is responsible to teach sobriety and temperance in personal life, and so fortify the individual with a spiritual life that the liquor habit shall not fasten its tenacious hold upon him. To the State belongs the obligation through legislative action to prevent a few unscrupulous persons from making an inroad upon the peace and well-being of society. As soon as church and State unite against the saloon, then—and then only—must the plague spot of civilization go down in shameless defeat.

Rummel, Pa.

NUISANCE OR PEST, WHICH?

Dr. O. H. Yereman

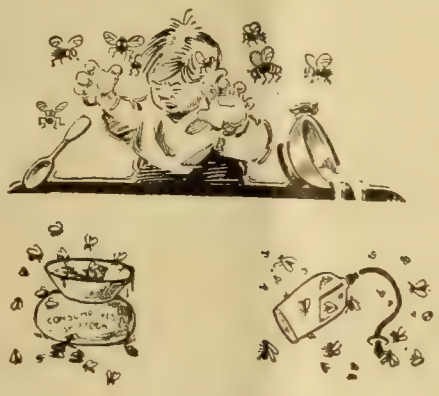
No. 2—Results.

IF the fly is born and bred in human excrements and feeds on these and all kinds of filth, why is it that he wants to come into the house? is the question which is frequently asked. The answer to this is found in the fact that in the majority of even cleanly homes, decaying animal and vegetable matter is found in cracks and crevices about the kitchen during the hot summer season, and the fly does not fail to recognize their existence. But the greatest thing which draws the fly into the house is the smell of foods which emanates from the cooking department. And his smeller never fails him! He always heads against the current of air which conveys this smell to his olfactory, and his ever-hungry stomach urges him to get in at the first chance and stick his nose into these tempting delicacies. Thus the presence of the fly in the house is accounted for.

The coming of the flies into the house would not be so bad were it not for the fact that when they are outdoors they are always visiting the garbage box, the carcass of some animal, an outside privy, or some equally filthy place; and when they get into the house, they are intent on spreading this filth over every article of food within their reach.

When we remember that the fly has all kinds of

facilities for carrying the filth he comes in contact with, this idea becomes an extremely sickening one. His body is abundantly supplied with spines, hairs, folds, cavities, and projections innumerable, for filth and germs to cling to. Then each of his six feet has



The Pests.

a sticky pad, which is adhesive enough to hold him on a window pane, and therefore just the thing with which to pick up hundreds of germs. When once in the house, he industriously sets about to generously distribute his load of filth on everything, the nipple of the baby's bottle, the cream pitcher, the meat, the cake, and so forth; and you housewives who talk about being scrupulously clean, and fuss over the least suggestion of dust or lint on your clothes or furniture, allow these flies to carry the most unspeakable kinds of filth and deposit them on the foods which you subsequently feed to your families.

But I am more concerned about the germs that the fly carries about. The number of germs which a single fly has had on him at one time has been found to be as high as 6,600,000. Just think of the thousands of persons that this one fly could inoculate with some deadly disease.

To leave no possibility of doubt in this matter, scientific men in different parts of the world, and health boards of different nations, have conducted careful experiments, and searching examinations. In 1888 Celli fed flies with pure cultures of typhoid germs. Then he examined their contents and dejecta with the microscope and found the typhoid bacillus in them. He took these typhoid bacilli and injected them into living animals, who developed the typhoid infection, thus proving that the bacilli which passed through the flies were virulent.

The investigations of Dr. V. M. Vaughan, of the United States Army typhoid commission, led him to report in 1900 that flies undoubtedly served as carriers of infection in the camps. He gave as his reasons that flies swarmed over infected matter in the pits, and then visited and fed upon the food prepared for the soldiers at the mess tents. In some instances where lime had been sprinkled over the contents of the pits, flies with their feet whitened with lime were seen walking over the food. Furthermore, officers whose mess tents were protected by means of screens, suffered proportionately less from typhoid fever than did those whose tents were not protected in this way.

The flies carry the typhoid germ in two ways. Matter containing germs may be mechanically transported. Or the typhoid bacilli may be carried in the digestive organs of the fly, and may be deposited.

As early as 1849, Dr. G. E. Nichols, studying the causes of cholera, which was then raging at the island of Malta in the Mediterranean, said: "My first impression of the possibility of the spread of this disease by flies, was derived from the observation of the manner in which these voracious creatures, present in great numbers and having equal access to the dejections and food of patients, gorged themselves indiscriminately, and then disgorged themselves on the food and drinking utensils."

In 1886 Tizzoni and Cattani found cholera germs in the dejecta of the flies caught in the cholera wards in the hospitals in Bologna, Italy.

The Kansas State Board of Health published sometime ago: "The experiments and observations of this department are in entire accord with that of other State departments of health, which warrants the belief that a very large proportion of the cases of typhoid fever and the intestinal diseases of childhood are undoubtedly due to the infection of food and milk by the fly."

But this is not all. The fly has been found to be the disseminator of the dreaded consumption, which has come to be called the Great White Plague. The sputum of consumptive patients swarms with the germs of tuberculosis, and flies feeding on this spittle take these germs into their stomachs, carry them about for days, and then deposit them by the thousands in the fly specks. Or, even do worse than this. One variety of flies inflicts a bite which introduces these germs directly into a person's circulation, and thus deprives the system of even the chance of trying to neutralize their virulence by the action of the acid secretions of the stomach.

Dr. B. F. Lord, of Boston, after prolonged and careful study was led to announce seven years ago that flies may ingest tubercular sputum, and excrete tubercle bacilli, the virulence of which may last for fifteen days. The danger of human infection from tubercular flyspecks is by the ingestion of the specks on the food. Therefore all sputum and dejecta from a tubercular individual should be screened from the flies, and to make it doubly safe, all foodstuffs should be screened, so as to protect them from the flies which have already eaten tubercular material. Hundreds of other eminent investigators have written and warned

(Continued on Page 547.)

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Bread Trust.

BIG bread manufacturers from the leading cities of the United States were represented at conferences held in New York in the offices of John W. Gates at 11 Broadway, for the purpose of working out the details of the $30,000,000 bread trust which Gates is financing.

The new trust is to be known as the National Bread Company, and it is intended that it shall ultimately control the manufacture and sale of bread in the prominent cities of the country.

The formation of such a combination promises to precipitate a bread war in New York.

The Fleishman Vienna Model Bakery Company, with $200,000 capital, is to be the trust company in that city. Minor institutions there, which fear the effect of such a price war, are also expected to come into the combination.

Peace in Mexico.

THE Mexican trouble has finally ended and the insurrection leaders are busy laying out a policy for the future of the Republic. President Porfirio Diaz has handed in his resignation and has secretly departed for Spain. The entire cabinet resigned as a corollary to the retirement of General Diaz. Concerning their foreign relations the leaders of the new government said, "The Mexican government, respectful of the rights of the other nations and zealously defending her own, will spare no effort, by means of its open and fair policy, as it has done in the past, in order that these relations may become more friendly every day with mutual advantages and in accordance with the principles of international law."

Released Prisoners.

THREE American boys—Converse, Blatt and Brown—who had been held in prison in Juarez by the Mexican government for having taken part in the revolution, were released on orders from President Diaz. This release illustrates how sometimes the power of secret societies can be used to secure results which would be impossible even to governments. The father of the Converse boy went to the City of Mexico and asked for his boy's freedom; he and Diaz were members of the same secret society, and as soon as Diaz got the grip he gave his consent. The news dispatches state that the favor was granted as a matter of course, the question of the boys' guilt not being brought up. President Diaz only asked that the boys should go home to their mothers.

Will Mexico Retrograde?

THE *Detroit Free Press* says: "Take Diaz away, and what will be left? Many of the strong men he had gathered about him in his councils have already retired. Could Mexico stand alone without the supporting hand of these sturdy nation builders? Capacity for self-government in a people is an acquisition, not an inherent endowment of human character, and the rank and file of the Mexicans have not yet acquired it. They need the guiding influence of strong characters still, and the insurrection, now taking on the guise of a revolution, will remove the support upon which they have learned to lean.

"And then, what? Will Mexico retrograde into savagery, or will her people develop those essential qualities of self-restraint which they must have for self-government and which they have not evolved under the rule of Diaz? The question involves the most serious consequences for the United States, with our interests across the boundary and our proximity to the disturbed country, not to mention the danger of inter-



Swat 'em. —Record-Herald.

vention by foreign powers. To intervene ourselves would be repugnant to every American of conservative instincts, but the pressure of coming events is impossible to gauge at this time. It is fortunate in the extreme that so well-poised a man as William H. Taft is in the White House, and the counsel that he shall give may well be followed implicitly by Congress in the coming weeks."

A New Inquiry into the Lorimer Case.

THE Lorimer case has again been opened in the United States Senate.

The reopening was marked by a speech—largely denunciatory of William Lorimer as one personally unfit to hold a seat in the Senate—which Senator La Follette began in support of his resolution for a new investigation by a specially named committee composed of members who were not in the Senate when the vote on the case was taken less than three months ago; and, more significantly important, by the presentation of another resolution for reinvestigation by the chairman of the committee on privileges and elections itself—the committee upon whose report the Senate "vindicated" Mr. Lorimer at the last session.

This latter resolution was submitted by Chairman Dillingham before Mr. La Follette arose to call his resolution from the table, following the conference of the old members of the committee.

It provides, in view of the representation "that new testimony has been discovered since the action of the Senate on the resolution of June 20, 1910," and in view of the fact that the Senate of the State of Illinois has adopted a resolution on the subject—said resolution being quoted in full—for a "further investigation" of the charges against Mr. Lorimer by the committee on privileges and elections.

In full, the resolution of Senator Dillingham, who signed the report exonerating Senator Lorimer last winter, provides as follows:

"That the committee on privileges and elections are authorized and directed to further investigate the charges made against William Lorimer, a Senator from the State of Illinois, and to inquire and report to the Senate whether in or about the election of the said William Lorimer as a Senator of the United States from the State of Illinois, or in connection with his right to a seat in this body, there were used or employed by any persons, firm, corporation or association, any corrupt methods or practices.

"That said committee be authorized to sit during the sessions of the Senate and during any recess of the Senate or of Congress, to hold its sessions at such place or places as it shall deem most convenient for the purpose of the investigation; to employ stenographers and such counsel and competent accountants as it may deem necessary; to send for persons and papers and to administer oaths; and that the expenses of the inquiry shall be paid from the contingent fund of the Senate upon vouchers to be approved by the chairman of the committee."

The Investigation.

UNPREJUDICED observance of the situation a year ago, six months ago, three months ago and now, establishes the conviction that the action taken by the elections committee in the Lorimer case masks no insincerity of purpose. The second inquiry into the charges involving Mr. Lorimer's title to his seat will be fair to the public interest.

It was one year ago when Senator Lorimer took the floor to protest his innocence of the charges growing out of the White and other confessions and to ask an investigation. It was five months ago when the privileges and elections committee made its whitewash report.

It may be taken for granted that the next report will not be a whitewash, for the recently uncovered and still half hidden facts make that impossible. Public opinion eventually moves even the United States Senate—makes its most unwilling members see the light of justice—and it is not inconsistent with the prophesied fairness of the approaching investigation to remark that as matters stand today a majority of the committee on privileges and elections would be likely to vote recommendations the opposite of those rendered five months ago.

Mr. Lorimer cannot count on his previous support; if he does not resign, much of that support will purge itself to the best of its ability.

Postal Savings Banks.

POSTAL savings banks are most popular west of the Mississippi River, according to the statement showing deposits for the first three months of operation. In twenty-two offices situated in that part of the country $148,699 was deposited, whereas only $75,565 was received by the twenty-six offices east of the Mississippi. Mining towns show the greatest deposits, Leadville, Colo., leading the list with $34,679 deposited and 427 open accounts.

Probably the reason for this showing is that in the newer States banks are not so numerous or convenient as in the older parts of the country. Perhaps, also, there is not so much public confidence in the banks of the far West.

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Courtesy to Parents.

The child which is disrespectful to its parents is sure to be disrespectful to the world at large and become an undesirable citizen when it grows to manhood. The world today is not too full of children but it is too full of snobbish children who have no regard for other people. There is nothing smart in children throwing all the disagreeable chores and odd jobs on to the parents and the children doing only the work which can easily be done. The young man who sits in an easy chair when the father comes driving into the yard, without any indication of a willingness to take care of the team, is a fair candidate for a selfish bigot. The girl who sits easily in the most comfortable chair when her mother comes in from her work, will be an impudent, lazy member of society when she grows to womanhood. The respect for parents and old age has been on a rapid decline during the last twenty years and the future will be sure to reap some bad results from it. This disrespect strikes a heavy blow at the home and bids fair to disorganize the family circle which has been the foundation of society in the past. With such a disorganization there is bound to be a looseness in community relationships that will finally destroy our national stability. There were many objectionable features connected with the sternness of the parents of long ago, but there was an absence of the snobbishness found today in the children of high school age. When parental authority is lost the child loses respect for the parents and then the mischief is done. Foolish parents and foolish children are found under the same roof, but wise parents and sensible children live in the same home.

Some Opportunities.

The church of today has in a large measure evaded some of the vital problems of life and has contented itself in letting societies and clubs take up the burden. As a people we stand for the Peace Movement, but as yet we have not made ourselves felt as a world power on the question. We stand for simplicity, but we have not yet attempted to start a crusade that will make the world want to live a life of simplicity. If these things are brought about they will likely come in spite of us rather than because of us. There is a tendency on the part of the church to let the world solve these questions for itself and be satisfied with the results. This however does not relieve the responsibility. The opportunity is here for aggressive action on the part of the church, and there is life enough within the church to call the attention of the world to these things, but there is a lack of connection between the two. The Peace Movement is prominently before the world today and we have a splendid chance to give it the proper impetus if we take opportunity by the forelock and act immediately. If however we remain inactive and the movement is successful we should not boast that we have stood for such a policy all these years. There is more credit in working for a good measure, even though it fails to be adopted, than to stand for a movement which is finally made effective without our assistance. It took some heroism on the part of the founders of the church to stand against the war tendencies of their day, but their heroism is no credit to us if we are going to depend upon their efforts for present results. There are issues today that demand intelligent consideration and if we are going to depend entirely upon the action of the strong men of the past we will leave the problems entirely unsolved.

Readjustments.

When shall we be able to have laws that need no changing? Never. So long as there is progress there will be need of readjustments and new provisions to meet the demands of the time. The legislation of a hundred years ago has made it possible for an innumerable number of evils to spring up in the way of trusts and combines which have taken advantage of the conditions and have found shelter under the wing of the law. The shelter needs to be lifted once in a while to expose the graft which has taken root. New laws must be passed to make it impossible for graft to exist. Of course we must expect that these new laws if undisturbed will in a hundred years from now become the shelter of new corruption. It is only by continual house cleaning that the country can be kept free from graft. Because a certain law is bringing good results today is no reason why it should be religiously reverenced and allowed to exist until it has defeated all the good that it has ever accomplished. High tariff has been a good thing and has brought stability to our trade, but there is no need for it now

when our trade has been established. The interests of the people are of more importance than the continuance of a law or the survival of a party. The man who is all party loyalty and has no regard for the interests of the people belongs to the junk heap with the rest of the standpatters bound in a hauberk of tradition. Continual radical changes destroy the credit of a party and of a nation, but no changes at all let the whole business consume itself in its own refuse. Intelligent pruning at the proper time develops a healthy growth free from dangerous parasites.

Illinois State Medical Society.

EVERY department of social activity is crowded with competitors, and so long as the competition is fair it stimulates healthy growth. Chief Justice White's decision against the Standard Oil Company might well be applied against the action of the Illinois State Medical Society. Their committee, Drs. E. W. Reyerson, of Chicago, J. F. Percy, of Galesburg, and E. Mammen, of Bloomington, after making a visit to the various Medical Colleges in Chicago, report that thirteen of them "have no moral nor legal right to teach medicine." In their classification the committee placed three colleges at the head of the list which they said were turning out students who are properly qualified to practice medicine in the State of Illinois. Curiously enough it happens that these three colleges all belong to the same school of medicine as that practiced by the three members of the committee. It is the purpose of the committee to bring a bill before the Legislature to close all colleges not meeting the requirements of the Illinois State Medical Society, which would close all the Osteopathic, Kiro-Practic, Neurological, Napropathic, Mechanic Thermapathic, Opthalmologic, Oteologic, Optical and Mental Therapeutic colleges besides a number of other colleges that do not belong to the Illinois Medical Society. That means that this society is using every means in its power to crush its competitors which is a direct violation of the recent decision of the Supreme Court. What the people need is the protection of public health and not the protection of a powerfully organized Medical Society. The report of the committee is a slanderous attack upon the schools which do not belong to the Illinois Medical Society, and if they are successful in passing their bill they will be a serious handicap to the protection of public health.

Decision of the Supreme Court.

THE public has watched with great interest the proceedings of the Supreme Court and its final decision on the Standard Oil Company. The decision, of course, has outlawed the Standard Oil Trust and has made a precedent for future proceedings. It has not made any marked change in the former laws, but it has made them more effective than they were before. It is lawful for trusts to exist and to sell their products, and it is lawful for them to restrain their competitors by placing on the market a superior article or to sell their products at a lower price than their competitors are able to do, providing the price is not temporarily lowered for the purpose of killing their competitors and then raised to the original standard. The trusts have a full right to exist in their competitors' field but they have no right to in any way block the way for their competitors. The court has slightly changed the Sherman anti-trust law and has said trusts shall not unduly restrain trade, which of course means that in each case the court must decide whether a trust is restraining trade duly or unduly. Investigation has shown that the Standard Oil Company has unduly restrained trade and killed its competitors ever since it has been organized, so of course the judgment of the court has dissolved the oil combine. The Standard Oil Company and all other trusts of a similar nature now have six months' time in which to readjust their organization and enter a field of fair play with their competitors. The principal weakness now lies in the necessity of deciding in each case whether the restriction of trade is carried on duly or unduly. It makes the machinery so clumsy that by the time the court has made its investigations and passed a decision the trusts have found a dozen other loopholes and technicalities by which their attorneys can give them protection from the decision of the court so that it has little effect upon them.

What Some of the Political Leaders Think.

WHAT effect the decision of the Supreme Court against the Standard Oil Company will have upon the market remains to be seen in the near future. District Attorney Edwin W. Sims, of Chicago, said, "The decision is a very strong opinion and will have a far-reaching effect. It is a great victory for the government, as it broadens the scope of the law and shows the government how it may legally proceed in future actions." Ernest A. Hamill, President of the Corn Exchange Bank in Chicago, said, "The Supreme Court action has been hanging over us like a nightmare, and I believe the decision will not have a bad effect upon the market. In fact it would be more likely to have a stimulating effect than otherwise." Bernard E. Sunny, President of the Chicago Telephone Company, said, "For the last sixty days things in financial circles have been almost at a standstill. With good crops and plenty of money, this decision has been a dead weight to the market. Of course the decision will have somewhat of a dampening effect so far as those corporations which must make a readjustment are concerned."



THE HOME WORLD



MISS MELINDA

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

THEY were in the ladies' parlor of the church, discussing the project of repairing the church building. A committee had been appointed to solicit funds. "Have you seen every one in your territory?" asked the president of Eve Chatham, a girl who had but recently moved to Fairfield.

"All but Miss Acker," replied Eve. "I thought perhaps some one who knows her well would better go there." Then noticing the inquiring glances directed towards her she went on, hesitating a trifle, "One of you might get a larger contribution from her than I could."

Then with a smile of good-natured tolerance for the very natural mistake of a stranger, the president explained that no difference who called, Melinda Acker always gave only fifty cents to whatever cause was presented to her.

Now it was Miss Chatham's turn to look surprised. But no one vouchsafed any explanation, so she accepted the president's suggestion with an understanding nod and proceeded to wonder if it would not be possible to argue Miss Acker into giving more for the church.

The next forenoon Eve Chatham called on Melinda Acker. She found that worthy lady in the garden, directing the efforts of a man who had come to do the spading. She came to the house at once when Eve stood at the garden gate. "Come right in," she urged, hospitably, and Eve went into the sitting-room. It was pleasant, sunny and homelike. In the window a canary in a large cage twittered and sang as if life for him was a joy. A white cat lay on the rug before the hearth and blinked sleepily when Melinda sat down in the cushioned rocker close by his side.

"I suppose you know we are going to repair the church," began Eve in her clear, sweet voice. She paused a second as if expecting an interruption, but Melinda only smiled reassuringly, and so Eve continued: "The carpet is worn out and the furnace is in need of something—at least it was difficult to keep the church warm this past winter. Now anything you may contribute towards this fund will be much appreciated."



"I must be going now."

Melinda smilingly went to the bookcase and brought her purse. "Yes, I do think we need to see about the church," she said. Then she handed Eve fifty cents. As though unconscious of the fact that she should have given twenty-five dollars at least, she commenced to talk about the backward spring. "I know my radishes were up before this time a year ago, and it is too cold for anything to grow now."

Eve's manner was somewhat constrained. She had intended to urge Miss Melinda to give more money for this cause, but somehow the words would not come. Miss Melinda had given her contribution so gladly and in such a matter-of-fact manner that she did not for a moment seem to see any incongruity in giving so little when she was the wealthiest member of the church. Eve toyed nervously with her notebook and then said, "You have a beautiful garden here, and the lilacs will soon be in bloom."

"Yes," said Miss Melinda with animation, "the

lilacs are the sweetest flowers of all. It does seem as if they came early to let us know that the others are coming soon."

Eve slowly drew on her gloves, unconscious of the half-envying, wistful glance of the mistress of this large house. She possessed the average share of vanity meted out to young girls, but for the moment she was so absorbed in studying her surroundings and the lady herself that she forgot that her face was fair and sweet, her hair golden where the sunlight fell upon it. Miss Melinda was cruelly conscious of the beauty of the girl and of the good taste shown in the trim, neat dress which was of the right material and pattern. She thought half-regretfully of her own lost youth. She had never been young. Life had meant hard work and privation for her, and she had never enjoyed the pleasures which Eve looked upon as her natural heritage. She was thirty years old when the struggle for existence was terminated by the sale of a tract of land, which secured to them a competence. Careful investments then brought a sum which in the little town of Fairfield was deemed vast wealth. But it came too late to bring back to her the joy and grace of a hapy, care-free girlhood.

"I must be going now," said Eve. "I have the district around here and I hope to finish it today."

And Melinda's wistful glance followed her out in the warm, spring sunshine, as with easy grace Eve stepped across the street to Mrs. Layton's house.

Meanwhile Eve was thinking, "Curious she doesn't give more. She is a sweet old lady. Why is she so close?"

Miss Melinda went slowly and thoughtfully into her garden, feeling older and more lonely than she had ever felt in her life before. But the garden was her joy and pride and in working there she forgot her troubles. Her strawberries were the finest in town. She and the boy began digging around the delicate green leaves and tendrils, and in wondering whether she should transplant half of them or leave them as they were another year, the last trace of envy and bitterness passed away.

In the winter-time she often sat at the window facing the street and sewed. People wondered what kept her so busy, but no one knew; her only confidante was Mrs. Hunt, who was never known to give away anything that was intended to be kept a secret. Mrs. Smith, who was given to putting a wrong construction on things said, even impugning the motives of those who favored her with only half of their confidence, surmised that Melinda Acker with all her money was earning something by taking in sewing. But no one had ever given her anything to sew, so Mrs. Smith's statement fell to the ground, unsupported by any proof whatever.

No one ever saw her sell any strawberries, but what was done with them was a mystery; only the minister and his family were always sure of a generous supply while they lasted. "But she's got more than the minister's family can get away with," said the gossips.

Over at the Laytons' Eve was putting away the dollar Mrs. Layton felt called upon to give toward the church. "Law me, if I had just a little of what Melinda Acker has, I'd give you a contribution worth while!" she said, complainingly.

"Why does not Miss Acker give more?" her curiosity triumphing, although she felt that to descend to common gossip when on such an errand did not seem just right.

"Why? Oh, I reckon she's going to take it with her into the other world," replied Mrs. Layton. "Her father was stingy and Melinda is near. That's reason enough!"

Eve went thoughtfully on her rounds. "She does not look miserly," she thought. "She looked dear and lonely. I believe I'll get acquainted with her." But like some other resolutions Eve forgot all about this until it was too late.

Through the summer Miss Melinda was not always in her usual seat in church. But a fragrant sheaf of lilies, or a large bouquet of dewy roses showed that her thoughts were there.

Miss Melinda was not so old, but that fall she was poorly. She had no one to wait upon her, excepting the poorest dressmaker in Fairfield. She came and stayed with her and kept on sewing at Melinda's home. Once in a while old Dr. Baker stopped at her door and hitched his old horse to the post just as he used to do before her father died.

One morning Mrs. Layton had all she could do. She was naturally incensed when things were happening in the neighborhood without any fair warning. Now, her clothes tightly rolled and dampened, lay unheeded in the clothes-basket and Tuesday morning was nearly gone while she stood and watched Miss Melinda's house on the opposite side of the street. For the first time since she was keeping house she would not get the ironing done by three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

"There! They've sent the boy after the doctor and the lawyer's just going in at the gate!" she exclaimed, excitedly, as Mrs. Barnes came in to borrow some beeswax, for her irons were sticking and she did not want to go all the way to Peck's grocery.

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Barnes.

"I believe Melinda Acker's a-dying. I've seen Mrs. Hunt hurry in there three hours ago an' she hasn't come out an' it's time to get dinner now."

And for once Mrs. Layton's surmisings were correct. Miss Melinda was dying, so peacefully, so almost joyfully that those who watched her passing away were overcome by the exaltation, the glory of

the Divine, as revealed in her clear, steady gaze, and her murmuring words of the many mansions were treasured by all who were there.

And then, as the snows of winter came, it seemed as if Miss Melinda had never been so thoroughly alive as she was now. Mrs. Layton, Mrs. Barnes and Eve, who had been living close to her, were just beginning to understand what manner of woman she was. She had lived in their midst for so many years, quietly and unassumingly going about her daily tasks; now they learned that Miss Melinda had more friends and neighbors than any one of them. To the minister, growing old in the service and unable to get a large salary, because he was not eloquent or possessed of those qualities which make the ministry a success, Miss Melinda left her home, with the condition that the dressmaker should also have rooms in it as long as she lived. And then some one discovered that Miss Melinda had helped the dressmaker with her sewing for many years so that she could be independent of help as long as possible. The poor and distressed all over town began to explain that she had sent them her garden produce and asked them not to speak of it. Individual testimony poured in on every side. The fresh eggs and strawberries, the hams and potatoes were all accounted for now. Scores of hard-working poor people whose lips had been sealed by Miss Melinda's intense shrinking from publicity now spoke of what she meant to them. Her faithful right hand had been dispensing good things on every side and her left hand had not discovered it.

And although Miss Melinda is dead, her good works go on. The old minister, relieved from an incubus of care and worry, now dispenses the strawberries and coal, and helps those who are not quite able to help themselves. Her money, too, has been so placed that only streams of blessings flow from it.

A YELLOW-BACKED NOVEL

M. M. Winesburg

I WAS deeply engrossed in the contents of a new book, when my uncle came into the room and seeing me thus engaged said:

"Reading a novel, are you? Do you know what a yellow-backed novel did for me, Peggie?"

"No, what was it?" I asked, laying aside my book.

"Well, miss, a yellow-backed novel caused me to spend a year and more in Libby Prison," was the reply.

I had known all along that uncle had spent a year in living at the famous old Libby Prison, but this was the first time that I had ever heard of a yellow-backed novel being in any way connected with that chapter in his life, and of course I wanted to know how a novel was the cause of that misfortune.

"Well, it happened in this way," said uncle: "My company, C, of Carlin's Battery, was in camp at New Creek. We had been there for some time, with no fighting or anything going on. Everything was as quiet as a country churchyard, and I reckon we did get a little bit careless, for we did not think there was a 'Confed' within fifty miles of our camp.

"Well, on the day that we found out our mistake I had gotten hold of a novel, and it was one of Beadle's blood-and-thunder novels, too. As a novel was only a chance visitor in our camp I slipped into my tent so no one would bother me, and was soon so deeply buried in that book that I had no thought of anything outside, and if the whole truth must be told, I don't believe many of our company were paying any more attention to outside matters than I was, for I remember looking out of my tent and seeing lots of the fellows lying around on the ground asleep, for it was a right warm day.

"Talk about people sleeping so soundly that they could be carried off bodily! I was about as bad as that, for I paid no attention to the stray sounds coming to my ear, until they swelled into a perfect uproar. Then, wondering what was causing all that racket, I got up and went to the door of my tent, and what I saw made me drop that yellow-backed novel pretty quick, I can tell you!

"The camp was alive with gray coats. They had slipped in on us, in broad daylight, and gobbled up the whole company before they had time to know what was after them, and all the while I had been sitting there with my nose buried in that novel, and when I did look out the 'Confeds' were in possession and ready to gather in the stragglers.

"I knew it was 'all day' with us, and I thought of making my escape by breaking for the hillside. So I slipped out through the back of the tent and 'leg-bailed' it for the hillside as fast as I could go, but that was all the good it did me, for before I had gotten half way up to the timber line some of the 'Confeds' espied me, and yelled at me to come back. When I did not seem inclined to mind them they sent a volley of bullets to stop me. Luckily none of

the bullets hit me, but I knew I was a fair mark, and I would be taken one way or the other, so I gave up. I soon had the doubtful pleasure of doffing my uniform for one of a dirty gray, and then being marched off to board at Libby Prison for thirteen months or more.

"The only ones of our boys who got away that day were those who scattered for the hillside when the 'Confeds' first rushed the camp, for there had been no time for anything else."

"Did they take all of your clothing from you?" I asked.

"Did they?" laughed my uncle. "Well, Peggie, I rather think they did, even to my shoes and socks, and then I didn't even get a whole suit of gray, either. Probably they didn't have enough to go around. I was just about as short on clothes as we were on grub when we got down in Libby, and it was starvation there. Ugh! it makes me hungry yet to even think of those days!

"Why, after we were exchanged and aboard the gunboat going north, we were like a set of famished wolves, and I saw men eat up their allotment of food and then cry like babies for just another bite or two. I didn't cry for more, but I felt like it.

"And now, just think! I had to endure all of that hunger, and other miseries besides on account of a yellow-backed novel, for as my tent stood so close to the hillside I would have stood a good chance of escaping if I had not been deaf to everything around me but the novel.

"So you see, miss, just what kind of a scrape reading yellow-backed novels got me into, and since then I have not been so fond of reading them. I'd advise you to do likewise, as there is plenty of good reading without them."

"But this book is not one," I said, glad that it was not, as I turned its back for him to see.

"That's all right, Peggie, books are our friends, or our enemies, according to the kind they are."

EXPLOSIVES

John H. Nowlan

Part I.

THEY shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

Perhaps at first thought the above quotation may seem inappropriate, but give it a careful second thought. Does the prophet mean that the above shall be taken literally? or does he mean for it to have the broader construction and include *all* means of warfare? Surely the latter view is not sacrilege, for in the present day swords and spears are almost obsolete as implements of war. Were all weapons save these retained the changes in warfare would be almost inconsequential.

May we not safely assume that the prophet intended it to include all implements of war? In that case we must include the ammunition, for the arms of today are useless without the explosives, and these are being used more and more in the arts of peace.

When we write the history of explosives, of course we must go to China for the first accounts. There its use goes back to prehistoric times. As early as the year 618 B. C. it is recorded that a cannon was used bearing the inscription, "I hurl death to the traitor, and extermination to the rebel."

Friar Bacon, who has made mention of many inventions without enlightening us as to whether they are of his time or an earlier period, mentions powder in 1216 A. D. But little use was made of it, however, till in 1320, when the process of granulating it was introduced by Bertholdus Schwartz. It could now be used successfully as a propellant and its rapid and general use by all Europe argues a previous knowledge of its power.

The principle underlying the use of the various explosives is the same, though the similarity may not at first be seen. This is the deflagrating property of niter (saltpeter), when in contact with incandescent charcoal. By distilling niter with oil of vitriol the early alchemists obtained a fluid which they called *aquafortis,* now known as nitric acid.

By explosive we mean anything capable of suddenly expanding from a small solid or liquid body to a gaseous one, this change being accompanied by an exhibition of force varying in suddenness and intensity with the explosive used.

The most important explosive substances are those whose essential elements are carbon, oxygen and nitrogen, the latter being in a feeble state of combination with the oxygen. When explosion takes place the nitrogen parts with its oxygen to the carbon, forming carbonic acid and carbonic oxide gases, and the nitrogen is set free.

The various explosives may be roughly grouped into two classes, nitrates and chlorates. The latter part with their oxygen much more readily than the former, and for this reason are used chiefly to explode other mixtures, as in percussion caps. Chlorate of potash is the one used. There are many chlorate mixtures, the commonest one being "white gunpowder," which

is used for percussion caps, fuses and friction tubes. It consists of two parts chlorate of potash, one of yellow prussiate of potash and one of sugar.

When a substance which burns freely in the open air, uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere, is burned in pure oxygen gas the combustion is much more rapid and the amount of heat generated will be greater. If heated in an atmosphere of condensed oxygen the combustion would be much more rapid. This is what really happens with an explosive substance.

Gunpowder is the commonest explosive, but it is so slow in its action that much of it is never exploded, hence in some cases quicker acting preparations are used.

French chemists found that when vegetable fibers are acted upon by nitric acid they are highly inflammable. Following up their discoveries Alfred Nobel patented what he called "Nobel's Blasting Oil," since known as nitro-glycerine.

The amount of force exerted by an explosive depends upon (1) the volume of gas or vapor formed in comparison with the original bulk of the substance, and (2) the temperature of explosion which determines the amount of expansion. All gases expand when heated, and the rapidity of expansion in conjunction with the change to a gaseous nature is what determines the amount of force exerted. We see an illustration of the force of the transformation to a gas in the example of steam.

Steam allowed to escape into the open air has no power, but must be confined; and the same is true of explosives. In some of the high power explosives the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient.

Later experiments showed that cotton, sugar and starch will furnish the necessary carbon, hence they are used. Gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine require care in handling, there being cases on record of spontaneous explosion of the latter. Various preparations have been made having in view safety of handling without diminution of power. Several have the ending *ine* and a dozen or more end with *ite*, the most powerful being carbo-dynamite, which is 90 per cent pure nitro-glycerine, besides the absorbent, carbon, which is highly combustible.

NEGLECTED EDUCATION.

THE summer season is a perilous time for the baby in arms, even where the mother is experienced and observant; but when the mother is but a girl, herself, with no adequate ideas of the needs for the handling of the tiny morsel of humanity entrusted to her sole care, the death-rate climbs alarmingly. It is a recognized fact that no girl should marry without some preparation for housewifery, but it is a rare thing that even the most rudimentary knowledge of the responsibility of motherhood is required to be among her possessions. Many girls marry and become mothers, their own baby being the first new-born babe they have ever touched, and thousands of these ignorant young mothers must assume the sole care of the baby from the first days of its existence. "Mother instinct" is supposed to supply any deficiency of education and experience, and the result of this reliance upon instinct is apparent in the death rate, or diseased, maimed, or delicate children. A girl should be taught to care for a baby's bottle, how to sterilize milk and prepare the baby's food; how to bathe and dress the baby; how to recognize simple ailments and to administer simple remedies for these slight disturbances, as well as to note symptoms of the graver diseases. Physicians tell us that a great majority of the diseases and ailments, as well as most of the deaths of young children are the result of ignorance on the part of those having charge of them as to feeding, care in handling, and lack of intelligent observation of the needs of the tiny baby. Many a baby is killed by kindness and too much handling, as well as the failure to interpret the only language whereby it can try to make its wants known. It would be a blessing if every girl might take a course of instruction in a nurse's training school, even if she has to let some of the usual "schooling" be "wiped off of the slate."

A HINT TO HUSBANDS.

THERE are many kinds of women in the world but the majority of them enjoy a little praise. They like to be appreciated. They stay at home and cook for that man of theirs three times a day, year in and year out, and no wonder things grow a little monotonous now and then.

Well, what can I do? asks some one. That is what I want to tell you. I wish I could tell you without your wife's hearing what I say, but most likely she will read this before you do. Now as I started out to say, women enjoy a little praise now and then. How do you act and talk at the table? If your wife has baked a pie or a pudding and has fixed it as you said you liked it, do you just eat it down as a matter of course, or do you say, "Well, well, isn't this fine? It is fit for a king." Or, if there is neither pie nor pudding, but your good wife has cooked the potatoes your way, or fried the chicken and made gravy, or prepared the soup to your taste, do you show your appreciation? "Yes, I do," says one, "I eat it with a relish." But do you say anything about how good it is?

Some people want their wives to take things for granted. Suppose she should take it for granted that anything was good enough for you?

Love thrives in an atmosphere of appreciation. It burns low when that appreciation is not both shown

and spoken. How long has it been since you told your wife that you loved her?

If your wife has any good points, be sure to praise her for them. I once heard of a man who would nearly kill himself working if you would brag on how much he could do. Now, of course, you should not praise your wife just to get her to do more, for that would be wrong; but it illustrates the point. A wife can do more work and it will not hurt her, when prompted by her husband's love, than she can when love has burned low.

Another thing, be a little more helpful around home. Try to save her a step or two. Do it because you love her. But do not forget to praise her now and then for she will enjoy it.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

THE quiet fidelity with which a woman will drudge her life away is another of the mistakes which women will do well to avoid in the future. It is the daily grind which breaks down a woman's health and spirits and destroys her self-respect without benefiting any one, and the woman who drudges all the time, forgetting that her own interests are at stake, gives up practically everything in life that makes it worth living. It is not necessary, in order to keep her ideals, that a woman should neglect the work nearest her hand, but she can so regulate her life that, while attending to the routine, she can still command a few minutes or hours, during the day, in which to recuperate, and to ease the burden to the less tired shoulder. While doing only the imperative, she should look about her and see what she can leave undone. She will be astonished to learn how many useless things she does; how much she could leave undone without jarring a cog of the household wheels. A woman should work for higher aims, and carry her family along with her, and if she fails to realize her ideals, the striving after the better things will have strengthened her so she will work all the easier along the higher lines. Ideals are very elusive.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND NEW FRUITS.

The attention of the Department of Agriculture has been called to a dispatch published in various California papers stating that the department had originated a new type of navel orange and that several thousand young trees were ready for distribution this month throughout California. These statements as published are misleading and are apparently based on a misapprehension of the facts. The department has no new navel oranges nor new citrus fruits of any kind for distribution in California at present. Experiments in the breeding of new navel oranges and other citrus fruits have been under way for several years, but these experiments are still in the preliminary stage. None of the new sorts will be distributed until thoroughly tested under the auspices of the department and found to be of promise. None of them has as yet fruited, therefore it is not known whether any will be of commercial value.—Scientific American.

OUR CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

A well-constructed constitution,
Inherited from parents dear,
Retards our final dissolution,
And gives endurance to us here.

And health that's not inherited,
But gained and held through good by-laws,
Is by the owner merited—
And should elicit great applause.

If we abuse our constitution,
And disobey restrictive rules
Of health, we'll have a destitution
And prematurely die, like fools.

Each one should know his constitution,
And all by-laws that with it goes,
And not be fooled by the delusion
That no one reaps that which he sows!

—Health Culture.

NUISANCE OR PEST, WHICH?

(Continued from Page 537.)

us, but what is the need of quoting them? Is not the fact self evident, and have we not sufficient proof?

Think of the thousands and thousands of cases of typhoid patients in homes and hospitals, burning up with fever and tossing about in their beds; many of them delirious, and others violent, necessitating the help of several strong men to hold them down in bed. And all this because they allowed the flies to prowl over their food.

And the numerous innocent babies who vomit and purge intermittently, and waste away because a pesky fly wiped his filthy, germ-laden feet on the nipple of their milk bottle! Can you see the thousands of mothers walking the floor with their darling babies, and keeping prolonged nightly vigils, hoping against hope that they might save the life of their beloved?

Do you not see the host of victims of the Great White Plague scattered all over this land, who are coughing themselves hoarse, sweating at night until they are nothing but skin and bone; eating, but not getting strength; sleeping, but not receiving rest—all because a pestiferous fly, who had fed on the spittle of a consumptive, had subsequently deposited some flyspecks on their victuals?

Can you shake off your mind the vision of the countless sad faces of the mourners around the many untimely graves that these pestilential flies cause to be dug?

And as you cannot tell how soon one of your family may fall a victim to any one of the diseases that the flies propagate, can you afford to allow them to come into your home?

The remedy, or how to be rid of them, will be our text for the next week.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

WHAT THE BIBLE MEANS TO ME.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M. D.

SINCE 1883 I have been consciously trying so to sail on the ocean of life as to keep ever heading toward that haven, which something within assures me exists beyond the bound of time and space. God knows it has not been all calm seas and sunny skies on the voyage; there have been head winds and fogs and ice. Yes, there have also been shoals and reefs and storms. All have had their share in forming the devious wake the years have left behind me. Think what this means, must ever mean to me. It seems what the chart of life has meant, still to me it must mean just the same to any man faring forth on the same venture. Its inconceivable value will only fade when I shall have crossed the last bar and shall have met my Pilot face to face.

An Up-to-date Guide Book.

The Bible is no mere epistle, or collection of epigrammatic truths, no mere book of irreproachable maxims and platitudes, no mythical chronicle of marvels that occurred in a misty past. It is a living ever up-to-date Guide Book, a storehouse of all necessary wisdom. It is written in the history of men's lives, who fought exactly the battles I have to fight, who faced the same difficulties, temptations and doubts that I have to face, who tried to overcome, but were often themselves vanquished exactly as I am conscious of having tried and failed.

But it is the storehouse of practical truths that I want, for I see that the men God loved were only the prototypes of myself, weak men like Moses made strong, fainting men like Elijah made courageous, fallen men like David raised up; a Book in which saints are ever made out of sinners; a Book recording an abounding love, forgiving sin, a love that accepts much of every kind, soldiers and sailors, rich men and poor, wise men and foolish, traders and mechanics, preachers and poets, priests and kings—a love so abounding it finds room for a murderous, adulterous king, a poor, fallen, outcast harlot; a Book that shows how lepers can be cleansed and lame men made to walk, and blind men made to see, and dead men quickened into life; how this new life makes unlearned men wise and cowards brave and sordid men unselfish. It is a Book of infinite hope, a Book that is satisfied with faith where my knowledge can't reach, a Book from cover to cover soaked with and exuding God's abounding love to us his creatures, a Book written so that all men may understand enough of it to learn to love it and find salvation in it, and yet a Book so profound that it becomes more and more a veritable bottomless mine of wealth, and an unending spring of living water to him who by faith can take it for what it claims to be.

Needed, if Unwelcome Warning.

I acknowledge that the Bible often seems to rebuke me. I sometimes find it a hard master, bidding me to do things that at the time I hate to do, go to places where I certainly should not seek myself and leave undone things themselves innocent and that I by no means condemn in others. The Bible seems to me to have forestalled Lord Lister, who taught that scrupulous and apparently ridiculously unnecessary precautions for cleanliness were the only safe road when human life was at stake. Asepsis is ever an apparently expensive rule to follow. But my experience has been that the Bible has not taken any unnecessary position in calling for clean Christians as more important than orthodox ones, in calling for fidelity to a spotless Christ, in insisting on purity of heart as a prime essential for an acceptable servant, rather than on any correct intellectual apprehension.

I know this is hard. It is to me the real meaning of *Via Crucis*. But I haven't a shadow of doubt it is a further proof of the inspiration of this Book of books.

The Authorship Question.

And so it is all through. I love it more every day because I value it more as a lamp to my path and a light to my feet. Almost daily some fresh experience strengthens my conviction of its more than human wisdom. My love grows for it proportionately as I understand it better. I hope I may not be misunderstood when I confess I regard it as God speaking to me, though my head is so thick, or my heart so dull, I don't always catch his meaning. Yes, sometimes I do wake up to find some new version has left out of the Bible some portion I liked, as not being justified from all the various codices. It never disturbs me, for I find lots left.

The admiration for it comes exactly as does my admiration for the Marconi wireless installation on my little steamer; somehow from somewhere it brings news to me that I couldn't get otherwise, and I find by experience that news is always true news. Who invented wireless telegraphy, whether Clerk Maxwell or Signor Marconi, doesn't trouble me, any more than how the engine a hundred miles away spells English to me at sea through fog and dark. The only person that is likely to mind should be Marconi. I suspect Clerk Maxwell doesn't know and I know I don't.

A Matter of Affection.

I own a beautiful little black spaniel, that goes everywhere I go. He is a regular little chum. He does everything but talk to me, and I can generally understand him without that. He is a real optimist, and he cheers me up a hundred times. He is a truer and more valued friend than many on two legs that I have known, and who could talk only too much. He saved my life by his intelligence when out on an ice pan when I had no other chance left me. He was just as cheerful, facing death out there with me, as when he sits up by my knee for his breakfast. All I can say is I love the little fellow.

I've often thought my Bible means all this to me—with the further advantage of its being able to speak to me, of always being wise in its speech, and never leaving me sorry it had spoken. I can't understand all it says at the time, so I just go on trusting it as I do my spaniel, till it becomes plain.

Notes and Scribblings.

I have always had a habit of scribbling on the margin of my Bible any helpful thought that comes to me from it as I read it, or hear some one else expound it. I love a Bible reading ten times better than any sermon, and always did. I've tramped many miles to hear Joseph Parker's Sunday morning Bible talk. The editor of the "People's Bible" had always something to say to the people. I wouldn't ride in trolleys on Sundays, but I was glad to walk a few miles for what he gave me. Writing in one's Bible feels like answering it. It seems to me to be keeping up a conversation. One's notes are often trivial and sometimes one feels ashamed of them on looking back after a lapse of time. But as a particular copy gets filled up and illegible, it is easy to purchase a new one. In these days even soft-covered pocket editions are cheap.

I have no sentiment about one old copy, and the markings themselves generally are so far from satisfying me the next time that I come to the same passage, that I am glad to have a clean page so as to get an open field for thought. I still have a sort of dislike to reading my Bible in railway trains, and especially when one is waiting for meals to be served in public places, where one has no one to speak to and nothing else to fill his mind, though I prefer the Bible then as a thought suggester to any daily paper I ever saw.

The reason that one doesn't like to produce one's Bible in these odd minutes is because he hates to be thought to be posing as "unco guid." Some day I shall hope to have my pocket Bible bound like my Oxford book of verse in a cover that is not distinctively religious, and in a form that is not conventional; in fact, such an edition as I should choose for any other of my favorite companion books, as the "Twentieth Century Bible" or "Modern Reader's Bible" on India paper. I presume the reason that the same passages start new trains of thought on returning to them is because it is a new man they are talking to. Anyhow, wonderful as it sounds, it certainly is true.

A Responsive Book.

I do not read my Bible for the English of it. All I care about is understanding it. I have lost all interest at times in trying to read it, for I found so many places where the King James translation conveyed no meaning to me. Even if the English were verbally or otherwise inspired, what use was that if I didn't understand it? It isn't a kind of charm, the mere recital of which wards off evil, nor can it be conferring a favor upon God to read and listen to what he says, nor does it leave him under an obligation. It does bring me nearer to him when I understand it, for it is a storehouse of rich treasures of wisdom into which I may delve. I do that, however, asking him to give me just what he sees I need each time I go to it, and I do not look on it as an enlarged armory into which I may go to get some fresh weapon to score my enemy and perpetuate strife.

It seems to me you get out of it pretty well what you are in search of, and I've met men who have come from it bristling like hedgehogs or sea urchins, so as to be mighty undesirable companions. I think if I couldn't come away from reading my Bible more peaceful and more forgiving and more contented with the world, I wouldn't worry it as often as I do now, anyhow.

The reason the average man doesn't read his Bible is because he doesn't want to. It isn't from principle or conviction he neglects it. Put it in a form in which it interests him; add, if you like, the discipline of becoming familiar with it as a boy, and so acquiring a taste for it; be sure he has a real understanding of its exquisite, simple stories, and he won't fail to return to it sometimes.

As for compelling boys to promise to read so much of it every day, I have no use for that. That is the way I was induced to take cod liver oil, but never learned to like it. Moreover, it was a horrible temptation to say you had taken it, when perhaps you had only taken it to the fire or to the sink. I know there was a tendency to make boys either unnatural or unveracious by that method. Yet I also know the Bible can be made interesting, whether to one ten years old or twenty.

To me the Book is a Gospel, or good news, and only as such do I value it. When one thinks of the millions who spend hours a week reading newspapers, the majority of which are crowded with useless, harmful or incorrect items, it seems not so "old-maidish" as some might consider it to read one's Bible more, and save sluicing one's cerebral gray matter to evolve its capacity for right thinking or steady up its equilibrium.—*Bible Record.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

MEAT RECIPES

Mrs. Frances Bell

Roast Beef.

WASH the beef with a cloth wrung out of cold water and scrape the fat clean. If it is not a standing rib roast the bone can be cut out and the roast rolled and tied in place. If it is a standing rib roast, the lower part and smaller portion may be cut off in two pieces and used for braising. The roast is then more nearly round and of a better shape. It should next be placed in a roasting-pan on a rack with the bone side down, and put into the oven at a temperature of 250 degrees centigrade or 482 degrees Fahrenheit. In fifteen or twenty minutes the temperature of the oven should be reduced to 195 degrees centigrade or 383 degrees Fahrenheit and kept about constant until done. For a rather rare roast it takes one and one-half hours, and for a well-done roast two hours. The length of time varies with the size. The roast should be turned occasionally while in the oven. With the oven at the above-given temperature, the temperature of the inside of the roast or interior is 53 degrees centigrade or 127 degrees Fahrenheit, when the roast is removed from the oven at the end of one and one-half hours. The temperature of the interior rises a little when the roast is removed, as the heat of the outside and the inside tend to become equalized. Care must be taken not to let the interior temperature rise too high, or the juices will be driven out and the meat fibers hardened. The meat may be seasoned before or during cooking.

Potatoes may be baked with the roast the last half hour. Parboil the potatoes for ten minutes, then place them in the fat drippings in the roasting-pan and bake until done.

Salt Pork.

Scrape the fat clean. Cut the pork into very thin slices and cook by pan broiling. The fat should be well cooked out and the slices crisp and well done.

Bacon.

Scrape the bacon clean before cooking. The best method of preparation is broiling, as the fat drips down from the meat into the pan below. It may also be prepared by pan broiling, or by baking in the oven by placing the meat on a rack in a dripping-pan.

Soup Stock.

6 lbs. Beef shin
3 qts. cold water
1 sprig marjoram
2 sprigs parsley
½ teaspoonful pepper
1 tablespoon salt
carrot, turnip
onion, celery
½ cup of each cut fine.

Note.—If desired, 6 cloves, ½ bay leaf and 3 sprigs thyme may also be used as seasoning in the soup. Season according to the taste of the individual.

Cut up the meat and put the bones in the bottom of the kettle and the meat on top. Cover the whole with cold water and cook five hours at a temperature of about 85 degrees centigrade or 185 degrees Fahrenheit. Cut the vegetables up fine and add to the soup the last hour. When the soup stock is done, the bones and juices of meat should be removed and the stock strained through clean white cheese cloth and set away to cool, if it is to be used for clear soup. The direction for making it into clear soup will be found in the next recipe. If desired, the soup may be used as it is without straining. In the latter case it will not be as attractive in appearance as clear soup, but it will be more nutritive.

Clear Soup.

To prepare clear soup from soup stock which has been prepared beforehand and allowed to cool: Skim off the fat which has gathered on the surface of the soup stock, which is now jellylike in consistency. Skim off all that can be skimmed with a spoon, then if the fat is in a thickening state, wring out a piece of clean cheese cloth in hot water and wipe off the surface of the soup stock. Repeat until the fat is all off, as much as possible. If the fat is in liquid form, a lump of ice passed over the surface will congeal the fat so that it may be removed. Now measure out the soup stock. To one quart of stock add one egg white and shell, put the mixture into a saucepan and heat slowly to boiling, stirring all the while. If the soup is to be colored, add the caramel or other coloring before it boils. When the soup begins to boil, stop stirring and allow it to boil for ten minutes. The seasoning, salt and pepper, may be added during cooking. After the soup has boiled ten minutes, strain through cheese cloth and reheat before serving. Serve it hot with cooked macaroni cut into little rings, or with cooked carrots and turnips cut into small irregular pieces. The macaroni and vegetables should be cooked separately, so as not to waste the soup stock, and be added to the soup.

Beef Stew.

Clean and cut stewing meat into small squares, cover one-half with cold water and flour and brown the other half in hot fat in a broiling-pan (skillet), add the browned squares to the portion soaking in cold water and cover the whole with cold water and put on to cook. Let it come slowly to a boil. Allow it to boil five or ten minutes, then lower the temperature to about 85 degrees centigrade or 185 degrees Fahrenheit, and keep that temperature constant until the meat is cooked nearly done. During the last hour of cooking raise the temperature of the stew to the boiling point and add the vegetables. Prepare turnips, carrots, potatoes and onions. Only a little onion may be used for seasoning, if preferred. Cut the potatoes and other vegetables into regular shapes,—potatoes into fourths, turnips into sixths and carrots into slices. When cut this way they all cook tender about the same time. Cook the stew until the meat and vegetables are tender, then add a thickening of flour batter, mixed with milk or water. As soon as the stew is thickened, the dumplings should be added and covered immediately, allowing them to cook ten minutes before removing the cover and serving. The liquid in the stew should be about level with the vegetables when the dumplings are added, or they will not be light.

Dumplings for Beef Stew.

2 cups flour — 1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup of milk — 2 teaspoons butter
4 teaspoons baking powder

Mix and drop into the beef stew. Cover the vessel containing the stew very closely and cook the dumplings for ten minutes. Serve hot.

Veal Cutlets.

(Round Steak from Leg of Veal.)

After washing off the meat slip the pieces into beaten egg and then into bread crumbs (dry bread crumbs crushed very fine). Salt and pepper and put into a hot pan in which one-half tablespoonful of butter and one-half tablespoon of lard, or cotton-seed oil, have been melted. Brown on each side and keep turning. When nearly done, add one tablespoon of water and cover for a few minutes, taking care not to let it brown too much or burn.

The adding of the water makes a steam which helps to cook the meat through. The temperature should be quite hot when the meat is first put on to cook, until each side of the meat is browned, then the temperature should be lowered until the meat is cooked tender, which will take about twenty minutes. There should be no elasticity when the meat is cooked tender. At the end of cooking the water which was added should be evaporated. Great care must be taken not to overbrown the meat. Serve immediately.

Braised Beef.

Sear the piece or pieces of meat on all sides, by browning in an intensely hot pan, put it into a cooking vessel and add water (boiling or warm water preferable) to cover the bottom of the kettle one-half inch deep. Keep the vessel covered and cook slowly for four hours, keeping the amount of water in the vessel constant. Cook at a temperature below the boiling point until the last hour, when the vegetables cut up into regular-shaped pieces are added. During the last hour the boiling temperature should be kept up to cook the vegetables. A little onion may be added if desired. Add the turnips first, then the carrots and last the potatoes. Turn the meat occasionally while cooking.

The busy housekeeper may prepare the braised beef a day or two before she wishes to use it, cooking it three hours instead of four, then finish cooking for one hour just before she wants to serve it, adding the vegetables during that hour.

MISCELLANEOUS MEAT RECIPES.

Pressed Veal.

3 lbs. veal shank — 1 stalk celery
1 small onion — 3 eggs
salt — pepper

Boil the veal with the onion, celery, salt and pepper until tender; remove the meat and let the broth simmer until reduced to about one cup; strain and set aside to cool. When the meat is cold, chop fine, remove the fat from the liquor and reheat with the meat, adding such seasoning as is desired. Decorate a mould with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, pack in the hot meat, cover with a buttered paper and a weight, let stand until cold and set. Serve sliced thin.

Meat Souffle (leftover dish).

The foundation for meat souffle is white sauce made with milk or with meat stock.

2 tablespoons butter — 3 tablespoons flour
1 cup soup stock

Mix the butter, flour and liquid together and cook until smooth in consistency. To the white sauce now add: One cup chopped meat; season with salt and pepper; add a little onion juice by scraping the side of a cut onion with a spoon. Add a little parsley; lay several leaves on one another, roll tightly and mince by cutting fine with a knife; 3 eggs. Separate yellow and whites.

Beat the egg yolks for a few minutes, then add to the mixture and cook all together until the meat souffle is rather thick in consistency. Then set aside to cool. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and fold into the meat souffle when it is cool. Then pour into a greased baking-dish, and bake in a medium oven from thirty-five to forty-five minutes, when it will be a delicate light brown on top and very light.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

The mother heard a great commotion, as of cyclones mixed up with battering-rams, and she hurried upstairs to discover what was the matter. There she found Tommie sitting in the middle of the floor with a broad smile on his face.

"Oh, mama," said he delightedly, "I've locked grandpa and Uncle George in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the lions' den."

One of the curious characteristics of the old-time darkies is their ability to make their stories always intelligible, no matter how fully garnished with the big words which delight their souls.

"Aunt Dilsey," I recently asked my good old mammy, "what has become of young Tom Billups?"

"De lan' sakes, Miss Baby," she replied, with uplifted hands and eyes like saucers. "He dun run off, 'way las' spring, to one er dese hearh rank places, whar dee raises de cattle, an' we ain' got no news o' him, nary word—'cep'n' 't is one dese sump'n near picture cyards—an' I jes b'lieve, Miss Baby, dat de boy's dun been catnipped!" —Lippincott's.

Cephas is a darky come up from Maryland to a border town in Pennsylvania, where he has established himself as a handy man to do odd jobs. He is a good worker, and sober, but there are certain proclivities of his which necessitate a pretty close watch on him. Not long ago he was caught with a chicken under his coat, and was haled to court to explain its presence there.

"Now, Cephas," said the judge very kindly, "you have got into a new place, and you ought to have new habits. We have been good to you and helped you, and while we like you as a sober and industrious worker, this other business cannot be tolerated. Why did you take Mrs. Gilkie's chicken?"

Cephas was stumped, and he stood before the majesty of the law, rubbing his head and looking ashamed of himself. Finally he answered:

"'Deed, I dunno, Jedge," he explained, "'ceptin' 't is dat chickens is chickens and niggers is niggers."—Lippincott's

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stain of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the Vestal Virgins marched to its stirring dithyrambs in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha! it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire! Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned!"

"Thirty cents," said a red-nosed man in the front row.

"It's yours!" cried the auctioneer cheerfully. And then to his assistant: "Hand down those volumes of Government Agricultural Reports for 1879."

In certain sections of West Virginia there is no liking for automobilists, as was evidenced in the case of a Washingtonian who was motoring in a sparsely settled region of the State.

This gentleman was haled before a local magistrate upon the complaint of a constable. The magistrate, a good-natured man, was not, however, absolutely certain that the Washingtonian's car had been driven too fast; and the owner stoutly insisted that he had been progressing at the rate of only six miles an hour.

"Why, your honor," he said, "my engine was out of order, and I was going very slowly because I was afraid it would break down completely. I give you my word, sir, you could have walked as fast as I was running."

"Well," said the magistrate, after due reflection, "you don't appear to have been exceeding the speed limit, but at the same time you must have been guilty of something, or you wouldn't be here. I fine you ten dollars for loitering."

An intensely bashful young man was driving one evening with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene around him inspired his courage, and, sitting stiffly erect and with his face forward he asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?"

"Surely," she coyly replied.

"Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and larruping his horses to a run—"aw, I was only foolin'."—Lippincott's.

Mama: "Willie, what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?" Willie: "I heard papa say that there's money in eggs, and I'm trying to find it."

Pat was being shown an incubator by one of his friends who had recently removed to the suburbs. He took great interest in all of the details and examined everything with great care. Then, as he looked at about a hundred young chickens that had just been hatched, with an awed expression he said: "Human nature is a funny thing, after all."

A lady of ample proportions, whose plump arms were piled to her chin with packages, was picking her way carefully over the icy pavement in front of the Union League in Philadelphia, when, in spite of her caution, her feet slipped from under her, and the stout shopper instantly lay on her back. A club member rushed down the steps to her assistance, but, owing to the fact that she insisted upon clinging to her bundles, he was unable to raise her. While she lay struggling and floundering like a stranded whale, a laundry-wagon driver yelled warningly, "Set on her head, boss, er she'll bust her harness!"

Every relation to mankind of hate or scorn or neglect is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forbearance, and their injuries with forgiveness.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. June 13, 1911. No. 24.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Scarcity of Farm Labor.

EVERY summer during the harvest season farmers have difficulty in securing enough labor to take care of the crops. It is also true that during the busy season on the farm there are thousands of unemployed standing about the factory gates in the cities asking for jobs. In the country there are jobs without men but in the cities there are men without jobs. The trouble is that we have no adequate means of distributing labor where it is most needed. While Judge Hughes was Governor of New York it will be remembered that he was instrumental in creating a Public Service Commission. This commision through a sub-committee has made a very thorough study of the subject of unemployed in relation to the scarcity of farm labor. While their investigation was limited chiefly to the State of New York they have given us some very interesting information. They find three causes of unemployment. They are: seasonal trades, the cyclical character of industry as illustrated by the panic year of 1908, and irregular variations in employment due to new processes and inventions. There are also trades which are transient in nature and these add to the ranks of the unemployed. Strange to say, they find that the farmers are not able to help the situation to any great extent. "The results of our inquiry," says the report, "by no means confirm the popular opinion that farm labor offers unlimited opportunity to the unemployed if only they could be induced to accept it." The inquiry does admit that there is great scarcity of farm labor during the harvest season, but since this is only for a few weeks no permanent help to the situation is given. During the past year or two the labor tide has been turning slightly towards the country and there is no reason why it should not continue thus. We notice in a current number of *The Breeders' Gazette* that many sections report a better supply of farm help than there has been for several years. In commenting on the situation the editor says: "The temporary lull in the progress of city business and improvements, and the moderation in railroad extension, seem to be the main causes. Many men who have gone to the cities in the last few years are glad to get back into farm employment. The cost of city living is high, and this year it is nearly as high as ever, while work is not quite so plentiful. A workingman cannot meet expenses without steady employment. The inefficiency of foreign laborers on American farms is proverbial, but the prejudice against them is unduly great. Most of them have found work in eastern cities. Those who found their way to the country proved crude and awkward at first, many of them worthless, but the careful attention to details and the steady habit of industry have enabled many of them to make valuable farm hands here." We believe that the best solution of the farm labor problem in the future will be a cutting up of the larger farms into small tracts of not more than eighty acres. Indeed many think that forty acres make a farm amply large for one family if it is properly cared for and cultivated. It is certainly true that many families who are now eking out an existence in the cities would make a much better living on a fifteen or twenty acre farm. There are not enough people employed in producing foodstuffs when compared to the number engaged in distributing, transforming and consuming them.

The Effect of Publicity.

There may be some skeptical people who doubt the sincerity of social workers and who think that all this talk about social progress is simply speaking to the winds; but once in a while a most convincing example is thrust before the eyes of the public that shows most clearly what good is being done by those engaged in welfare work. In the *American Magazine* for March there was an article by John A. Fitch under the heading, "Old Age at Forty." In this article Mr. Fitch gave us an extremely vivid picture of the monotonous and yet intensive life of the steel workers of Pittsburg. The article caused no little excitement among the stockholders and officials of the

United States Steel Corporation. As the result a resolution was adopted at the last meeting of the stockholders of the corporation providing for a committee of five to investigate and report upon the truth of the article concerning the conditions of the steel workers. Remember, all this came about through the efforts of a social worker in making public matters about which few knew anything except those who live in Pittsburg.

The employees of the United States Steel Corporation are not organized. They have no union because the company keeps a vigilant watch so that it is impossible for any organization to be formed. Because of the nature of the processes in the making of steel it is practically impossible to close the furnaces and mills during nights and Sundays. It is necessary that they be kept running all the time. Since this requires two shifts of men, one for the day and one for the night, these shifts take their turn, one working for a week during nights and then change over to day work. The night hours are longer and are usually thirteen, which means that the day shift works the remaining eleven hours. The hours vary but both shifts must put in twenty-four hours every day. The following is what Mr. Fitch calls an exact account of the long hours and terrible strain under which the steel workers labor: "Can you conceive of what it means to work twelve hours a day? Twelve hours every day spent within the mill walls means thirteen or fourteen hours away from home, for the skilled men often live at least a half hour's ride from the mills. It means early hours for the wife, if breakfast is to be on time, and late hours too, if the supper dishes are to be washed. It doesn't leave much time for family life either, when the husband begins to doze over his paper before the evening's work in the kitchen is done, and when necessity inevitably drives him early to bed so that he may get up in time for the next day's routine. It doesn't leave much chance to play with the children when a man's job requires one week of heavy toil, during ten or eleven hours of daylight, six or seven days, and then an overturning of things and another week of night work, each shift thirteen or fourteen hours long, with the 'mister' working while the children sleep, and sleeping while they play. But that is the regular round of events in the typical mill family while the weeks stretch to months and the months mount to years. 'Home,' said many a steel worker to me with grim bitterness, 'is just the place where I eat and sleep.'"

In the face of modern civilization and with our so-called great progress in Christianity should such fruitless lives be lived in the present day? It is a pity indeed that a great institution like the United States Steel Corporation should be guilty of such wholesale sacrifice of human hopes and lives. How can home life develop in all its phases when the father and mother are never permitted to sit down and relax themselves in conversation?

Quoting again from Mr. Fitch's article we have these remarks: "So this business control of labor has gone far toward determining for the steel worker all the details of his living. In the face of a twelve-hour day, Carnegie libraries are a cruel joke. The church, lacking vigor to fight for industrial justice, is losing its hold on the workingmen. Home influences are trampled upon and the better forms of social life are made impossible by the ever present and ever dominant industrial power."

In behalf of the steel corporation it may be well to say that they are not the only ones in the United States who are guilty of this industrial sin. It is a common occurrence in factories where there is no union for the men to work long hours and over-time on Sunday.

The New Tenement Regulations in Columbus.

Through the united efforts of Otto W. Davis, secretary of the Associated Charities, Edgar L. Weinland, city solicitor, Columbus, Ohio, has passed some tenement regulations that are a model for other cities. They incorporate the latest ideas of leaders in tenement legislation. The fact is, this new housing code contains so many good things that one scarcely believes the report. Nevertheless we believe that Columbus has really taken a step that will awaken other cities, especially those which are in the youthful stage and are in a position to control the future. Had New York and Chicago taken advantage of the tenement situation at the beginning there would not be so many unlighted death traps in those cities as there are now.

The following are some of the chief points in the new housing code of Columbus: No tenement or other dwelling shall be higher than the street is wide and the building of dwellings in the rear of the lot is not allowed. Tenements may be built non-fireproof, but they dare not be over three stories high. During the last few months hundreds of lives have been lost in the larger cities on account of defective fire escapes. Columbus has abolished the use of outside fire escapes entirely on new tenement buildings and instead inside fireproof stairways are to be constructed. No wooden house is allowed to contain more than two families and no basement or cellar room may be used for living purposes. If the first floor is used for living purposes the floor must be elevated at least two feet above the ground. Except on corner lots each dwelling is to have behind it a yard of at least ten feet and each tenement building a yard of eighteen feet. If the building is over three stories high these yard dimensions are to increase proportionately. The regulations concerning existing buildings are strong

enough to put out of use those that are not fit for dwelling places.

New York State and the Tramps.

The tramps cost the State of New York something over $2,000,000 every year for board and care. At least 20,000 are committed to jails and penitentiaries each year and statistics show that this is out of proportion to the population. During the past three years there has been a campaign made for a State farm colony where tramps may be sent. The Republican Legislature failed to do anything but the present Democratic Legislature promises to pass some measure that will at least start the movement. We all know that confining a tramp in a jail does not cure him of vagrancy. The best cure known at present is to put such men to work under conditions that are conducive to changing their habits. This is the purpose of a farm colony. It is claimed that the establishment of such a colony would not increase the State's expenditures in the least, for with the same amount as is now being spent on the tramps yearly a colony could be started and supported. The effort would be to reform the tramps rather than encourage them in their living off the labors of other people.

NUISANCE OR PEST, WHICH?

Dr. O. H. Yereman

No. III. The Remedy.

CHARLIE BLISS is a genius at striking descriptions. In writing about the flies he says:

"The flies, the flies, the pesky flies, they crawl upon the bread and pies, and on each bite of food we eat they wipe their nasty, dirty feet. They buzz around defying foes, they dance upon your face and nose, and then without apparent fear, they dig and tunnel in your ear. They light upon your hairless head, at early dawn when you're abed. They fly and frolic everywhere, and make the housewives almost swear. They get mixed up in the raisin cake and all the housewife tries to bake; they drop down in the coffee cup, and in the 'lasses get mixed up. With nimble feet and active wing, they leave their germ on everything, and then their presence they explain with dots upon the window pane. Then bring the swatter forth and swat, and teach the flies they must not dot; bring out the sticky paper sheet that nabs the insects by the feet, and holds them struggling for their breath until they die a lingering death. But do not use the ancient trick, and dope the flies and make 'em sick, for this will cause them, so they say, to dot their little lives away."

Why the Flies Are in the House.

Why is it that the fly wants to come into your house? Simply because the smells from the house are greater than those from the outside. And the mania of the fly is to head for the strongest smell. That is why there are more flies in the kitchen than in the parlor —the stronger smells are there.

If there were no smells in the house the flies would not be there, but since we cannot avoid cooking and the odors that result from it, we must study some other method of getting rid of the flies.

Experiments at Washington.

Since the great majority of flies are bred in horse manure, the ideal method of prevention would be their destruction at this source. With this in view the department of entomology at Washington made a number of experiments covering manure with disinfectants, with the object of killing the larvæ or maggots. It was found to be perfectly impracticable to use air slacked lime with good results. Few or no larvæ were killed by it. Chloride of lime, however, was found to be an excellent maggot killer; but having to be used often and in large quantities, the cost was so great as to make it impracticable also.

Kerosene was tried next, and brilliant results were obtained in the laboratory experiments, so that the scientists began to feel that the problem was solved. Practical work during the next season, however, blasted their hopes, as it developed that this was simply another case where an experiment on a small scale failed to develop points, which in practical work would impair the results.

But finally a plan of Dr. L. O. Howard's was found successful. This consisted of a special receptacle for the manure. A closet six by eight feet was built in the corner of the government stables, with one door opening into the stable proper, and another opening into the yard outside. It also had a window which was well screened. A barrel of chloride of lime was placed in one corner of this closet, and the stable men were directed to carefully gather all the manure every morning and throw it into this closet, and scatter a small shovelful of the chloride of lime over it. Every ten days or two weeks all the manure was taken out of this closet, and carted out and spread upon garden and fields.

Judging from the actual examination of the manure pile, this measure was eminently successful. Very few flies were breeding in the product of the stable, which formerly gave birth to many thousands daily.

As one stable is capable of supplying flies enough

to infest a large neighborhood, it is evident that the above measure, coupled with care and cleanliness on the part of the housewives, will result in decided diminution of the fly pest, and the greater comfort and safety of the people.

Open Privy Vaults Dangerous.

Open privy vaults are another source for the breeding of flies, and more dangerous than horse manure, as the germs of human diseases, such as typhoid fever, cholera, and intestinal infections are conveyed from them. No box privies should be permitted to exist unless they are conducted on the earth closet principle, with a proper vault or other receptacle, closed except from above, and a free use of lime to prevent the breeding of flies.

Natural Enemies.

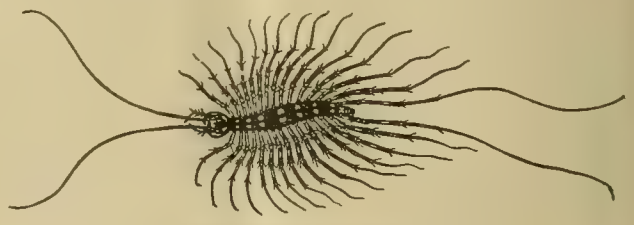
The house fly has its troubles, too. It has a number of natural enemies. While it exists as a maggot, beetles of all kinds get after it. The common horse centipede, which is labelled "*Scutigera forceps,*" destroys it in considerable numbers. Then there is a small reddish mite, which frequently covers its body and gradually kills it. But worst of all is the epidemic of a fungous disease, which carries it off in large numbers. You will recognize this when you find flies sticking on the window pane, with a whitish looking material radiating from them in every direction. This is the way they die from the fungous disease.

However none of these seem to make much of an impression in decreasing the numbers of the flies, for they soon develop, and the death of the thousands is replenished by the birth of millions of new recruits.

Many people think that the fly is a cunning insect with sharp eyes, watching carefully for the first swing of the screen door, to enable him to dart into the kitchen. But the facts in the case are that the fly has rather poor eyesight; although we can not say as much for his sense of smell. Just as soon as the screen door swings open, creating an outward current of air laden with fragrant smells dear to the heart of the fly, he instinctively heads against that current, and that leads him straight into the house. We thus see that a current of air is the guide of the fly, and by managing the direction of these currents, we can hold the flies at bay.

Why Flies Come to Screen Doors.

The reason that so many flies gather on the upper part of the kitchen screen door is because it is the outlet for the current of air. The reason why the air does not go out of the raised window on the opposite side of the room is because that window is raised from the bottom. To enable you to understand this clearly let me remind you of the law of physics which tells us that heated air rises as it is displaced by the cold outside air, which being heavier goes down. Thus the heated air, bearing all the smells of the kitchen, tries to get out from a point nearest the ceiling, and finding no opening nearer than the screen door it makes its exit there, and that accounts for the presence of the flies at this point. The screened kitchen



Scutigera forceps Adult, natural size (after Marlatt).

door keeps the flies out as long as it remains closed, but you know how long that is. Just until some one goes out, and then in come the flies. Therefore the wiser plan is to lower a screened window from the top. This making an opening nearer the ceiling than the top of the door, the heated air will go out at this point, and the flies will gather there but will not be able to get in. If there is an unused chimney, connected with a fireplace, it should be properly screened, as it would form the outlet for the superheated air, and an entrance for the flies.

Paint Your Kitchen Blue.

It has been observed by some scientists that the flies dislike the blue color, and stay away from rooms where the walls are painted blue. This observation has not yet been established as a fact, but it is certainly worthy of further trial and experimentation.

There are various ways of ridding a room of the flies that may be found in it. As the flies do not like the dark, closing every source of light but one will cause them to seek the latter place, when they can be easily driven out, or they will even go out on the brighter light of the outdoors of their own accord.

Chemical Fly Killers.

Of the numerous chemical fly killers, the following are of special merit: On a heated shovel or pan place twenty drops of carbolic acid. The vapor which this produces kills the flies.

A cheap and perfectly reliable fly poison, and one which is not dangerous to human life, is *bichromate of potassium.* Dissolve sixty grains of this in two ounces (one-third of a cup) of water, and add a little sugar. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes, and distribute them about the house.

The latest, the cheapest and best of fly killing devices is said to be a solution of formaldehyde in water. One teaspoonful of formaldehyde is mixed in one fourth pint of water and exposed in the room, and it spells death for every fly within its reach, as the flies seem to be fond of this water. Care should be exercised, however, to place this beyond the reach of children.

Burning pyrethrum powder in the room will stupe-

fy the flies, when they may be swept up and burned.

The weak point of the fly is to follow up smells. Wherever the strong smell is there the fly goes, and there is the spot where the housewife should attack him. There the fly paper should be placed. An improvement in the use of fly paper consists in baiting the same by placing bits of cheese, meat, or any odorous material upon it. The smell attracts the flies and the sticky paper does the rest. But remember your bait must be the strongest smelling article in the room, otherwise it will not attract the flies.

The garbage bucket is very pestilential. It holds all the scraps of fruits, vegetables, and spoiled foods, which being thrown together with all kinds of wet slop, ferment and form a veritable hotbed for the growth and multiplication of deadly germs. Here the flies lay their eggs, and as in most instances these garbage boxes are emptied at irregular intervals, the eggs have a chance to hatch into full grown flies before their nest is disturbed. And even if the garbage boxes were regularly emptied, there is always some of their contents left clinging to the bottom and sides, and this is enough to give a start for many thousands of flies to be born into life and action. One author suggests that two receptacles for garbage be kept, and they be used alternately, and the one not in use be thoroughly cleansed and sprinkled with lime.

In spite of the fact that the yearly cost for screen doors and windows is ten millions of dollars for the United States alone, we cannot afford to do without them at any cost as there are 350,000 cases of typhoid fever (only one of the many diseases spread by the flies) yearly in this country, more than ten per cent of which prove fatal.

Dr. G. N. Kober, speaking in the White House, in May, 1908, presented figures showing that the decrease in the vital assets of the country through typhoid fever in a single year is more than $350,000,000. And the fly is responsible for almost all of this; and if you were to add to this the losses from consumption, various eye diseases, dysentery, summer complaint and other intestinal infections, the amount would have to be very greatly increased.

Even if it were difficult to destroy and get rid of the flies it would be criminal for any one to neglect protecting their families against this deadly plague, but since it is so comparatively easy, there is absolutely no excuse for any carelessness or negligence in ridding one's premises from this disease-producing filth which is a blot on modern methods of living.

England stands as proof to the statement that flies can be gotten rid of. There are practically no flies in England, at least there are so few that the people do not think it worth their while to screen their dwellings. Half a century ago England was pestered with flies just as we are, but she went to work and swept and cleaned up until the flies were starved out.

How much longer can America afford to allow this veritable plague to suck its lifeblood, by carrying off through numerous fatal diseases her innocent babes, her ambitious youths, her brave soldiers and her brainy men? It is high time that we get after them with firm determination and exterminate them from our midst.

Baby bye,
Here's a fly!
Let us watch him, you and I.
See him swoop
In a loop,
Almost tumbling in the soup.

There he goes
With his toes
Dancing on your grandma's nose;
Now, my dear,
See him veer
To your darling papa's ear.

See his feet—
They are neat,
And his footsteps are so fleet!
His feet hold,
So we're told,
Microbes in each tiny fold.

You would squirm
At each term
That is given to each germ—
One might speak
For a week
In rich Latin and in Greek,

And not tell
Very well—
No, nor even could he spell
All the things
The fly brings
On his feet and head and wings.

Germs of Grippe,
Pains and nip,
Pangs that hold each finger tip;
Dandruff mites,
Typhoid sprites,
And appendicitis bites—

All of these
With great ease
Does he carry, if you please.
Spry and quick,
Sly and slick—
With them all he's never sick!

—Exchange.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.

To be retained, happiness must be dispensed.

It is not elevation when a man is puffed up.

To cure us of imaginary troubles, the Lord often sends us real ones.

Making a living is the best way the most of us have of making a life.

No man has to knock at the entrance to temptation; the door is always open.

HISTORY IN WORDS

D. C. Reber

PRESIDENT OF ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE.

Part I.

LANGUAGE is the oldest history given by human agency. Our library shelves bend with the burden of records placed upon them. Museums are filled with rare specimens of ancient documents. Still more durable and antique than all these are the carvings on monuments and pyramids. Not content with the facts concerning the by-gone centuries gleaned from these sources, the antiquarian has unearthed cities, ransacked every nook accessible to him in search of the record of primitive ages.

But linguistics is a source that has been overlooked in this diligent quest for the history of the past. Language is a better vehicle to convey to us the past than documents, inscriptions, or books. Records may be spurious, or erroneous; language in itself never deceives. This is indeed strange, remembering that language appeals to our ears largely, and changes continually.

The geologist, with hammer and microscope, is enabled to gain information concerning periods of time that antedate human existence. This is the record as interpreted from the footprints of the Creator. As there are strata of rocks, so there are similar deposits in language. As the earth has undergone upheavals and subsidences, so revolutions and religious conflicts have impressed themselves upon the language.

The linguist, as the geologist, must begin his work at the upper stratum. This he finds to be the English language. His tools are the dictionary and the various works on language. Prof. Max Müller, of the University of Oxford, and Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, have given us the best of these invaluable helps. The following are the elements or strata that underlie our mother tongue: the French and the Latin, in great abundance; then the strata of Norman-French, Danish, Low German, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Celtic words; beneath these, deposits of the Greek, the Iran or Persian, and the Indic or Sanskrit language. The Sanskrit, the ancient original language of India, was the original language of the earth. These languages compose the Indo-European or Aryan family of languages. It is true that there are other families of languages such as the Semitic (of which the Hebrew is the most important branch), the Tartaric, the Hamitic and the American. Besides these great families, there are several isolated languages which cannot as yet be classified. But these are unimportant to the student of the history of the English tongue.

What is in a name? Much interesting information, history, and beautiful meaning is couched in many of the words that pass over our lips from day to day. By the study of words we become acquainted with the most interesting facts entering into the inner life of a people, not attainable from other sources. Rich treasures of historic information lie buried in single words. The English language was born on the island of Great Britain. To understand more fully this discussion, a few facts in English history must now be mentioned. Many centuries before the Christian era, the Celts, a nomadic class of people, were driven westerly by the Teutons, across Europe, until they reached the Atlantic coast. They settled in Spain, Gaul, Britain, and adjacent islands. The Celts came to the island, now called Great Britain, about 500 B. C. This people occupied the island at the time of Cæsar's first invasion in 55 B. C. One trace of the Celtic race that remains is found in some geographical names. These are names of hills and streams such as Malvern Hill and Avon (the water).

The island was under the rule of the Romans for nearly five centuries. They abandoned it in A. D. 426. The Romans had merely military possession of the island. They did not Latinize Britain as they did Spain and France. Hence the Romans left only a few names to indicate their occupation of that land. The word Chester (a corruption of *castra,* a camp) occurs in names of places, as Leicester, Worcester, Dorchester, Colchester, West Chester, Winchester, and Chichester. These names, therefore, indicate that these places were fortified camps, walled towns, and military stations of the Romans, to which the natives resorted to traffic. These places became the nuclei of towns, such as Manchester, Gloucester, Dorchester, Rochester, Lancaster, etc., that appear on the modern map of the island.

In A. D. 451 the Saxons invaded the island. The Saxons were a branch of the Teutonic race. They came from the shores of the Baltic Sea, and the Rhine country. These with the Angles and the Jutes settled in Britain. That part occupied by the Angles was successively called Angle Land, Engeland, and England. The latter name was later applied to the entire island.

The Anglo-Saxons, a name compounded from the union of the two most powerful tribes, came to the island to make it their permanent abode. Consequently, they endeavored to exterminate the native Celts. The Celts were almost exterminated, the few surviving

ones taking refuge in the inaccessible mountains of Wales. This remnant constitutes the Welsh of today.

With the destruction of the native Britains, the almost entire annihilation of the original language of the island resulted. Among the common names, only thirty-two (according to Latham) are still retained in our language. In this number are such words as *basket, button, bran, kiln, funeral, gown, wire, rail, soldier,* and *size.*

The Saxons have left the names for the political divisions of the southern part of England. Essex is derived from the East Saxons; Sussex, from the South Saxons; Middlesex, from the Middle Saxons. The Angles have left the names of Norfolk (the North folk) and Suffolk (the South folk).

The Anglo-Saxon language forms the broad basis of the English language. It is, in the main, the same as that spoken by Hengist and Horsa, the two brothers who were the leaders of the Saxons, though it has received large additions from other sources. About three-fifths of the words of our language are Anglo-Saxon in their origin, although about nine-tenths of the words on the ordinary printed page are Anglo-Saxon words.

These words are noted for their shortness. The articles, all the pronouns, and most of the adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions are derived from the Anglo-Saxon and are used most frequently. Most of the names of natural things, such as *sun, fire, water, moon,* and *stars,* are Saxon. The words of our earliest childhood—*mother, father, brother, sister, house, roof, home, hearth, bread, hay, wheat, plow, barn*—are all from the same language. Three of the seasons,—*spring, summer,* and *winter,*—are Anglo-Saxon, *autumn* coming from the Latin *augeo,* which means "to increase, to furnish abundantly." This name was used from the first and is found in Chaucer. The name is very appropriate for the season of produce.

Anglo-Saxon words are all easily understood. Hence they are used by both old and young, good and bad, in every-day life. It has been truly said that we eat and drink, talk and laugh, come and go, get and give, love and hate, kill and make alive, buy and sell, and ask help neither of Roman nor Greek, Frenchman nor Spaniard.

The Saxon lands were invaded by the Danes during the ninth and tenth centuries. This event has not produced any serious changes in their language. The Danes, however, left a number of proper names on the part of England north of London. These may be recognized by the termination "by" (an abode or town). Names like Derby, Rugby, Appleby, Selby, and Whitby dot the eastern part of the island.

THE FIRST UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS

The Rt. Hon. Lord Weardale

American Association for International Conciliation.

UNTIL a few years ago the Peace Movement was essentially restricted to the West. All efforts towards bringing about lasting peace, through referring disputes to a Court of Arbitration or a Supreme International Court of Justice, had in view almost exclusively the members of the Caucasian race. Great efforts were made to remove misunderstandings between the peoples of this race and, without interfering with their individuality, to weld them together into a harmonious whole. These various and varied attempts at conciliation and reconciliation have resulted in the series of official Peace Conferences at The Hague, in the establishment of a Permanent Court of Arbitration, in many Treaties of Friendship, and in a general improvement in the attitude of official and public opinion towards what was but a short time ago regarded as the dream of the visionaries.

Meanwhile, almost imperceptibly, a tremendous though silent revolution has been proceeding in the East. But yesterday Turkey, Persia, India, and especially China, seemed each to constitute a world of its own, having no vital relations to other countries, and apparently determined to be unaffected by what was going on around. It was for this reason, no doubt, that the whole of the East—always omitting Japan—was almost uniformly ignored when the problem of the abolition of war was discussed. These Eastern civilizations were asleep, and whilst asleep they were incapable of attacking the West or withstanding any demands made by the Western Powers. Nor were any of these people eager to go to war, for which reason they had not, at least by comparison, to bear the crushing and intolerable burdens of the leading Western Powers.

The victory of Japan in the Russo-Japanese struggle gave the signal for the advance in the East. In all Eastern countries from that time onwards, determined efforts have been made to recast into Western forms their systems of politics, of law, of education, of science, of commerce and of industry. Conquerors of indomitable strength of character have

since the dawn of history endeavored by every justifiable and unjustifiable means to subjugate the world and to see realized everywhere their own ideas and the civilization which they represented—with signal ill success. It has been reserved for our day and generation to look upon the inspiring spectacle of a group of nations doing voluntarily what force would never have achieved, and thus we face now the prospect of the world having shortly only one civilization in different stages of development. The brotherhood of man has consequently ceased to be an idle dream, and we may confidently look forward to a future when men and women the world over will not only be brothers and sisters, but feel towards one another as such.

And yet this beneficent change in the East, which promises more than almost any transformation that the world has before witnessed, threatens to make nugatory all the fine and careful calculations of Western pacifists. The East of yesterday could be readily ignored; the East of tomorrow may mean a shifting of the center of gravity in world relations. The China of yesterday could not possibly affect the world situation; the China of tomorrow, with an army and navy conceivably equal to the combined armies and navies of Europe in size and efficiency, may menace seriously the divided West. China is now like an awakening giant, for every careful observer knows that, added to its enormous population, it is in all-round capacity at least equal to its Eastern neighbors. Indeed, China is not so far removed from us of the West as some may think. Our modern civilization is often said to begin with the printing press; our modern industry is inconceivable without coal; our oversea traffic depends on the mariner's compass; our system of exchange is meaningless without coins; and it is difficult to think what our homes would be without glazed articles, to say nothing of tea and silk. Yet all these, and much else of importance, historians credibly inform us, constitute Chinese inventions and discoveries transferred to the West. A nation capable of such achievements and able to renew its youth and turn over a wholly new page after a corporate existence of over 3,000 years, may be expected not only to imitate the West, but to rival it.

The net result of the metamorphosis of the East is, therefore, that several nations, one of them by far the largest in the world, have joined the nations of the West, and that the possible area of international conflicts has been much enlarged and the peace problem considerably complicated. However, this is not all. The West still takes the view that the East is not its equal and, beyond this, that it may legitimately exploit the East. Even in this present crisis, where simple-minded folk would have thought that the West would do its utmost actively to assist the East and, at the very least, not to embarrass it, we find Turkey, Persia and China being assailed from many sides, the momentary weakness of these backward nations forming the opportunity of the advanced nations. Such conduct between individuals is almost inconceivable among civilized beings, and it is melancholy to reflect that one Western power after another—with rare exceptions, such as the United States—is harassing those whom it is in honor bound to aid. Truly, a strange way of demonstrating the moral superiority of the West.

Should this unfriendly attitude towards Eastern peoples continue, there is no doubt as to the issue. At the present moment we are probably correct in saying that nothing is further from the East than the building up of vast military and naval establishments. It has ideals and generous ones. It wishes to adopt or adapt all that is best in the West, and this desire is so sincere, and the task is so monumental that no time or energy is left for anything else. Still, the conduct of the West towards the East is likely to create a new situation and force the Eastern peoples into a passive, and, later, into an aggressive militarism the serious consequences of which for the peace of the world it is impossible to foretell or exaggerate.

Anthropologists commonly divide the races of the world into three—Caucasian, Mongol, and Negro. Their differences of features and skin color are, broadly speaking, too well known to need even indicating. With these differences are, however, supposed to go certain characteristics of intellect and character. In this connection each race thinks that it is definitely the superior of the other two races, and draws the conclusion that it need not apply the same high standard to other races which it applies to itself. Hence a perennial source of misunderstandings, suspicions and unfriendly acts. Lasting peace under such conditions is as difficult, one might say as impossible, as lasting peace in a home where the house is divided against itself. Inimical relations are sure to develop into ill-will, and ill-will is more than likely to break out in open hostilities. Whilst, spiritually, a gulf was fixed between West and East, race arrogance caused a modicum of harm; now that West and East are meeting, the effects of race arrogance are too terrible to contemplate. Of one thing we may be sure, the harassing of the East, if continued, will give birth to an intense national self-consciousness among the Eastern people; it will nourish into strength race pride, and eventually race hatred and race war; and it will turn the mind of the East towards militarism and conquest. The yellow peril may yet come true in a more startling sense than even the yellow journals have contemplated. What Japan has taught us on a small scale, China may yet teach us on a much more extensive scale.

Here, then, is a new problem for those interested in the development of international good will, created

by the new situation in the East. How is this situation to be met? We must not remain passive until the outlook becomes hopeless. Nor is there much hope that the preaching of Arbitration can affect a situation where growing distrust is one of the essential elements. Law implies legislation, and how is there to be effective legislation where opinions are radically and evenly divided? It almost seems as if the good ship of the Peace Movement, which appeared to be so close to port, was in imminent danger of foundering on an uncharted rock.

It is the endeavor of those who are organizing the First Universal Races Congress, which will be held at the University of London on July 26-29, 1911, that the Congress shall have a beneficial effect of no transitory importance upon the situation which the world faces today. The general relations between the people of the West and those of the East, between the so-called "white" and the so-called "colored" people, will be discussed in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience, with the view of encouraging between them a fuller understanding, more friendly feeling and a heartier coöperation. The Congress is pledged to no political party and to no political scheme of reforms. In the papers which are to be presented, and which are now in the hands of the organizers of the Congress, one writer after another emphasizes the effect of environment of intelligence and character and supports the general conclusions that civilizations and national ideals are for all intents and purposes independent of the so-called physical racial characteristics. In this light, the social and historical factors are alone vitally important and all the conclusions based on the assumption that the status of a race at any particular moment of history is to be wholly or largely explained by the physical characteristics of that race, turn out to be illusions. Indeed, transformation which the East is now passing through under our eyes, is conclusive against the contentions of those who speak of fixed racial characteristics where they should speak of unstable civilization.

All persons who are interested in problems of international conciliation are urged to be present at the Congress, and even though their going should entail considerable sacrifice, those of us who are interested in the Congress feel that it will prove a wise investment of time, energy and money.

NEW WAY TO KEEP A CITY CLEAN.

MINNEAPOLIS is blazing a new trail. She has found that no city which wants to be clean can neglect its garbage handling, and she has set a pace for the rest of us. The real beauty of it, too, is that she has solved the garbage problem—or more nearly solved it than has anybody else, up to date. She may be said to stand first in the list of cities in America in the solution of the sanitary disposal of refuse, and other towns are sending delegations to inspect this garbage system. Winnipeg has already patterned after it.

Nearly four years ago this campaign to handle garbage without nuisance was started and today it is pronounced an unqualified success. No more are there foul, maggoty garbage cans, all because a city ordinance provides that every housewife shall drain the garbage of all moisture and wrap it in a paper before putting it in the can. This not only insures a clean can but the spaces between the paper allow the air to circulate and keep the garbage from freezing and adhering to the can in cold seasons. In other words, heat, moisture and the fly are all eliminated. Any kind of paper can be used but as a rule there is plenty of wrapping paper that comes around packages from the grocer and butcher, as well as old newspapers, that the housewife is glad to get rid of. That all this may be done properly the Board of Health issues a printed card of directions for the housewife and advises that it be hung in her kitchen.

But this is only an important introduction to the story of the garbage system which is being adopted by a large city as a unit. When the garbage man comes around to collect his quota he finds a clean can, he is not faced with wet, dripping refuse and in cold weather he does not take a pick and batter the can in order to lift the frozen material. He merely loads the prepared garbage into a large steel box, somewhat resembling a bath tub, which has one hundred feet capacity. He hauls this to a central transfer station, where the tanks are lifted off the wagon truck by means of an electric hoist and placed upon flat cars which convey them to the crematory or disposal plant. A train of several cars soon reaches the crematory just outside the city, where the boxes are lifted from the cars by an electric hoist and dumped directly into the fire. In other words, from the time the garbage is rolled in paper by the housewife until the ashes are taken from the fire of the disposal plant there is no necessity for the refuse to be handled by hand. As the paper used to wrap the packages is, as a rule, waste material, this too is disposed of and the sanitary condition of the cans and reduction in bulk of the waste, because drained, make the necessity for collection less frequent—a saving in money to the city. —*From "Solving the Garbage Nuisance," in June Technical World Magazine.*

Jones: "Hello, Smith, what has happened to you that you look so peaked?" Smith: "I've been practising the rules on 'How to Keep Well,' published in the health column of the Daily Screamer."

"I love but her," sang the love-sick swain. "If it's butter you want you can get that at the corner grocery," called out her irate father.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Standard Oil Company.

THE Rev. A. B. Beresford, pastor of the First Universalist church of Walnut Hills, in speaking of the Standard Oil Company, said:

"The most powerful and pernicious commercial organization upon earth is the Standard Oil Company. Its growth and accumulations and resulting influence are the marvels of history—nothing like it had ever appeared upon our planet.

"The men whose minds conceived it and whose genius and courage and generalship created and controlled it are among the empire-building men—Cæsars, Charlemagnes, Cromwells, Napoleons. The business they conducted—in methods and magnitude—is a portent. It has overawed men—it has produced paralyzing fears in the hearts of would-be competitors. Its profits have surpassed the dreams of avarice. Its story is more like romance than prosaic business.

"Now it is shown to be a 'conspiracy in restraint of trade'—it is ordered dissolved into its component parts. The supreme court in doing this reveals itself to be the custodian of American liberties. Its decision is the most important document since the Declaration of Independence. The members of the court are worthy sons of the men who bled at Valley Forge. Chief Justice White is the Thomas Jefferson of our day. Freedom is born again. In the order dissolving the corporation law, liberty, justice live again! The American ideals are not overborne but reaffirmed in this decision. American greatness arises out of the vast field of individual enterprise and the resulting development of personal force among our men of business.

"Monopoly is not merely getting more money than service or commodity is worth—it destroys the liberty of other men; it thus strikes at the root of American greatness. Every monopoly means three things—wreck of some other man's business, destroying his rights and the getting of unearned moneys. It is quoted from a member of the Rockefeller family 'that to produce the American Beauty rose' the florist pinches seventy buds to death, that their vigor suppressed may flow into the one rare bloom! In American business gardens the Standard Oil Company is the beauty rose—for every one man it has developed, seventy have been pinched to death! Is this American?

"One of the specious arguments of the counsel for the company—and an oft-repeated claim—is that the company has reduced the price of oil. Oil has gone down in price as the company has grown strong, but this is in spite of the company. The reason is that the vast importance of the byproducts of petroleum are more valuable than the oil itself. The extortionate profits are evidenced to all in the stupendous, the startling, the staggering wealth of the men in the company.

"Yet, even if it were true, the oil at half the present price were all too dear if it had to be paid for in curtailed or destroyed liberty. The Standard Oil is a menace to American life, not because it is strong, but because it is soulless; not because it is big, but because it is bad. It has corrupted State legislators, owned United States Senators, dictated the policies of great railroads, named bank directors and poisoned the springs of initiative and energy.

"The indirect, subtle and insidious influence it exhales, the vital strength it has destroyed, makes it not the 'American Beauty rose', no, no, not that, but the 'American ulcer.' Its continued life means death to our business integrity and a snuffing out of the men who are to be our pride."

* * *

The Opinion in the Tobacco Case.

THE *Record-Herald* said: There is no doubt that "a vast amount" of the opinion in the Standard Oil case was "pure obiter dicta," as Justice Harlan says. There was value in the dicta, however, because they revealed the mental processes of the court. Possibly they were incorporated in response to the cry of the business world for "guidance," for light and criteria; but it is strictly true that the case might have been disposed of without one word as to the "rule of reason."

Not so, however, the tobacco case. Here all that is said, or reiterated, concerning the rule of reason in applying the Sherman act is clearly vital and essential. It explains the rather exceptional character of the relief awarded, the order to the court below, and the opportunity afforded to the company, and it also explains the surprisingly sweeping nature of the decision. The able opinion, indeed, in view of the complexity and subtlety of the case, as well as of the novel issues involved, must be thoroughly mastered if the decision is to be properly understood.

The court finds that the government, in assailing

the tobacco trust, found itself forced to hesitate between or resort to two conflicting methods of constructions. To some features of the case it applied a literal construction of the Sherman act; in others it resorted to reasonable construction. The court notes "this obscurity and resulting uncertainty" to find therein fresh proof of the need and utility of its "light of reason." That light, it says, strengthens the trust act, gives it a "vivifying potentiality," instead of emasculating it; it brushes aside subterfuge, disguise and form; it is independent of hard-and-fast theories of construction, going to facts and established principles of English and American law for tests and criteria.

A literal construction of the act, the court further says, would have excluded some of the facts in the case which the government was anxious to include. By including all the facts the court was able to make its decree more comprehensive and effective than the decree below. At the same time, the very sweeping nature of the decree dictated some regard for the interests affected, for innocent parties and for the course of commerce.

The fair or practical minded public has no reason to complain of the operation of the rule of reason or of the concessions made to the tobacco trust, and the charge that the court invites mere juggling and dodging by the "predatory" trusts is idle and baseless. It may not have "cleared the atmosphere" even now, but, if so, the trouble is not with its reasoning but with the Sherman act itself.

The Lorimer Case.

JUST before the Illinois Legislature adjourned, the Helm investigating committee reported on the case of Senator Lorimer with a statement of fact to the effect that William Lorimer was elected to the United States Senate by bribery and corruption; that Edward Hines telephoned to Lorimer a few hours before his election that he would furnish all the money necessary; and stated shortly after the election that he had raised $100,000 to bring about Lorimer's victory; that a large sum of money was raised and used for the specific purpose of corrupting and bribing members of the General Assembly; that it was used to purchase the vote of at least one former member of the Senate, D. W. Holstlaw; that D. W. Holstlaw, Charles A. White, Michael Link, and Herman J. C. Beckemeyer received money, not only for their votes for Lorimer, but also for their action or inaction on legislation in general throughout the session; and that further investigation had been blocked by inability to subpœna important witnesses from outside of Illinois and inability to enforce obedience to any subpœnas since the ruling of Judge Petit of Chicago.

This report was adopted by the Senate on May 18, by 39 to 10, and the Secretary of State was instructed to transmit the report and the evidence in support of it to the Senate of the United States.

SUBSTANTIALLY two-thirds of the Senate favor the Martin resolution which places the Lorimer investigation into the hands of the regular committee on privileges and elections as opposed to Senator La Follette's plan of appointing a special committee on investigation. The regulars, to meet the criticism of Mr. La Follette and his supporters, say that whatever merit may be found in the charges that the old investigating committee was too circumscribed by rules of evidence and of law, the new committee will make a sweeping inquiry which will satisfy the most exacting.

According to those who will have the direction of the reopening of the case, the bars are to be let down, so far as the rules of evidence are concerned, and the rules which excluded as inadmissable evidence offered at the former inquiry will not again be applied.

The committee will aim to get at all the facts, it is promised, and with that object in view will not exclude hearsay evidence.

One of the most interesting witnesses, if not one of the most important, so far as developments are concerned, to appear before the committee, if present plans are carried out, will be Mr. Lorimer himself.

That Mr. Lorimer personally was cognizant of all that transpired not a few Senators believe. Several of them, in debate, have censured the old committee for not examining him as a witness.

Senators assert that his daily and nightly conferences with Speaker Shurtleff and Lee O'Neil Browne, and his telephone talks with Edward Hines brought to him direct information concerning every movement made to bring about his election and that if corrupt methods were used he must have known it and have given his approval.

Speaker Clark the other day received a long letter which seemed to be covered with bloody fingermarks, It proved to be a petition from sixty-six Chippewa Indians of the White Earth Reservation, protesting against the Indian land laws. The finger marks had been made with pokeberry juice, in lieu of signatures, as none of the braves could write.

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Sunday for Postal Clerks.

Efforts have been made throughout the entire United States to give the mail clerks their Sunday the same as employees of any other business establishment. Preparations for the six day week, which becomes effective in the New York postoffice on July 1, were discussed at a meeting of the clerks in New York a short time ago. Experiments were begun a few weeks ago by giving the letter carriers a Sunday off in restricted districts, and extending it until all in the city had a day off. Later the clerks were included in the experiment and it was found possible to allow each a day by a rearrangement of the work. It has been stated that similar experiments in Jersey City, Newburg, Newark, Yonkers, and other places have been successful. No extra appropriation is provided for the new conditions, so that they must be met by a readjustment of the work. The postoffice officials say that when the law becomes effective conditions will have been arranged to comply with it without a hitch.

The Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit.

Chicago has just finished its first child welfare exhibit, in which it has brought before its citizens the startling facts as to how the other half of the world lives. In this exhibit every one who could visit it found something new in his own home scenes. The little baby's life was seen to be wonderful. Its care was shown to be a science. The wisdom of the whole earth was found to be serving motherhood and childhood. On the other hand, however, there was a display of the terrible neglect of the little children and the consequences which accompany it, and the cruelty and needlessness of all the inhuman suffering. Bad conditions were made better before the eyes of the spectator. Life won the victory over death and health turned the tide of disease. The blind were made to see. Crooked little limbs were straightened out. Hovels were turned into homes and motherliness put greed and cruelty to flight. Out of this child welfare exhibit there is sure to come a new human interest in old human things; a sweeping effort to make the common things of home and childhood, fatherhood and motherhood, family and school circle, street and playground as much better as they ought to be. Fathers who have seen this exhibit must give more fatherhood to their children, and good mothers will grow wiser by it. Little folk will take a larger place in the home. The house will be cleaned up and will take on more of the beauty and comfort of the home. Sickness will not seem so inevitable and people will try to stop it before it begins. The doctors will try to prevent disease rather than try to cure it. Better homes, better fathers and mothers, better children and better families are sure to be the result of the exhibit.

Popularizing the Farm.

Minnesota has taken an important step toward solving the problem of keeping the young men and young women on the farms from flocking to the city. The last Legislature passed two bills practically without opposition that will put into effect a consolidated school system. One provided for the enlarged central rural schools themselves and the other was a good roads law requisite to the successful operation of the first enactment. The last census report shows a marked decline in the population of many of the rural districts. As a result farming in many places has resolved itself into soil robbing by the tenants. In many places they are not getting more than one-half the returns that should be secured from the land. Education has resolved itself into an economic problem and Minnesota proposes to make farming a scientific pursuit for the young man and bring the advantages of the city to his door. Community schools of several rooms will be established and the children will be gathered by wagon or automobile bus. The counties will be redistricted and each township will vote on the question of adopting the new plan. The State will give each new district $1,500 toward a new building and from $500 to $1,000 a year for maintenance. Special attention will be given to agriculture and home economics. Manual training has already been established and music will be added later. The State has considered the social tendencies of the young people and is making provisions for wholesome social gatherings. Each building is to have an auditorium where large public gatherings can be held. The teachers are expected to be the social leaders in their respective districts. To provide enough teachers, thirty agricultural high schools will be in operation next year and five teachers' training schools besides the State

agricultural school, which has 2,500 students. To secure the necessary good roads the State will pay engineers to supervise road building in every county. This move will be an effective means toward stemming the tide which is at present drifting toward the city.

The Seventeen-Year Locust.

DURING the past, the seventeen-year locust has made its appearance at regular intervals exactly on schedule time. This year is the time for its next visit and already it has made its appearance in the vicinity of New York City. It has been found on Staten Island and near Plainfield, N. J., the latter being the worst infected locality in the East, according to the entomologists. The insects are expected to emerge from the grub stage there about June 15, and protection against their ravages is being devised by the most vigilant farmers and gardeners of the East. It is said by the authorities that Chicago and its vicinity will not be visited by these pests this year, but in the southern counties of Illinois and Indiana, they or their southern brood, the thirteen-year locusts, are expected. It has been estimated that the locusts appearing at these periods of seventeen or thirteen years —this year they come together—have done as much as $200,000,000 damage in a single year. Fortunately there exist simple and effective preventives of the pest. Bordeaux mixture or lime wash will keep them off the trees, and their eggs, which are placed in the ground within five inches from the surface, can be destroyed by running heavy rollers several times over the ground or by burning, beating and tramping. In time, undoubtedly, the seventeen-year locusts will disappear through the application of the teaching of science. Of course it will take intelligent coöperation on the part of the farmers and gardeners living in the districts where the pest makes its appearance. The scientists can only tell what to do, but the doing remains in the hands of those who wish to get rid of the locusts. The successful farmers of the East are taking every precaution to keep the insects from getting the upper hand of them, and are hoping to reduce the damage to the minimum, if the enemy cannot be entirely destroyed.

Edward Hines.

EDWARD HINES, who has been accused of being an important factor in the Lorimer scandal, has exposed himself to the criticism of his entire lumber company. In a recent meeting of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, of which he has for some time been president, two reasons were announced why he would be dropped as chief executive of the company. First, was his connection with the Lorimer scandal which has injured the lumber manufacturers' interests and has shaken the faith of the most ardent supporters of the Hines faction. Second, was the way in which he conducted the business of the company. One of the spokesmen of the anti-Hines movement characterized him by "hoggishness" and "a desire for personal aggrandizement." Hines has worked hard since he became president but it has been in his own interests. By his attitude he has stirred up opposition and has made powerful enemies. The Southern members of the association were very conservative in their attitude toward Mr. Hines, but there was a deep feeling against him because of his part in the Lorimer election. W. B. Stillwell, of Jacksonville, Florida, said, "We will not condemn him until proof is had of his actual connection with Mr. Lorimer's election. If these things about Mr. Hines are true he is unfit to hold office of any kind with any trade association."

Colonel Roosevelt Against Arbitration.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, in an editorial in *The Outlook*, takes exception to the universal arbitration proposal. He regards as safe or harmless a treaty of arbitration with England, because there are no really dangerous questions outstanding between us and the British, and because an Anglo-American war is practically unthinkable. But he is opposed to universal arbitration as a general proposition. He would not, and he does not believe the American people would arbitrate vital questions of honor and national integrity, and therefore he says it is hypocrisy to promise what can not be fulfilled. Mr. Roosevelt would like to see a preamble in the treaty definitely stating that the United States would not arbitrate questions of honor, integrity and sovereignty if they should arise, and does not really bind itself to universal arbitration. The omission of the customary exemptions he thinks a grave mistake, as it might lead to misunderstanding and charges of weakness or insincerity. The Taft administration, and the friends of arbitration generally, including the chambers of commerce of New York, Boston, London, and other cities do not share Colonel Roosevelt's fears. They think it is safe and wise to provide for the arbitration of any and all questions, or rather, to assume that any question is arbitrable. They fail to see why strong, great, progressive powers that cannot be accused of cowardice cannot, without humiliation or hypocrisy, agree to consider arbitration of the most vital issues and abide by the judgment of fit and high minded investigators and judges. The proposed treaty does not provide for absolutely compulsory arbitration. It merely provides for delay, reflection, inquiry and advice, and its novel feature is the indirect admission that no question is by its nature excluded from the field of reason and justice. Secretary Knox was extremely careful in drawing up the treaty and he has made ample provision for the establishment of justice among all the nations concerned.



REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

AFTER the fire a storm; an eastern storm; a storm long to be remembered by the old settlers of Kansas. The fire swept over a long range of Jewell and Republic Counties and was only checked when it reached the Republican River, where luckily the bottoms along the river had been burned off before. Many stables and nearly every haystack along its path went up in smoke, leaving the settlers destitute of feed for their stock and largely destitute of shelter.

The March winds were bleak and cold. Drizzling rains, alternating with spiteful snow-squalls and freezing nights rendered the days and nights gloomy, chilly, disagreeable, and occasioned many a longing wish and hope that the rough weather would give place to milder and more genial springtime sunshine and warmth. The hay that had been provided was nearly all burned up, the ground was black with the ashes of the old grass that had covered it, and that had in many cases been the only feed for cattle and horses before it was burned. Often they had little also to subsist upon and roamed about hither and thither picking their living as best they could. But there was no picking now, and they were left without shelter or food, other than that which the settlers could hastily improvise by buying, borrowing or begging from the scant supplies that could be found at considerable distances outside of the burned district. So much for the fire.

The weather was pitiless, and in pity for our horses and cattle we hastily went to work and built a long shed against a bank along the spring branch, leaving it open upon the south side but making a shelter from the north winds by covering it all over with some of the hay which we had stacked upon a piece of plowed ground and which was luckily saved from the fire.

And now blustery, merciless old March had given place to April and he fooled us with a pretty fair April-fool day, but ere long we found we were fooled, most outrageously indeed. A streak of sunshine, a drizzling rain, alternating with a hideous damp northeast wind that chilled through to the very marrow, followed the first good day or two of the month, and then a few days of more genial weather set us up on the pinnacle of anticipation and hope that our worst was over and springtime had really come.

Alas for our hope! It was Easter Sunday. There in the northwest a bank of black and blue was gathering, with shifting winds that veered in the direction of the storm cloud and soon began to roar with a vehemence that rattled the shingles from the roof, jarred the doors and windows and caused our cottonwood shanty to tremble on its foundation. Blinding clouds of ashes and cinders filled the air, the earth was swept clean, and then followed a drizzly mist which continued till after nightfall; a night that seemed the very blackness of darkness itself.

We went to bed with the winds howling and rocking us to sleep, but before morning we were awakened by the fine snow sifting in over our beds. Morning revealed the ground white and the stormy wind thick with flying clouds of a fine snowy mist so dense that at times the cattle shed, only thirty steps away, could not be seen. It came in thick gusts. Before night the cattle and horses in the shed were wading in snow that whirled over the hill and sucked into the shed under their feet.

We gathered the calves, pigs and chickens in with the cattle and horses under the shed and tacked quilts and blankets and sheets all along in front and at the ends, staking them fast to the ground at the bottom, and then with hay and feed, left all the stock as comfortable as we could for the coming night. All night long it snowed and blew and was freezing cold. The next morning the shed had disappeared, covered all over with snow; the hollows were drifted full; a sheet of whirling snow was sweeping along over the ground ahead of the fierce, cold wind. All that day the air was thick, the sun obscured. To face the blinding storm without protection to the face was impossible. The little pellets cut like a knife. Sheets of snow were swirling upward at every angle, while from above, the clouds were still pouring fine, misty

flakes down into the roaring, stormy wind below; and this condition, with only short intervals of lessened fury continued unabated for three days and four nights. On Thursday morning the wind abated and the storm cleared, permitting the sun once more to shine. What grand relief! I took a shovel and went across to Neighbor Warren's. They lived in a dugout and I could only tell the place by a little rise in the drift of snow and a little smoke curling out at a hole in the top of the drift. "Hello!" I yelled. "Hello!" came faintly from under the snow. "Are you all alive?" "Yes, how is the storm?" A great bank of snow had filled the passageway and banked up against the door so that they had not been out of their little twelve by twelve underground room for two days and two nights. I dug them out and found they had not suffered except from anxiety about the horses that for two days were without feed or water. We found the horses in the stable partly covered with snow and as glad to be delivered as their master had been. Warren said during the first day of the storm he had forced a passage through the snow and looked after them; but on the next morning the snow had become packed and banked in so heavily against the door that it was impossible to get out. They had provisions and fuel and were not uncomfortable in their snowy prison, but were very glad to see daylight and the sunshine once more.

Others did not fare so well. Three hunters, caught out in the blinding storm, perished in the western part of Jewell County. A woman and children were chilled and frozen to death in Republic County. Our neighbor, Richard Friend's, horses and colts wandered away and perished. Neighbor Aubrey lost ten of his cattle. Poor brutes, driven by the storm they tumbled over a high bank and were found piled up and buried deep under the drifting snow.

The privation and suffering by man and beast was intense. Much stock perished. Many families, scattered and sparsely settled as these early pioneers were, were blocked in with little fuel and little to subsist upon until they almost gave up all hope of being able to endure the drifting snow and the intense cold wind. Women wept, children cried. Men were paralyzed with fear and astonishment. The snow sifted through the crevices. The wind howled unmercifully and relentlessly. It crept to the very marrow and sent a shiver of cold wherever it went. About the only thing that could be done was to fasten the door, stuff rags in the crevices and go to bed. This storm began on Easter Day and is memorable among the early settlers of Kansas as "The Great Easter Storm."

This little historical episode may remind the younger generation of some things that were endured by the pioneers who followed closely upon the heels of the Indian and the buffalo and were the first to tear up the virgin sod of Kansas.

MRS. RANKIN'S CURE

Hattie Preston Rider

MRS. RANKIN had been living in her new home in Warford about two weeks, when a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism indefinitely postponed the finishing touches of her settling. Luckily, there was no pressing need that they should be attended to; for Mr. Rankin came and went uninterruptedly to his new office. But as his wife began to mend, she found many a lonely moment on her hands. They were entire strangers in the little town, and no one had called.

So one day she was delighted and a little fluttered, when the nurse rather dubiously ushered a strange lady into her room, with the announcement that "Mrs. Warner, one of your new neighbors, has run in for a few minutes."

The intruder was bright-faced, plump, and happy-looking. A surreptitious laugh sparkled in her eyes, over the nurse's veiled hint as to the brevity of her call. She came with a light step close to the bed, and laid her soft warm fingers for an instant over the invalid's lying limply on the coverlet.

"My heart went out to you here, away from your friends in a strange place," she announced, sympathetically. "But I waited as long as I could, not wishing to come when it could possibly do you harm. I just want to tell you that you must not feel really alone; for we are all waiting to be friends with you. You don't know how glad we are that you are improving, and will soon be about again!"

Quick tears sprang to Mrs. Rankin's eyes, and a lump rose in her throat. She had not realized, till that instant, how homesick she was. When the nurse spoke out warningly: "You must not get excited, madam," sudden healthy rebellion took possession of the patient's soul.

"It is the sort of excitement that will do me good, Mrs. Lacy," she declared, spiritedly, notwithstanding the quiver in her voice. She turned to the caller, a smile struggling through the tears she was industriously wiping away with her pocket handkerchief. "I've been feeling like a stone, soul and body, all the morning," she said; "and I guess it *is* homesickness. Mrs.

Lacy is good as gold, but one does miss one's friends dreadfully." The tears threatened again, but she winked and swallowed them back, with another attempt at a laugh. "You make me feel like taking a fresh start, Mrs. Warner, sit down."

"Just a few minutes," the caller replied, as she accepted the invitation. "And I've brought you something for company that will speak to you with a real living voice, when you wish it, comfort and sympathy enough to fill volumes,—or breathe only a simple word if you like that better." She took from under her knitted shawl a white card done in neat gold lettering and hung by a gold-colored ribbon. Surprised and a little puzzled, Mrs. Rankin read:

"AND JESUS HIMSELF WENT WITH THEM."

"There's magic in it," Mrs. Warner assured her with a cheery smile. "It was given me by one of my dearest friends, when I had pneumonia a year ago. The pictures in my room did not specially appeal to me, and I simply must have something to fix my mind upon, when I'm not well. If I don't, my thoughts keep running over and over the disease, and I get worse. Then my friend brought this motto. She hung it opposite my bed, and told me it held a truth deep as the seas, and full of riches. After she was gone I began to study it, and sure enough, I found positive physical good in it, as well as spiritual comfort. I had heard something about thoughts helping one to get well, so here, I told myself, was a chance to test the theory.

"If 'Jesus himself' went with his disciples, I reasoned, he would surely stay there with me. Wherever he was, he healed sickness, destroyed evil,—and certainly sickness is an evil! I reasoned, also, that he did so by putting health and righteousness—rightness—in their place. So every time I looked at the motto I pictured myself as I would be if Jesus had healed me, soul and body,—the flesh new, 'like a child's,' without fever or weakness, and my sins, or mistakes, forgiven me. If you have never experimented that way, you would have been surprised at my improvement in one night. I suppose it was a sort of faith cure, for of course there is no real healing of disease except as God does it. But I wish you would recover as quickly as I did, dear lady."

Mrs. Rankin looked at the speaker with earnest, intelligent eyes, that held in them something more than hope.

"'These signs shall follow them that believe,'" she quoted. "It cannot be impossible. Jesus promised when he went away that we should do even greater things than he had done."

Mrs. Warner rose to go, her face brightened correspondingly with the one on the pillows. Already they seemed close friends. She nodded smilingly toward the motto, which the nurse at Mrs. Rankin's request had hung at a convenient angle of the invalid's vision.

"There's no danger of our reposing too much confidence in our Heavenly Father, so long as we are willing to do our part of the work," she affirmed. "Anyway, I'm going to trust him for your speedy recovery!"

. . . . . .

"She didn't hurt you, at least," conceded the curious nurse, as she helped her patient sit up a little, after the caller had gone. And Mrs. Rankin declared: "I don't ache half as badly as I did an hour ago!"

Next morning the nurse had reason to wonder, for the invalid could bear to step on the ailing foot. It proved not too good to be true, either, for she improved every day so rapidly that her husband said to her, half-jokingly:

"Upon my word, Anna, you've got even me a candidate for the 'right thoughts' cure, as you call it!"

"I'm a believer in it now," she answered him; "and in the people who go about cheering up sick ones with it," she added, happily.

THE STORM

Ada Van Sickle Baker

FROM the snowy bed came a low moan. The face of the woman lying there was almost as white as the coverlet that covered, but could not conceal, the pathetic lines of her worn figure.

Her husband, bent with the weight of years, leaned tenderly over her; and, as one would caress a loved child, smoothed the locks, thickly sprinkled with silver, back from the broad brow.

"Is there anything I can do to help relieve your pain, dear?" he asked.

"No, James, you have given me the peppermint drops, and applied hot poultices. It seems the pain will just have to wear itself out, as it did the last time."

"If you would only have Dr. Waldron, from Pine Bluff, perhaps he could bring you relief, Sarah."

The woman shook her head. "No, James, I tried him once; he did us no good. Oh, if our boy could only be here, James! I am proud of our son. Think of the name he has made for himself! Our son, once our little curly-haired babe, is now a surgeon of renown in a great hospital in one of the largest cities. It seems one sight of his dear face would cure all my ills!"

She looked hungrily out of the open window, as though expecting the sight of his stalwart form on the road that wound past the old farmhouse.

James Hampton closed his lips in a thin line, while his eyes took on a hardened expression. He loved that boy, for whom his wife had spoken, more than he had ever owned; but, contrary to the father's wishes, he had chosen to spend his life apart from the parents, for the sake of winning fame.

He might have had a splendid practice in the home town near by, and that, coupled with the returns from the farm his parents owned, would have been a handsome sum. Then, too, he was needed by the dear parents, who had sacrificed so much for him in their early life; but the call of the city with its throbbing, pulsating life had overpowered the sense of duty, and he had gone, leaving two lonely, aching hearts behind.

The husband and father arose from the bedside of his wife, and walked to the window. His gaze rested on the view beyond, in an absent sort of fashion. Suddenly he brought his figure to its full height, and with parted lips and wide-open eyes he gazed into the heavens. A great angry, funnel-shaped mass was bearing down upon them with the speed that only a cyclone of magnitude can assume. Already the awful, death-like stillness that had pervaded the atmosphere was giving way to the fearfulness of the coming storm. The leaves of the trees sighed and moved uneasily, knowing the storm king's breath would soon rend them from the parent tree. Little birds with frightened cries sought a sheltered retreat. Animals ran hither and thither; their natural instincts warning them that a great danger was swiftly approaching. Everything seemed sobbing with fear, and as the fascinated gaze of the old man rested on the awful panorama before his eyes, a terrible fear took possession of his own soul.

The woman, raising herself on her elbow, saw something was wrong. Then as her eyes swept past her husband she saw the meaning of his white, panic-filled face.

"James," she softly called.

He flung himself on his knees beside her.

"James, dear James, you need not tell me. I know. But, dear husband, God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

With the wondering look of a little child, he raised his face and looked into her eyes, as his hands sought hers. Then the storm bore down in all its fury. A horrible roaring filled the air, interspersed with grinding, cracking and splitting sounds, as buildings, trees, fences and whatever lay in its path were torn and twisted out of all semblance of their former appearance.

With a mighty roar the cyclone passed on its way, but not before it had torn off a corner of the Hampton dwelling. Debris, consisting of mutilated furniture, splintered boards and broken glass littered the floor, evidences of the powerful storm-breath that had swept over them.

Rising from the bed on which she lay, the woman forgot her physical ailments in the excitement of the moment. She knew she was unharmed, but it was not of that she thought. Prostrate on the floor, face downward, lay the man who had been her companion for thirty-five years.

With the strength that fear sometimes brings, she gathered him up, half carrying, half dragging him to the bed she had so lately occupied. As she laid him down for the first time she saw a great gaping wound in his head, from which the blood poured in a stream. Catching up a white cloth she sought to check the precious life-fluid; but cloth after cloth was saturated, and still it showed no signs of ceasing.

Throwing herself on her knees, beside the unconscious man, she prayed as she had never prayed before, for God's merciful help. As if in direct answer to her petition the door swung open and her son stood before her.

He started in alarm.

"Mother! Father! What does this mean?"

The woman pointed to the prostrate form. "Thank God, you have come! He needs your attention!"

Hurriedly he staunched the red fluid, and skillfully, as only a practiced surgeon can, dressed the wound. After bringing the injured man to consciousness he turned to his trembling mother and said:

"I miraculously escaped injury from the storm myself, and I thank God I was spared to save the life of my father. Know this, dear ones, although it has taken the work of a cyclone to open my eyes to an understanding of things, I have learned my lesson well, and in the future will devote my life to my profession nearer home, where it is more needed, and where it will be more appreciated."

* * *

LACE will not thicken if washed in naptha. Immerse in the fluid and let the lace remain for an hour or two. Then gently squeeze between the hands and rinse with clean naptha.

EXPLOSIVES

John H. Nowlan

Part II.

GRADUALLY, but none the less surely, the use of explosives is passing from the demands of war to those of peace. Many of the triumphs of constructive art today would have been practically impossible without some agent more powerful than common powder. Further, some, yes, *many* common tasks are lightened or cheapened by their use.

The commoner explosive used is dynamite, which is made in various strengths according to the work to be performed.

On the farm the first use of dynamite was to split stumps so that they could be more easily removed by digging. Later, when the blasting of stumps was better understood and better and cheaper explosives had been invented, it was seen that the better way was to split the stump and at the same time blow it out of the ground.

The next step was the removal of boulders which the farmer had been plowing around for years, knowing of no other way to remove them than to bury them.

The next step was to employ it to break the rocks encountered in digging ditches, wells, and to make holes for telephone poles or fence posts.

Some of the latest uses of dynamite are to break up the impervious subsoil known as "hardpan," loosen the soil for tree planting, and even to break up the soil under growing trees.

Land values are rising rapidly, hence land that a few years ago was loafing is now being cleared and put to work producing crops. Even when too hilly to be cultivated profitably, it is being used for pasture and the more level land used for crops.

In recent years the duties of the writer have taken him to many of these places and given him an opportunity to see some of the work. He has seen fields so full of stumps that plowing required the patience of a modern Job. Again he has seen the same field literally covered with the remains of the stumps that had been blown from the ground. Later the same field was growing the finest kind of corn planted in nice straight rows.

One of the troubles that are met with in using powder is that it soon becomes too damp to do good work after being placed in the opening prepared for it. On the contrary, dynamite is not detonated by a spark, but by a shock. This is accomplished by means of a cartridge and fuse or an electric battery. Stumps are easier to pull when the ground is wet and happily the explosive effect of dynamite is greatest in wet soil.

While dynamite will do its work when unconfined it will do more if confined, hence it is economy to place the charge at the desired spot and fill the hole with damp clay, tamping it well with a wooden stick. This stick should not have any metal about it.

The object in tamping is to secure greatest results, for like powder it moves in the direction of the least resistance. Within a stone's throw of where I am now writing a well was once dug by its help. A charge was exploded in the bottom of a five-foot hole with the result that the clay at the top of the hole was not even broken. Digging down, a cavity as large as a barrel was found. The charge had broken into a loose stratum of water-bearing clay and as a result the well almost filled with water in a few days, yet the cavity, when first dug into, seemed dry because the concussion had driven the water from the clay.

In the southern part of this county is a limestone quarry. The explosive used depends upon the use to which the stone is to be put. If to be used for pillars a low power is used, as that does not shatter the rock so much, but if to be used for macadam and the like, high power dynamite is used in order to secure this shattering effect. In either case a hole is drilled to the depth required and the charge exploded in the bottom.

To remove boulders there are three common methods, known as "mud-capping," "snake-holing," and "block-holing." The first two are the easier and quicker, but require more dynamite.

In mud-capping ("doby shooting" or "blistering") the paper shells are cut open and the contents packed in a solid mass on the stone at the point where a blow with a hammer would be most apt to break it. A cap with fuse is placed in the center and the whole covered with several inches of damp clay.

In snake-holing the process is similar to stump blasting. A hole is drilled under the boulder close to the center, the opening closed, and firmly tamped. If not properly placed the dynamite will blow out the earth and leave the stone unmoved.

Block-holing is done by drilling one or more holes into the boulder and exploding the charge therein. This method requires less dynamite, but more labor.

The above are only some of the many ways in which explosives are being used and new ones are daily being discovered.

The one thing to impress on the minds of all is *care*. In no case is it more true that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

INCREASING USE OF FERTILIZERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

SOIL foods are rapidly gaining in popularity or absolute requirement, or perhaps both, among the agriculturists of the United States. The total value of imported fertilizers, including materials largely though not exclusively used for that purpose, aggregated 40 million dollars in the calendar year 1910, against 10½ million in 1900 and 5½ million in 1890, according to figures compiled by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor; while other reports covering the production of fertilizers indicate also a large and perhaps equally rapid growth in domestic output of the various materials used for fertilizing purposes. The production of phosphate rock, for example, largely used in the manufacture of artificial fertilizers, increased, according to reports of the *Geological Survey*, from 6½ million dollars in 1904 to 10¾ million dollars in 1909; while the Census Office reports the value of fertilizers manufactured in 1890 at 39 million dollars, in 1900 at 45 million, and in 1905 at 57 million dollars, and if the rate of increase just shown with regard to the production of phosphates, a basic material in the manufacture of fertilizers, occurred also in the output of manufactured fertilizers during the period since 1905 the total production in 1910 was probably 70 million dollars. Meantime the United States exported last year fertilizers to the value of 10 million dollars, making the approximate consumption of soil foods by the farmers of the country about 100 million dollars per annum, omitting consideration in this connection of cotton seed meal, used in part as fertilizer material, but largely as a food for live stock.

The increase in importation of the more important classes of articles used as fertilizers is indicated by the following figures: Imports of soda nitrate, or Chile saltpetre, have increased from 3 million dollars in 1890 to 5 million in 1900 and to over 16½ million dollars in the calendar year 1910. The imports of potash salts of the fertilizer class, chiefly the muriate and sulphate, have increased from 1 million dollars in 1890 to 2 million in 1900 and 6 2-3 million in 1910; while imports of phosphates, guano, kainit and other fertilizers have increased from over 1 million dollars in 1890 to 2 million in 1900 and 9½ million in 1910.

The commercial sources of the elements chiefly relied upon as soil foods—nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash—are comparatively few. Nitrate of soda, valuable because of its high content of nitrogen, comes almost exclusively from Chile, from which the imports amount to over 300,000 tons, valued at about 13 million dollars, per annum. The potash salts are practically all the product of Germany, the imports therefrom of muriate of potash, valuable by reason of its richness in available potash ranging from 200 million to 400 million pounds, valued at from 3 million to 5 million dollars, per annum. The imported sulphate of potash also comes chiefly from Germany, though smaller amounts are imported from Belgium, Austria-Hungary, and Japan. Imported guano comes from a considerable number of countries, though mostly from Peru and Germany, smaller amounts being imported from the United Kingdom, Mexico, Netherlands, the Dutch West Indies, and, in some years, from Uruguay, Venezuela, and British possessions in Oceania. Of the imported crude phosphates Belgium, French Guiana, and British Oceania are the chief sources; while of the other imported fertilizers not separately enumerated by the Bureau of Statistics Germany is the chief source, supplying from 70 per cent to 80 per cent, the remainder being chiefly from the United Kingdom, Canada, and Belgium.

Additional evidence of the increased consumption of artificial fertilizers in the United States is contained in the figures of the census, which show that the number of establishments devoted to that purpose has increased from 278 in 1880 to 553 in 1905; the tons of material used, from 727,453 to 3,591,771; and the value of their product, from 20 million dollars in 1880 to 57 million in 1905. The materials used by the domestic fertilizer industry in 1905 included bones, tankage, etc., 5 million dollars; phosphate rock, 4½ million; potash salts, 3½ million; superphosphates, 3 million; cotton seed meal, 2⅓ million; pyrites, 2 million; kainit, nearly 2 million; nitrate of soda 1¾ million; sulphuric acid, 1 million; fish, nearly 1 million; ammonia sulphate, a little over a half million; and various other articles, such as sulphur, lime, wood ashes, and salt.

FROGS IN PARIS.

FRENCH farmers find a frog pond even more profitable than a snail bed. Good plump frogs sell wholesale in Paris at from two to five francs a dozen. They are a prolific race, and many a farmer in Normandy makes a comfortable addition to his income by selling frogs. England is one of the few countries where these delicacies are not appreciated. Frogs are gladly eaten in the United States and Canada, as well as all over the Continent. According to a recent American consular report, frogs to the value of £40,000 were sold in Montreal in 1909, at the average price of 1s 8d a pound. One hotel alone in Toronto is said to sell about 1,500 pounds of frogs' legs every year.

The hen may not be well educated, but it doesn't take her long to scratch off a few lines—in the garden.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

WHAT THE BIBLE MEANS TO ME.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

I FIRST learned to study my Bible from D. L. Moody's writings. He wrote a tract called "How to Study the Bible," and any one just beginning to look for help to the old Chart of Life could do worse than commence with this little help from that eminently practical, human Christian man.

A word concordance and an English dictionary are the next most useful helps in my opinion. Of all the commentaries none to my mind approaches Matthew Henry's. I fully endorse Charles Spurgeon's remark, that any Bible student who has not got that book should sell his coat and buy it. I think to study the Bible for addresses, and so forth, is a fatal mistake. Study it for yourself as a guide to avoid shoals and rocks, as a key to open the door to the real pathway of life. A friend of mine, who went to Uganda as a missionary, told me for this reason he found the silent years while he was learning the language just as invaluable. As for public reading of the Bible, we have no informal way at our fishermen's service of commenting on the text as we read it, having of course sought for wisdom to understand it ourselves beforehand. I should hate to get up and read in public a message from God that I didn't understand or hadn't first tried to understand. How could I make any one else do so otherwise?

The Art of Explanation.

Christ loved to explain it. Philip did the same, and he was a wonderfully successful Christian. Paul used to explain the Scriptures. The explanation seemed especially to be the Christian disciples' specialty. They had the Scriptures before, but the men on the road to Emmaus, the eunuch in the chariot, the Jews in Asia, simply needed the explanation. The only drawback to the Scriptures having been written so long ago is that it is constantly necessary to convert them into the vernacular. What is this but trying to make "every man to hear God's word speak in his own language"? Surely this is still a gift of the Holy Spirit today, whether we seek to hear God's voice in it ourselves, or make it audible to others. There is more pathos perhaps than we are apt to think at first in the old yarn about the woman who, after hearing the Bible read, could only remember the "blessed word Mesopotamia."

It is always a great privilege to me to be asked to "read the Scriptures" in public, and even portions that mean little to me I have known to be a great source of joy to hearers whose needs I do not know. The hush that marks an intelligent reading, the sitting up of the audience, the silence in which the proverbial pin could be heard to drop, shows incontrovertibly how the Bible will still hold an audience when it gets fair treatment. Yet how often have we all waked up at the, "Here endeth the Scripture," without the least idea whether it was the Old or New Testament that had been droned out to us.

Sensible and Rational.

To me the Bible is a sensible and rational book. Whether it agrees or appears to agree with the science of the day does not concern me. I have no fear but that science will find out the truth some day about it, without my losing time trying to help her out in that direction. If she advances as rapidly in the matter as she does in healing men's bodies, in her conquest of other difficulties, she will come to the truth in due time, I know. The Bible reader of today seems to me already to be understanding it better and loving it more, judging by the methods men are adopting all the world over to carry out its biddings.

Not Necessary to Explain All.

The question here discussed is, What does the Bible mean to me? When first converted, my friends and acquaintances often asked me, "How about Cain's wife?" "Did the whale swallow Jonah?" and so on. I can only answer still, "My dear fellow, I give it up." When they replied, "Surely, then, you don't believe it," or say "It isn't explainable." I can't explain ten thousand things, the wireless telegraph, the course of cancer, the energy of radium, why sleep may confidently be indulged in. I don't think what comes after death is a very pressing matter after all. By disclaiming superior knowledge I was generally permitted to go my way and retain their affections quite as well as if I had embarked on valuable and specious explanations. After all, there must be some limits to the labors of a surgeon, having so many functions to give attention to as I have.

Is it a very terrible confession that I have reserved for the end, that I, a Christian missionary all my life, am still in exactly the same position as I was with regard to many of the questions that my more theologically-minded fellow workers are so much better informed upon? Is it a still further lapse from virtue and confession of lack of qualification to serve the Christ, if I own that these matters do not worry me one iota, however my candid, cock-sure critics often try to do so?

The Puzzlesome Portions.

Being always fond of puzzle and problem solving, I can take some short portion of the Bible and enjoy thinking over its meaning for me at odd moments of the day. If I find a solution, I take good care to write it in my copy, and later to hand the idea on to some one I think it will help. I never yet had a man think this was talking cant, and they are generally grateful for the thought.—*Bible Record.*

PSYCHIC ACTION AND PRAYER.

E. I. BOSWORTH, OF OBERLIN.

How much may prayer mean to the man in the twentieth century, who earnestly wishes to divest his religious life of all unrealities and to make the most of all its realities? To Jesus, who discarded as unreal so many features of the current religion of his day, prayer was a vital reality. He prayed much and with such result that one of his friends is reported to have said to him: "I know that whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, God will give thee." Jesus out of his own experience commended prayer to his followers as one of the great realities of the religious life: "Ask and ye shall receive." "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" According to these utterances Jesus' theory of prayer rests on the personal Fatherhood of God. God is a personal Father; he will therefore act like a father and answer the prayer of his children. The personality of God is as yet an unexplained mystery. So also is the personality of a man. Yet in both cases we may accept the fact even before we have found the explanation of the fact. We assume then that there is a live God, living in actual relationship to men, relationship so vital and of such intense good-will as can only be suggested by the word "Father." The question to be answered, therefore, is this: If God is, as Jesus taught, a personal Father, what may prayer mean to a man who would be religious in the twentieth century?

Prayer Establishes Character.

Certain things are at once evident. A father does not like to have children come to him only when they want things; no father wishes to feel that his children are trying merely to use him. He likes to have them come to him because they want to be with him. The feeling of the psalmist must have pleased the fatherly heart of God: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

To come to God simply to speak to him a few words of devout child-like love each day, to open the spirit to him, perhaps does more than any other one thing to establish character.

Can a Man Influence the Act of God?

In addition to this, can a man ever ask God to make things happen which would not happen if God were not asked? Will so great a being as God ever act in response to the request of one weak, short-sighted man? It is settled once for all that since God is a Father, he cares enough for the weak man to do so. Intense personal love, even for the weakest child, is an essential element of fatherhood. Perhaps it is not so immediately evident that a loving Father *can* not act in response to the appeal of one weak child. God has, for good reasons, established certain laws of nature, upon the inviolability of which men must be able to depend. They must know that no man's prayer will change them. Civilization would be thrown into confusion if men could never have the slightest idea whether the average temperature of the next three months would be forty degrees below zero or 100 degrees above. In every well regulated family there are some things that the children realize must not be asked for. Within these inviolable laws of nature, however, there is abundant room left for a competent personality to do things in answer to requests. It is becoming more and more evident that the better we understand the forces of nature and the laws of their action the more we can do by means of them. A father who knows enough can grant his sick child's request for a piece of ice even though the temperature be 100 degrees in the shade. He can make an ice machine and manufacture some ice for his child. Especially is it true that the laws of psychic action facilitate the doing of things in answer to prayer. If by means of the laws of psychic action God can put a thought into the mind of a man, provision is made for answering almost all of the requests for specific objects that a man is likely to have occasion to make. Take for instance the familiar case of Mr. Moody's prayer for money, which he used to cite to the Northfield Conferences. He prayed one morning for a certain amount of money needed that day in his work. In the afternoon a lady sent him a check for substantially the sum needed. When he called the next day to thank her, she told him that the morning before she had not been able to free her mind from the idea that Mr. Moody needed money, and had finally sent him a check. We say that God, in answer to Mr. Moody's prayer for money, put this thought into that benevolent woman's mind. Even if we some time discover that there was some telepathic connection between the mind of Mr. Moody and the mind of the benevolent woman, and that the result came about in accordance with psychic law, there will still be ample place for God as the Great Central Operator, who used the telepathic law, and in accordance with it established the connection between Mr. Moody's mind and the mind of this particular one.—*Intercollegian.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

CARE OF RANGE.

HEAT a stove slowly the first few times.

Do not pile coal above the firebox nor allow the top of the range to get red hot. It will often warp and crack the top.

Keep the grate unclogged, Shake often, keeping the grate free from cinders and ashes.

Do not rush the range with oven draft open. You waste fuel and burn out the range too fast.

Do not let the smoke draft stand open, except when putting in fuel. You are burning hard earned cash when you do.

Wet garbage in a stove generates steam and moisture injures the firebox. Dry the garbage.

Don't spill cold water on the range or set leaky vessels on the stove; it will probably cause the heated metal to crack.

Keep the oven scrupulously clean. Wash the entire oven at least once a week. Remove shelves and doors before beginning the washing and scrape all burning substances off.

Leave the oven open until dry and all smell of soap is gone. Keep a brush for this purpose.

Bedding Plants.

AMONG the many beautiful bedding plants, none are more satisfactory than the improved geraniums and cannas. The geraniums will grow under almost any treatment, but they well repay care. If the ground is made too rich, they will all go to growth, and give few blooms, while in ordinary garden soil they bloom beautifully, with a more dwarf, bushy growth.

On the other hand, you cannot feed the cannas too highly. They should have rich, moist soil, in a sunny bed, and they will reward you with huge spikes of wonderfully colored flowers. If they have been started in March, either from root or seed, they begin early to bloom, but they should not be planted outdoors until danger of frost is over. In buying, you should get the dwarf kinds, and as the seeds do not "come true," as to color, if you are particular about any one color, it is best to get the roots of a reliable florist.

The bedding petunias are lovely, and to get the best, one should try the rare varieties; the new shades and variegations are exquisite, and petunias bloom freely, wet or dry. Like many other bedding plants, if the ground is very rich, there is more stalk and foliage than flower. These make fine plants for porch or window boxes.

The old-fashioned pinks and sweet Williams are fine for beds, and as they are hardy, they last for years, seeding the beds so that new plants are constantly coming on. They are old favorites, and are of many beautiful colors and markings.

Double daisies come readily from seed, and set in the border, they bloom all summer and until late frost. As the roots are hardy, the plants will come again next spring, and the new flowers will be larger and handsomer than those of the seedlings. The new varieties are much finer-flowered than the old kinds.

Fruit Combinations.

STRAWBERRIES and gooseberries make a nice combination used in proportions of five quarts of strawberries to two quarts of ripe gooseberries. Jelly made of the green gooseberries alone in which vanilla bean is cooked has a delightful flavor. Another combination is a preserve made of three quarts of strawberries to one of pineapple chopped fine, and two oranges cut quite small. Add sugar as for preserves and cook gently, not too thick; this makes an attractive sauce. Equal measures of gooseberries, currants and raspberries make a fine jam; elderberries, which are rather insipid alone, combine nicely with green grapes, gooseberries, or crab apples, either singly or in combination. Black currants are often improved by adding red currants; the strong flavor of the black currants is neutralized by the red without the flavor being entirely lost. There are so many delightful combinations possible that it will pay one to experiment.

For the Canning Season.

HERE is a wax said to be the very best for sealing cans and jars: One ounce of gum shellac, one ounce of beeswax and eighteen ounces of resin. This cools instantly. You can dips pieces of strong domestic in the fluid and press them down over the tops of jars, by putting your hands in cold water and then handling the waxed cloth quickly before it cools.

An old-time housekeeper says that for strawberries and blackberries (especially strawberries), common stone jars, carefully sealed, are much better than cans or glass, as they retain their color and flavor much better. She gives the following plan for putting up such fruits: Place the cans in hot water and keep them there until filled with fruit that has been allowed to merely come to a scald in syrup made to your taste,

remove instantly and seal. If bubbles arise when pressing down the cover, drop on a few more drops of wax and press down until there are none. In a very few minutes the wax will be perfectly hard, and you can set away your jars.

Many cooks object to putting any sugar in their canned fruits, but others claim that it improves the fruit, preventing the leathery look and feel that some fruits have when canned without. Bottles are perfectly sealed if, after being tightly corked, the necks are dipped in the hot sealing wax, as it cools and hardens instantly.

If sugar is used, the syrup must be boiling hot when the fruit is put in, and must be brought to a boil before canning. After putting into the can or jar all the fruit it will possibly hold, pour the syrup, boiling hot, into the jar, overflowing, so as to fill every air space between the fruit.

Mayonnaise.

For some unexplained reason, the mayonnaise dressing turned out by some women fails to be of the creamy consistency that is required, and because of their failure, they buy the ready-made mayonnaise, which can be better made at home. The cause of most of the failures is that the amateur cook becomes tired dropping the oil slowly, drop by drop, and in a sudden fit of impatience turns the whole amount at one time. The dropping can be done much easier, and with less fatigue by using a medicine dropper. This will make the work a real pleasure, and insure success. A medicine dropper can be bought for five cents, and will drop the oil much more evenly than can possibly be done by the hand. Another device is a twisted wire, with one end bent at right angles with the longer part of the wire. This can be inserted in the oil bottle, the long end reaching the oil, and the short end on the outside, and the oil will drop from it with machine-like regularity.

Fat in Buttermilk.

The temperature of churning the cream usually has more influence on the per cent of fat left in the buttermilk than any other one factor, says Prof. H. E. Farrington, replying to an inquirer. You do not state the per cent of fat in the cream ripened nor the temperature to which it is cooled after a mixture of pasteurized and raw cream is placed in the cream ripening vat. I think it will be well to ripen this mixture until it reaches between 4 and 5 per cent acid, then cool the cream to about fifty degrees and hold it in this temperature at least two hours before churning; this gives the butterfat sufficient time to harden, and if the churning is conducted in a room which will not warm the cream to a temperature much above fifty-two degrees during the churning, this will increase the length of time of each churning and also diminish the loss in the buttermilk.

If the cream tests thirty-five per cent or more it should be diluted with a carefully selected starter during the ripening process and by churning a comparatively thin cream, say twenty-five per cent fat, at such a temperature that the cream will not warm up to above fifty-two degrees at the time the butter breaks, the results ought to be very satisfactory.

It is usually considered better to develop a starter from skimmilk than from whole milk, because the cream which rises on whole milk is not always easily mixed through the starter and may leave small specks of cream in the butter. It will be better to run the whole milk through a hand separator and use the skimmilk for the starter rather than the whole milk. This will apply to making a starter for either butter making or cheese making.

Milk contains bacteria of many kinds and in varying numbers. They cause the souring of milk as well as the ripening of cream and cheese, and produce many other changes in the appearance and flavor. The number present in freshly drawn milk varies enormously with the conditions of milking, and, as they are greatly increased with dirty and careless handling, cleanliness in all matters pertaining to the milking and marketing of milk and keeping it in the home cannot be too strongly insisted on. Disease germs, notably those of typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever and tuberculosis may also be carried in milk, so that the purity of the milk supply is of vital importance to every family and community.

The problem of keeping milk sweet is one of checking the growth of the bacteria; and as they are inactive at a temperature below fifty degrees Fahrenheit, milk should be kept in a cool place. Two methods of preserving milk are pasteurization and sterilization. In the former the aim is to apply heat in such a way as to kill most of the bacteria without producing undesirable changes in the milk; in the latter, to apply enough heat to kill all the bacteria, but with the least possible undesirable change. Chemical preservatives in milk are considered injurious to health and are forbidden by pure food legislation in many States.

What is commonly known as the richness of milk depends upon the amount of butterfat it contains. There is so much difference in the composition of milk from different cows that many large butter and cheese factories now test all the milk they buy, and pay for it according to its butterfat content.—*Colman's Rural World.*

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—*Herschel.*

AMONG THE BOOKS

The Unexplored Self.

George R. Montgomery. Ph. D.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, of New York, have placed on the market "The Unexplored Self," by George R. Montgomery. Dr. Montgomery was formerly instructor in Yale University and at Carleton College and is now assistant minister at the Madison Square Presbyterian church, New York City. The author gives a splendid introduction to Christian doctrine for teachers and students. Some of the subjects discussed are "The Worth of a Man," "The Divinity of Christ," "The Witness to God," "The Divine Incarnation," "The Living Christ," "The First and Great Commandment," "The Treasure and the Self," and "Religion the Grading of Values." The book stimulates wider thought and discovers new possibilities for the self which is responsive to larger fields of activities. In his preface the author says, "The exploration of the mind has been relegated to psychology; the very existence of the soul has been disputed, but every one is interested in the self and no one can deny its reality. Yet even with so uncontroversial a word, I find myself using it in three different senses: first, the self in its larger sense, including every nook and corner of its interests; second, the central self, or, if you will, the very self of very self, the nucleus of the new self; third, in contrast with the new self, the older interests of the old self." The book is sold by Putnam's Sons, New York, for $1.50 net.

Kingdom Songs.

By Authority of the General Mission Board.

KINGDOM SONGS is a new song book published by the Brethren Publishing House by authority of the General Mission Board. It is a unique little book with two hundred and ninety hymns fitted for Sunday-school, Prayer Meeting, Christian Workers' Societies and all seasons of praise. The songs have been carefully selected by an able committee. The book is sold by the Brethren Publishing House at 35 cents per single copy, $3.50 per dozen or $25.00 per hundred.

Guide to English History.

Henry William Elson.

A GOOD book for children, even those of larger growth, is Elson's "Guide to English History." While it is sketchy in its manner of treatment, it is none the less interesting and all the more readable on that account. It follows the main line of national development, giving something typical of each period. This, of course, precludes all attempt at thoroughness; the intention being rather to stimulate the young reader with a desire to know more. It is the life story of the people who gave birth to all English-speaking nations, and is one of intense interest. The subjects treated are not isolated nor were they chosen at random but each is typical of the period under discussion. The purpose of the book is to interest the general reader—the teacher of other subjects than history, the professional and business man—rather than the special student. Constitutional problems are not taken up for discussion as they do not appeal to the general reader. The book is a pleasant review to those who already know the history, and it furnishes to the busy reader who does not have the time to pursue the subject any further, an intelligent elemental knowledge of the origin and growth of the great nation of which it treats. The book is well supplied with maps and illustrations which are valuable guides in getting an intelligent conception of the periods covered in the history. The book is published by The Baker and Taylor Company, New York.

Around the World with George Hoyt Allen.

George Hoyt Allen.

THE author of "Around the World with George Hoyt Allen" in a unique way gives a glimpse of the life in the various countries visited in a trip around the world. Amid the rippling humor there are vivid pictures of human life and occasional graphic touches of civic conditions. The prosy rehearsals of the ordinary globe trotter are cast aside and the reader is rushed from place to place, never growing weary of the tour, but continually looking forward to the new places of interest which are to be presented in the next chapter. The light strain of thought makes the book desirable for the overtaxed reader, as it can be picked up at odd moments to be used as a laxative. Mr. Allen sees the humorous side of many things that other people miss. He has vivid powers of portrayal and he paints things just as he saw them and in a style that is convincing, entertaining and amusing. He is a keen observer and makes a congenial traveling companion. The book is published by the Occidental and Oriental Publishing Co., of Clinton, N. Y.

REASONABLE criticism should be considered an accepted business prerogative.

PASSION and selfishness are merely instinct; love an oasis in the desert of occasional unselfishness.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. June 20, 1911. No. 25.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Suburban Farming.

TODAY while driving to town I passed several small farms and truck patches that were very prosperous looking and if one were to judge from the appearance of the dwellings the keepers of these patches are a contented class of people. We are told that there is an increase every year in the number of suburban farms around the larger cities. The immigrants, the Italians in particular, seem to be taking more of an interest in truck farming. This movement to the country is only beginning and the future will see a great increase in the number of farms. The other day while talking to a neighbor he made the statement that the future generations will be much poorer and will live on small farms, not being able to buy 160 acre tracts. Just why he thought the future generations will be poorer I do not know, but one thing is certain and that is, that the farms will be smaller; but these farms will be worth more per acre than the present large farms. We have records of families making more clear profits from a one acre patch than many farmers make from an eighty acre farm. A market gardener in Long Island makes over $2,000 a year from six acres. He used to work in the city for $18 a week. Mr. Oliver R. Shearer, who lives three miles from Reading, Pa., makes an annual profit of from $1,200 to $1,500 from a farm of two and one-half acres. He paid $3,800 for this farm; rather a large price is it not? But when we compare the income with the investment we see that the land is worth every cent which he paid for it. There are market gardens in Virginia that produce an income of $2,000 per acre and many cases where the income has been at least $1,000 per acre. This may sound like a land advertisement but the writer has no land for sale. Neither is he starting any colony. We are simply giving facts that have been collected by those interested in small farming. We find no records of cases where families became fabulously rich within a few years by truck farming. What we are trying to say is this, that it is infinitely better for a workingman who must depend upon his day's labor for a living, to conduct a small truck patch or farm than to work in an unsanitary factory in the city where he receives only a living wage. The laborer will not find a living in the country without work but in nearly every case he will be able to live a happier and more contented life. There is a lack of producers in this country. All investigators agree upon that point. They also say that the best solution for the problem is the encouragement of small farming.

Drunkenness, Poverty and Crime.

We sometimes hear people say that drunkenness is the chief cause of poverty and every kind of crime. There is some truth in such a statement but it contains a great deal that is not true. We do not mean to discourage the temperance movement nor do we wish to underate the good work that is being done by agitators of prohibition. The results here given have been gathered from various sources, chiefly from charity organization societies and from relief stations. When we say that drunkenness is the direct cause of poverty and are asked to prove it by facts we may find ourselves involved in a serious difficulty. In opposition to that theory we have authorities who say that poverty is the direct cause of intemperance. Personally I believe that one statement is just as true as the other. The fact of the matter is that we can find no one cause of either poverty or drunkenness. There are many causes for each. Here is a partial list of the usual causes of poverty: lack of employment, sickness, accident, insanity of the breadwinner, insufficient earnings, no male support, imprisonment of the breadwinner, intemperance, shiftlessness, physical defects, old age, lack of trade or technical training, desertion of husband. A workman may have no trade and may have to depend upon odd jobs and irregular employment for a living and besides this be an excessive drinker. Now, could you say that such a man is poor because he is intemperate? A laborer may have a good trade and still be very intemperate. His wages may be sufficient to support his family even though he spends a large amount at the saloons, but on account of an industrial accident he and his family may become destitute. Can you say that such a man is poor simply because he is a

drinker? There are hundreds of families in the larger cities that have been abandoned by the father who became discouraged when he was thrown out of a job. The mother and children soon become dependent, not on account of drunkenness but because of desertion.

It is difficult to get satisfactory statistics on the subject because social workers do not agree in their interpretation of causes. Some place drunkenness as a direct cause of poverty in only 12% of the whole number of cases. Others say that drunkenness causes 50% of the poverty. It depends greatly upon how far back the cause is traced. For instance, intemperance may cause feeblemindedness and feeblemindedness may cause poverty. But in nearly every case of feeblemindedness there are many other causes besides intemperance. Or again, mental instability may lead to intemperance and finally destitution, in which case drunkenness is certainly not the only cause of poverty. The more we study these conditions the more we are forced to believe that intemperance cannot be separated from many other signs of degeneration and instability. It is a social sin also, or disease if you wish to call it such, that cannot be separated entirely from other evils. To combat the one means to struggle with them all more or less. These same observations are equally true in the consideration of crime. While it is true that most criminals are drunkards it is unwise to say that excessive drink put them within the penitentiary walls. We are told that at least 75 per cent of the criminals are drunkards (some say 90%), but is it safe to say that intemperance leads them to commit crime? A low state of moral consciousness, lack of home training and comforts and any other of a dozen of causes may lead men to rob houses, pick pockets, drink and disobey the law. Drunkenness is a sign of debauchery and it is usually a sign of some form of degeneration. If we can rid ourselves of intemperance we will make a long step towards our social salvation, yet I would not have our readers feel that reform can stop then. Drunkenness is so inextricably entangled with corrupt politics, with social impurity, with ignorance, with traffic in young girls, with physical defects, that we will probably have to do some heavy firing along the whole line before any one division will retreat. That is exactly what the more progressive reformers are trying to do.

A New Compensation Law.

The State of Washington has just passed a compulsory compensation law, a thing that has been tried several places in the United States heretofore. Germany has had a system of insurance for several years in which the manufacturers and state coöperate. It is primarily for workingmen and has proven very successful, but nothing like it has been operated yet in the United States to our knowledge. Washington is the first State to pass such a law. This law covers all industries and practically all work except domestic service and agriculture. Instead of the State furnishing part of the funds as in Germany the employers supply all the compensation. The funds are administered by three State industrial insurance commissioners who also keep statistics of accidents. Each employer of labor pays an annual contribution based upon the danger of his particular industry. This annual tax is anywhere from one and one-half to ten per cent of his pay roll. The legislature has the power to readjust these rates at any time upon the recommendation of the insurance department.

The compensation for death is the payment of burial expenses and a monthly sum of $20 to the widow and also $5 for each child under sixteen. If the widow remarries she is given a dowry of $240 while the payments for the children continue as before. If children only survive the employee each receives $10 per month. If the deceased happens to be under twenty-one years of age his parents receive $20 per month until the time when he would have been of age. If the laborer is disabled so that he cannot work he receives $30 per month, if unmarried, and $25 per month if he has a wife. Partial disability has special rates according to the case. No death payment can exceed a total of $4,000.

A Live Vermont Town.

Brattleboro, Vt., seems to be doing things. One of its citizens, Frank Dyer, who is secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood of America, led an eight day campaign for the civic betterment of his town. He published a call which read as follows: "We believe in our town; in its progress, its prosperity, and its improvement. Many factors go to make up a town—good schools, successful business, wholesome recreation, happy homes, efficient churches. Our campaign stands for all of these. But back of all these stands the manhood of the town. In this undertaking all our citizens can strike hands and stand shoulder to shoulder in undivided comradeship. This is a campaign worthy of our manhood. To its successful prosecution we invite the hearty coöperation of every man and boy in Brattleboro."

A campaign committee was formed of representatives from the various churches of the city, Congregational, Baptist, Universalist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Unitarian and Christian Scientist. The campaign was not without fruits. At the second meeting of the citizens there was an earnest appeal for some physical, educational and social institution for the boys of the town. The citizens acted at once. At the same meeting a committee was chosen to form some plans. Only four nights later there was another rousing mass meeting of the citizens and they voted to raise $50,000 for a building to supply the above need as well as any other community purposes. At a later meeting a civic

creed was adopted under the heading "Better Brattleboro Platform," and a civic league was also formed of "all organizations and individuals pledged to the betterment of the moral and social conditions of the town, with the purpose of furnishing a medium for coöperation in the aim set forth in the Better Brattleboro Platform, and of initiating and conducting such work—not proper to existing organizations—as may now or hereafter appear necessary for the advancement of the community."

HISTORY IN WORDS

D. C. Reber

Part II.

THE integrity of the language was effected most of all by the Norman conquest, A. D. 1066. William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, invaded England, routed the Saxons in the battle of Hastings, and obtained the English throne. From this time on the Normans became the ruling class.

The policy of the Normans was not to subjugate, like that of the Romans; neither was it to exterminate the native Britains, like that of the Saxons, but their policy was rather to keep them on the soil as a servile race. William, accordingly, divided the island among his followers, giving to each a portion of land and some of the Saxon population. In this way the races became intermingled.

The Norman language was spoken by the ruling class which was greatly inferior in number to the Saxons, who, on the other hand, composed the great body of the populace. So the two languages for a time existed side by side.

Norman laws and customs were introduced. Important offices in church and state were filled by Normans. Their language was spoken at court, in camp, and in parliament. True to history, we find that words of dignity, state, and honor, as *sovereign, sceptre, throne, castle, count, countess, duke, prince, palace, homage, royalty,* and *realm* are of Norman origin. *Earl,* an exception to the above statement, is Scandinavian in its origin. Another notable exception is *king* which is from the Anglo-Saxon, *cyning,* which means etymologically "belonging to the tribe." Similarly, names of luxuries, personal adornment, and names pertaining to the chase and chivalry are Norman. Among these may be mentioned such words as *page, squire, chivalry, adorn, garnish.*

Under the rule of the Normans was instituted the regulation called curfew. Curfew is from the Old French or Norman *couvre-feu,* meaning "cover-fire." A bell rang at sunset in summer and at eight in the winter, which was the signal for putting out the lights and covering up the fires.

Surnames came in with the Normans. Previous to the Conquest, an Englishman had but one name. The lack of a second or family name was looked upon by the Norman as a sign of low birth.

Only a few geographical names created by the Normans remain on the island. Such names as *Richmond* and *Beaumont* show where they had built a castle or an abbey; or as *Montgomeryshire,* that they had held a district in Wales.

Who were these Normans? What language did they speak? Norman is a corruption of Northman, who was an inhabitant of Scandinavia. The Northmen were unlettered pagans whose home was upon ships and whose life was devoted to warfare. They ravaged the more civilized countries of Europe bordering on the coast, and obtained a province in France named Normandy. So the Normans, and the French who spoke the Roman or Latin language, gradually intermarried; and the Norman-French language is a result of this union. This was the language which William the Conqueror tried to introduce into England. Though the Norman-French was mainly a Latin language, many Latin words were brought into our language. The mixed language resulting from the combining of the language of the Latin and Norman is our modern English.

The Saxon cultivated the soil. He was called a villain by his Norman master. Names of agricultural instruments, as *plow, rake, scythe, sickle, spade,* are Saxon words; so also the names of cereals and similar words, as *wheat, rye, oats, grass, flax, hay, straw,* and *weed.* Names of domestic animals when alive—*ox, steer, cow*—are Saxon because these animals were cared for by the hind or rustic. Strange to observe that when they were killed they were called *beef,* a Norman word. Similarly *calf* is Saxon, *veal* is Norman; *sheep* is Saxon, *mutton* is Norman; *swine* is Saxon, *pork* is Norman; *deer* is Saxon, *venison* is Norman; *fowl* is Saxon, *pullet* is Norman. *Bacon* is the only exception, perhaps, since it was the only meat eaten by the hind. The Saxon ate at a *board,* but the Normans ate at a *table.*

The Saxons gradually intermarried with the Normans, and rose to an equality of social rights and position. As the race was elevated, their language, the Anglo-Saxon, took again its rightful position. And so where two words for the same thing occurred, one would likely be dropped. In this case, the Anglo-

Saxon, being spoken by the masses, displaced the Norman which was the language of the few.

In Parts 1 and 2 were shown the relation of the English language to the languages which have entered into its structure. A number of instances were shown where words contain interesting historical facts. In this article and in another it is endeavored to point out how people and events have given many new words to our English vocabulary.

The Arabians were the arithmeticians, astronomers, chemists, and merchants of the Middle Ages. History attests these facts; but the etymology of the words—*alchemy, alcohol, algebra, alkali, almanac, azimuth, cipher, elixir, magazine, nadir, tariff, zenith,* and *zebra,* corroborates the same interesting facts. In the first five words, the prefix "al" is the Arabic article "the." The prefix "az" in *azimuth* is another form of "al," meaning "the"—the word meaning "the way." From the same Arabic root come *zenith* and *nadir;* the one means the point of the heavens directly overhead; the other, the opposite point of the sky. Literally, *zenith* means "way" and *nadir,* "alike."

Cipher and *zero* are derived from the same Arabic word meaning "empty." The other name for the same Arabic numeral *naught* is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "not anything." The ten characters of the Arabic notation were named from the Arabs who introduced them into Europe by their conquest of Spain during the eleventh century. The Arabs obtained these characters from the Hindoos by whom they were invented more than two thousand years ago. The most probable theory for their origin is that they are derived from the initial letters of the Hindoo words for numbers. The numbers from ten to a million are derived from the Saxon. *Eleven* means one and ten; *twelve* means two and ten, etc. *Twenty* means two and a ten or two tens; *thirty* means three and a ten or three tens, etc. *Hundred* is a primitive Saxon word meaning "hundred reckoning." *Thousand* means "ten hundred." *Million, billion,* etc., are derived from the Latin.

Elixir is derived from the Arabic prefix "el" or "al," meaning "the" and "iksir" meaning "philosopher's stone." In alchemy the word had two meanings: first, an imaginary liquid by means of which baser metals were to be changed into gold; second, an imaginary cordial supposed to be capable of sustaining life indefinitely—hence called "elixir vitae," the elixir of life.

Magazine literally means "a storehouse." Later this word also came to be applied to a storehouse or treasury of stories, essays, etc. The *Gentleman's Magazine,* issued in London in 1731, was the first of its kind published. *Tariff* comes from the Arabic through the Spanish "tarifa," meaning "a list of prices."

If we inquiré into the origin of an institution of the Middle Ages known as the monastic system, by a study of such words as *monk, monastery, hermit, cenobite, ascetic,* and *anchorite,* we naturally come to the conclusion that it took its origin in the Greek, and not the Latin, branch of the church. Any one who lives in solitude is a *hermit,* which word is derived from a Greek word meaning "a dweller in a desert." *Monk,* a religious hermit, is derived from the Greek, meaning "living alone." *Monastery,* which is the "house of monks," had the old name *minster.* The latter word made its way into the Old English or Anglo-Saxon, and so we have in modern English, Westminster, the west monastery.

Monks were divided into two classes: the *cenobites,* who lived under a common and regular discipline, and the *anchorites,* who indulged their unsocial independent fanaticism. *Cenobite* literally means "common life"—hence a monk who lives socially. *Anchorite* or *anchoret* means literally "one who withdraws." An *ascetic* was originally a strict hermit who was rigidly self-denying in religious observances. The word means literally "one who exercises," even to the extent of mortifying the body.

Word study throws light even farther back into the world's history than to the Middle Ages. If we trace the English-speaking race back through the diverging stream of civilization that came through Europe, we come to the original abode of the Indo-European family. This family of peoples is the noble and historic stock of the world. Before its dispersion, its home was in India. The Indo-European family of languages comprises the Sanskrit, Zend, Celtic, Italic, Hellenic, Teutonic, and Slavonic branches. The Sanskrit was the first language of the people of India. The Zend was the old Persian language. The Celtic branch includes the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh languages. The Italic group contains the Latin, with these descendants of the Latin, called the Romance languages, viz.: Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and French. The Hellenic branch consists of six dialects of the Greeks. The Slavonic group contains numerous languages among which are the Russian, Polish, and Bohemian. The Teutonic or Germanic group had three sub-branches, —High German, Low German, and Scandinavian. The Low German consists of the Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, and English languages.

These seven branches have the same word for such objects as *ox, sheep, horse, dog, goose,* etc. This fact is significant because we are enabled to determine the extent of culture which this great family attained before its dispersion. The words just named show that it had outlived the fishing and hunting stage, and had entered the pastoral. It had not yet reached the agricultural stage since the cereals—wheat, corn, barley—are not common to these branches. Neither do they have common names for the metals, showing that they had no knowledge of working them.

These branches have identical names for *dress, house, door, garden,* for the numbers to one hundred, for the Godhead. The word mother, for example, in Sanskrit is "matir"; in Zend, "mader"; in Celtic, "mathair"; in Latin, "mater"; in Greek, "meter"; in German, "mutter"; in Russian, "mat." The words *three, seven,* and *bear* are also found in all these branches. The words *seven* and *bear* are even connected with the languages of the Semitic family, viz.: Hebrew, Syriac, Ethiopic, and Arabic.

And so such words teach us that as these nations speaking the languages named, left India, radiating in many directions to work out each its own destiny in various regions of the earth, they carried with them a stock of words, intellectual as well as moral, by no means small; and the linguist makes a contribution to ancient history otherwise unattainable.

PARTING OF THE WAYS HOME

Managed by Rollo H. McBride



Rollo H. McBride.

THE following letter is a personal communication from Mr. McBride:

Chicago, Ill., May 24, 1911.

First, let me state that I am a reformed man from a most awful, sinful life; in rags and tatters, I wandered into the Life Boat Mission on State Street, thinking it was a saloon, became converted, walked the streets of Chicago in one of the worst snow storms and blizzards in the year of 1904. God led me along paths not ordinarily followed by his followers. The following Sunday I began the Gospel Service in the old Harrison Police Station.

Wm. T. Stead, the great English author and writer, who has visited every penal institution in the civilized world, including Russia's Siberia, has this to say: "It is the vilest, filthiest place a human being was ever confined in," and notwithstanding this, for the past seven years, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been upheld in four distinct religious services every Sunday morning. The total attendance during this period amounts to 18,634 men, women, boys and girls, and at an invitation "How many would like to be remembered in prayer?" 15,627 hands have been pushed heavenward between the bars of the door in answer to this invitation, and not only that, but have actually knelt—alone, homeless, friendless and penniless—as I asked God to help them.

I have also been interested in the now famous John Worthy School, a place of confinement for boys in connection with our Chicago House of Correction. Some 10,000 boys, aged 10 to 16, have passed through this institution in the last nine years.

Have also been interested in the Juvenile Home; the Boys' Detention Home, and also in our great Chicago House of Correction, which annually handles 14,000 men.

God gave me during this work a vision of the practical life, beginning in the Book of Genesis with Abraham, Isaac, Moses, Joseph and Daniel; and then of a still greater practical life, that of his Son Jesus Christ (and everything that he did was so intensely practical), followed by Peter, John, James and Paul; these led the writer to understand what he meant when he said "Go thou and do likewise."

I began to pray, not only with my mouth, but hands and feet, with the one burning vision of something practical to help unfortunate men. Realizing the large number of men and boys released from these institutions with their hearts on fire, fired with a determination of making good, and then to see the poor fellows fall and flounder about, like a moth around a lighted light, and at last see them fall, caused me a vision of a Home, not an institution, whereby this fellow who really wants an opportunity of making good, is received with the right hand of a brother, and welcomed, fed, slept, clothed, and employment secured for him without expense, saying if you don't want to accept charity you may upon your first pay-day make return, and pay to the Home at the rate of 15c a meal and a bed. $406.00 in the first 18 months have been

paid back into the Home. 1,118 men have taken advantage of the Home during the last 18 months.—R. H. McBride.

Mr. McBride conducts his work in a House of Correcting the Corrected, which is not known, however, by that title. It is called "The Parting of the Ways Home," and it is aptly named, because of its physical, psychological and moral geographical location and significance.

John Bunyan might have received a deep inspiration from gazing upon and casually stopping at "The Parting of the Ways" in Chicago. None of the epic and symbolic dignity of "Pilgrim's Progress" would have suffered a mite by a description of this shelter lodge for troubled humanity in their pilgrimage through life.

Physically, "The Parting of the Ways" is bounded on the north by vice, on the south by vice, on the west by misery and on the east by hell. That is the true geographical location of an institution which is probably doing more good today than any other in Chicago, the fourth largest city in the world.

But, unfortunately, vice spreads over considerable areas in Chicago, and hell claims several patches of considerable size in the fourth largest city in the world, so to be more definite, "The Parting of the Ways" is located on the northwest corner of Twenty-second and Clark Streets.

It is a large, red, three story building, with its name in large white letters painted across the front. The building occupies an elevated position because there is a viaduct on the west, under which all the guests who come to tarry at "The Parting of the Ways" usually pass—for they all come from the west—so that their first impression of "The Parting of the Ways" is not unlike that of a castle or a fortress.

"The Parting of the Ways" is a temporary home for the men who come out of Chicago's house of correction. It has only seven months of history, but in that time it has been busy making history for some 253 men who had been corrected by law.

Unfortunately, very few of those who are corrected by the law are corrected at all. They are just punished, whipped, and chastised by the law. To some this is sufficient, to more it is insufficient. The latter find the world outside the Bridewell just as they left it and the world finds them just as it left them.

But while these men have been in the prison they have been given a chance to become acquainted with a slightly bald man just past middle age, of the average American business man's type of a shrewd Yankee countenance, with an aquiline nose and the handshake of an alderman running for office. That is McBride, and he is not running for office, either, but he is running and gunning for the men who come out of the Bridewell, and they are welcome to visit him and live and eat at his place free of charge till first pay day.

They can stay longer if they want to, and some of them do. Besides board and lodging, the guests at "The Parting of the Ways" can get complete outfits of clothing if they want them, and last, but not least, they receive some of the best and most wholesome practical advice they have ever received in their lives from a practical man, who knows just as much about what the guests have been through as they themselves do and a little bit more.

"The Parting of the Ways" is not a mission; and it is not a church. Some time ago, some well meaning gentlemen wanted to introduce some clergymen to "The Parting of the Ways," but Mr. McBride halted the proceedings. "I'll send the boys to your churches," said he. "They'll come decently dressed and you'll find them mighty good listeners. Each room in my house has a Bible. The sitting-room has good magazines and papers and some fine books."

"But we know some estimable women, young and old, who are very much interested in your institution and they want to come down here to do what good they can for the boys," said the ministers.

Now, this is where Mr. McBride became really wrought up, not to say peeved, although he is a good-natured man.

"No, sir, just keep the estimable women away," said Mr. McBride. "I know they mean well, but I am not going to have my boys paraded before a score or two of people. They have some pride when they get out of the Bridewell, and when they come here it is for the purpose of living down their past and getting a new start, and they can do that better if you lend your help from the outside."

And that settled the matter. Not that Mr. McBride does not believe in religious work. He has been offered the ministry in one denomination, and every Sunday for the past five years he has conducted the most remarkable Sunday services in Chicago, if not in the world, in the cellar cellhouse of the Harrison Street police station which William T. Stead said was "worse than any prison I have seen in Russia." One Sunday a month he speaks also before the inmates of the Bridewell to give them a practical talk and advertise his home for the men who come out of that place.

"The parting of the Ways Home" was opened Nov. 9, 1909, by Mr. McBride and Judge McKenzie Cleland and a handful of philanthropically-inclined Chicago men, who were deeply interested in social justice as well as social reform. The sum of $2,200 was contributed by about twenty business and professional men to equip the home and furnish operating expenses to start with. That the money has been well husbanded in the care of the 253 guests who have been at the home since it was founded may be seen from the fact that there is still enough in the treasury to pay the

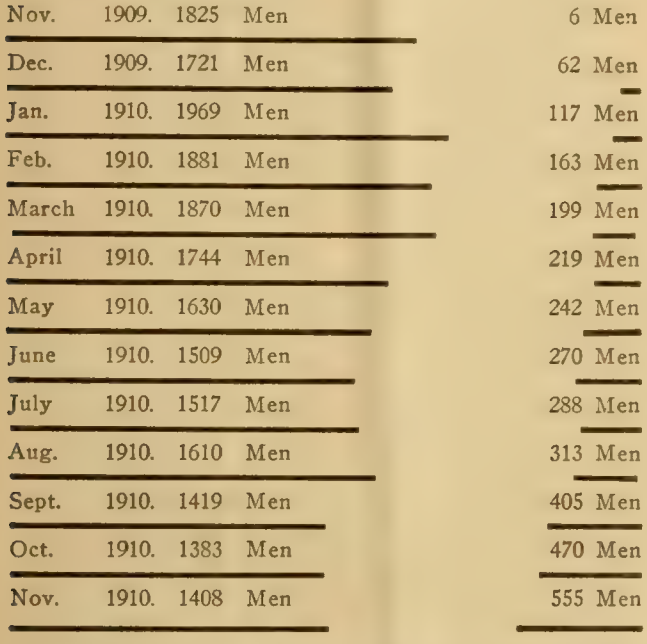
expenses of the home for two months to come. That the money has been well spent may be seen from the records of the institution.

A Little Picture of How It Works.

The long lines indicate the average daily population of the Bridewell during the months named as shown by the annual report ending November 1910.

The short lines indicate the total number of men who passed through the "Parting of the Ways Home" during the same time.

Notice how the long lines grow shorter as the short lines grow longer.



Out of 253 men who have availed themselves of the hospitality of the home over 240 have secured employment. Mr. McBride secured work for 145, while sixty-four secured employment for themselves and thirty-three were otherwise assisted in getting work. The religious influence of the home has been such that twenty-seven of the men have become members of churches. The uplifting influence of the home, as far as inspiring the men with a sense of integrity is concerned, has been such that the guests have refunded $229.72 for their board and lodgings. There have been served 2,548 meals. The total operating expenses have been $1,833.73.

Judge McKenzie Cleland was the original moving spirit in founding "The Parting of the Ways." Judge Cleland became intensely interested in the conditions of the men who appeared before him in the police courts of Chicago, especially at the time he was sitting in the Municipal Court at the Harrison Street police station, and when he finally found McBride, he declared that he had been looking for just such a man for years. Mr. McBride had then been conducting his evangelical work in the Harrison Street police station for over four years, but was also engaged in other work, mostly in railroad circles.

The home and the work of Mr. McBride have been indorsed by John L. Whitman, superintendent of the house of correction; Inspector John Wheeler of the First division of the Chicago police department; Abram J. Harris, Clerk of the Criminal Court, and all police, jail and court officials who come in touch with offenders and criminals.

Judge Cleland is president of "The Parting of the Ways Home," Mr. Whitman vice president, Albert W. Harris, vice president of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, treasurer, and Bruce Barton, managing editor of *World's Events,* secretary. The directors are Inspector Wheeler, Mr. Harris, clerk of the Criminal Court; D. R. Niver of the Trowbridge & Niver Company; Dr. F. J. Staehle, J. V. Johnson of the *Farmers and Drovers' Journal* and Frank Wixon of the Wixon Spice Company, while Rollo H. McBride is manager.

The manager's report for the first eighteen months to May 1, showing the number of men released from the Chicago House of Correction with everything against them, is as follows:

Men Received,	1,118
Meals Served,	8,785
Lodgings Furnished,	3,386
Positions Secured,	846
Otherwise Assisted,	272
Re-enter Church,	53
Clothed Nearly Complete,	1,118
Board Refunded by Men,	$ 406.72
Total Expense,	5,369.72
Total Equipment,	699.23
Grand Total Expense,	$6,172.57
Total Cash Receipts,	6,127.62
Number Meals Per Man,	8
Number Lodgings Per Man,	3
Cost Per Capita,	$4.80

Rollo H. McBride,
Manager.

Since "The Parting of the Ways" was opened it has housed unfortunate men of all types, petty offenders, crooks and criminals with long prison records. When they left the house of correction they were advised by Superintendent Whitman to visit the home and they have done so, most of them with profit to themselves. How they are received at "The Parting of the Ways" can best be described by one of the inmates.

"I had just finished my three months in the Bridewell," he said, "and I had heard Mr. McBride talk several times. So, when Mr. Whitman advised me to go to McBride's home, I came on a bee line for the place. I walked three miles to save a nickel. Mr. McBride met me at the window of the partition where his desk is, and he says, the first thing: 'Well, better have some lunch. It is about mealtime.'

"Well, that made a hit with me. There was noth-

ing said about my hustling right off to work. After I got through eating he talked to me for a while and I told him my whole story, and he said, 'Don't be in a hurry. Sit down and rest yourself for a while.' I had expected to be told what to do and how to do it, and I thought maybe I'd be given a hint that I ought to go and get work even if I had to work for nothing."

Now that was an easy beginning, and it is the same with most, if not all, of the men who come to "The Parting of the Ways." They are permitted to rest a few hours or a day before they begin hustling for themselves, but all of them get a little personal friendly advice from the manager, who also supplies them with clothes from the wardrobe which is replenished from time to time by well to do friends of the institution.

The first floor of the home is divided into two big rooms, one of which is used for a dining-room and kitchen and the other for a sitting and reading-room. The walls have a few pictures and a few mottoes which read:

"We Help Men to Help Themselves."

"Remember, This Home Is Your Best Friend. Do Not Misuse It. Help Keep It Clean."

"Please Don't Swear."

The sleeping-rooms on the second and third floors are all scrupulously clean. The linen is clean and the rooms are well ventilated. But to return to the inmates.

Most of them find out two things the first few minutes they spend in the home.

First they find that Mr. McBride is their friend and he is going to help them. Then they make the discovery that the man who is going to help them knows just a little more about the life they have been leading than they themselves. In fact, they are up against a man who has been graduated and postgraduated with several unornamental degrees from the underworld. A study of the inmates is interesting. A study of Mr. McBride is ten times more interesting.

Who, then, is McBride?

He is a former railroad man. He started out in Ohio in a railroad office and worked his way up till he began to have a few good chances to become, if he desired, a malefactor of great wealth. He himself declares, without any suggestion of boasting, that he would have been president of a railroad if he had never touched liquor. His associate, with whom he started in the railroad business and who placed several good investment opportunities in his hands, is several times a millionaire today.

"When we had a chance to make our big haul in the coal business," said Mr. McBride, "my friend said to me: 'Mac, let's invest $250 a month in this coal company.' He did, but I invested mine in booze. Then I drifted into Chicago. I never held a job more than a few weeks. I just laid up a little cash to go on a big drunk. I spent seven years in Chicago, drunk most of the time, and all the time towards the last. I became so bad that I simply refused to work. I became an 'expert moocher,' and was known as the 'walking delegate of the bums.'

"I once went for four months without sitting down to a table for a meal, without changing my clothes, without washing and without shaving. I ate off of free lunch counters and begged enough to buy whiskey and beer, so that I managed to stay drunk all the time.

"Finally, after seven years of this sort of life, spent mostly in barrel-houses on State and Clark Streets, I met an old railroad friend of mine on Feb. 26, 1904. He had a roll of money, and we immediately began 'hitting it up.' We had spent a considerable portion of my friend's money toward evening, and he had fallen asleep in a barrel-house at 496 South State Street. I was going through his pockets from time to time to get money enough to buy some more whiskey, when he woke up and said:

"'Mac, let's go over to the mission.'

"That sounded good to me. I had never heard of the mission. Here was evidently a new barrel-house which I had overlooked. We staggered along the street, he leading the way. There were high banks of snow along the sidewalks, and it was cold. We came to the mission. I heard music and singing inside, and in my stupor of intoxication I thought it was just saloon music. I had gone clean inside before I realized that I was at a religious service. The first thing I did was to knock over a chair, then I began to swear so loudly that I broke up the meeting. I tried to rush out into the street, but somebody held me and I was forced to sit down and listen to the rest of the services. I heard the singing and heard a man offer a fervent prayer, at the end of which he asked those who wanted to come to the Lord to hold up their hands. I did so. I even came forward and prayed. When the meeting was over my friend said to me:

"'Mac, where are you going?'

"'I am going to find some doorway. I am never going into a saloon again as long as I live.'

"I walked the streets that night and was driven out of at least a dozen hallways where I took refuge. It was bitterly cold, and I hadn't enough clothing to pad a crutch, so you can imagine what sort of a struggle I had to go through to keep out of the barrel-houses where I would have been welcome to spend the night in animal comfort, for all the saloons were running night and day then. I had on a pair of torn shoes, a pair of dirty, threadbare and tattered trousers, a torn coat without a button on it, and an old hat. Not a piece of underwear did I possess, and I had no stockings. My coat was held together with two safety pins.

"The place which I had taken for a new barrel-

house was the Lifeboat Mission, 462 State Street. From that night when I first went in there I did not miss a single night at the mission for two years. I was soon working and earning money enough to keep me going and buy me decent clothes. I did railroad office work for two years, then began to devote myself wholly to the kind of work I am now doing—saving men.

"I took up mission work at the Harrison Street police station soon after I had joined the Lifeboat Mission, and have delivered a little sermon there to the men and women every Sunday since. During that time I have talked to 14,725 men Sunday mornings at the Harrison Street police station, and 12,295 men have knelt on the other side of the bars with me in prayer. I have been delivering talks to the inmates of the Bridewell one Sunday a month since 'The Parting of the Ways Home' was opened, and I also talk to the Boys of the John Worthy School at the house of correction once a month.

"But here in this place I think it is more practical to do the work of God than talk about God to the boys. We have no creed here, and we accept any person of any creed. All I ask from the public is clothing for the men."

Two of Mr. McBride's proteges listened with interest to his recital of his experiences. When he had finished Mr. McBride added:

"You suppose that these young men don't know that I have been up against the game? They all know it, and they know, too, that they can't fool me very often. As a matter of fact, most of them don't want to fool me."

Here one of the two boys spoke up. He was a good looking young chap, about 23, well dressed in one of Mr. McBride's suits.

"I was pinched in one of the can houses on Clark Street, and they sent me up for fifteen days to the Bridewell for disorderly conduct. I came out nine weeks ago and went right to this place. Mr. McBride gave me some clothes, among them this outfit I am wearing. I think I've got a pretty fair front now. I got work as press feeder, earning $10 a week. I wanted to save up some money so I decided to keep on staying here. I am paying $3 a week for board and lodging. I sent $7 to my mother in the East at one time and $5 at another, and here is my bank book."

The bank book showed deposits of $35. The young man declared that it would be $40 in the morning when the bank opened. With $40 on hand, $27 paid for board and lodging, $12 sent to his mother, $79 out of $90 earned in nine weeks were clearly and well accounted for. Out of the $11 remaining the young man explained that he had spent some for shoes.

The testimonial of the other young man contained illuminating bits of information, for he had broken into print several times in his young life on the front pages of all the newspapers in Chicago. When he "fell" last time, over three months ago, and detectives were taking him from one police station to another, he made such an earnest effort to break away that considerable flying lead was scattered about the neighborhood. The police of Chicago say that he was one of the cleverest pickpockets in the city, but he has made up his mind, for the first time in his life, he says, to quit living by his wits. He was loud in his praise of "The Parting of the Ways."

"I have had a lot of those pleasant smiles and warm handshakes offered to me in my time, but you can't eat them," he said. "I came here last Wednesday, and today is Sunday, and in that time I have gone through something that has never happened to me before in my life.

"I guess it was last Friday I went out for a walk and strolled down to Grant Park. When I got down to Park Row I see a man standing up against a railing there counting a roll o' bills. I saw some of them, several yellow gold certificates, and I sized up the roll for about a hundred and a half. I watched him and I thinks to myself that is just to try me out; couldn't be anything else. If it was fate trying me out, she did it right, for that guy sticks the roll into his right hip pocket, the easiest pocket in the whole dictionary of pockets. Then he strolls down Michigan Avenue, following me, mind you, for I walked away from the temptation, and I never needed a stake so bad in my life. I dodges into the park and sits down on a bench. Would you believe it, that guy follows me up and sits down by the side of me.

"I begin to get suspicious, so I takes another look at his trilbys, and I sizes him up, but he was no elbow. I've been dodging detectives long enough to know one as far as I can see him. Then to make things easier, he spread open his coat and turns away from me. I looked at that pocket with the roll in it, and to see if it was there I picks at it and pulls it a little out of his pocket. It was all there. I lifts it a little farther up the second time and for the third time I lifts it most half out of the pocket. What a chance!

"But I never intended to steal the roll. I was just sort of flirting with it, but when I had that roll halfway out I ran away, and I was glad it was over. The worst of it is that I believe that guy lost that roll later, for I had pulled it so far out of his jeans.

"I can't stay in Chicago, and I can't even get a job in town and hold it, and it would have been easy to hook a blow-stake from that guy, but in the first place I had resolved to quit. In the second place I wanted to make an honest start, not on stolen money, and in the third place I didn't want to throw Mr. McBride down.

"I wish you'd use this in your paper, for it might

(Continued on Page 595.)

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Peril of Swollen Fortunes.

GEORGE H. EARLE, JR., a Philadelphia lawyer, recently criticised the Supreme Court's decision, and spoke of the peril of swollen fortunes in this way:

"The thing for us to think about is whether our children are to inherit that liberty which our ancestors gained for us. They cannot if property is to pass into a few hands. This much is certain: If we want to keep property we must share it. The safety of property lies essentially in its being easily available to every deserving and industrious man. There should not exist a condition where a young man who is industrious and intelligent ought not to be able to acquire a competence for himself and his family.

"My father told me that when I was a boy and any young man of average intelligence could start out and make a competence. But if you could be with me in the life I lead you would see thousands of young men, competent and intelligent, who are willing to take ordinary clerkships without much hope of getting anything else. It is getting too hard in this country for the young man without influence to make his way solely upon his merit."

That history was repeating itself in this generation in the uprising against the accumulation of property in the hands of the few is proven, the speaker pointed out, by the events in England.

"There has been no country in the world," he said, "where property has been more safeguarded than in England.

"I am told that eight men own one-fourth of the entire surface of England. But the people are quietly getting ready to take it away from them. They are also getting ready to abolish the house of lords."

In response to a question as to whether he thought any law could be passed which would prevent the acquisition of property by those who were naturally fitted to acquire it, Mr Earle cited the movement in England against the house of lords as proof that the people will always revolt against such conditions, and with ultimate success.

"I haven't the slightest fear so far as this country of ours is concerned," he said, "that 100,000,000 people armed with the ballot are going to permit themselves to be enslaved. Property must be safeguarded, of course, but not in mere theory when it becomes tyranny. It is tyranny when a large proportion of the people of the earth are told that they can only stand on its surface by permission of a few families."

Taft's Speech on Reciprocity.

PRESIDENT TAFT, in his speech on Canadian Reciprocity, before the Western Economic Society at Orchestra Hall in Chicago on June 3, based his arguments on principles of sound economics and high patrotism. He showed a remarkable grasp of details on every phase of the subject, and plowed with remorseless logic through the opposition raised by the lumber interests who have so suddenly taken an interest in the farmer's welfare. Concerning the farmer's side of the question, he said:

"How is the farmer to be affected by Canadian reciprocity and free trade in agricultural products? Canada is so far north that her agricultural products are limited to wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, live cattle, horses and dairy products.

"She cannot and does not raise more than one-sixth of 1 per cent of the corn crop of the United States. She raises no cotton; she raises few vegetables; she raises few hogs because she has not the corn to feed them.

"She is at present a great importer of all fruits, citrus and otherwise, from the United States; she imports a large amount of cotton-seed oil, which, by the Canadian reciprocity treaty, is now made free; she cannot fatten cattle as they are fattened in the



—Record-Herald. **Good for the Farmer.**

United States, and therefore it has become profitable for farmers to import young cattle from Canada, even with the duty on them, and to fatten them for the Chicago market.

"The United States imports into Canada a great many more horses than she exports from the Canadians. She sends to Canada a much larger amount of potatoes than she receives from her. The United States imports into Canada about fifteen times as much of meat and dairy products as Canada imports into the United States.

"The only real importation of agricultural products that we may expect from Canada of any considerable amount will consist of wheat, barley, rye, and oats. The world price of these four cereals is fixed abroad, where the surplus from the producing countries is disposed of and is little affected by the place from which the supply is derived.

"Canadian wheat nets perhaps 10 cents less a bushel to the producer than wheat grown in the Dakotas or in Minnesota, due to the fact that the cost of exporting that wheat and warehousing it and marketing it at Liverpool is considerably greater than the cost to the Dakota farmer of disposing of his wheat to the millers of Minneapolis or sending it abroad.

"If, now, the duty is to be taken off wheat and the Canadian wheat can come to the millers of Minneapolis and other places, it can and will be made into flour, because the capacity of the American mills is 33 per cent greater than is needed to mill the wheat of this country. Canadian wheat can be imported and ground into flour without materially reducing the demand for or price of American wheat, and the surplus will be sent abroad as flour.

* * *

"But it is said that the farm land in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and other States is much more valuable than the land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, the great northwest provinces of Canada, and that to give Canadian farmers free entry of products on cheaper lands will be certain to lower the value of farm lands in this country.

"Nothing could be further from the fact. The Canadian lands are farther removed from the Minneapolis and Chicago markets than the lands of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, or Illinois, and proximity to market is a most important element in the value of farm lands.

"Then the natural change in farming in this country is from the raising of grain and other cereals for export to the raising of grain for farm consumption and development of the secondary products in the form of cattle and hogs.

"The live cattle are bought and fattened. The hogs are raised and fed. It is farming of this kind that explains the high value of farm lands in Illinois and Iowa and other States.

"In 1900 the farm land value in North Dakota was $11.15 an acre; in South Dakota, $9.92; in Kansas, $12.17; in Nebraska, $16.27. At the same time the value of farm land in Iowa was $36.36; in Illinois, $46.17; in Indiana, $31.61; in Michigan, $24.12; in Wisconsin, $26.71; and in Minnesota, $21.31.

"If the argument as to the disastrous effect of admitting the crops of the Canadian northwest to our markets upon the values of our farm land is correct, then the opening of lands in Kansas, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas in the two decades from 1890 to 1910 should have had a similar effect upon the lands of the older States.

"Now, what was the fact? What was the effect upon the farm lands of the older States of the competition of these newer States? The land in the older States became more devoted to corn and cattle and hogs, while the wheat and other cereals were left to the new lands. The effect was that the values of the land in the older farming States were in most cases more than doubled and the census reports of 1910 show the average farm value by the acre in Illinois to be $95; in Iowa, $83; in Indiana, $62; in Michigan, $31; in Wisconsin, $43; and in Minnesota, $37. The year book of Canada shows the average farm values by the acre in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to be $28.94, $21.54 and $20.46 respectively in 1909. The difference in the value of the acre between Manitoba and Wisconsin is $14, between Wisconsin and Illinois is $52, between Wisconsin and Iowa is $40, and between Michigan and Indiana is $31.

"The treaty is essentially a question of policy. We are face to face with a problem that is extremely far-reaching in shaping the future policy of this country's dealing with its neighbors on both the north and the south. We must brave ourselves for the readjustment so as to bring about the greatest good for the greatest number.

"Without a doubt the farmer would be affected by a treaty with Canada, but not in the extreme measure that has been suggested by some. The alarmists are taking too narrow a view of the question. The real destiny of this treaty would be to lead us into policies of expansion. The day of exclusiveness is past."

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for development and progress. Its purpose is to foster the simple life by supplying wholesome literature for every member of the family. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency in every way possible.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Individuality versus Institutionalism.

The marked individuality of a few years ago is being rapidly displaced by institutionalism. A short time ago great emphasis was laid upon individual effort, individual life, individual righteousness, etc. Men were interested in their own souls and how they might best provide for themselves, and keep their souls from any very lasting degree of suffering. Today, however, the emphasis is being changed and attention is being directed toward institutional purity. It has been found that the former system developed selfish bigots who insisted upon a general acceptance by the world of their pet ideas and experiences, to the discomfort of those who were imposed upon. In the majority of cases the self-centered man proved to be a detriment rather than a public benefactor, because generally he refused to tolerate freedom of thought in his fellows. Today institutions of every sort are being purged and cleansed which in a short time will give us a new society. Men are no longer only held responsible for their personal conduct and their individual living, but the problem now assumes larger proportions and men are held responsible for the general life of their community and of the institutions to which they belong. The standards of right assumed by their clubs, unions and combines are accepted as the standards of the individual members. Inefficient work on the part of the church because of fettered shackles must be charged against its communicants. This is a day which demands all the desirable elements of a well developed individuality and combines them with a high degree of purity in public life. It is no longer enough to be good, but it is necessary to see that all your fellows are good in the highest sense. An acceptance of this enlarged responsibility, of course, is more desirable and places us on a higher basis of living than the highly individualistic basis of a few years ago.

Broadmindedness and Narrowmindedness.

The terms broadminded and narrowminded have almost become threadbare and at times their use is perfectly ludicrous. We say a man is broadminded when he agrees with everything we say and do and he is narrowminded when he does not agree with us, no matter how trivial the point at issue may be. There would be more charity among men and more real social progress if the terms could be thrown out of our vocabulary completely. With their present promiscuous use they have come to be entirely worthless because they convey no definite meaning. When we hear these epithets hurled at some one it reminds us of a conversation between two drunk men we one time overheard. We were obliged to spend a night at a hotel in a logging camp of Northwestern Montana. Late at night two drunk men came stumbling up the stairway and occupied the room next to us. They disagreed as to whether it was necessary to remove their shoes before going to bed. One of them said, "If I had no more sense than you I would go out and hang myself." The other replied, "If I had no more sense than you I would ride this chair for a go-cart." Now the fact of the matter was neither of them had any sense to spare. Generally those of us who point out others as narrowminded pose as being broadminded ourselves when in reality we could expand and occupy a good deal more than twice what our finite minds now cover and still be a long ways from being very broadminded. No one is so broadminded but that he is very foolish about a good many things and no one is so narrowminded but he has some sensible ideas for his fellow-men. The man who serves the world most efficiently is the one who has a receptive mind and is responsive to the good stimuli from every source and is slow to denounce the standards of his fellows. The rational mind continually readjusts itself to the new conditions in the light of new investigations while the obstinate mind closes itself against all new impressions until it approaches that of the simpleton.

Private Libraries.

Occasionally we find a man who has a mania for filling his house with a countless number of books. In these days when books are so cheap it is not at all difficult to accumulate a large stack of them and have quite a pretentious looking library. A large accumulation of books, however, is no indication whatever that the owner is a well educated man. It may, indeed, bear evidence to the fact that he is a mere novice in the educational world. The promiscuous collection which he has gathered from every imaginable source may in reality be only a junk heap so far as utility is concerned. The owner of such a library is likely to sit down and read an encyclopedia or a dictionary as religiously as he would a treatise on any subject of inter-

est. The valuable library is not necessarily large but it has been well selected and the owner from time to time culls the volumes which have been antedated and replaces them by modern editions. A generous bonfire would improve some libraries wonderfully and make them more workable for the owner. The time never comes when the well educated man can cease buying books and depend upon his old collection, because he must keep up with the times. To do this he must read the results of the latest investigations. A large number of books are to be glanced at, a good many are to be read by topics and used for reference, and a few are to be read, masticated, insalivated, digested, assimilated, circulated and finally absorbed into the character of the individual. The efficiency of an education does not lie in the size of a man's library, nor in the number of books he has read, but in his ability to select the useful material from the rubbish and adopt those living principles which vitally concern the well-being of mankind and apply them to the present existing conditions for the betterment of himself and his fellow beings.

The Use of Cartoons.

THE use of cartoons is sometimes misunderstood by intelligent, well-meaning readers who condemn it because they have not looked at all sides of the question. Cartoons are neither meant to be funny nor entertaining. Those features are generally relegated to the funny page of the newspaper and the magazine. If cartoons were intended to be funny the cartoonist would need to study his audience and produce an entirely different product from what he is now producing. If they were to be entertaining he would need to work with entirely different material for his subject matter. The good cartoonist, however, pays no attention to either of these and works from the standpoint of economy of time for the reader. A representative cartoon serves the same purpose for the busy reader as the time saving device in machinery serves for the busy farmer. A public situation, whether social, political or religious can often be clearly expressed by a cartoon, which would require several pages of careful explanation if it were to be given on the printed page. In many cases the cartoon can be made more suggestive than a well-written article, because the information can be made more striking when given by illustration. Distorted and incongruous beings are used in cartoons not because some people think they are funny but because they represent a distorted and incongruous situation in public life. We would suggest to those of our readers who have been looking at cartoons to see something funny that they have been looking for the wrong thing, and if they will look for the public situation represented by the cartoon it will prove more valuable to them. Cartoons are not of the same class and are not intended for the same purpose as the funny page of the daily newspaper. When improperly used they are entirely worthless to the reader, but when properly used they are important factors in conveying information.

For the Boys and Girls.

FOR some time we have been talking with the grown folks through the INGLENOOK, but we have not forgotten the boys and girls. We have only had a few months' acquaintance and you may be wondering what sort of a fellow this is over at this end of the line. Come over to our sanctum and we will take a look at each other. We are neither an old man nor a spring chicken although a few days ago a lady told us we were just fresh from college. Now don't be alarmed about that because lots of men and women go to college. When we came to this town a little boy asked us what our name is and we told him Sebastian Christian Miller. That, however, was too thick for his tongue so we told him he might call us Uncle Basty which is the name by which we have been known by all the boys and girls in the community where we have lived for the last ten years. Now we have no objections to all the boys and girls of the INGLENOOK family calling us Uncle Basty providing you will sit down and write us a letter. Not just a line or two about the weather, because that seems so much like a telegram. We like to get real letters in which you tell all about who you are and what you are doing. Tell us what you would rather do than anything else in the world and tell us what you are going to do when you are grown to be a man or woman. Tell us what you like to play and what you like to eat. Do you have a garden all your own and what do you raise in it? What are you going to do with the money you make from your garden? What kind of relics do you have? I believe I have the oldest jackknife of any boy in the crowd. My grandfather had it made more than eighty years ago and it is a good knife yet. Be sure and write us a letter. Address it to Uncle Basty, Brethren Publishing House.

The Coming Change.

IT is now only ten days until July 1 at which time as we have announced before the price of the INGLENOOK and the Cook book will be raised to $1.25 per year. Those who wish to take advantage of the present rate of $1.00 for the two must act quickly and send in their order by return mail. Our subscription list has made a splendid growth during the last month, but there are still many homes where the INGLENOOK ought to make its weekly visits and if our readers can help us get in touch with them we will count it a great favor. We thank our readers for the splendid support they have already given us so far and trust we may all coöperate for a better INGLENOOK.



HOW THEY CHANGED PLACES

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

EFFIE MINTON was a first class housekeeper. She was taking up the breakfast when her husband came in with the milk. He was kind to her as husbands go and yet there were times when Effie felt that there was much room for improvement. "Can't you carry the milk to the cellar?" asked Effie.

"No time for that," remarked Albert, briefly. "Is breakfast ready?"

"All ready," replied Effie. "I have buckwheat cakes this morning."

While Albert was eating buckwheat cakes that melted in his mouth he was meditating. Effie who was busy baking cakes and waiting on him was surprised when he pushed back his chair from the table and with an air of finality, as if the thing was settled, said, "It seems to me you might find time to do the milking. I have the feeding to do and the hard farm work. It's not fairly divided!"

"What!" It was only an exclamation, but Effie could hardly believe that he was in earnest.

"You never have much to do, while as for me, what with haying and reaping and making fences and now the asparagus bed weeding, there's no rest from one year's end to the other," explained Albert. It was easy to see that he had been studying over the matter, and had come to this conclusion after thinking it over carefully.

Effie was so struck by this view of the case that for a few minutes she said nothing. Then, "That view of our work has not appealed to me," she said. "I only know that my days are crowded full of housework. Every bit of it must be done, too, if we want to live comfortably."

"Yes, but it is all child's play compared to the hard work out of doors. Now if you could do the milking, I could get at the asparagus bed earlier and it would help a lot."

Effie felt her angry passions rise, but she was a sensible woman who kept herself under stern control. "I have only the washing, ironing and mending, the baking and butter-making, the sewing and cooking to do now; perhaps I could add the milking!"

Albert listened to this formidable list in consternation. It did look as if he was getting the worst of the argument. Then with true masculine tact he resorted to strategy to gain his point. "Now it never occurred to me that you could possibly have any room for complaint; but if you have I am willing to exchange work and that will prove once and forever the truth of my position!"

"Do you mean that I shall do your work and you will try to cook and sweep and do general housework?" And Effie's eyes opened wide at the very idea.

"Yes, you do my work and I'll do yours. Then you'll begin to comprehend what I have been trying this good while to tell you: that you should assist me in some of the tiresome work on the farm."

"When shall we begin?" asked Effie, bewildered by this sudden turn of affairs.

"Today."

"What must be done besides the milking and feeding?" asked Effie.

"The asparagus beds must be weeded."

"How many of them do you do in a day?"

Albert replied, "Two."

"Well I am willing, but I want to tell you how to do some of this work first,—"

"I don't want to be told. Anybody can do that bit of work without any instructions," replied Albert with a great deal of unnecessary emphasis. And so Effie said no more.

She got her sunbonnet and went out to the asparagus beds, her heart filled with forebodings as to the final state of her wash. She had the clothes all gathered into a basket, but what would Albert do with them? He would accept no advice. As she was going to the asparagus beds she asked one more question. "How long is this arrangement to last?"

"As long as you can stand it." Now that reply to say the least was uncalled for. And Effie determined that no matter how hard it would prove, she was going to endure it and not be the first to say that the experiment was a failure. She went to work in the beds

and the stooping over made her tired, her back ached and her hands were rough and she wished herself at the washtub a number of times; but she plodded on.

The bell rang for dinner and she went into the house. There was no fire in the sitting-room. Albert had let it go out. The dinner was a good one, but most of the things were cooked the day before. Albert had been reading the newspaper. "I'll do the washing tomorrow," he said.

"I always dread a week in which the washing is put off until the middle of the week," began Effie, severely.

"There is everything in managing," said Albert, as if he was giving the conclusion of the whole matter.

After dinner, Effie sat down and read the newspaper for an hour. Then she went back to her weeding. She had the satisfaction of knowing that she had weeded one half bed more than Albert had considered as his day's work.

When she came into the house to get the buckets to do the milking, Albert was busy trying to cook some supper. But he asked no questions although there was a look of perplexity on his face as he stirred something that was boiling on the stove.

Effie hated the milking. But she hurried through with it and then went around the barn and made everything snug and close for the night. She carried the milk into the kitchen and left it there. That was one of her grievances against Albert. He would bring the milk to the kitchen instead of carrying it to the cellar. She had remonstrated but he always replied that he had no time to take it to the cellar. It was solid satisfaction for Effie to leave the buckets standing on the kitchen floor.

"Supper will soon be ready," vouchsafed Albert. He was very much preoccupied with the process of stirring something which had evidently burned. Effie washed her hands and then proceeded to sit down to the dining-table with a book. The sitting-room was cold; the grate fire had gone out sometime in the forenoon.

"I've always wanted to stew tomatoes like we use to have them at home. And this meat is tender, too," said Albert proudly as they sat down to supper.

Effie tasted the tomatoes, and found them bitter as quinine; the meat was half raw and the only thing to do was to content herself with butter and bread. "I am so glad my day's work is done" said Effie. "That is the great difference between housekeeping and any other work,—there's always something else in housekeeping. Now I can feel comfortable until my work of the morning needs attention."

"Well, if you'd have some kind of system, your work would not need to take all your time," replied Albert. He had been reading most of the day.

"I believe I ought to go to bed and rest," said Effie about eight o'clock.

"I'll soon come," remarked Albert.

The next morning Effie wakened in good time. She shook Albert, and he arose, grumbling; then Effie took another nap. When she came down to breakfast there was fried mush scrambled together; all semblance to the dish Effie used to place on the table was lost.

Even as Albert said nothing about the tomatoes at the supper table so now he endeavored to eat some of the mush, but it too had been burned and could not by any stretch of imagination be considered palatable. Effie ate a little of the mush and a good deal of bread and butter. Albert seemed too preoccupied with weightier matters to converse, so the burden of the table talk rested upon Effie.

"The great advantage of being a man lies in this that I can say to myself this morning, 'I have several cows to milk and a lot of feeding to do, and the horses to curry,' then I can go to my appointed task of weeding in peace. No worrying about conflicting duties." Thus she discoursed blithely while getting ready for the barn. She maintained a discreet silence as to her being so afraid of the horses that it required all the heroism she could muster to curry them; the fact that the cows inspired her with mortal terror was likewise suppressed.

Albert made a desperate effort to rise to the occasion. "I am going to wash today, so if dinner is late, you will know the reason. I calculate to get the house cleaned up too."

One final glance around the rooms made clear and convincing the fact that everything had been left around since Effie had gone to the barn to take up Albert's duties. Effie was a good, conscientious woman who loved peace and quietness and now she thought of many things that the occasion distinctly required to be said, but she ruled her own spirit and held her peace. She also took up the milk-pails and went to the barn.

At dinner-time, no clothes had been flung to the breeze, no steaming dinner awaited the two. Albert had upset a tub of water and spent an hour of precious time in mopping up the kitchen floor. He made no headway with his washing, the fires were out in the sitting-room and kitchen, he had forgotten to keep the kitchen fire going and had never started the grate fire. Effie remembered how particular he was about that grate fire when she was housekeeper. He wanted to sit down with his paper in comfort and his chair by the grate was occupied every evening; now it did not seem to occur to him that the grate fire should be kept up. He really looked wild-eyed and disheveled as he pottered around among his tubs and piles of dirty clothes.

"I guess I can find something to eat in the cellar," remarked Effie, blandly, as she met his eye.

"If you will wait just a half hour, I'll dish up the

chicken potpie," replied Albert with unnecessary emphasis.

Effie was a meek-eyed little woman and her heart misgave her. Only the thought of many unappreciated sacrifices for Albert's comfort kept her from capitulating on the spot. "I'll find all the dinner I need," she said as she took a knife with her to the cellar.

Albert bravely rubbed and rinsed, but when some of the pillow-slips had red streaks in them and even to his inexperienced eyes it was plain that something was terribly wrong in the domestic arrangement of the house, he began to lose heart. He hoped that Effie would come to terms first; it was extremely irritating to see her looking so cheerful and she was doing his work as well as he was used to doing it.

Several hours later when Effie was resigning herself to the inevitable but no less dreaded task of milking once more, she had so hoped that morning that she need not go through that ordeal again but if she must, she must, there was no help for it. She was walking slowly towards the house, when she came upon Albert standing by the clothesline a picture of wrathful despair. The clothes lying on the muddy ground were a mute but eloquent factor in the case. "Why do you keep rotten clotheslines and a lot of other old truck to say nothing of a kitchen stove that won't draw?" he asked as he vainly strove to gather up the clothes without getting them dirty; but it was no use, the entire basketful had to be put back into the rinsing water. Albert was evidently struggling for self-control. He was routed and beaten and ready to surrender, but there was no use in an ignominious defeat. Albert was anxious to retire with the honors of war, but he saw that Effie was unsubdued, and he must make the first overtures for a change of base.

"Tired of your job?" asked Albert.

"No, indeed," responded Effie, enthusiastically. "I do not mind weeding and it is so lovely to have your work cut out for you, and feel in the evening that you have a right to rest."

"Well, I am ready to quit if you are. I don't know where your things are kept and I hate mussing around little jobs." announced Albert, with an effort to maintain his dignity at all costs.

"Perhaps I could tell you where to find some missing articles," suggested Effie.

"No, there are too many details connected with your work. I like some system about things, and I am ready to quit." Albert looked about him at the disorder everywhere visible, and Effie's eyes followed his glance. "Oh, bother, Effie, can't you see that I am sick and tired of the whole thing? and I'll never say again that your task is an easy one."

"Very well," replied Effie. "I'll take a hand in the kitchen and things will soon adjust themselves." And suiting the action to the word she began to clear the dirty breakfast dishes from the dining-table; then she set clean plates and afterwards went to the kitchen, and by some process unexplainable to the masculine mind,—it looked like magic to Albert's eyes, illumined by his late disastrous experience,—she evolved a supper that was fit for a king. And Albert, hungry and tired and discouraged as he was, ate and marveled at his utter stupidity in not recognizing the touch of genius by which a woman makes a home out of materials which are as an unknown quantity in the hands of a man.

Albert sat down to that supper with the most woebegone expression ever seen on the face of mortal man; he arose laughing, care-free, the world was before him, life was worth living once more.

Never again did he think that Effie's work was light, and she often blessed the day when the experiment was tried.

THE SAFEGUARD OF TRUTH

Hattie Preston Rider

I'SE going up in grandpa's room," Laddie announced, decidedly. His rosy lips were set, and he gave his mother a sidelong glance of defiance out of his bright blue eyes. "Grandpa is not too sick to see Laddie; and Laddie won't make a noise."

He edged toward the door. His mother appeared not to notice, but went on explaining to her caller:

"Father Rayburn has complained of his side all winter, but he wouldn't see a doctor. Last week, however, the pain became so severe he simply could not endure it any longer. We called in our own physician, —for we hadn't a bit of faith in his, Mrs. Gray;—and he said—Laddie! Come right back here! Don't you open that hall door!"

The little boy paused with his hand on the knob, and the defiant look again flashed into his eyes.

"I is going up to see grandpa!" he reiterated.

"No, you're not," Mrs. Rayburn said, decidedly. "Grandpa has a headache, and he can't play with you today. The nurse won't let you in, anyway."

"Oh, yes, her will," the child answered, with dogged assurance. "Her likes Laddie."

Mrs. Gray could not forbear a glance of surprise, for no vestige of a shadow ruffled the serenity of Mrs.

Rayburn's face as the young insurgent turned the handle and opened the door; but a gleam, the barest suggestion of refined tyranny, shone for an instant in her eyes as they rested on him. Her voice sounded oily-smooth as she said, distinctly:

"Grandpa is asleep; and the nurse told mama she should telephone for the police to come and carry off any little boys, if they disturbed him."

The words were like magic. A swift change swept over the small face, wilting all the determination there. The child shut the hall door quickly but softly, and without a word went back to his play in the corner. It was a common enough proceeding, evidently. Mrs. Rayburn took up the thread of her conversation as easily as if no interruption had occurred.

After a half hour's visit, rather constrained on her own side, at least, Mrs. Gray rose to go. At the door she hesitated, flushing a little in embarrassment, and then impulsively reaching out and taking her friend's hand in her own.

"Anna, dear," she said, apologetically, "I'm sure you love that sweet little lad of yours so dearly, and I've known you so long, won't you forgive me if I tell you a story that will sound to you very much like a scolding? Yet in truth I would rather offend you to the entire loss of your friendship than have you or him suffer such a hideous thing as might have happened, if—well, may I tell you?"

"Scold me, you mean," corrected Mrs. Rayburn, with a laugh in her puzzled eyes. "Go on, my dear; do your worst. I can't adjust my measure of resentment till I hear your lecture. What dreadful sin have I committed?"

Mrs. Gray pressed the hand she still held.

"It is more a thoughtless mistake than a sin," she said. "But I'll tell you the story and you will get my meaning.

"Years ago, when Leslie was about Laddie's age and Will a baby in my arms, I went shopping just at the edge of evening, for the middle of the day had been very warm. There was no one with whom to leave them, so I took them both. The stores were brilliantly lighted, and there was a great throng of shoppers. In one place, while I was looking at some goods, Leslie asked if he might go to the door and watch the street-cars. I said yes, for he was very trustworthy even when a tiny child. Presently we had occasion to go into another place, a large dry-goods store which was full of customers. Leslie stood beside me at the counter for several moments, and then I saw him turn and go down the aisle with the crowd toward the door.

"'He is going to watch the cars again,' I thought directly, without a doubt or misgiving. Holding little Will in my arms, I finished my purchases and went to the door to join Leslie. Rather surprised, but not in the least worried, I found he was not there, nor indeed at any of the three entrances.

"'He must have gone back to the notion counter and missed me,' I thought, again; and turned back also. That moment the farther door opened and in marched a big, blue-coated, stern-looking policeman, with my wee son clinging to his hand. To my dying day I shall never forget the picture. On my little lad's face was the most forlorn expression, a hundredfold worse than tears. He caught sight of me and the two came directly toward me, as I hurried to meet them.

"'Is this your boy, madam?" the officer asked. 'Yes,' I answered, too astonished and puzzled for words. Such a look of scorn as he gave me! Then, dropping Leslie's hand, he turned and left the store without a word. Instantly Leslie flung himself into my arms in a tempest of weeping. I knelt there on the floor in the midst of the curious crowd and got his explanation piecemeal, and it was my turn to feel—shaken, mildly speaking. He had not left me to watch the cars at all, but, confused by the lights shining into the faces above him, had followed another woman out and into the crowded street, discovering his mistake when nearly a block away.

"'I was so scared I didn't know what to do,' he explained, between sobs; 'and then I 'membered what you told me 'bout p'licemen being good friends to little boys and girls, never re'lly taking them to jail, but just finding their houses for 'em, when they get lost, and not letting 'em be runned over if they can help it. So I just looked for one, and there he was. I told him I couldn't find you, and a lady said she saw you back in this store. So he took me and—O mama! mama!'"

Mrs. Gray paused to swallow something that rose in her throat, while a variety of expressions chased each other across her listener's face.

"I'll never forget the feeling of his little arms as he clung to my neck," Mrs. Gray went on. "He would not let go my hand or dress for an instant, while we went to thank the policeman, or even after we were safely home. He cried out in his sleep if I left him; and I—well, I could have stayed on my knees all night thanking God for our narrow escape from untold misery, and—and—that I had been truthful with him. Of course anything very dreadful might not have happened to him; but think of his suffering and our own, if instead of seeking the help provided for such cases, he had fled from it in terror, into nobody knows what trouble! You may well believe I was doubly careful, after that, to tell him the exact truth about people and things, no matter whom or what; and I have never regretted doing so. It is such a safeguard to any one, old or young, to know the real from the unreal!"

A slow flush had spread over Mrs. Rayburn's face. Her eyes filled with a new light.

"I never thought of it in that way before," she acknowledged, candidly. "I did not realize, either, that I was fibbing to Laddie, just now. Of course I want him to do what is right; but he is so strong-willed, I can hardly manage him without telling him something like that, to frighten him into obedience."

"The strong-willed child is the one that makes the strong-souled man, if he is directed wisely," Mrs. Gray rejoined, quickly. "A weak will is a pitiful misfortune. Strength is Godlike. No man in his senses tries to make things go wrongly, but rather as he sees the right; and the greater power he exercises the better. If we ourselves are consistent doers and teachers of right that right may come, our children will easily learn the operating law that good alone produces good. Children are the most logical creatures in the world; and the only real obedience is the obedience of conviction."

"That is true," Mrs. Rayburn acknowledged, ruefully. "I'll try your suggestion."

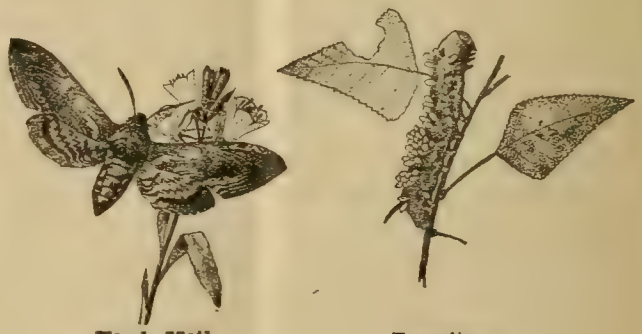
TOMATO WORMS

LATE in summer and early in autumn one can generally find on tomato vines in the garden, portions of the plants on which the foliage has been partially eaten off. In such cases a little search will always lead to the discovery that the author of the michief is a large, light green worm, with several oblique whitish stripes along the sides of the body, and a peculiar spine projecting from its posterior end. This is the tomato worm, or tomato caterpillar.

If one of these caterpillars be put into a covered jar or box having several inches of damp earth in the bottom, it can be fed fresh tomato leaves every day or two until it is full grown, when it will be about three inches long. It will then stop eating and burrow into the sand. Were it out of doors it would go down a considerable distance and at the bottom of its hole enlarge the opening to form an earthen cell. It then casts off its caterpillar skin and becomes a pupa, or chrysalis. It is now very different; the legs have disappeared, and the shape is similar to that of a cut worm. On one end is a long, slender tongue case, suggestive of a jug handle. The color is chestnut brown.

The insect remains in this quiet, pupal condition until early the following summer. Then the pupa wriggles its way upward to the surface; the brown case splits open, and there emerges an insect with crumpled wings, that soon expand, so that the creature becomes the beautiful "hawk moth" represented in the cut. The ground color of the body is gray, and there are various dots and stripes of different shades. On each side of the hind part of the body there are five orange-colored, roundish spots. The eyes are round and prominent; over them project two large antennæ, or feelers, with feather-like processes on the front edge. The most curious part of the insect is the long, coiled tongue at the mouth. This is usually coiled up tight, but it can be uncoiled readily. It is then seen to consist of a slender sucking tube three or four inches long.

This moth remains quiet in some sheltered nook during the day; at dusk it starts out on a rapid flight in search of flowers from which to suck nectar. Large, light-colored flowers, like the white lilies, are most easily seen during the evening. For this reason they are most likely to be selected by the hawk moths, but honeysuckles and many other blossoms are also visited.



Hawk Moth. Parasites.

These hawk moths have also another object in their nocturnal flights. Flying rapidly from plant to plant, stopping at each one a moment, they deposit eggs upon the leaves. In a few days the eggs hatch into little green caterpillars that feed upon the green portion of the leaves. A week or so after hatching, they increase in size and are too large for the skins with which they were born. Instead of this skin enlarging with the individual, as it does in the higher animals, a new skin is formed beneath the old one; the latter splits along the back near the head, and the caterpillar crawls out, clothed in a new suit. This moulting process is repeated several times during the next few weeks, in which the caterpillars rapidly develop until they become full-grown. Then they go into the earth to change into the pupa, or chrysalis stage, in which condition in northern regions they remain through the winter.

These moths are so called because of a resemblance in their flight to the motions of a hawk. They are often called sphinx moths. If looked at through a lens, their wings are seen to be covered with minute scales, so that the moth belongs to the great order of

scale-winged insects—the Lepidoptera, in which are included butterflies and moths.

Late in the summer you may find tomato worms more or less covered with such white oval objects as are shown in the accompanying picture. You might think these things were eggs, but you know they cannot be the eggs, for these are laid upon the leaves of the food plant.

These little silken objects have an interesting history. Some weeks before, a little black fly lit upon the back of the caterpillar, and laid inside its skin many tiny eggs. In a short time each egg hatched into a little grub that absorbed the body juices of the caterpillar. These parasites grew at the expense of their unwilling host for some time before they became of full size. Finally they were ready for the next change; they burrowed through the skin of the caterpillar, and each parasite changed to a pupa.

So each white object is a cocoon and contains a pupa. About two weeks from the time the cocoons are made, the pupæ change to flies, each of which gnaws off the end of its cocoon and comes out into the world.

The poor caterpillar lingers for some time in a half-dead condition before it dies, without completing its growth.

TEN HEALTH COMMANDMENTS.

A NOTED English physician has given the following as the health decalogue:

Eat three meals a day of plain, wholesome, solid, nourishing food, at or about the same time, as far as possible.

Drink from two to three pints of fluid each day.

Regular work, both of mind and body, to the full capacity of the individual, is the best safeguard against disease.

Sleep should never be restricted to a definite number of hours but, to the average man, eight hours or more should be the rule.

Live night and day, as far as possible, in the fresh air.

Regular exercise should be taken every day, both for recreation and development.

A daily bath of some kind is an absolute necessity.

For purposes of protection clothing should be worn which is neither too heavy nor too light.

Regularity and moderation should be the watchword of the whole life.

Cultivate cheerfulness, hopefulness of mind and placidity of temper.

NEVER place feather beds or pillows in the sun, for the sun, acting on the oil in the feathers is apt to give them a rancid smell. The right plan is to air the beds and pillows on a dry, windy day, in a shady place out of doors.

PARTING OF THE WAYS HOME.

(Continued from Page 585.)

be a lesson to some folks that read it to take better care of their money. There will be enough fools left who carry their money like toothpicks and matches, so that the boys who are still lifting the money will not have to starve, even if I give this warning. And right here let me tell you that Chicago is the easiest town to work in the whole country, and I have worked all the big ones.

"I've often thought this was a funny place to locate a home of this kind, but I guess if a guy can keep straight here he'll behave himself on Michigan Avenue. Anyway, this place has made a bigger hit with me than any I have seen since I first hit the road, seven years ago, and I have lived at the best places and the worst ones. I didn't overlook anything."

This young man has not found work yet in Chicago, and neither he nor Mr. McBride will make further efforts to find him employment, but the patrons of the institution where he now is have come to his aid, and in a few days he will leave town and will go to a city where he will be able to make a new start in life. Mr. McBride will keep track of him.

The purpose of "The Parting Ways" is to give a new start in life to men who have served sentences at the Bridewell, but men from other penal institutions also find refuge there. One Chicago man of former good standing, who betrayed a serious trust and was caught by his employer, the most powerful employer in the land, is getting his start there now. There are on the average a dozen men at the home all the time, all getting a new start, and all getting set right with the world. By the time Mr. McBride has delivered to them his plain, convincing personal talks, they begin to see things in a new and normal light.

"I am well satisfied with the progress made by 'The Parting of theWays Home,' said Judge McKenzie Cleland. "We will make it a means of conserving the greatest natural resources of Chicago by restoring some down and out men to good citizenship."

"I cannot tell you how much it has simplified the problems of administering the house of correction," said Superintendent John Whitman of that institution. "We have needed such a place as 'The Parting of the Ways' for years in Chicago. I think it is the most practical charitable institution in the city."

Inspector John Wheeler is heartily in sympathy with the institution at Twenty-second and Clark Streets. He has taken active interest in the work done there as an officer and adviser. Some time ago, in speaking of the home, he said:

"I believe it is the most commendable work in Chicago."

Such is the verdict of the work done by this man who leads men from the Bridewell.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

In the last conversation I had with my beloved and glorified friend, George Macgregor, we had been talking of the condition of the church, of the condition of the world, of the need there was of some new power with which to deal with men, and suddenly rising from the chair in which he had been sitting, and pacing the room with that earnestness that characterized him, he said, "Morgan, I would rather train ten men to pray, than a hundred men to preach." At the moment, perhaps, I thought the expression superlative; I have become convinced that he was right. He did not minimize the value of preaching, but he had come to understand that the supreme need is that Christian people should be able to pray intelligently and prevailingly.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

THE BIBLE FIFTY CENTURIES AHEAD.

The following is an extract from a comment on one of the articles in the *Bible Record* for 1909:

It may interest you to know that I am not a member of any church, and that I am not given to cant and rant over religion or religious books. I take every man's religion somewhat seriously, however, and have no patience with any flippant view of any religious book. I am very fond of the English Bible, and while I may have more claim to the understanding of higher criticism than most of my neighbors, I have very little use for that in my Bible reading. I care very little who wrote Deuteronomy; all that concerns me very much is that we have the book. The first and second Isaiah give me very little perplexity; I only feel that the book is an outline of the political economy of *fifty centuries ahead* of us—a long way in the future. From Jeremiah I learn that a wailing prophet may make excellent reading for posterity, but he has never been known to save his people.

I carry a New Testament in my pocket always and have confounded many pedagogues with my sudden reading from it because many of them lay it aside Monday morning and really expect to make no use of it during the week. The opening of fourth Ephesians usually knocks the wind out of the small fry.

Yes, I am very fond of the Bible.

FAIRBANKS AND THE UNFAIR PAPACY.

Who can measure it, or analyze it, or comprehend it? The weapons of reason appear to fall impotent before its haughty dogmatism. Genius can not reconcile its inconsistencies. Serenely it sits, unmoved amid all the aggressions of human thought and all the triumphs of modern science. It is both lofty and degraded; simple, yet worldly wise; humble, yet scornful and proud; washing beggars' feet, yet imposing commands on the potentates of earth; benignant, yet severe on all who rebel; here clothed in rags, and there reveling in palaces; supported by charities, yet feasting the princes of the earth; assuming the title of "servant of the servants of God," yet arrogating the highest seat among worldly dignitaries. Was there ever such a contradiction—"glory in debasement, and debasement in glory"—type of the misery and greatness of man? Was there ever such a mystery, so occult are its arts, so subtle its policy, so plausible its pretensions, so certain its shafts?—*"Beacon Lights of History," by John Lord, LL. D., Volume V, page 99.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Dr. A. S. Lloyd in an article on "Teachers Who Have Influenced Me" in the *Bible Record* gave a splendid review of Frederick William Robertson. He was a man who died after a comparatively short ministry spent chiefly in an obscure parish in England, and yet there was no preacher in England to compare with him. But ten years after his death when a friend of mine visited in Brighton and asked for the place where he had preached and where he was buried, nobody seemed to know anything about him, until he found a blacksmith who laid aside his apron and going with him to the chapel where Robertson had preached sat down and told him the story of Robertson's life and work there. It seemed to me characteristic of the man and fitting that he should be remembered by a mechanic whose life he had illuminated.

Robertson appealed to me first because of his intense refinement of feeling which could not hurt anybody. To hurt the feelings of another seemed to him a sin and he simply couldn't do it. He had the ability to do it most effectively but in all times of criticism he utterly ignored all the stupid things that stupid people said about him. He said that a Christian could not enter into a controversy. This was not for lack of courage, for he was a man of supreme courage, but he never took up the cudgels to fight even for those things he believed.

Another characteristic was his reverence. He knew that there wasn't anything good enough for a man. The workingmen of England were in a sad condition and a large part of his work in Brighton was for them. It was he that started the workingmen of England to thinking. His lectures before the

Working Men's Club of Brighton are gems of English. There are no more perfect essays on the literature and art of Europe than those which he prepared for the working people whom the rest of England thought too dumb to understand any such matters, but he felt that the man who was dumb because he worked all the time with his hands was as much a man as any other. And it was fitting that the one who remembered him was one of them.

He was not only beautiful in face and form and character but also beautiful in all his instincts. He was the kind of man who would attract children. In my fits of youthful pessimism I felt that there was one man who actually gave the thing he talked about and time after time I have come to his teachings to have my doubts set at rest.

As a teacher he was the first man I ever read after who did not seem to think that he knew all that the Almighty was thinking about. So many theologians give that impression.

Robertson never wrote his sermons but spoke from brief notes so that all that we have of his work are the notes taken by other people of his sermons, some published Notes on Corinthians and the lectures to the working men. But in all these remnants there is this appeal: If this Man Jesus shows you your way of life and shows you the Father then do what he tells you because he says so. Take the subject of prayer. Who knows what it is to pray? Who knows what the effects of prayer are? But Christ was the Perfect One and he prayed. This One who was solicitous enough for us to die for us bade us pray; he who loved us enough to come to teach us what the Father was like, told us to pray. Robertson taught me to look upon prayer as communion between man and the Infinite One.

So with miracles: I regarded them with much of that skepticism which small boys boast of, but which we should respect because it is the striving for expression of that which is going to be a man by and by. What is a miracle? He said it was the act of the perfect One on the thing he made. It was perfectly simple. He had made all and could he not do as he chose with his workmanship? He never performed one except to help people to understand his sayings. The miracles are the pictures in the child's story book.

So in regard to Christian service Robertson taught me that we did not do it in order to save one's skin. I had been listening to sermons all my life, sermons which made me feel as though an insurance agent were trying to do business with me. The substance of them was that if I did this, that, or the other, I would go to heaven, and that if I did not I would go down into the pit. I had always felt that it was not fair play to stand a man up where the odds were all against him and then if he toppled over drop him into the pit. I was made to see that it was not that at all. This Man Jesus showed what a man's life was like when he had reverence for himself and for the Father; that it was not natural to be a beast or to abuse other men. To be sure I may be falling down all the time but keep at it because the doing of the thing in itself is worth while, a righteous life is worth working out and letting the other things, those of sin, pass. Suppose a man knew, not merely believed but *knew,* that he might be the same kind of man as his Master, could he ever be sordid again?

Robertson was not religious in the sense that he went about trying to get other people's consent to some form of words that seemed to him the truth. I cannot read after him without seeing that he felt that each man must interpret for himself and that the best he might do was not to enable him to interpret truth and duty for the other man. He never said, "Do as you see me doing." But with this he had the intensest human sympathy with the people who were doing all sorts of things that they ought not to do; whose lives were being wrecked by the evils they loathed and longed to be free from, that they yet loved so that they would die sooner than give up. And this sympathy of his was the reason that all kinds of people came and leaned up against him to gain a little strength so that they might throw off the evil they hated. Thus he came to be like his Master to them.

When I read those fragments of his works they came to a youngster who knew there must be good somewhere because he had seen it personified and showed him a man so good, so white that it made him understand that Christianity was not a system but a revelation of the Father and of the path by which we climb up to him.

* * *

NOTHING strikes me as so wonderful about the Bible as its wisdom. Never book spake like this Book. It gives me thoughts that never entered my head otherwise, and never on any occasion have I regretted its conversation afterwards. I always find myself astonished that a lot of people of such ordinary rank in life gave birth to it. Personally I have never had time to devote to studying the text in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, nor do I read Sanskrit or cuneiform languages or inscriptions on monoliths. There never seems any need for me to do so. If all the scholars of past and present years haven't yet arrived at what the original meant sufficiently to put it into the vulgar English tongue, it would be simply presumption on my part to endeavor to help them. I found it quite enough to translate the old English of two and a half centuries ago into the twentieth century vernacular, till these new versions came to my aid. I never have had any bias towards devoting time to the study of musty manuscripts, as some men have. —*Wilfrid T. Grenfell.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

CUTS OF MEAT

Mrs. Frances Bell

EVERY good housewife is interested in solving the cost of high living. One of the most expensive items in the food bill is meat. There are several ways in which its costliness may be lessened, but one of the most important of these is to know how to buy intelligently and select the cheaper cuts of meats. The cheaper cuts are equal in nutritive value to the more expensive kinds, and their tenderness and flavor can be greatly improved by proper cooking, so that where economy is desired the cheaper cuts may be used to replace the more costly ones with very satisfactory results. Not all meat markets cut their meats in exactly the same manner, but with a little study each housekeeper may adapt the cuts as shown below to those used by the market in her own locality. It is very valuable for the housekeeper to know the different cuts of meat and the respective values and qualities of each, in order that she may buy intelligently.

I. Cuts of Beef.

1. Four quarters.

1. Shin front leg—first piece cut off. Used for soup bones and stewing. Market price, seven cents per pound.

2. Plate—cut off from the lower part of the ribs. Largely used for corning. Market price, eight and nine cents per pound.

3. Brisket—takes in the ends of the last six ribs and the sternum. Used for stewing, boiling or smoking. Market price, fourteen cents per pound.

4. Ribs of beef—first seven prime roasts.

a. First five used for standing roasts. Market price, twenty cents per pound.

b. Sixth and seventh ribs. Used for rolled roasts. Market price, sixteen and eighteen cents per pound.

c. Chuck—end of ribs. It has a great deal of muscle; not as desirable as the other end.

5. Chuck—the shoulder. Used for pot roasts.

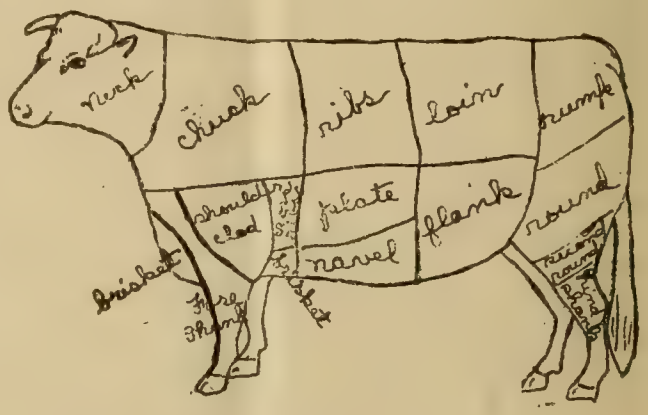
a. Arm cut—the best piece of the shoulder. Used for braising or pot roasts.

b. Next cut off from chuck. Used for pot roast. Market price, ten and twelve and one-half cents per pound.

Note.—The prices quoted above were the prices in the Chicago meat markets during the winter of 1910 and 1911. Prices of meats vary at different times and in different sections of the country, but those given serve to show the relative value of the different cuts of meat.

c. After pot roasts are cut off, there is still some left which is used for soup bone.

d. Collar bone. Used for soup bone. Market price, six cents per pound.



6. Neck. Used for stewing.

2. Hind quarters.

1. Flank—first cut off from hind quarters. A layer of lean meat is stripped off from the flank, called flank steak. It is scored and rolled for cooking. Market price, fourteen cents per pound.

2. Kidney fat with the kidneys inside is cut of next.

3. Remaining portion of the hind quarter is cut into two pieces, the round and the loins.

4. Round—round steaks cut off from the round. The round yields forty pounds of steak well marbled with fat. Market price, fourteen cents per pound. There are from five to eight of the nicest steaks.

5. Loins—from the loins are cut the sirloins, porter house and club steaks. The first cut off from the loins is used for stewing.

a. Sirloin steak—eight cuts. Third and fourth cuts are the best sirloin steaks. The cuts weigh less as they go in.

Fifth cut—the flat bone begins to show and the tenderloin piece is larger.

Sixth cut—shows second flat bone, or double-bone steak and one large muscle. It is getting near porterhouse steak. There are four cuts with the flat bone.

Market price—first cuts of sirloin, fifteen cents per pound; second cuts, sixteen cents per pound; last cut, eighteen cents per pound.

b. Pin bone steak—dividing bone between sirloin and porterhouse steaks. Cut medium size, three pin-bone steaks.

c. Porterhouse steaks—next cut off from the short loins. First cut, the best. There are six nice porterhouse steaks. A large piece of tenderloin is in each porterhouse steak. The steaks get smaller as they are cut in. Market price, twenty cents per pound.

d. Club steaks. Club steaks contain no tenderloin. They are cut off from the short end of the sirloin, after the porterhouse steaks have all been cut off. Market price, twenty cents per pound.

6. Beef tenderloin—comes out from under the backbone. When the tenderloin is taken out, the steaks from the loins are not called porterhouse, but short steaks. There is no waste in the tenderloin cuts, and when flattened the size is increased for cooking. Only a certain amount of the beef tenderloin can be used as steak, as it gets smaller at one end. This smaller strip can be used for a fillet of beef. Market price of tenderloin steak, thirty cents per pound; fillet of beef, thirty cents per pound.

II. Cuts of Lamb or Mutton.

1. Fore quarter.

1. Neck. Used for soup and roasts. Scrag end is used for soup. The best end is sometimes used for roasts or chops.

2. Chuck. Used for stewing and roasts. It includes the ribs as far as the end of the shoulder blades.

3. Shoulder. Used for chops and stews. Market price of shoulder lamb chops, twelve and one-half cents per pound.

2. Hind quarter.

1. Flank. Used for roasting. Rib chops are sometimes cut from the flank.

2. Loin. The best chops are from the middle of the loin. Market price, twenty cents per pound. Cutlets are taken from the thick end of the loin. Tenderloin chops are twenty cents per pound.

3. Leg. Used for roasts; sometimes for chops. Roast leg of lamb, fourteen cents per pound; roast leg of mutton, eleven cents per pound.

III. Cuts of Pork.

1. Different cuts (split down the backbone).

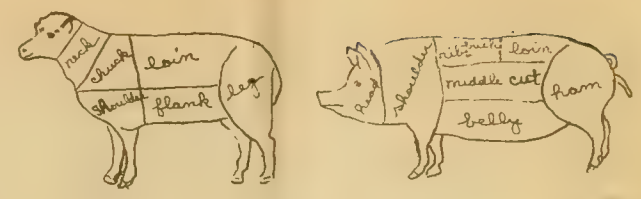
1. Head. Sometimes used as head cheese.

2. Shoulder. More frequently cured, but sometimes sold fresh as pork steak. Some fat is usually trimmed off and used for sausage, etc. Fresh shoulder is also used for roasting and boiling.

3. Back—almost clear fat. Used for salting and pickling.

4. Middle cut. Used for bacon and "lean ends" salt pork.

5. Belly. Salted or pickled, or made into sausage. Bacon is cut from the belly, consequently it is very fat. There are two kinds of cured bacon, Winchester and Premium. Market price of Winchester bacon, twenty cents per pound; market price of Premium, thirty cents per pound.



6. Ham. Frequently cured, but also salted for fresh steaks and roasts. Market price of fresh ham for roasting, fourteen to fifteen cents per pound. Fresh ham is not used for boiling, but cured ham is used.

7. Ribs. Used for roasting and boiling; spare ribs, used for roasts and boils. Market price, twelve and one-half cents per pound.

8. Loin. Used for roasting and chops. Pork chops and pork tenderloin are taken out of the loins. The shank or leg end is used for boiling.

IV. Cuts of Veal (different somewhat from beef).

1. Fore quarter.

1. Neck. Used for stewing or boiling. The best part is sometimes used for roasts.

2. Chuck. Used for boiling or roasting. The chuck in veal is smaller than beef. Frequently no distinction is made between the chuck and the neck. The chuck is sometimes cut to include a portion of the shoulder.

3. Shoulder—includes larger part of what is classed as chuck in the adult animal. Used for roasts.

4. Fore shank or knuckle. Used for soup pieces and stews.

5. Breast. Used for roasts.

2. Hind quarter.

1. Ribs. Used for rib chops and cutlets.

2. Loin. Used for roasts and chops.

3. Flank. Used for stews or roasts.

4. Leg. Used for cutlets.

5. Hind shank: Used for stews and soup pieces.

Pickle Sauce.

3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups water
¼ cup chopped pickles or olives

Cook the flour, butter and water together until smooth in consistency, then add the chopped pickles or olives and serve hot with the meat souffle.

Many a man who is calling loudly for justice would be in the county jail if he got it.

The hotbed is well enough in its place, but few people would care to sleep in it.

Fifty little chickens in the incubator,
Ten scrawny broilers a few weeks later.

We can walk into trouble with our eyes shut, but it is often impossible to back out with both eyes open.

RECENT POETRY

The following poems by Eichendorff have been collected and translated by Gertrude R. Schottenfels.

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THE HAPPY WANDERER.

Those whom the Lord would favor highly,
He sends into the wide, wide world,
Where mountain, river, field and forest
His wondrous beauties have unfurled.

The idle ones at home remaining,
Ne'er breathless watch the dawn's first ray;
What know they of its rosy splendor,
Where want and care hold sordid sway?

The gurgling mountain brooks leap downward.
The larks on joyous wings soar high.
With swelling throat and fuller bosoms,
They sing their praise; then why not I?

I leave my life unto the keeping
Of him, who guards the skylark's nest;
Who rules the forests, earth, and heaven,
Whate'er he wills for me, is best!

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

It was as if the Heaven
Had kissed the earth to rest,
That she, in flowery splendor,
Might dream, by him caressed.

The green fields bent a listening ear
To wooing zephyrs light;
The forests murmured drowsily,
To the clear stars of night.

And my soul unfurled its pinions,
Spread out its wings to roam,
And soared above the sleeping land,
As though 'twere flying home.

TO HIS DEAD CHILD.

I often walked with thee alone
On stilly winter days,
Here in these pathways where no sound
Pierced through the frosty haze.

Now it is spring! The singing larks
Soar in the blue above;
Yet still I weep; they bring to me
A greeting from thee, love.

My dearest child, oh, fare-thee-well!
Farewell I could not say;
For bitter grief and wild despair,
When thou wert borne away.

Now in the light-green myrtle wreath
Thou greetest me again!
Thou smilest from amid its leaves,
A sweet smile full of pain.

AN INVITATION.

Dost thou hear the tree-tops rustle
Through the silence all around?
Wilt thou not come down and listen
From the terrace to the ground,
Where the gurgling brooks are flowing
Limpid in the moon's soft glow,
And high castles are reflected
In the tranquil stream below?

Ah! the songs of days forgotten
Wake to life in such a mood!
Such a night invokes their voices
In the forest solitude,
Where the dreaming trees are listening
To the nixies in the pool,
And the lilacs breathe their message,
"Come down here, where all is cool."

A NIGHT IN SPRING.

Through the soft air of the garden,
I can hear the fluttering
Of the song-birds now returning,
With the first flowers of the spring.

Fain would I rejoice, fain sorrow,
As old wonders rise to view
Through the glory of the moonlight,
And it seems it can't be true.

For the moon, the stars, and tree-tops
In the dreamy grove in line,
With the nightingales do whisper,
Softly murmur, "She is thine!"

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

I dreamed that it was springtime,
In my father's house again;
I heard the soft winds sighing
Through the orchard in the glen.
I lay beneath a rustling tree,
And from its flowery crest
The snowy petals fluttered down
Upon my head and breast.

Then I awoke. The moonbeams cold
Streamed down on every hand;
And in their light I found myself
Alone in a strange land.
And all was bare and desolate,
The petals in the night
Had all been changed to snow and ice,
My hair with age was white.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but a whole volume wouldn't convince the otherwise.

Some men are like a laying hen, they set up a big cackling every time they do anything.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII. June 27, 1911. No. 26.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Public Roller Towel.

WHENEVER a physician, an educator, or any other professional man secures a public office we usually expect some special legislation in the way of reform. Even though the office is a small one we are justified in hoping that something out of the ordinary will be accomplished. The Seventh Ward in Chicago is represented in the city council by a physician, Dr. Willis O. Nance. Alderman Nance is an eye and ear specialist and naturally has his eyes open to any disease that affects those organs. Although Dr. Nance was elected only last April he has started an agitation that will undoubtedly reach beyond the limits of Chicago. During the past year there has been much attention given to the public drinking cup but little or nothing has been said concerning the public towels. Dr. Nance is trying to have an ordinance passed in Chicago to legislate out of existence the long, endless roller towel that is usually used in public lavatories. Chicago already has an ordinance, and we understand the State has also passed a law, prohibiting the use of the public cup; which legislation Dr. Nance thinks is incomplete without putting the same regulations on the towel. The Chicago *Tribune* quotes the following from Alderman Nance: "That many contagious diseases are transmitted by the towel is known to every physician. Certain severe inflammatory eye diseases, some of them causing absolute blindness, are more generally transmitted in this way than in any other. This fact has been taken cognizance of by the United States government authorities and in Indian schools, where many children are kept together, the roller towel has been replaced by the individual article. Skin diseases, some of a serious and loathsome nature, tuberculosis and even diphtheria, typhoid fever and pneumonia are capable of transmission by the common towel."

Other diseases, which he says are transmitted by the public towel, are:

Influenza, measles and scarlet fever.

Pink eye, a disease of the eye, is frequently epidemic. Conjunctivitis, a contagious eye disease, often results in absolute blindness.

Trachoma, a serious contagious disease from which 90 per cent of the people of Egypt suffer. The sufferers from this disease are denied admittance to the United States by the immigration officers.

Tuberculosis of the skin, lice and itch are also transmitted.

Modern Ideals of a German City.

Speculation is one of the most grievous troubles that any city or State can have. It is a cankerous sore to every State of the Northwest. The majority of the provinces of Canada prevent undue speculation by taxing the unimproved property higher than or equal to improved property. If you are holding several vacant lots in the heart of a city with the hope of selling them in the future for a fabulous sum you must pay a very heavy tax for this privilege.

The municipality of Ulm in Württemberg, Germany, has another method of preventing speculation. For several years it has been buying up all the lands possible around the edge of the city and has been holding them for public use and for sale. The profits resulting from these sales have swelled the treasury but this is not the purpose of the city in buying up the lands. It has obtained a cheap water supply. Instead of buying private lands at a high price for its water works the city has been able to sink wells on its own property. By owning the unoccupied land the city has been able also to control more effectually than otherwise the laying out of the streets, the sewerage system, and the construction of buildings. No one can buy municipal lands unless he signs a binding contract to obey the building regulations of the city in every detail. The city lots are usually sold at current prices but more favorable terms are given to workmen and others of small means. For such the city builds homes and sells them on the installment plan. With this city in Germany the policy seems to be very successful and in years to come it may be tried in the United States. Just now there is not sufficient sympa-

thy for such a socialistic plan. Perhaps the Canadian policy would be better suited to the United States.

Concerning the city of Ulm, the *Review of Reviews* for June quotes from Herr Heinrich von Wagner who writes in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*. "When, as in the case of Ulm, the community has assumed control over the greater part of the land available for building operations, it is in a position to concentrate this activity in these tracts where the laying out of streets appears either desirable or necessary. In Ulm the owner of a building lot facing a street has not had to contribute toward the construction of sewers, gas mains, etc., but has only been required to pay half the expense of providing permanent sidewalks. According to the building code prevailing in Württemberg, single buildings, or groups of buildings, may be erected in any part of the community, without restriction, and when they are completed those engaged in the undertaking will not rest until they have induced the authorities to lay out the requisite streets with all that pertains to them. What a heavy burden results for the community, in the interest of a few individuals, is clear enough, and just as evident are the advantages accruing to a municipality when it is in a position to prescribe the aim and direction for the development of building operations."

Illinois and Child Labor.

Illinois has a fairly good child labor law. During the last legislature, which adjourned May 19, there was a strenuous attempt made to change the laws in such a way as to allow more freedom in the employment of children. The present law does not allow children under fourteen years of age to work on the stage during the day time and under sixteen during the night. The theater interests naturally are not pleased with such a law. They worked very hard during the last legislature to have different laws passed, not only in Illinois but also in Massachusetts. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House in Chicago led the campaign against the changing of the laws. She was supported by the Chicago Juvenile Protective Association, the Mothers' Congress of Illinois, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, the Illinois Federation of Labor and the National Child Labor Committee. The bill that the theater interests sought to have passed allowed circuit court and juvenile court judges the power to issue a permit to any child of any age to appear on the theatrical stage. The judge did not need to give the permit if he thought the conditions were unsafe for the child, but the whole thing was left practically to his own judgment. It is easily seen that such a provision would give little or no protection to the children. Theatrical managers from New York State were present to argue their case with the Illinois legislature. Their argument was that the proper development of a child included theatrical training and it may be said that they stated their side of the case with evident sincerity. A person naturally looks at things in the light of his own profession. Concerning her side of the case Miss Addams had this to say: "If this bill becomes a law it will mean that hundreds of children under fourteen, all the more because they cannot become industrial wage earners, will be employed in our theaters, and, though the theater managers will reap a rich harvest, the State will be poorer, because it is a hundredfold more costly to reform delinquents than it is to retain the law which at present removes these children from temptation and safeguards their social life." The American actress, Blanche Bates, in the *Dramatic Mirror* also argues against the employment of children in theaters. She says: "A child is more apt to be completely and irrevocably ruined by the artificiality of the stage than to be elevated and ennobled."

Other Child Labor Laws.

While writing the above we recalled the child labor laws of some of the other States. Not only Illinois but also Massachusetts, Louisiana and several other States forbid the employment of young children on the stage. In the South there are two States which seem stringently opposed to child labor legislation. They are the Carolinas, where the cotton manufacturers seem to control the passage of such laws. The Texas law fixes the age limit at fifteen for factories and seventeen for mines. Georgia is the only State where children under twelve years of age are permitted to work more than sixty hours a week. The last legislature of Alabama considered the advisability of raising the age limit to fourteen but we do not know whether the law was changed to that effect. The Indiana legislature during its session of 1911 passed a law making fourteen years the minimum age for all labor excepting farm and domestic service. This law passed after a very bitter fight. Ten States as yet permit children under fourteen to be employed in factories and other workshops. In eight States boys under twelve years of age are allowed to work in mines. Fifteen States permit children under sixteen to work at night. Over two-thirds of the States of the Union do not have any eight hour day protection for their working children.

The employment which is perhaps the most destructive to the moral development of boys is the night messenger service. While delivering messages during the night the young boys are forced to visit some of the worst houses and disorderly places of the cities. The conditions under which the night messenger boys work are extremely revolting and hideous. One can easily see how such boys are taught the worst forms of sin and crime. Only a few cities and States have become awakened to the situation. New York has made such night work prohibitory for all boys under twenty-one

years of age. Other States have made eighteen years the age limit for night messenger service.

We can give the National Child Labor Committee credit for much of the legislation that has been passed in behalf of the children. The National Committee is a comparatively recent organization, but it has grown wonderfully and has an annual budget of expenses amounting to more than $60,000. It is only seven years old and has a membership of over five thousand. It holds an annual meeting in some locality which the Committee thinks is in need of a greater interest in the welfare of children. There have been two conferences in the South. The first one was held two years ago at Atlanta, Ga. At that time the South was not yet fully awakened and it gave the conference a rather cool reception. Last winter in March the second southern meeting, which was also the seventh annual meeting, was held in Birmingham, Ala. This time there was a larger meeting and a much greater interest was manifested by the South.

TENTING 'MONGST TALL PINES

W. O. Beckner

I STEPPED outside my tent door just before I retired last night, and gazed into a sky studded with the brightest jewels which nature can produce. In the east stood old Jupiter, large and jolly, already having climbed higher than the hills. An opening in the pine trees allowed me to exchange glances—yes, gazes—with the members of the Southern Cross, plainly visible in this latitude and beautiful to look upon. Back over my head the Great Northern Bear was whipping his tail around treetops as he in turn was being lashed by them—so it looked as I stood and gazed. Down the hill below me there was fog in the valley, and the lights, standing on their one wooden leg, looked out through thin mists as though they had lately wept and had not yet dried their tears. Naughty boys, out in the rain for two days!

About one hundred and forty miles in a straight line south of the big pine tree just outside my tent door and about 4,500 feet below, is where they located the city of Manila (I think the hills and pine tree were here first). A railroad, run on the English system, comes out of Manila northward to within about twenty miles of this place, to Camp One, and from there here, to Baguio, is by automobile over the most famous road in the world, the wonderful Benguet Road. It follows the bed of a small stream, and is literally shelved on to the mountain sides. There are chasms with strong wooden suspension bridges. And then for miles the road is a narrow terrace on the side of the steep cañon. But most wonderful of all in the wonderful road is the zigzag. The waters of the river pitch and plunge down over rock ledges scores of feet to a landing below, but they can't come uphill, and that is just what automobiles must do. By lapping back and forth several times and bending into innumerable figures and curves, the roadway, like a giant snake, winds its way upward until it reaches a place where, if you look back down, you can see it in nineteen different places betweeen the places where it is hidden by the hill.



Road Near Baguio, P. I.

The railroad company operates the trains from Manila to Camp One, but the government owns the road and the automobiles that travel on it and takes care that a reliable driver is in charge of each car.

Baguio is the name given to this town and community. In fact, the town is scattered over a large area. It is yet in its infancy and may possibly grow in time to be thickly populated, but is now only certain government quarters and occasional residences—for the most part summer residences—of a semi-wealthy class. It is cool in these mountains in April and May, and in Manila in the same months it is very warm, even hot, and sometimes very hot. Americans find it much easier to bear the arduous heat of the other months after having cooled off thoroughly and recuperated fully in these altitudes. Congress at Washington has wisely authorized that Baguio shall be the legal seat of the government of the Philippine Islands for this hottest part of the year. There is an executive mansion, the official residence of the Governor General, and sufficient buildings for the operation of about every department of the government.

But the thing that brought me here is the prospects in Teachers' Camp. About half an hour's walk from Government Center, sticking around on hillsides and on ridges, nestled beneath tall, stately pine trees and squatting beside gravelly walks, are nearly a hundred brown-topped tents. They form the residence equipment of Teachers' Camp. "Mess Hall" is conveniently located on a knoll, easily accessible from every part of the camp. It is built of lumber that may have grown within one hundred yards of where it stands; is covered with corrugated, galvanized iron and lighted with "juice" that is generated down the hill three hundred yards with a twelve horsepower petroleum engine. Three times daily the merry crowd pass through its doors, some to enjoy the "chow" and some to complain about things which they do not like but cannot remedy by being grouchy. The tables are served by small Igorot boys in Igorot uniform, which means a white sack coat and brown skin trousers. They wear their G-strings, and go barefooted. Most of them patter across the floor quite lively. They have attended the schools and speak English quite well. Peaceable, obedient fellows they are, ready to serve in any way possible. In their hours of play they usually spend the time playing ball on the terraced grounds outside.

For natural beauty, few places in the world exceed Baguio. There are steep hills, some with flat tops and some almost without tops at all, all covered with most beautiful pine trees. There are gullies and ravines pushing themselves back into the hills as far as they can, in and along which are tree ferns higher than your head, and so small you trample them before you see them. There are hillsides, eloquent in their invitations to us to sit and rest a spell, on which grow orchids and wild flowers, and in the valleys below, in which we love to wander and chant the poetry of younger days. Gorgeous sunsets close the days and dustless skies reveal the "forget-me-nots of the angels in the meadows of the heavens."

Besides the wealth of beauty all around, the gift of nature, the camp has been the subject of dream and vision, and now an unsightly hillside is a splendid outdoor amphitheatre. An ugly ravine is now a beautiful Japanese garden, with winding walks and arched bridge. A low, flat spot, formerly covered with weeds, is now a splendid athletic field, with baseball diamond and tennis courts. But most transforming of all, and most significant in its influence on the vicinity, is the conversion of crooked, narrow trails into splendid terrace roads around the hillsides. The honk honk of the auto is no unfamiliar sound. Without this transformation in roads all the other resources lay here for ages under the same sun, sky and stars, undeveloped and unused. Large plans and practical are being followed and in course of a few years this will



The Dogs Are to Be Sold for "Chow."

be the undisputed residence of the Queen of Beauty for all the world.

Who are here, did you say? Why, the schoolmarms! They come from all over the Philippine Islands. Today in a conference Director White was calling for reports from them and it sounded very like the calling of the roll of counties in a Kansas State Sunday-school convention. There are high school and intermediate schoolteachers and supervising teachers. There are the directors of the Bureau of Education and some superintendents. Just fine to see them all together! There are between 150 and 200 in camp now and new arrivals almost every day.

But why are they here? For several reasons. Some come simply because it is vacation time and they had no other place to go (they told me so). Some have "axes to grind" with the department chiefs (they told me that, too). But best of all and most of all is the professional interest that every true teacher feels in the work, that brings him in contact with his fellow workmen, for exchange of "shop chat," quickening of professional interests. The department chiefs have wisely provided conferences for the different departments of service, high and intermediate school conferences, supervising teachers' conferences, and conferences on industrial work. No one can calculate the good to the service of these conferences. Teachers from far and near meet and become acquainted. They feel a *common* interest in their work, and have as a result a more unified object in view. They meet their department chiefs and the department chiefs meet them, thus unifying the view of the general office and the field. There are lectures on special features of the work. Information is a pleasant odor permeating the atmosphere—the intellectual atmosphere—as the scent of the pine needles does the physical atmosphere. Every man who so wills may go home a wiser and abler man.

Besides the special conferences, two eminent educators from Chicago University, Drs. John Paul Goode and Frank W. Shepardson, are rendering valuable

service to the members of the camp in lectures on live topics daily and semi-daily.

Not only by word of mouth, but by object, does the true teacher teach. Accordingly certain lines of work of the Bureau of Education are emphasized objectively. Industrial work forms no small nor insignificant part of the bureau's aims. Basket making, mat making, slipper making, sewing and crochet work receive special emphasis in a splendid exhibit of proper models in one of the buildings on the camp grounds. These have been collected and selected at no small expense to the bureau, and in addition to the exhibition of the models, teachers are provided, so any who will may learn something of the method of making and the materials to be used. Although the time is short, a large number are availing themselves of the services of the teachers and are doing much creditable work. The largest good from such gatherings is the information and inspiration which the teachers will carry back to their respective fields of labor.

Teachers' conferences continue for three weeks, though the camp is open longer. There are outdoor sports and indoor socials. There are campfires and long hikes—if you want to take them. Many spend their evenings in the mess hall playing cards; some read, some sing at the piano, some stay in their tents and write, some do one thing and some another. The tents are property of the government, loaned to teachers for the season, fully equipped with beds, blankets, lamp, stools, etc., so the item of expense is reduced to the minimum. Good thing it is! Teachers are usually "broke."

Baguio is in the country of the Igorot, the world-famed G-string wearing Igorot. He is here still. In full dress he wears a white coat and colored G-string. In "overalls" he wears a G-string only. American schools are having a big influence on him, and the faces of the boys are bright and intelligent in spite of the crude homes from which they may have come. But there is a story abroad that there is one little fellow in Baguio who has proved dangerous to many. Head axes and native lances and spears are peddled around for relics by the old men of the vicinity, as peacefully as friendly schoolboys selling the evening papers. And many people buy their relics, too—wisely or otherwisely. But that one little scamp continues his depredations. He lurks in the shaded nooks, along the roads, and sometimes when people pass he attacks them from behind. Last year as a result of his activities there were several young ladies and young men, too, who were "spliced," became one and lived happy ever afterward. I think none of these were teachers, however, but private individuals in Baguio for the season.

HISTORY IN WORDS

D. C. Reber

Part III.

MANY words contain rich treasures of historical information in themselves. The word *church* is a good example for illustration. It is derived from the Greek word, *kyriakon*, "the Lord's house." The German *kirche* and the Scotch *kirk* have a parallel meaning. But why is it that our Teutonic ancestors should have a Greek word in their vocabulary? Nearly all the tribes of the Teutonic stock, the Angles and Saxons in particular, were converted to Christianity by the Latin church in western Europe or by her missionaries. On the other hand, some Goths on the Lower Danube had been taught a knowledge of Christ by Greek missionaries from Constantinople at an earlier date. Since these Goths had been converted earlier, they possessed a Christian vocabulary before the other German tribes and so communicated the word to them; hence the Greek origin of the word. These historical facts revealed by the etymology of the word are corroborated by historians.

Similarly, the words *pagan* and *paganism* reveal much interesting history. *Pagan* also is derived from a Greek word meaning "a fountain." The rural people of Italy who frequented the fountain were called *pagans*. By and by the words *pagan* and *rural* became synonyms. The word *peasant* is only a corruption of *pagan*. As the military class grew larger, from Tacitus we learn that people who were not enlisted in the service of the prince were contemptuously called *pagans*.

The Christians were the soldiers of Christ; to their adversaries who refused to submit to the military oath (baptism), the epithet of *pagans* might be metaphorically applied. This term of popular reproach was applied in theological writing as early as A. D. 365.

In the Latin language, *pagus* means "a village or hamlet;" and *pagani* is the name for villagers as distinguished from *oppidani* the inhabitants of the town or city. Christianity became first established in the cities throughout the Roman Empire. All centers of intelligence were filled with Christians even while heathen superstitions still lingered in the obscure villages. Hence the votaries of the old religion, which was scarcely more than decayed superstition, were called *pagans*. Since the worship of Jupiter and the deified emperors had expired, the term was applied to idolaters and polytheists in modern times. The Latin Christians called their enemies, the Mahometans,

by this name, and so the name is given to all aliens of the faith of Christ.

Related to the word pagan is its synonym *heathen.* This means "a dweller on a heath" which is an uncultivated desolate tract of land overgrown with shrubs. These wild dwellers on the heath were the last of the people of Germany to receive Christianity and become converted. So now a heathen is an unbeliever in the true God, who still clings to his pagan faith.

A certain writer strongly magnified the benefit of word study by saying that sometimes more history is contained in a word than in a campaign. I now take up a few such words. *Barbarian* comes from the Greek meaning "a foreigner" and seemed to express the strange sound of his language. To the Greek, it meant non-Hellenic; to the Roman, non-Roman; and to the Christian nations, it means non-Christian. The word has gained a depreciative meaning. A barbarous nation is one occupying a middle position of culture between savagery and civilization; it has no clothing, no iron, no alphabet, no marriage, no arts of peace, no abstract thought.

From the Latin *beneficium,* meaning a kindness or well-doing, we have *benefice* which is a church office endowed with funds or property for the maintenance of divine service in England.

A *clerk* in our day is one who is employed in keeping accounts, records, or doing correspondence. Originally a *clerk* was a priest or clergyman. In the middle ages, the name was applied to any learned person or one who could read and write—so called because learning was originally confined to the clergy. That rarest of things, called *common sense,* by which we mean a capacity to see and take things in their right light, formerly was a hypothetical sense which was supposed to bind all the other senses together.

To trace the origin of *sacrament,* we find ourselves first among the forms of Roman law. The *sacramentum* was a deposit or pledge which in certain suits plaintiff and defendant were alike bound to make. The loser of the suit forfeited his pledge for use in the sacred temple from which fact the name *sacrament* or thing consecrated was first derived. Next the word meant a military oath by which the Roman soldiers mutually pledged themselves at their first enlisting never to desert their standards or turn their backs upon the enemy or abandon their general. From this military use the word has been transferred to apply to any solemn oath. These three stages of meaning had occurred before the Christian church claimed it or even herself existed. Early writers in the church applied the term *sacrament* to any act of special solemnity. The Roman Catholic controversialists claim that early church writers had seven sacraments. However it was properly limited to only two sacraments of the Christian church. It was applied to baptism, since, in allusion to the oath of the Roman soldier, the Christian pledges himself to fight manfully under Christ's banner and to continue faithful to life's end. Lately and so yet the Holy Eucharist is denominated a sacrament mainly owing to its mysterious character.

The word *frank* comes from a Germanic people called *Franks.* They were a powerful tribe and gave themselves the name of Franks or free men. When the Roman Empire broke to pieces, the Franks took possession of Gaul or France and gave to it their own name. Being the rulers, they honorably distinguished themselves from the Gauls and degenerate Romans by their independence, their love of freedom, their scorn of a lie. By and by the word obtained not only a national but also a moral distinction. So that a *frank* man was not only one of a conquering race but also designated a man of high moral qualities. *Franchise* and *enfranchisement* which express civil liberties and immunities come from the same word *frank* and thus bear testimony to great historic changes. Though *frank* was originally a German word, it came back to Germany from France only in the seventeenth century. The word however came to be applied not only to Frenchmen but to all Europeans by the people of the East. This came about during the crusades when France being the leading crusading nation of Europe impressed itself as such upon the imagination of the East so that their name was extended to all warriors of Christendom.

Miscreant is another word which owes its origin to the crusades. At first it meant "an unbeliever," being derived from *mis,* "wrong" and *credo,* "I believe." Intense hatred was aroused against Mohammedan infidels, and *miscreant* designated one to whom was ascribed the vilest principles and practices; hence its present meaning, "a vile wretch."

Assassin, an Arabic word, means, "a secret murderer." Originally it meant one of a sect of Oriental fanatics that practiced assassination. The Assassins or Ismaelians originated in Persia A. D. 1090, but afterward migrated to Mount Lebanon, Syria. Their leader was Iman, or the Old Man of the Mountain, who was supposed to possess divine authority. The sect became very powerful during the crusades; and in their blind zeal and resentment they killed many Christians and Moslems. Before starting on their errands of blood they maddened themselves with a drink called *haschish* made from hemp; so hashish-eaters, in Arabic *hashshashin,* became their name. After an existence of one hundred and sixty years they were extinguished by Holagou Khan. Their daggers, their only weapons, were broken by their conqueror and the only vestige left of these enemies of mankind is the word *assassin* which was adopted by the languages of Europe.

Cardinal comes from a Latin word which means "important;" and from a root-word *cardo* meaning "a hinge." The Roman See by comparing itself to the hinge on which all the rest of the Church as the door at once depended and turned, thus set forth its superior relation to the other churches of Christendom. Soon then those of the clergy nearest to the Pope or *cardo* were called *cardinals.* Cardinals now rank above all other clergy, the Pope alone appointing to the office. Their number is seventy, consisting of six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests, and fourteen cardinal deacons. Upon the death of a Pope, the cardinals become responsible for the interests of the church; they assemble in conclave and elect a successor from among themselves.

The word *legend* has an instructive history. It is derived from the Latin *lego,* "I read;" but more directly from *legendus,* "deserving to be read." Legends originally meant the annual commemorations of the faith and patience of God's saints in persecution and death; the name implied that they were worthy of being read. Corruptions having later crept into the church, the word meant frivolous and scandalous vanities. Luther gave the name *lugende,* "lyings," to the legends. So *legend* now means a tale which is not true, being historic in form but not in fact.

A stupid person is called a *dunce,* which is derived from the proper name John *Duns* Scotus. This man was a famous teacher of the Franciscan order of monks. He was a theologian of the middle ages who belonged to the Schoolmen or Scholasticists. This class of men supported the dogma of the Roman church by their speculative reasoning; but at the Revival of Learning their works fell out of favor. The disciples of Duns Scotus, who were frequently called *Dunsmen,* when becoming heated in their discussion contemptuously rejoined by saying, "You are a *Duns.*" So the name of Duns who was one of the keenest and most subtle men was applied to one who is hopelessly stupid.

Crystal is derived from a Greek word meaning "ice." Three centuries or more ago men supposed that it was ice or snow which had become so hard as never to become fluid again. Pliny accordingly asserted that it was found only in regions extremely cold. Sir Thomas Browne was among the first to call this use of the word a vulgar error, and now we alone apply the word to a transparent mineral which looks so much like ice.

Leopard is a proof of the fact that natural history contains legends. Ancient zoölogists applied the term not to a separate species but to a mongrel of the male panther or pard and the lioness.

Gothic as applied to architecture means the pointed types of mediæval architecture prevalent in Europe from A. D. 1200-1500. The word is derived from Goth, the name of one tribe of Germans whose representative characteristic was rudeness in manners and barbarism in taste. This style of architecture was however common among all the Germanic tribes. The word was an expression of contempt applied by critics who aimed to throw scorn on this style of architecture as compared with the classical Italian or Romanesque style.

American Products Demanded by the Farmers of Other Parts of the World

A HUNDRED million dollars' worth of manufactures of the United States are consumed by agriculturists of other parts of the world. This estimate of the demands which agriculturists of other countries make upon the manufacturers of the United States, while necessarily somewhat general, seems to be quite within the limits of fact judging from a statement just prepared by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, which shows the exportations of principal articles produced in the United States and passing direct to the agriculturists of other countries.

This list includes mowers and reapers, plows and cultivators, other agricultural implements, fertilizers, binder twine, barbed wire, sugar mill machinery, windmills, traction engines, harness and saddles, carriages and wagons, oilcake and oilcake meal, seeds and nursery-stock, as articles of which practically all of the exports are for agriculturists, while in addition to this, it may be assumed that a considerable percentage of the wire other than barbed, and nails, stoves, furniture, cutlery, pumps and pumping machinery, sewing machines, tobacco, and mineral oil are finally utilized by the agricultural sections of the various countries to which the merchandise is exported.

Agricultural implements form the largest single item of the exports distinctly intended for use of farmers and planters of the world, and the total exports of this single group during the fiscal year which ends with next month will approximate 40 million dollars in value. For the ten months for which the statistics are now available, the total is 31 million dollars' worth, and should the figures for the two remaining months for which data are not yet in hand average as

much per month as April, $5,476,510, the total for the fiscal year would cross the 40 million dollar mark, while a decade ago the value of agricultural implements exported was but 16⅓ million dollars. Of the 25½ million dollars' worth of agricultural implements exported in the nine months ending with March, 1911, which by the way is an increase of 25 per cent over the corresponding months of 1910, ten million dollars' worth was represented by mowers and reapers and parts thereof; 6½ million, plows and cultivators and parts thereof; and practically nine million "all other" agricultural implements. Of this grand total of 25½ million dollars' worth of agricultural implements exported in the nine months ending with March, 1911, 6½ million dollars' worth went to Argentina; 5¾ million dollars' worth to Russia in Europe; 3½ million dollars' worth to Canada; 1⅔ million dollars' worth to France; about 1 million dollars' worth to Germany; and three-fourths of a million dollars' worth to the United Kingdom. While the Bureau of Statistics figures for the nine months' period do not indicate countries for each of the groups of agricultural implements, another publication of the Bureau covering the exports for the full fiscal year periods, shows mowers and reapers separately amounting to 11¼ million dollars' worth in the fiscal year 1910, of which 3¼ million dollars' worth went to Russia in Europe; a little over 2 million dollars' worth to France; a little over 1 million dollars' worth to Germany; over one-half million dollars' worth to Argentina; about one-half million dollars' worth to the United Kingdom; nearly one-half million dollars' worth to Australia; and about one-third of a million dollars' worth to Canada. Of the 6¼ million dollars' worth of plows and cultivators exported in the fiscal year 1910, 2 million dollars' worth went to Argentina; a little over 1½ million dollars' worth went to Canada; about one-third of a million dollars' worth went to Russia in Europe; a quarter of a million dollars' worth went to Australia and New Zealand, and the remainder scattered widely.

Fertilizers exported amounted in the nine months ending with March to 7½ million dollars in value; against a little over 6 million in the corresponding months of last year. Of this group of fertilizers amounting to 7½ million dollars' worth in the nine months ending with March, 1911, phosphate rock, ground, or unground, not acidulated, amounted to 6¼ million dollars in value, and the "all other" group a little over one million dollars. Germany is by far the largest taker of this class of our exports, the value of the exports of fertilizers to that country being in the nine months in question practically 2 million dollars; the United Kingdom less than 1 million; and France a little over one-half million.

Exports of binder twine in the nine months ending with March amounted to 4 million dollars in value, and of other twine, one-half million. The countries of destination of the twine exports are not shown in the monthly publications, but the figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, show exports of binder twine to Canada as 1¼ million dollars in value; Russia a little over 1 million dollars; Argentina a little less than 1 million dollars, and England about one-third of a million dollars in value.

Barbed wire exports for the nine months ending with March amounted to 3⅓ million dollars in value, while other wire amounted to 3¾ million dollars in value. The barbed wire exports, which go of course most exclusively for the use of agriculturists, amounted in the fiscal year 1910, to 4½ million dollars in value, of which nearly 1 million dollars' worth went to Canada; over ½ million dollars' worth went to Mexico; nearly ½ million dollars' worth to Argentina's nearly ½ million dollars' worth to British South Africa; about ⅓ million to Cuba; and about a like amount to Brazil.

Of the 15 million dollars' worth of oilcake and oilcake meal exported in the 9 months ending with March (about equally divided between cotton seed and linseed) practically all went to northern Europe, England, Germany, Netherlands, Belgium, and Denmark.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Arbitration System.

THE current number of the *Review of Reviews* says:

Never before in the history of the world has the human mind been so occupied with the problems of substituting law for war, and the victories of peace and righteousness for those of force and slaughter. Nation after nation is giving in its allegiance to the program of conference and arbitration for the settlement of disputes which have so often heretofore been decided at the cannon's mouth. It is a matter for particular gratification that the first comprehensive

agreement for arbitrating practically all disputes that can arise between two sovereign nations, including even the much mooted questions of vital interest and national honor, should have been made between the United States and Great Britain. Such an agreement has been formulated in specific terms, and is now awaiting the approval, which cannot be long withheld, of the British Parliament and the United States Senate. At the time the draft of this treaty was transmitted to Ambassador Bryce, a copy was also handed to Dr. Jusserand, the representative of the French Government in Washington. The draft as submitted, which is merely intended as a working basis for negotiations, provides, in general, for arbitration by the Hague court, of all questions, without reservation, that are regarded by the contracting parties as proper for arbitration. All other disputes are to be submitted to a commission of inquiry, to be composed of members of the permanent Court of the Hague. This commission will investigate and report whether or not the matters in controversy should be arbitrated. "An affirmative opinion by this body will be binding upon both parties to the treaty." From an authoritative statement issued by Secretary Knox to explain the scope of the draft, we learn that its general features are as follows:

(1) It expands the scope of our existing general arbitration agreements by eliminating the exceptions contained in existing ones of questions of vital interest and national honor; (2, 3) It is proposed that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement; (4) This commission is to be made up of nationals of the two Governments who are members of the Hague court; (5) Should the commission decide that the differences should be arbitrated this decision is to be binding; (6) Arbitrations are to be conducted under terms of submission subject to the advice and consent of the Senate; (7) Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is one susceptible of arbitrable decision, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the necessity of arbitration. The action of this commission is not to have the effect of an arbitral award; (8) The commission at the request of either Government shall delay its findings one year to give opportunity for diplomatic settlement; (9) The other features of the draft deal mainly with the machinery of the commission and other essential details.

Financial Neutrality and War.

Mr. Speyer, a New York banker, in a speech at the third National Peace Conference at Baltimore said, that war rests with the bankers of the world. Financial neutrality would be the strongest possible influence for peace between nations. War is primarily bad business, continued Mr. Speyer. At the present, in times of peace certain governments will not permit their bankers to take and place foreign loans in the home market, unless the purposes for which the loan is to be used are known and approved. If such supervision and control of the bankers already exist in times of peace it does not seem a wide flight of imagination to suggest that the great powers might agree to exercise such control in *times of war* between third parties and to maintain, in future, what, for want of a better term, might be called "Financial Neutrality." In case two nations went to war without first submitting their grievances and differences to arbitration or judicial settlement at the Hague, why should the other neutral Powers not bind themselves not to assist either of the belligerents financially, but to see to it that real neutrality was observed by their banks and bankers? There is little doubt that this could be done. If no financial assistance could be obtained from the outside, few nations would, in the face of this most effective neutrality of the other Powers, incur the peril of bankruptcy. Some wars would probably not take place at all, and those that could not be avoided, would certainly last a much shorter time.

Plans of the Carnegie Peace Endowment.

At the seventeenth annual session of the Lake Mohonk Conference for International Arbitration, which was held on May 24, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, the presiding officer of the Conference, in his opening address, gave out the first authoritative statement of the plan of work adopted by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The trustees of this fund of $10,000,000, said Dr. Butler, have taken the broadest and most statesmanlike view possible of its aims and purposes. They believe that the time has come when the "resources of modern scientific methods and of modern scholarship should be brought to bear upon the problem of international relations." They have decided to organize an institution for research and public education to carry on the peace work designed by the promoter of the idea. This institution will consist of three divisions: A Division of International Law; a Division of Economics and History; and a Division of Intercourse and Education. The division of international law will be under the direction of Professor James Brown Scott, formerly of the Department of State, a member of the second Hague Conference, and Secretary of the American Society of International Law. Its object will be to promote the development of international law by study, by conferences, by aiding negotiations, and by publication. With Dr. Scott will be associated a consulting board composed of some of the most distinguished lawyers in the world. The division of economics and history will be under the di-

rection of John Bates Clark, of Columbia University, an authority of international reputation. With Professor Clark will be associated leading economists of the world. The work of this division will be to study the economic causes and effects of war; the effect upon the public opinion of nations and upon international good will, of retaliatory, discriminatory, and preferential tariffs; the economic aspects of the present huge expenditures for military purposes; and the relation between military expenditures and international well-being and the world-wide program for social improvement and reform which is held in waiting through lack of means for its execution.

The third division, that of intercourse and education, under a director whose name has, as yet, not been announced, will have for its work to diffuse information and to educate public opinion regarding the causes, nature and effects of war, and the means for its prevention and avoidance; to establish a better understanding of international rights and duties and a more perfect sense of international justice . . . to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other . . . to promote a general acceptance of peaceable methods . . . and to maintain, promote, and assist such organizations and agencies as shall be deemed necessary or useful in the accomplishment of the purposes for which the Endowment exists.

This organization with its associates, declares Dr. Butler, will speedily come to form a veritable Faculty of Peace, to whom the world will look more and more, alike for instruction and for inspiration. In conclusion, Dr. Butler highly commended President Taft and Secretary Knox for their part in the establishment of the International Court of Prize and the International Court of Arbitral Justice at The Hague.

Mr. Roosevelt's Attack on Arbitration.

In an article in the *Outlook* which purports to favor "universal arbitration" with Great Britain, Theodore Roosevelt attacks the vital point which makes the new treaty worth negotiating. "The United States," he says, "ought never specifically to bind itself to arbitrate questions respecting its honor, independence and integrity." To illustrate he adds:

"If Great Britain now started to exercise the right of search as she exercised it a hundred years ago, with its incidents of killing peaceful fishermen within the limits of New York harbor, of kidnapping sailors by violence on the high seas, of ruining merchants through no fault of their own, of firing on American men-of-war and killing men aboard them—why, if any such incident occurred at present this country would fight at the drop of the hat, and any man who proposed to arbitrate such a matter would be tossed contemptuously out of the popular path."

To conceive the British government exercising the "right to search" again Mr. Roosevelt must conceive of an England again ruled by an oligarchic caste; of a United States again too feeble to resist affront; of the press-gang and the lash; of a world bereft of the fruits of a hundred years of progress. He sees this himself; "the two nations," he says, "have achieved that point of civilization where each can be trusted not to do to the other any one of the offenses which ought to preclude any self-respecting nation from appealing to arbitration." Then why not accept that splendid fact and act upon it?

Even if by unimaginable stupidity "any such incident" as Mr. Roosevelt seems to think both possible and impossible should occur the "man who proposed to arbitrate" would not "be tossed contemptuously out of the popular path." History proves the contrary.

During the civil war an American captain "kidnapped by violence on the high seas" two men, Slidell and Mason, from a British vessel. There was no war. The British government later permitted in British shipyards the building and launching of confederate cruisers to "fire on American men-of-war and kill men aboard of them," and to "ruin merchants" and ship-owners. But there was no war. In the Japanese-Russian conflict Russian gunners fired on British trawlers on the Dogger Bank, "killing innocent fishermen." There was no war. The offended nation instead of fighting "at the drop of the hat," accepted in each case precisely such redress as the present treaty contemplates.

To provide a peaceful solution of "questions respecting honor, independence and integrity"—such

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.



Record-Herald.

questions as courts settle for individuals—is the beneficent purpose of the treaty. History proves the sensible and honorable method proposed to be quite feasible. Mr. Roosevelt's inherent jingoism again runs away with his judgment.—*New York World.*

Cost of Battleships.

CHARLES F. THWING, President of the Western Reserve University, delivered an address before the National Peace Congress at Baltimore, in which he said:

"The value of the grounds of 500 colleges and universities in this country was estimated at $67,000,000, of the buildings $219,000,000 and the productive funds $260,000,000. The cost of 38 battleships [which he named] was $236,551,438. The cost of maintaining these during 1910 was in excess of $24,000,000. The entire income of all the colleges in the United States during 1910 was about $25,000,000.

"In other words when one takes into view the depreciation of the battleship or armored cruiser the entire cost of 38 battleships for a single year is greater than the administration of the entire American system of higher education.

"The money which is thus wasted on naval armament would put the cause of the higher education of America upon a most efficient basis."

Taft for Arbitration.

IN a speech at the Arlington National Cemetery, on Decoration Day, President Taft said:

It was not so long ago, when an insult by one man to another in the same social class could only be wiped out in blood, and it took more moral courage to avoid a duel than to fight one. But we have progressed away from that idea.

If that be true now, why may it not be true in the near future of nations? Why will it not show more patriotism and more love of country to refuse to go to war for an insult and to submit to the arbitrament of a peaceful tribunal than to subject a whole people to the misery and suffering and burden of heavy cost of a national war, however glossed over by the excitement and ambitions and glory of a successful conquest?

Germans Like Treaty Plan.

THE *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in a recent issue said:

"After the United States indicated to Germany her readiness to negotiate a broader arbitration treaty with other powers as well as England, Germany expressed a wish to see the draft of the arbitration proposal and also indicated her readiness to take up the study of the proposition. The draft of the treaty will arrive here within a short time."

Publicity and Control of Corporations.

SPEAKING before the House Committee, Mr. Gary, of the Steel Trust, declared that enforced publicity and government control of corporations must come, even as to prices. The Sherman anti-trust law is too archaic to deal with modern situations and never could fully prevent great combinations of capital. What the United States Steel Corporation needs is some responsible and official department of government to whom it could go and say "What prices can we charge and just what can we do?"

"Personally, I believe the Sherman act," said Mr. Gary, "does not now, and never will, fully prevent the organizing of great combinations of capital. I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control of corporations."

"Do you mean government control even as to prices?" Mr. Stanley asked.

"Yes, even as to prices. So far as I am concerned, speaking for the United States Steel Corporation, I would be very glad if we could be free from the dangers and criticisms of the public. I wish we could go to some responsible governmental source and say, 'Here are our facts, here is our business, here is our property and our cost of production,' and could be told just what prices we could charge and just what we could do."

Justice Harlan on the Tobacco Case.

JUSTICE HARLAN delivered a dissenting opinion in the Tobacco Trust case. The Associated Press report says: "Justice Harlan's dissent centered around two points. First, he took issue with the court for sending the case back to the lower court."

"I have found nothing in the record which makes me at all anxious to perpetuate any new combination among these companies which the court concedes had at all times exhibited a conscious wrong done." In the second place, he reiterated the objections he expressed in the Standard Oil decision as to the adoption of the "rule of reason" as a standard for ascertaining what restraints of trade violate the Sherman anti-trust law. I concur with some things said in the opinion just delivered for the court, but some observations are made in the opinion from which I am compelled to withhold my assent."

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THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

S. Christian Miller, Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for development and progress. Its purpose is to foster the simple life by supplying wholesome literature for every member of the family. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency in every way possible.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

More Room for the Boy.

Little Frank Stopke of Chicago has an intense boyish longing for the country where he can have large fields to rove over and find pure air and wholesome surroundings. He is continually looking for an outbound freight train which might carry him away from the noise and smoke of the city to a place where the grass and the trees are green. His mother who has four other children smaller than he is not able to look after him and as a result he is known in his neighborhood as a rover. None of the homes for truants in Cook County can hold him. He has escaped from all of them. A short time ago he was found in Milwaukee where he was taken before the Juvenile Court and sent back to Chicago. His mother says he is an incorrigible and fears he will turn out to be a tramp. In spite of all this, however, he is not a bad boy, but is a bright-eyed promising little fellow with many admirable qualities, who if given the proper training will make a splendid man. The judge of the Juvenile Court said he is the most intelligent and self-reliant little fellow he has ever met in all of his experience. All of these splendid qualities must be stifled and the boy will never develop to his highest possibilities if he is to be housed up in a public institution where his longing for freedom will be curtailed. A wise father and mother in the country who would take the pains to understand the boy and give him intelligent training would in this case be the means of saving a valuable citizen for future usefulness, who has splendid qualities for becoming a man of distinction and renown. The foster father, however, who would attempt to raise this boy purely from an economic standpoint, as is often done in such cases, would be sure to end with defeat. It is a question of making a man out of the boy, not of earning more chattels for the foster father.

Concerns Lower Down.

The investigation of the lumber trusts carried on by the Supreme Court has revealed the fact that in a number of instances the consumers were forced to buy from the retail merchants for the sole purpose of protection to the trusts. The wholesale merchants had no regard as to the quantity that would be purchased by a consumer. The fact that he was a consumer barred him from purchasing from the wholesale dealer. This is an unfair discrimination in favor of the trusts themselves, and against both the producer and the consumer. Such discrimination is not peculiar to the lumber trusts alone but is used by a large number of the smaller trusts and combines. For example, throughout the State of Illinois there are a large number of commission merchants handling fruits and vegetables who discriminate against the consumer and sell only to the retail merchant. A consumer might wish to purchase twice the amount ordinarily purchased by the small retailer, yet the fact that he is a consumer would bar him as a purchaser. At times large quantities of fruit and vegetables are destroyed by the commision merchant rather than to place them on the market for the consumer, or to lower the price when the market is flooded. This retaining of high prices does not in any way protect the producer because when the market is flooded his prices are cut in a very marked degree, while the consumer's prices are held practically at the same rate as when the market is not flooded. At such times the commission merchant makes exorbitant profits at the sacrifice of both the consumer and the producer. The decision of the Supreme Court in the lumber case will have an important bearing on the future business methods of the commission merchants, and will in a large measure affect the cost of living.

Race Prejudice.

The rebuke given to Colonel Joseph Gerrard by President Taft a short time ago should be a severe blow to race prejudice as it is found in the minds of some citizens. The Jew has as much right for protection and freedom of thought as any one else. Socially he is in no way beneath any other class of citizens and deserves due consideration and respect from his fellows. The snub offered to the Jewish aspirant for promotion by Colonel Gerrard is not in harmony with the American spirit of respect and consideration. In response to the application made by Mr. Bloom, Colonel Gerrard said: "The applicant is the son of Joseph A. Bloom, of Jewish persuasion, who is now and for a number of years has been a tailor at this post. His associations, as far as I know, and those of his family, have been with enlisted men and their families and have been respectable. The young man is undoubtedly honest and upright, ambitious and properly deserving, but for the reasons stated I would not desire him in my

command as an officer and a social and personal associate." President Taft in answer to this statement said: "It is difficult for me to read the endorsement by Colonel Gerrard, set forth in this letter, with patience and without condemnatory words that had better not be written. The statements made by Colonel Gerrard are not true with reference to the standing that Jews have in this country; and I resent, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, that any officer of either should permit himself in an official document to give evidence of such unfounded and narrow race prejudice as that contained in this document." Our Constitution and institutions know nothing of race, class or creed. Our public institutions are supported by tax payers from all nationalities and for Colonel Gerrard's social set to dominate in any one of them would be a public violation of social freedom and would strike at the very root of democracy.

The Use of the Law.

THE laws of our land were made for the protection of our citizens and for the establishment of justice between men. There are an innumerable number of cases where a private citizen finds it a matter of social economy to get the interpretation of the law upon a certain act, not that he is going to do some one else but that he may perform his own duties intelligently without interfering with other men's rights. The law may be used in two ways, both for the establishment of justice. First, for the prosecution of criminals and second, as a safeguard against the violations of others' rights. The first is almost continually in use while the latter is seldom resorted to. Perhaps the reason for this is because of the inherent selfish tendency of every one wanting to bring the other fellow to time, and making him suffer for his acts. Of course it is necessary that a criminal should be confined for the safety of society and it is necessary that the avaricious should be checked by the law for the maintenance of justice, but it is equally necessary that every citizen should know where his rights and privileges end and where those of his neighbors begin. If the law were more frequently consulted and obeyed with reference to others' rights there would be less need of using it for criminal prosecution. The man who is continually looking for a chance to bring his neighbors to time and show them what the law is, is generally the least informed as to the real facts of the law. With him it is only a spirit of revenge and a desire to put it over the other fellow. He has entirely misinterpreted the use of the law and attempts to make it an instrument of self-aggrandizement which is directly against the real purpose of the law. Its sole purpose is the establishment of peace and the maintenance of right and justice.

Beyond the Law.

OUR constitution provides for the protection of life and property and the pursuit of happiness. We are eminently successful in the protection of life and property but sometimes quite helpless in providing for the pursuit of happiness. There are certain social practices which cannot be invaded by the law and the individual is left quite at the mercy of his intruder. For example, perfidy or ingratitude may sometimes be as destructive as stealing or murder, yet we have no way of getting protection from the law against faithlessness or ingratitude. The violations of human affections may sometimes cause more suffering than physical assault and yet the law cannot invade such practices. It would be almost impossible to frame a set of laws for such moral and social questions because it would involve the courts in an endless amount of trouble, as each case would demand almost a new decision. With our present system of justice an attempt to cover such questions would likely result in more harm than good. Sir James Stevens illustrated this point by saying: "It is like endeavoring to pull out a man's eyelash with a pair of tongs; one is more apt to put out the eye than to get the lash." There are many points in moral law and social justice which must be learned and observed as a matter of respect and regard rather than as a matter of duty demanded by law. Such accomplishments belong to the "fine arts" of living and deserve the careful consideration of every well-bred citizen. A desirable quality in every citizen is a high regard for the feelings of others and a due respect for the opinions of his fellows. As this becomes more prominent the Braggadocio traits are forced into the background.

Our Next Issue of the Inglenook.

BEFORE the next issue of the INGLENOOK comes out the time will have expired for the special offer of the INGLENOOK and the Cook Book. As we have previously announced on July 1 the price for the two will be raised to $1.25. Our next number will come out in a new form, which will in many respects be more convenient for the reader and will be more desirable for the library table. It will be our purpose to make continual improvements and to give our readers only the very best that is available for our pages. In no case do we propose to attempt to give an exhaustive treatment of the subject discussed, and the articles which come to our desk attempting to do so are respectfully turned to the wastebasket. We have a number of articles for publication during the summer months that come from writers of ability and we can assure our readers of many good things during the coming months.



SUPERSTITIONS OF WEDDING DAY

THE wedding day is the most important day in a young girl's existence. And now that June —the month preëminent for marriages—is here, it is interesting to speak of some of the almost innumerable curious old customs and superstitions with which this day was observed by the friends of the prospective bride and herself in olden times.

June was the month which the Romans considered the most propitious season of the year for contracting matrimonial engagements, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. The month of May was held in scant favor, having the reputation of causing continued dissension among couples marrying at that time of the year.

Should the bride happen to be awakened by a small bird—finch preferable, a city bred maid may have to be content with a sparrow—which sings or chirps on her window sill, she may rejoice, as this is regarded as a happy omen. Swallows sweeping past a bride's window at early dawn are also hailed with delight, as they invariably bring good luck.

Let the bride have a care not to break or tear anything on the wedding day, since this spells disagreement and inability to live in peace with the groom's relations.

Don't forget to feed the cat, should there be one in the house, lest it should consider itself neglected and take revenge by bringing about rain or by yowling at the bride's departure, a thing which our ancestors held to be in bad taste and to portend numerous family spats.

Warning to the "Hopefuls."

Under no circumstances must the bride permit herself to read or listen to the reading of the wedding ritual immediately before the ceremony, not even on the evening before or on the wedding day. Any unmarried female member of the family who has done so from curiosity will not be married unless she abstains from being present at the ceremony.

While preparing to dress the bride her friends or maids should look carefully through her trousseau, and if by accident they find a small spider in the folds it is an excellent sign that money never will be wanting in the family. The spider, being a lineal descendant of Arachne, must not be killed, but carried out of doors. If the spider is found on white fabric the first born will be a girl.

As to the significance of the color of the wedding gown, please remember that:

"Married in white, you have chosen all right.
"Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
"Married in blue, love ever true.
"Married in gray, you will go far away.
"Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.
"Married in pink, of you he'll aye think.
"Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.
"Married in black, you will wish yourself back."

Symbolism in colors deviates from its ordinary interpretation when related to colors of the bride's attire. Green symbolizes hope, youth, and joy. Red is for courage and ardent love. Violet for dignity and faithfulness. Since the most ancient times white always has been the choice of brides; it was only in the latter half of the sixteenth century an innovation of gold, purple, and pink was introduced.

White and Blue for Mary.

One of the daintiest and luckiest of color schemes for a bride is white and blue. According to ancient custom, all girls named Mary will be fortune's favorites if choosing these colors for their wedding frock, blue being the color consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Mary Stuart, however, was married in white and blue, but in her case the charm was not potent.

Old superstition forbade the groom to gaze on the bride in festal attire until he saw her at the altar; if he did, the wedding was put in peril. The bride must not look upon her image after she has completed her toilet, but should turn her back to the mirror while putting on her gloves.

She may choose whatever jewels she fancies, except pearls; these, beautiful though they always be, are forbidden all brides, since they bespeak of future tears.

The bridal wreath or crown and the voluminous veil all have their legendary significance. No satisfactory explanation has been found for the origin of

the usage of orange blossoms. According to some old writers, the custom was introduced by the crusaders, who brought it from the Saracens. In the orient these flowers ever were considered the favorites for the decking of brides, having been thought so on account of the orange trees in the east bearing ripe fruit and blossoms simultaneously. Besides, the pure white of their sheen speaks of innocence and ideal purity.

A legend tells of a beautiful Spanish girl, daughter of a gardener in royal favor, who owned an orange tree of singular beauty. She loved a youth dearly, but her father was too poor to give her a sufficient dowry, and her lover was too poor to marry without this.

It so happened that the king of France sent an ambassador to the king of Spain to obtain a cutting of this famous tree. He found this impossible, but finally bribed the pretty girl by promising her that he would pledge himself to fulfill her heart's dearest wish. She managed surreptitiously to obtain the cutting, and as a reward was given the sum needed for her dowry. On her wedding day she wore a wreath of the flowers through which she had won her happiness. No mention is made of what the owner of the tree said.—*Tribune.*

BECKY AND HER TREASURES

Nancy D. Underhill

BECKY was the only little girl in her family. All the other children were grown, and most of them had homes of their own. Big brother, Al, was away—away out West in Illinois, seeking his fortune. So all the big brothers and sisters brought their curios and little treasures to Becky. She must have pets for playmates, so they gave her—what do you think?—a whole flock of little goslings! In the morning as soon as Becky had given them their breakfast, she would open the gate and let them go out for a whole day's pleasure, picnicking down the long lane. How glad they were to get out on the green grass! The old geese would go: "Honk! Honk!" and all the little goslings would tumble over one another in their haste to get off; all the time chattering away in goose language, about the good time they were going to have. Toward night they would all come back, tired and hungry, and happy as could be, chattering away with all their might (in goose language) about the fine supper they were going to have, as soon as they reached home.

Becky would hear them away down the lane, and go to meet them. They could hardly wait till she could get the gate open, to tell her all about the good times they had had all day, and how hungry they were. People think that geese do not know much, but they really know a great deal. Becky could understand every word they said; so she made haste to give them a good supper.

One of Becky's greatest treasures was a cluster of "love-apples," in a corner of the garden. Big brother, Al, had brought the seeds to her in the spring and told her to plant them in a nice, sunny corner and see what they would become. "But you must never eat them, Becky, nor even taste them the least bit; for they are poison. A man found them while going away off to South America, and he brought the seeds to us, so we could have some for good luck." So Becky watched and tended her love-apples, and whenever company would come, she would proudly lead them out to see her wonderful plants with beautiful red love-apples ripening upon them. "But you mustn't taste them," she would say, "'cause they are poison." So all the visitors admired her love-apples, and she promised to save a few seeds for each one.

By and by, a gentleman came to see them who had traveled a great deal. Becky took him out to see her love-apples. "But you mustn't taste them," explained she, conscientiously, "because they're poison." "Poison!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why, those are tomatoes; and they are good to eat." But little Becky could not be induced to touch them. All summer she watched them carefully, wondering if they really were good for food. "The birds eat them," said her guest. "Watch them and see." True enough, the birds did eat heartily of them and were not hurt, apparently. "God made them for us to eat," said this good man, "and they will not hurt us any more than they hurt his dear little birds." So the next summer when all the neighbors had love-apples in their gardens, they learned that they were really good for food; and that is how Becky and her folks came to know about tomatoes.

* * *

"WHEN I rose to speak, it was so still in the hall you could have heard a pin drop."

"Yes?"

"Well, I stood there for a moment, looking out over the audience and framing my first sentence, and I am sure that I should have been able to get along all right, but, just before I had got ready to utter my first word, some one in the back of the hall yelled, 'Louder!'"—*Judge.*

CARE OF A CHILD'S HEALTH.

S. W. ROYER.

THE beginning of this duty antedates the child, but we will limit our lines to that date as a starting point. Colic will affect the little one when tea or sugar water is administered the first hour of its life; or later when the mother indulges in tea, coffee or fried food, especially potatoes. Also when she takes strong or unindicated medicine, such as she could discover at the bottom of a sample of her milk set aside for a few hours.

Whenever a nursing babe complains search should be made for a chafed spot on its body, a mischievous pin, or an error in the fountain or source of its nourishment, and such error or cause removed. When the child becomes constipated the nursing mother needs wholesome, relaxing food, or vice versa when diarrhea sets in. If the quality of her milk is poor,—lacks fat and other nourishing substances,—a sample placed on a clean piece of window pane at once appears bluish and watery. This should be corrected in the mother's system if possible.

Be the mother consumptive, scrofulous or strumous, she should not nurse her baby. If fed with the bottle, two bottles should be supplied,—one should be scalded and dried while the other is in use. Horlick's malted milk and Mellin's infant food are both reliable, if used according to directions. Milk from a young, healthy, fresh cow, properly fed, is preferable to artificial food. The cow should have oats, wheat, bran and hay, not all clover or alfalfa. Prairie hay is best. She should have no corn, musty hay, sugar cane or millet; no poor pasture where she will fill up on weeds. This latter fault, when discovered and corrected, often succeeds in relieving baby when all other efforts have failed.

Newton, Kans.

WALKS AND TALKS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE human mind must find something to feed on, and if it is not occupied in some pursuit of life it feeds on itself and corrodes in secret. The only prophylactic against melancholy is *occupation*. If you have never discovered the charms of a good book, cultivate your taste for reading. You may regard your own bookcase as a medicine chest, and when out of sorts, or in a fit of the *blues*, consult your pharmacopœia, and prescribe your own remedy.

It is well to have a book for every mood. Seldom confine yourself for a single day to a single volume. As physicians from the time of Galen have experimented on their patients, the patient who prescribes for some mental disorder must not despair if he does not hit the right book at first sight.

I have read that two childish kings were once cured of hypochondria by reading the history of Antius and Livy when "no physic would take effect."

Newspapers are a very poor substitute for books. They are a mild and thinly diluted homeopathic remedy. The mind requires a stronger stimulant. It is possible for a man to be well-informed, as the saying goes, who confines his reading to newspapers; but he who lives for the present and takes no concern for the past; who has no more interest than a mollusk in the evolution of ideas, the history of nations, and the philosophy of events; whose intellect roots are not firmly fixed and imbedded in the soil of the past, is not gaining very much. So far as his intellectual life is concerned he might as well be in a mummy case, or sarcophagus.

This is an age when success is the big word. Who are the successful folk? Those who work. Those who do their work as well as they can, who make mistakes and have the courage to admit them and begin over again, who mind their own business and give others, by so doing, a chance to mind theirs, who get charity and kindness on their schedule and use them right along. Those who stand by their friends; who think—and again, *who work*. This may not be fine writing, but, reader, is it not so?

"Laugh and grow fat," we are told. It is good advice, but in the meantime—I would advise—keep on eating.

The other day I read a short article on "The Best Way of Keeping Feathers." One way (and the best way), is to keep them on the birds.

If some of our choirs practiced what they sing, there would be less warfare in the organ loft.

Now that the spring is here, and the patent medicine almanacs are out, many people will have all sorts of pains and aches, after reading them.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

MANY quaint ideas about the moon exist in different parts of the world, and among them the traditions regarding the remarkable phenomenon known as "the man in the moon" play the chief part.

In England the story runs that the "man in the moon" once lived on earth, but was found one day by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and as a punishment was sent to the moon, where he can now be seen with his bundle of faggots on his back.

The Chinese believe the figure in the moon to be an ancient belle, who, drinking the liquor of immortality, straightway ascended to the moon, where she still remains.

In Swabia, the story is that a man and woman stand in the moon—the man for hindering the people from attending church by strewing thorns on their road; the woman because she churned on

Sunday. The man still carries his thorns and the woman her butter-tub.

To the Italians the "man in the moon" is none other than Cain; while the Jews believe it to be the figure of Isaac bearing on his shoulders the wood for his own sacrifice.

Curious ideas are prevalent concerning lunar eclipses. The Hindus believe that when the moon is eclipsed, a snake is trying to swallow it. This belief is shared by the Chinese. When an eclipse happens in Mexico, it is believed that the sun is devouring the moon; while the Tonga islanders attribute it to a thick cloud passing over the moon.

The American Indians say the moon is tired when it is eclipsed. When they see an eclipse of the moon, the Indians of the Orinoco redouble their labors on their growing crops, believing the moon is hiding herself in anger at their laziness.

In England, superstitions concerning the moon are still strong. For instance, who likes to see the new moon through glass? Is it not a sign of ill-luck through the ensuing month? In Lincolnshire, the farmers will not, if they can help it, kill their pigs during the wane of the moon, for if they do the lard will shrink.—*The Scottish American.*

FIGHTING FLIES.

THE following method of preventing the hatching of flies is credited to T. V. Munson, who says: Noticing that when I had my stable stalls cleaned, the lower part of the litter in the stalls in summer was seething with house fly larvæ, and that flies were exceedingly numerous about the house, almost distracting my wife, I surmised that as a solution of sulphate of copper is efficient in preventing the germination of various fungus spores, when saturated with it, it might be good to kill fly eggs and larvæ, so I had the floor well sprinkled until all the litter was saturated, and then cleaned out entirely to the dirt floor. I noticed that the larvæ, when grown, burrowed down to the soil to undergo the change to fly-worm, so I had the floor well sprinkled with the bluestone solution (one pound to fifteen gallons of water), and bedding then renewed. For many weeks thereafter, no flies hatched in the stables or manure piles and flies became scarce about the house.

I would recommend that in the spring, at approach of fly season, every person keeping horses in stalls, or having open closet vaults, have them well cleaned and then the bottoms thoroughly saturated with bluestone (copper sulphate) solution (one pound to fifteen gallons of water) the fifteen gallons being ample for one application to the average farm or home stable and closet vaults. Another application about midsummer will do the work for the year.—*Dairy Produce.*

THE PEANUT DONE IN CHINA.

Hongkong shippers claim that the Chinese peanut is a better article than that furnished by any other part of the world, even than the Virginia nut, quality for quality. However, trading with New York is likely to continue difficult unless Chinese dealers take better care of their product. Chinese farmers are likely to market their nuts with good, bad and indifferent mixed together indiscriminately. Few exporters have machinery for properly sorting them. Such mixed nuts are charged a duty of 1 cent a pound on shelled or ½-cent a pound on unshelled nuts on entering the United States without regard to their quality. Inferior grade nuts pay a duty out of proportion to the high-grade nuts and the New York market is disposed to take only high-grade nuts.

The New York market also takes comparatively few nuts from abroad for oil-crushing purposes, inasmuch as damaged Virginia nuts can be had. Most importations of the United States are for eating purposes, while importations in Europe are for oil crushers, as Europe eats few peanuts, which makes it the market for damaged stock good for oil. Inquiries indicate that there is good demand in the United States for Chinese nuts arriving in good condition, and it is urged that special attention be paid to packing. This dealers in Hongkong agree to do and there is promise of increased trade.

DRAWING THE LINE.

RUTH KAUFFMAN.

You advertised fer help today?
What kin I do? Well, I kin stay.
An' I kin scrub an' wash an' dust,
An' wait on table if I must;
An' I kin run a sew'-machine,
An' mind yer kids an' keep 'um clean;
I kin be cook er lady's maid.
What wages did you say you paid?

A character? Yes, lots of 'um.
You'll never find me quarrelsome;
I know me place: that's one thing, ma'am;
An' I've a temper like a lamb.
Experience? Twelve years of it.
An' work? I don't know how to quit!
I'm up at six, to bed at ten,
An' don't go chasin' any men.

The furnace? Oh, yes, missus, sure;
An' polish all the furniture;
An' clear the snow, an' press his clo'es.
I'm willin' fer all work I knows.
There! Yours me knees, me hands, me mind.
I'll come tonight; you're very kind.

Caps, did you say? No rats ner braid?
That's too much sacrifice fer trade!
Me beauty gone? Me whole career?
I understand, ma'am, what you fear:
I'd rival you in Some-one's eye.
No wages buy me looks. Good-by!

—Lippincott.

It may be true that figures do not lie, but you can not make a fashionable dressmaker believe it.

It is claimed that marriage is a lottery, but it can not be true, else the law would take hold of it.

UNCLE SAMMIE AND PEGGY ANN

Edwilda Nordahl

LOOKING down upon Couldersville from the dusky arch of the covered bridge, it seemed to be only a grove, rather a symmetrical grove, pierced by two church steeples. It lay snuggled in the very palm of a shallow valley. All about it, rimming it and shutting it in, were gentle, rounded hills from which the timber had long been cleared, save where, in the pasture lands, scattered clumps of trees were left for the very practical purpose of making shady resting-places for the cattle.

Four white roads ran into the village—rather, two white roads that crossed and cut into four. Three of them were straight and proper, but one curved unreasonably and wound like a ribbon to pass the home of Uncle Sammie Coulder, the pioneer and father of Couldersville.

The big red brick house, with its green shutters and white stone trimmings, lay warmly against a background of clayey hill. Around it were grouped the farm buildings, the barns bigger than the house and less mellow, being of red painted wood; the granaries, the carriage house, the sheds, and stacks of grain and straw that made splotches of pale gold and orange—the whole color scheme emphasized, yet softened, by the dull-toned orchards and the dark green of cedar trees.

The sun had set; a mist-like purple settled in from the hills. Uncle Sammie folded the county paper he had been reading in the woodshed door, and laid it aside. He took off his spectacles, put them into their leather case, and placed them in his pocket. He sighed and bent forward, his loosely clasped hands swinging idly between his knees. The swallows darted about in the thickening air above his head, the frogs croaked from the pond, a yellow light suddenly shone out from the kitchen window, silhouetting blackly the newly potted geraniums on the sill.

Peggy Ann, Uncle Sammie's daughter, was getting supper; the smell of frying bacon and of coffee came to Uncle Sammie on the chill September evening air. It grew darker and cooler. Uncle Sammie looked longingly toward the red-yellow kitchen light; then he got up and, reaching back into the shed, took a coat from a peg just inside the door and put it on. He shivered a little as he seated himself again on the doorsill and fell once more to the idle swinging of his hands.

At last, crashing through the stillness, the farm bell rang. Peggie Ann had stepped out to ring it—two iron, jangling strokes—and then she fastened the rope to its nail beside the door and went on along the gravel path around the side of the house to the front, where she sat on the edge of the long porch, her feet on the step stone, her body leaning a little wearily against a square, white post.

At the summons, Uncle Sammie got up stiffly from the woodshed door. He stood a minute to take the cramp out of his legs, then went slowly into the kitchen. The lamplight made him blink at first, after the darkness. He went to the cheerful stove and held out his hands and rubbed them in the warmth. Then he washed them at the kitchen sink with warm water from the reservoir, dried them at the roller towel, and went to the table set out for one; one plate, one knife, one fork, the victuals in dishes grouped about, one cup of coffee poured, and, handy beside it, the coffeepot, the sugar bowl, and the cream pitcher. A dogged grimness seemed to tighten and settle on his little old face as he ate and, having finished, pushed his chair gratingly back, and disappeared through the sitting-room door into the dark interior of the house.

Peggy Ann came in. She removed her father's plate; placed a fresh one for herself at the opposite end of the table; regrouped the dishes; heated the coffee and poured herself a cup; then ate her supper. When she had washed the dishes, shaken out and folded the red tablecloth, brushed the stove hearth, and swept up about it, she lighted a lamp from the clean and shining row on the shelf behind the stove, and went through the long hall upstairs to her room.

She placed the lamp on her bureau and drew a small old rocking-chair under its rays; then she brought from a closet shelf her workbasket with a starched white apron folded on it. She tied the apron about her waist and took from the basket, carefully rolled in a white cloth, her crochet work, and fell to adding pineapple scallops to the yards of rolled and pinned lace.

Peggy Ann was a thin, ashy-pale little woman, somewhere near fifty. Her hair had once been red; it was neither red, nor brown, nor gray now; but something of all and not much of any, for it was very thin; so thin that the ungraceful contour of her head showed painfully through it. Nevertheless, there was a fringe in front conscientiously frizzed. Her lips were tightly compressed, with little perpendicular pleats in them, and her thin ears stood out sharply. She wore heavy glasses over dim, near-sighted eyes. Peggy Ann was not lovely. Her red, large-knuckled fingers flew as she counted the stitches, but her mind worked double—half keeping track of the needle and half thinking that it was getting cold of an evening.

Her breath made a little white cloud about her lips, and her fingers felt clumsily numb. There would have to be a fire lighted soon—and then what?

Peggy Ann had never had a stove in her room. There was only one fireplace in the whole upstairs; it was in the company room. She could move in there—but suddenly Peggy Ann yearned for the old time her mind pictured—the big sitting-room with its wide fireplace between the chimney presses; the red carpet; the lace curtains; the green covered center-table, big and wide and roomy, with the shaded lamp; her father, with his paper, on one side, she with her crocheting on the other. Her father would sometimes read aloud a little here and there—things that interested him, without much thought whether or not they interested his hearer; but they were cheerful evenings, and Peggy Ann had enjoyed them. They were the pleasantest, most intimate times she had ever known, and her starved, stingy little heart throbbed painfully at these recollections coupled with the cold feeling of their loss—for Peggy Ann and her father were not on speaking terms.

It was no unusual thing for the members of Uncle Sammie Coulder's family to be estranged. Uncle Sammie could never get along with his children, and they got along badly with each other; but it was the first time he and Peggy Ann had quarreled. She was the oldest of his eight children, and since the mother's death, fifteen years gone, they two had lived alone. They were never sociable; Peggy Ann was not that kind of a daughter. But she had done her duty by him as she saw it, and he had appreciated it in a way—not in a way that voiced its thanks; but Peggy Ann had seemed to understand, and they were both as nearly contented as it was in their natures to be.

The trouble now between them was of another's making, and it had begun five months before on a warm May morning—a Monday morning when Peggy Ann was washing out-of-doors in the shade of the kitchen. Her first rinsing of clothes was done, and she was hanging them on the line in the orchard that stretched from a corner of the woodshed over the fresh, lush grass, dandelion starred, to a pink sweet-apple tree. Over Peggy Ann's head the old boughs shook out great waves of fragrance, and beyond her in the cherry trees, white with glory, the orioles sounded their never ceasing, sharp note of rapture, the bees droned, and the robins sang; but Peggy Ann thought only of its being a good day for drying as she shook out and pinned up the white clothes, which in the bright sunlight rivaled the cherry trees for purity.

The side gate clicked; and, immediately after, Peggy Ann caught sight of her sister-in-law Agnes' blue calico form through the fresh-leafed lilacs. She took a clothespin from her mouth to call:

"I'm out here in the orchard, a-hanging out the clothes."

Agnes came to the orchard gate, leaning on it as she fanned her red, moist face with her sunbonnet.

"My! it's hot for the time o' year," she panted.

"Yes, 'tis kind o'," Peggy Ann agreed. "Got your washin' out?"

"No; I didn't wash today."

Peggy Ann said nothing, but her silence was eloquent of reproach, and Agnes explained weakly:

"I don't always wash a Monday, though I do generally if the weather's good; not but what today is."

"Well, I don't make much difference for the weather myself." Peggy Ann's tones implied that the comet-like vagaries of the weather did not disturb the fixed orbit of her conduct. To her Monday was wash day, as Sunday was the Sabbath, and she would have desecrated one as soon as the other. She went on shaking out the clothes and pinning them up, getting farther and farther from her visitor at the gate, so that to be heard Agnes had to lift her voice as she asked:

"Yer pap anywhere around?"

"No. Did ye want particular to see him?"

"You know I didn't. I just wanted to know if he was anywhere around."

"Well, then, he ain't." Peggy Ann's tones were final.

For a minute there was silence, then Agnes said limply: "I reckon if yer goin' to be done anyways soon, I'll just go round and set down. I've got something I want t' tell ye, but I don't want t' holler it all over creation."

Peggy Ann found her seated on the door-step when she came with the empty basket. She went on wringing clothes from the rinse. "Well, what's yer news?" she asked after a while, indifferently.

Agnes answered her question with another.

"W'y, ye heard 'bout Liz Plunkett?"

"No, what about her?"

"She's takin' notice again."

"Humph," Peggy Ann sniffed. "Reckon she prob'ly is. Si's been dead most a year. I ain't surprised."

"Well, I guess ye will be when ye hear who she's takin' notice of."

Agnes' face blazed between anger and embarrassment. But Peggy Ann answered indifferently:

"I don't know why I'd care. What d'ye mean?"

"I mean just this, exactly—if ye don't want Liz Plunkett step-mothering over you, ye'd better look out, that's all."

The garment in Peggy Ann's hand dropped back into the tub.

"I don't believe it," she gasped.

"Well, you don't have to, but I thought it was my

duty to warn you, and I have, and you can believe it or not to suit yourself."

Peggy Ann wiped her hands and sat down on the end of the wash bench.

"Who told you?" she asked weakly.

"It's all over the town. Charley heard it up to the store, and Mandy Patterson told me; she says everybody's heard it. Mandy saw him herself last Friday; he was two mortal hours leanin' over the fence talkin' to her."

"Well, what if he was! He was buying her calves."

"He must have done an awful lot of bargainin', or she must have had an awful lot of 'em to sell, then. Well, I hope it ain't so, but I do say that folks are talkin' scandalous, and I thought you ought to know it."

Peggy Ann made no reply.

"After all you've gone and done for him, too," Agnes went on commiseratingly.

Still Peggy Ann was silent.

"How old's Liz Plunkett, anyway? She ain't no older'n what you are, is she?" the visitor persisted.

"No, she ain't. She ain't s' old. What does she want o' pap, anyhow! Old nuf for her granddad."

"Humph! Don't you think she wants your pap; don't worry about that. It's this here section land an' big house and kerriage she's wantin', and she's got to take pap ter get it. Liz Plunkett ain't nobody's fool."

"Well, I don't believe it, nohow. Pap ain't no fool, neither."

"Well, that's what folks are saying, anyhow."

Peggy Ann went back to her washing, and by and by Agnes returned to her neglected work, well satisfied that the seed of discord she had sown had not fallen on barren soil.

Uncle Sammie, besides attending to the farm, bought and shipped stock, and on the Monday of his daughter-in-law's visit to his home he was absent in search of cattle to fill a car, so that it was night when he came home. Supper was ready and waiting, and he at once took his place and fell to eating. Peggy Ann waited on him, saying nothing; but they were little given to talking, so her silence passed unnoticed.

It was after the meal was over and when Uncle Sammie, taking his hat, remarked, "I'm going to the store awhile," that the storm broke.

"Up to Liz Plunkett's, I reckon you mean."

Uncle Sammie turned and looked at his daughter, his face slowly paling with anger.

"If I'd been going to Liz Plunkett's I'd have said so," he growled.

"Well, you'd have been more confidential than you're in the habit of being, then," Peggy Ann sniffed back.

"I'd like to know what you're hinting at."

"Oh, you would, would you! Well, I guess likely it ain't necessary to say; but I sh'u'd think your ears'd be burnt pretty red these days if they knowed their business."

"Who's a-saying anything 'bout me, I'd like to know?" Uncle Sammie demanded.

"You'd better be a-askin' who ain't a-sayin'—'twouldn't take so long a-namin' 'em. And they're a-sayin' that you're in your dotage, and there ain't no fool like an ole fool, an' ye can like it or lump it—it ain't me that's sayin' it." Peggy Ann had lashed herself into a fury.

Uncle Sammie slammed the door before she reached the period of her last sentence, but she finished it nevertheless and felt better afterward.

The next morning Uncle Sammie refused to answer when Peggy Ann asked if he would have a second cup of coffee. At dinner Peggy Ann poured his coffee before she rang the dinner bell to summon him from the back porch, and she disappeared through the inner door of the kitchen as he entered the outer one.

It was now five months since that day, and the meals were still served in this solitary fashion. Five months, and not one word had passed between them from that May night to this September evening. The corn in the fields had changed from tiny green lines checking the fresh earth, to solid, waving masses, covering it, had tassled and eared, and now was ready for the husking. The oats had grown tall, yellowed, were garnered, threshed, and marketed. The orioles had flashed orange tongues of flame in and out of the white orchard where Peggy Ann hung her clothes that May morning, had built their nests, reared their young, and were gone again. In all that time she and her father had not spoken to each other; through all the long days, and the short, scarcely-perceived evenings; and now the busy days were shortening and the evenings growing long. Soon the fires must be lighted, and Peggy Ann, sitting beside her lamp crocheting pineapple lace, was reminded by a numbness in her fingers how soon that time would come.

Her meditations were broken by the sound of a horseman calling "Hello" at the gate. Peggy Ann, startled at the unusualness of a late caller, hurried across the hall to an open window looking out on the road.

She heard her father come out of the kitchen and walk to the gate, crunching the gravel under his feet.

"Is that you, doc?" he asked.

"Yes," the doctor's voice answered.

"What's up?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; just thought I'd stop as I was going by to see how you're getting along, and to tell you I've got a couple of yearling steers; got 'em on Belinker's bill, and I'd like to have you come round and look at 'em."

They talked a while of ordinary things: of the weather; of the price of grain and stock; of Coudersville doings; not of the things one would suppose a woman would find it worth eavesdropping to learn; but a break of any kind was a welcome event, not to be despised, and Peggy Ann sat on the floor beside the window, listening. The words, though confidentially low, came very distinctly through the night air. After a while Peggy Ann heard the doctor say:

"You feeling pretty well nowadays, Uncle Sammie?"

"Well, no, doc, I ain't," her father replied, as if he were making a confession.

"Well, I thought so; you're not looking right. I'll have to get after you, or you'll be dropping off one of these days before anybody knows it."

The doctor's laugh modified his words.

"Well," Uncle Sammie said slowly and with unwonted solemnity, "I don't know as it would be any great shucks if I did. Tell ye what, doc, an old fellow like me ain't got much to live for, and take it all around, I guess the world would get along 'bout as well 'thout me."

"Oh, look here, Uncle Sammie, you're bilious."

"Well, I reckon it's what you'd call a chronic case, then, but it hain't that, doc, it hain't that; it's just this way with me: There hain't nothin' or nobody aneedin' me any more. Ust to be when wife was alive an' 'ar little children were around our feet a-dependin' on me—I won't say didn't seem pretty hard sometimes, pretty near's good's a bargain to get along and get 'em stuff to eat and shoes and things—but I had something to live for and to work for. I didn't 'preciate it then—a feller never does 'preciate things when he's got 'em—but I know now 'twas the best time I ever had. You see now 'tain't thataway; come in of a night, house dark lik' 's not, nobody to say a word to me, or to ask me how I feel, like wife ust to; nobody to talk to when things ain't right; nobody to tell it to if you've had a stroke of good luck. Tell you, doc, you don't care much whether ye have good luck or bad; it's all about the same to ye one way or 'nuther, an' I reckon when a feller gets into that fix it's pretty tolerable apt to tell on him some, and he ain't apt to feel good, an' as like's anyway he does drop off a little sooner'n he might. But what I claim is, it's 'bout the best thing can happen to him."

"Oh, look here now, Uncle Sammie," the doctor expostulated, "you're blue, that's what troubles you. Seems to me you've got about the easiest snap of anybody I know; of course, your children's grown up and married off, but that's what you want them to do, isn't it? That's what I hope for my two little fellows."

"Yes, doc, I know that," Uncle Sammie admitted, "but you don't know, ner nobody else don't know till the time comes, how lonesome it leaves the old folks when they're gone, 'specially if their mother's gone, too, and maybe some un 'em turned ag'in' ye an' there's hard feelings 'twixt ye. That there's what ye can't stand, doc."

For a minute the doctor was silent. Then he said, his voice so low that Peggy Ann had to hold her breath to hear: "I know, Uncle Sammie, I know. And I'm sorry for you, and, Uncle Sammie, I'm sorry for Peggy Ann, too."

"So'm I, doc; so'm I," Uncle Sammie agreed eagerly. "Why, doc, I'm ez sorry fer her as I am fer myself; sometimes I reckon I'm sorrier. Why, it's jist as lonesome fer her as 'tis fer me, and lonesomer, too, fer I do git out now'n then. An' then, doc, I can't never forget how she ain't never had no chance; jist been tied hand and foot all her life, ye might say, bringin' up the family an' takin' care o' her mother—she ain't never had no show at all. Peggy Ann ain't had no show in the world. She was a perty girl, too, pertiest one of the bunch to my thinkin'. But laws to goodness! what kind of a chance 's a girl got, bringin' up a family and a-takin' care o' her mother till she died, and then lightin' in an' takin' care o' me! But, doc, what 'm I goin' to do about it? She won't speak to me, she won't give me no show, and I hain't done a thing to her, not a thing in the world. I reckon I did stay longer ter Liz Plunkett's than what I oughter, but s'posin' I did, s'posin' I was ackshually courtin' her, which I wasn't—never thought of such a thing—why, she hadn't no business flyin' at me like she done that time. But I'd be willin' to let bygones be bygones if she'd give me a chance."

Long before this, tears were streaming down Peggy Ann's cheeks, and though the doctor began to say something in a soothing tone in answer to the old man's complaints, she did not wait to hear it. Miserable and lonely and yearning, she crept back to her own room and to bed.

When she came down in the morning, the familiar aspect of the kitchen struck her strangely. It seemed things should look different after that long night. She boiled the kettle and ground the coffee and was spreading the tablecloth when her father came into the room—a thing he had not done, except to pass through, since the day of their quarrel. But this morning he did not pass through; he sat down not far from the kitchen stove. Peggy Ann did not turn to look at him; she finished laying the cloth and went to the safe for dishes; took out the one plate, the one knife and fork as usual, and stood hesitating. Then she took out another plate, another knife and fork; she looked stealthily across to the old man. He was watching her, and the tears were running down his old cheeks to his gray beard.

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

HELP THE OTHER FELLOW.

Rev. Charles W. Gilkey, pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist church in Chicago, in addressing the men through the Official Bulletin of the Young Men's Christian Association, said:

A little over a year ago, I was one of a company of students traveling with tents and horses through Palestine. The dragoman or guide, or the leader of our expedition was a native Syrian to whom our tents and equipment belonged. He hired the horses, mules and donkeys. He employed the ten men that waited on us. He was leader and guide of the whole expedition. Our table waiter was his 18-year-old son, Na-eef. We Americans could not understand the Arabic language which these men spoke with each other. But one day I happened to be riding alongside the dragoman along a rough, rocky trail, when one of the men came up to ask some question about the horses. I overheard the salutation with which he greeted the dragoman.

He did not call him "Leader of the Expedition;" he did not call him "Owner of the Tents" or of the equipment; he did not call him by any title indicating his superiority. He called him in Arabic "Father of Na-eef." It is a very interesting custom in the countries of the east of the Mediterranean to call a man who has a son by the name, not of himself, but of his son. As if his just claim to pride lay in the fact that he had a son to come after him, as if the honor of the community to be might depend on the character of that son, as if the chief thing that he had to be concerned about was what sort of position that son should take in carrying on his name in the community.

This point of view is not altogether congenial to us in this country, because we are so busy about the present that we haven't much time to think about the past and don't always have much to think about the future.

I want to speak to you, not as a company of men of affairs who are making the Chicago of today. I want to speak to you as a company of fathers and brothers and friends of the boys in their teens who are to make the Chicago of tomorrow. I want to speak of the Young Men's Christian Association, not as one of the great forces that is moulding Chicago in 1911, but as one of the great forces that is moulding the boys in their teens who are to mould the Chicago of 1931 and 1941 and 1951.

Every thoughtful American who looks out into the future knows without being reminded that some acute problems are presenting themselves to the consciousness of every American citizen in these days, which are to bulk larger and larger in the future of our country, and on which the welfare of the country that we love will largely depend.

I do not presume, it is not my purpose nor my province to speak to you of these problems in themselves tonight. I want simply to remind you of three of them, and then to point out what the Association is doing in unique fashion to train boys in their teens to meet these problems.

The first of the problems is that very familiar one, or rather that very familiar group of problems we call the social problem. It is perfectly trite and familiar to say that we Americans are perhaps the most unique nation on earth, the most heterogeneous nation on earth. You have been reminded again and again tonight how diversified are the elements that make up our national life. And all of us know when we consider that national life how many are the forces that tend to make each individual in it think chiefly of himself, and how few are the forces that tend to mold the individuals in it together into a single, co-ordinated whole.

"Every man for himself" has been largely the motto of our American life; and if the devil has not always taken the hindermost, it has generally been for the reason that we were all moving so fast that even the devil could not catch up with the tail of the procession.

But we all of us know, when we stop to think about it, that one of the great problems that confront our country as a whole in the generations to come is the problem of welding these various elements, these countless individuals into a homogeneous whole in order to feel itself as a whole, so that every man shall feel himself not simply living for his own sake, but for his city's sake, his State's sake, and his country's sake.

Now, what is the Association doing to meet this peculiarly national problem? The Association in these cities—in Chicago—is training the boys in their teens to think in the good, scriptural phrase, "Not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

I was fortunate enough during the seven years of my own boyhood—from 12 to 19—to be a member of the boys' department of a Young Men's Christian Association; and one of the most vivid memories which I still hold out of those seven years is the motto that hung over me, in front of many a conference, and that was repeated in many a boys' camp and that has framed itself into my memory, and whenever I go back to those years it comes to my mind:

"Help the other fellow."

If you will open the account of what our Chicago Association is doing today, you will find that that emphasis is not lessening but increasing. If you open the most recent record of Association boys' work, you will find that the note of obligation, the note of service, the note even of sacrifice is one that is being increasingly sounded—older boys working for younger boys. It is the progressive note in boys' work in the Association today.

I do not say that this in itself will solve that tremendously complex thing which we call the social problem, but this is one avenue through which that problem can be solved, and the Association is doing splendid work in training boys in their teens to think in social terms, to get ready to sacrifice themselves to social purposes, to work not for themselves but for the common good.

Then there is that second problem of our common American life which we all recognize; I think we might call it the ethical problem, what we call the moral revival of the last ten years that has been awakening us in our business and in our politics. We cannot get along without good, old-fashioned honesty. and that honesty must root itself in the character of the individual. Now, once that is granted, the problem that confronts us all becomes this, How are we going to produce that type of individuals?

We turn to the place where they are being produced, insofar as they are—where they ought to be produced —namely, to our public schools, and particularly to our high schools where these influences that ought to be producing this result ought most forcibly to come to bear. Now, none of us are pessimists about our high school life; but those of us who know it at all know very well that there have been in recent years in connection on the one hand with the athletics of our high school life and on the other hand with the social aspects of our high school life certain features that suggest this pessimistic question, whether our high school life has been training those fundamental ethical qualities without which our nation in the future cannot do business or conduct politics on the level on which we want to see them conducted.

It is just here that the Young Men's Christian Association again has stepped into a great gap and is doing a most important work. It has been rallying the high school boys of the cities of this country, to face the moral questions of high school life and to say what they are going to do about them.

The moral issues of high school life are very much simpler than the moral issues of business and political life; but they boil down to just about the same thing in simpler terms. And the Young Men's Christian Association has been confronting high school boys with these problems, teaching them to think clearly and act wisely about them.

In six high schools of this city during the last few months there have been groups of high school boys meeting under intelligent leadership with this as their slogan, "Clean living; clean speech; clean athletics."

I have been fortunate enough myself to meet with two of these groups of twenty-five boys from two of the south side high schools, meeting under the leadership of a teacher from one of the high schools once every week to discuss these fundamental ethical problems.

Think what that means for the future. The boy who finally makes up his mind that he won't play off-side, or play rough even if the umpire isn't looking, the boy who finally makes up his mind that he won't foul at basketball, even if he is not being watched, is going to be a man who is far less likely to foul even if the law isn't looking. The boy who makes up his mind that he will rule his spirit under any and all conditions, the boy who makes up his mind that he will keep his speech clean, and his soul clean, is a boy who will be more valuable when he comes to manhood in dealing with some of these great questions that we face. The boy who keeps himself clean in his teens will be a useful man honorable and upright in his twenties and thirties and forties. I recall what Dr. Cabot of Boston said in the *Survey* the other day, commenting on the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, "The social evil can be attacked only in the individual heart, and only by the individual heart as it is over-mastered by God."

If that be true, then the Young Men's Christian Association is making a great contribution to the solution of our ultimate ethical problems when it trains boys to think in ethical terms, to fight out ethical issues in their own lives and then to carry these great issues to victory in their school life.

And then third, there is what we might call the religious problem. And I speak of this in the most general terms.

Is religion, which has in the past been one of the great driving forces that has impelled humanity forward on the path of progress—is it to continue, or is it to cease? Are all of us who are interested in the progress of humanity onward and upward to have the reinforcement of this tremendous, fundamental human energy that we call religion, or are we to lose it? And is the church which in past centuries has always led the advance, is the church to give up this leadership and become once more useless?

That is the religious problem stated in its large terms. If that is true, then the thing that religion in the larger term demands for the future is a generation of men who believe in religion as an uplifting and inspiring force, who believe in the church as a great organization for humanity's welfare, and who will relate themselves helpfully to these great forces.

NOTES OF CONGRESS.

SENATOR MARTIN of Virginia proposes that a fine memorial bridge be built across the Potomac at Washington by the Government as a tribute to "the valor and patriotism of both sides in the civil war."

Senator Borah of Idaho is pushing a bill to establish a children's bureau as a part of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The study of child life and child welfare would be the object of this bureau.

A bill was introduced in the House to incorporate the American Academy of Arts and Letters—and later it was discovered that seven of the distinguished Americans named as active members are dead. The bill, it seems, had been prepared several years ago, and was presented without revision.

If the present tendency continues the Senate will soon cease to be known as a "millionaires' club." Eight of its former millionaire members have recently been left at home, and it is figured that the total wealth represented by the body has been scaled by at least $50,000,000.

Representative Nye of Minnesota, with President Taft's approval, has introduced in the House a bill designed to create a second "summer capital" at Lake Minnetonka, Minn. Land will be donated if the Government will put up the buildings. The people of the West would like a share of the President, and President Taft will probably spend part of his vacation on Lake Minnetonka anyway.—*Pathfinder.*

POINTS MADE BY PRESIDENT TAFT IN HIS RECIPROCITY ARGUMENT.

Six months after the agreement is adopted there will be no complaint from any quarter.

I was regarded as an enemy of the farmers because I favored Philippine free trade. Since this was granted I have heard not a single complaint.

The chief opposition comes from those who own and control the lumber supply of the United States and those who are engaged in the manufacture of print paper.

The control of the country's lumber supply is in comparatively few hands. They are so friendly that the chance of a monopoly is neither remote nor impossible.

Under reciprocity with Cuba, which reduced duties on each side, our trade with that country has doubled.

Under complete reciprocity, or free trade, with Porto Rico, our trade with that island has increased nearly fifteen times.

Under reciprocal relations with the Philippine islands our mutual trade has doubled in less than a year.

And yet in the case of each of these changes there were vehement discussions, with opposition and wild prophecies of disastrous results.

The cost of manufactured products that enter into the cost of living are higher in Canada than in the United States, otherwise they would not fear the competition of American manufacturers.

We export more of our manufactures and agricultural products to Canada than to Germany.

England is the only foreign customer we have that take more of our goods than the comparatively small population of Canada.

If Canada continues to grow, what may we expect to sell her if we reduce the tariff wall and introduce, as near as we can, free trade?

I do not advocate this treaty in view of its benefit to the United States alone, but because I believe it will be beneficial to Canada also.

It is because I am confident it will be seen on both sides to be a great, statesmanlike measure, one looking to the beneficial interests of both parties to the contract, that I so urgently press its adoption upon the Congress and the people of the United States.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS.

TEDDY had never seen a cow, being a city boy. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the fields with his grandfather. There they saw a cow, and Teddy's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What is that, grandfather?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, that's only a cow," was the reply.

"And what are those things on her head?" was the next question.

"Those are her horns."

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed loud and long. Teddy was amazed. Looking back he exclaimed, "Which horn did she blow, grandfather?"

UNCLE SAMMIE AND PEGGY ANN.

(Continued from Page 621.)

Peggy Ann put the dishes down and stood a minute; her chin quivered and her own eyes grew misty, and then, with perhaps the first burst of impulsiveness in her life, she ran with outstretched arms to her father; she fell on her knees by his chair; she put her arms around him, and he dropped his gray head to her shoulder.

When Peggy Ann remembered her breakfast, the coffee had boiled over on to her polished stove and to the clean scrubbed floor; the bacon was fried to a crisp.

"There," she said, snatching them off, "just like two old fools. Reckon your coffee won't be fit ter drink this morning. 'Coffee b'iled is coffee sp'iled,' mother always said; but if ye ain't in no hurry, I can make some more fer ye."

"I ain't in no hurry, and if you'll hand me the coffee mill, I'll grind it fer ye. I reckon I hain't done that sence ye was a baby, Peggy Ann, but I guess maybe I hain't forgot how."

She filled and handed him the mill; her lips were quivering between smiles and sobs.

"Well, pap," she said, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron, "it's jist as so as gospel, that there hain't no fools like old fools, and I reckon you and me both's in our dotage."—*Everybody's Magazine.*